

Kenny Alton on display at PSCCU

I built my first altar in honor of my dog Blue after her passing and continued to create personal spiritual altars as gifts for friends and for showing. I feel that by creating a sacred space (temenos) helps keep the practice of gratitude and heartfelt consciousness consistent in one's life. I use recycled materials and keep the images archetypal so one can bring in their personal beliefs and creativity to the altars as well. For more information and a history of my creations go to <http://altontaltars.blogspot.com>



The Road to Resilience

The Future is Here

I've been trying to muster an interesting topic for this week, but it has been difficult to think in the heat. It's Sunday, June 27, and likely to be the hottest June day on record to date. Tomorrow is another matter. People have different sensitivities to heat. For me, doing any physical work when it is 85 degrees or higher is like getting a slug to high jump. I can't say that my intellectual capacities are similarly challenged (you be the judge), but, in trying to come up with a riveting and relevant topic while sweltering in record-breaking heat, I can only conclude that the heat is the topic I'm looking for.

For more than forty years, the consequences of our energy habits, i.e., fossil fuel depletion, pollution, and the dawning threat of climate change, have been part of our awareness. For most of us, this played very little part in any of our decision making in the early days, and I can't say that has changed remarkably today. Whether convinced that we were causing climate change or not, it was still inconclusive and was far enough off that we didn't feel we really needed to prioritize that worry. In fact, we voted Jimmy Carter out of office because he had the temerity to point out that our profligacy was a sign of a "moral malaise." The "malaise" speech, as it is known, actually never mentioned the word malaise, but the malaise, that is, an uncomfortable feeling, was palpable, and we decided that we liked Reagan's "morning in America" a lot better.

I remember keenly that the possibility that we were causing global warming was being studied. For that reason, I remember when it was finally decided. My friend Steve Hodge, a glaciologist, had talked

By Terry Sullivan,

about the research going on in the '80s and a lot of it was happening in his field of study. It was in 1988 that he told me that there was now a consensus that human-caused buildup of CO2 in the air was in fact causing global warming. In 1989, Bill McKibbin wrote his first book, *The End of Nature*, which formally kicked off the social movement to end fossil fuel use.

In 1995, the UN Framework Convention on Climate Change held its first COP (conference of parties) annual meeting to discuss global strategies to combat climate change. As of COP 25 held last year in Spain, you may be aware that much has been discussed, but not a single binding agreement has ever been passed. The countries that benefitted most from the fossil fuel glut, the most industrialized countries, including the US, are the most recalcitrant members while those least responsible, and often the most impacted by climate change, were the most supportive of action. Nothing surprising there for the cynics among us, and no Nobel Prize candidates among the wealthy.

Why is it that we can't invest in the future even though the payoff is large? Part of the reason can be attributed to the economic concept of discounting. The relative value of a \$5 return sometime in the future for a dollar spent now is determined by discounting. If the waiting time is just a few years and the payoff is certain, there is very little discounting and the investment would be made. If the payoff is 10, 20, 30 years in the future, that \$5 is not so enticing, and, therefore, is discounted. Even if it involves the quality of life of one's grandchildren, the tendency is to worry about the grandchildren down the line and make a sounder investment now.

Well folks, the future seems to have arrived and much sooner than most expected. In my more cynical moments, I'm more likely to think that we will never make the necessary investments until the damage is done. I'm hoping the signs that the damage is beginning might be enough to spur investment to avoid worse results in the future. We will pay a far heavier price that way, but not as heavy as the price of doing nothing at all. Of course, that last

Please keep your baggage with you at all times

By Jiji Saunders

In July, VALISE Gallery presents *Baggage*, an exhibit of VALISE artists that revisits the earliest days of the artist collective. In 2009, the Great Recession hit Vashon's main street. As restaurants and shops closed, eleven artists fearlessly opened a gallery "dedicated to presenting subjects and media that are daring, unexpected and emergent." The artists' blog reported, "A collective of artists have reclaimed the gallery space ... The new gallery will be called VALISE. A valise is a traveling bag, a suitcase that hints of mystery and adventure. What's inside? Where has it been? Where is it going? The bag is curiously anonymous, nostalgic, and worthy of a closer inspection."

One of the first shows that VALISE hosted was *Carry On*, an installation inspired by the artist collective's name and acronym, which stands for Vashon Artists Linked in Social Engagement. *Carry On* was an interactive installation led by Artist Elizabeth Conner. It welcomed visitors to a space that "might remind you of storage for lost luggage... or playing in your grandmother's attic... the aftermath of a gentle earthquake... or a collection of secrets waiting to be claimed."

Twelve years later, during yet another global crisis, the artist collective in considering *Baggage*. The word baggage often connotes something heavy that weighs you down like emotional burdens from one's past. In her oil paintings, Rachel LordKenaga presents work with titles like *Burdened*, *Encumbered*, *Laden*, and *Weighted*. The gallery's newest member Corinne Lightweaver asks, *What's Your Baggage?* in her acrylic painting. And Robert Passig presents a painting of a suitcase filled with rocks called *A Weight to Carry*.

In 2009, for the exhibit *Carry On*, Jiji Saunders created an installation of the interiors of three vintage suitcases carefully cut away from the hard shells that bound them. The installation was named for leaders in the women's movement. The 2009 VALISE blog stated, "The women are Bella Abzug (orange), Clara Fraser (blue) and the still vivacious, Greta Gaard (green) ... What hangs on the wall is not lingerie. In fact, they are the aged linings of womanly valises. The faded, silky fabrics have been dissected carefully from three suitcases pre-dating the Nixon administration."

This time around, Jiji Saunders gathered 11 suitcases with the intension to create another installation. Currently she is in her front yard painting them with a mixture of flat white house paint and plaster. "I want them to look like plaster casts of baggage. In my head, I keep seeing suitcases coming round the conveyor belt at baggage claim and



Jiji Saunders, suitcases with house paint and plaster

stacking up because there is no one to claim them. I think about all the people we didn't get to see during the pandemic and those we lost."

Other artists in the collective are considering the value of functional human objects like suitcases. Sharon Shaver's acrylic paintings, *High Seas Adventure* and *Wild Blue Yonder*, were inspired by years watching animals at play, often using objects of value to us humans for entertainment: Mike the cat who shredded several pages of her daughters' science text book, Will the cat who stuck his paw in a frying pan of stir fry and pulled out chunks of tofu and ate them, and the resident raven who discovered a jar of paint brushes on the steps Sharon Shaver's studio and scattered them across the grass.

Visual artists participating in the July show at VALISE include:

Gregory Burnham
Dot Chorch
Bill Jarcho
Jesse Johnson
Pascale Judet
Corinne Lightweaver
Rachel Lordkenaga
Robert Passig
Jiji Saunders
Sharon Shaver
Hita von Mende
George Wright
Lenard Yen

VALISE gallery will be open Fridays and Saturdays from 1 to 5 pm. All safety protocols including limited capacity and masks are required. The opening celebration is First Friday, July 2 from 6 to 8 pm, and the show may be previewed on Friday afternoon. The show runs through July 31. VALISE Artist Collective and Gallery is located in downtown Vashon at 17633 Vashon Highway SW, Vashon Island, Washington.

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Continued on Page 6



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

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and want help?*



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The End of an Era

Everything has its season, and in all honestly, this season of fireworks has lasted longer than I expected. The end of an era has come, and fireworks will no longer be legal on Vashon starting with an unenforced ban next year. If Vashon is like any of the other places in the state where fireworks are banned, we should expect to see a spike in injuries, fires and deaths starting next year when people switch from legal products to illegal and unregulated items.

Per-capita Vashon has one of the highest fireworks use ratios in the state and in many years we had the lowest fire and injury incident record in the state (often zero for a given season). We were an example of how to do fireworks right. The fireworks bans of the 60's are forgotten as is the hurt and damage they caused. A new generation of islanders will get to learn all over again. Like alcohol, marijuana and so many other controversial things, generally prohibition doesn't work because it fails to take into account the very real human factors. There are ways to have smart regulation. there are ways to do this right.

Democracy is a conversation, and it's important to keep that conversation going. Maybe you think a \$1,000 fine and 90 days in prison is a little excessive for lighting off a sparkler? Let your rep know. Maybe you want better rules that work with reality? Let your rep know. They are there to listen if you speak. In a democracy the people must lead.

Given the hot weather and large amount of vegetation growth from the rainy spring it is so important to find an appropriate place to use products, away from dry vegetation and flammable structures. Often time people enjoy fireworks on private beaches to help mitigate risks. Even if you aren't using fireworks, it is a really good idea to water your lawn and vegetation 3 hours before the festivities start.

If you are using fireworks, please be considerate of those around you, especially any sensitive animals. Fair Isle Animal Clinic and Vashon Fireworks Co both give out absolutely free canine relaxation treats if you have animals that are sensitive to noise. Remember that fireworks can only be discharged legally on July 4'th and New Year's Eve.

It is bittersweet to be ending the stand after 14 years, but mostly I feel gratitude to the community, especially for those of you who switched to safe products, took care of your neighbors, and transformed Vashon from a place that had a lot of fireworks related problems into a model of how to do it right. Please be safe and enjoy this last Independence Day with care. Thank you all so much for making the dream of running a special fireworks stand a reality for these many years.

Sincerely,
Gabriel Felix
Founder
Vashon Fireworks Co.

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Rip Tide



By Seán Malone and John Sweetman

Sean and I were headed out to the marina dock to give a yearly bottom haul and cleaning to our little skiff we called “the Crabber.” We optimistically still called it “the Crabber” in spite of cancelled seasons and poor yields when there was a season. Every year we hauled it out, turned it over and scraped and painted the bottom. The yearly accumulation of bottom sea life was prodigious in spite of applications of bottom paint. Sometimes marine biologists stopped by, amazed and ventured comments, such as; “I thought that species was extinct!”, or “Those sure are the biggest mussels I’ve ever seen!”

The Crabber was a late fifties fiberglass skiff we had obtained from Danny Cadman, maybe fifteen years ago. It was very stable and very heavy, and as we looked down the marina ramp, it was solidly in the mud and the ramp led down at a 100 percent slope.

“Darn! We forgot about the tide!” I said. As we set about bailing out some rainwater so we could lift the boat up onto the float our conversation turned to tides.

“It would sure be easier if we had a few more feet of water to help lift it out so we don’t have to sink in the mud!” Seán said. I responded...“Where is the tide when we need it?”

Fortunately a friend came by and helped us lift it out and over, thus we avoided sinking in the mud.

We then recounted tide stories and how we came to understand tides as very young persons and later how we encountered the perverse danger and thrill as we grew older and sailed.

Both Sean and I grew up with the tide, but at a very young age we had no idea of the sun..the moon.. orbits and all that complex reasoning that came later. All we knew was that the water was ‘there’ and we didn’t have to walk through mud to get to a skiff or the water wasn’t ‘there’ and there were all sorts if neat things to be found along with the pleasant feeling of squeezing mud between one’s toes.

I related a story that perhaps captured the way we saw tides as very young children. I actually only vaguely remember this but my mother recounted the story years later at some family gathering on the beach. So the story is my remembrance of my Mother’s retelling;

It must have been a day-long summer birthday party. I could have been three or four, but was just the right age to ask incessant questions, such as ‘why is the sky blue? What happened to the other half of the moon? where did my sister come from? ...the kind of ‘are we there yet?’ questions that drive adults batty.

Anyway , I had been chasing the tide line in the morning , moving my toes in that little ropelike swirl of creamy bubbles and moving with the tide. In Rolling Bay on Bainbridge, the tide could come in pretty fast and made quite a hissing noise as it swirled over deposits of coarser gravel or sand. Later

that day the tide reversed and I followed it with intense curiousness. I guess I pestered my Mother with questions all day. “Where did the water go?”

Later that evening my mother became aware that the upstairs toilet was being flushed time after time. Although our farmhouse was Victorian-old in Bainbridge, it had been updated with two bathrooms and an outhouse. The upstairs bathroom had an old chain pull “WC” and a tank high above the actual toilet. My Mother came upstairs to investigate and discovered me and my younger sister, one pulling the flush chain, and the other peering down the toilet.

As she entered I turned around and proudly announced “water go down the hole!”

Thus to young minds, solving the mystery of tides for awhile!

As Seán and I grew older and took up sailing and other more extensive boat experiences, we learned tides to be much more complicated and even dangerous at times, if not treated with considerable respect.

Sean related one such story that happened years later.

Maggie and I were bound for our second home in the Gulf Islands and crossing the Straits of Juan de Fuca with a fair wind and a following sea. Ideal sailing conditions for a 40 year old gaff-rigged ketch, called the “Maggie M” after the “light of my life,” my wife.

Maggie was at the tiller when I peered over the stern to see a school of twenty dogfish following us. Being Irish, I took it as an omen or sign of bad luck. But didn’t say anything, because Maggie would probably laugh at me and my superstitions. The dogfish were right under the stern and continued to follow the boat as we were over half-way across the straits and nearing the south end of Lopez Island when the wind began to rise as we entered the “tide rips.”

I’m not comfortable being in open water when the tide changes and the waves start getting bigger and coming from different directions. The boom started whipping, when I asked Maggie to start the old Grey-marine four cylinder, which normally only started on three cylinders until I held the spark wire away from the plug to increase the voltage to the fourth cylinder to make the engine fire--not an ideal situation when the waves were reaching four feet and the 28 foot fir planked boat started to pitch and roll. I scrambled to get the mainsail down and ducked as the gaff crashed to the deck along with the boom. It had been drizzling for some time and I had rain gear on, as I prepared to crawl forward to lower the jib. As I reached for the hand rail on the top of the cabin, I glanced over my shoulder to see the dogfish school higher than the stern of the boat as she prepared to climb another wave and the prop spun uselessly in the air and the old engine raced. I released the jib-winch dog and watched

Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel

Rehab - Day 18

I greet you from Wesley homes, where I am safely ensconced during this heat wave. They have air conditioning, but even so, it’s warm.

My house does not have air conditioning, but it tends to be cool because it is shaded by big trees. At least for the first two or three days of a heat wave, it is comfortable at Casa Tuel, but then the air inside begins to equalize its temperature with the outside.

Wow. An excessively cheerful young woman just came to the door and asked if I wanted an ice cream bar.

Do I!

So now as I write I’m eating an orange creamsicle. Shades of my childhood.

Picking up the thread, I am here in rehab because I fell and fractured a lumbar vertebra. Broke my spine. On my birthday.

Quite painful, actually. So they are giving me oxycodone for the pain. I think it is ironic that I am in rehab and acquiring a drug dependency. Well, it’s not that kind of rehab, and my nurses assure me that the dose they are giving me is tiny.

Okay.

The pain has decreased in intensity, thank goodness, and my physical and occupational therapists have me working on muscle tone in my arms, legs, and core. One day this week the OT had a bunch of us whacking a balloon around with badminton racquets. We were socially distanced, of course, in our wheelchairs.

That was the most fun I have had at therapy.

While I was here, my friends decided to organize a cleaning day at my house.

As a college friend once told me, house cleaning is not my strong suit. Imagine 44 years of accumulated things.

Before I fell, I could sweep hard floors and vacuum carpets, do laundry including putting it away (although that might take a couple of weeks of walking by the basket full of clean clothes and thinking, I really need to fold that laundry and put it away), wash dishes and put them away, clean the counter, clean and disinfect the toilet, dust, and clear out cobwebs with my Webster, a wonderful invention.



So I made my feeble efforts, and started clearing out some of the stuff that was surplus to needs. I made a little progress, but it felt like a Sisyphean job. So mostly I sat and dreamed of the day I could hire people to clear the place out.

So when my friends told me they were going to have a cleaning fest at my house, I was so grateful and happy that they were going to get me out from under some of my crap. They were doing what I have long dreamed of doing: a cleaning purge and a major trip to the transfer station.

Then I heard a little voice of fear saying that they would get rid of things I wanted to keep or save. I told that little voice to shut up. They’re going to clean my house and even if I do lose some of my precious hoarded items, it will be a burden lifted.

My, but I have changed.

This week they came to my house one day and worked their tails off, cleaning, shampooing rugs, washing windows, fixing the front porch, hauling out rubbish, and, honestly, I don’t know what all.

I have not seen it yet because I’m still at rehab, although Erin Durret, the one who organized this party and made it happen, sent me several photos of the work in progress.

I should have listened to that small voice of fear. An awful lot has happened to me lately, and I fooled myself about how much anxiety was building in me. When I realized that evening that I didn’t know where my dog was, all that fear and anxiety pushed up in me like a geyser. I lost my mind.

The hardest part of that episode is owning my behavior. I have not seen that side of Mary for many years. I think the last time I went so off the tracks was the day of my husband’s funeral. I couldn’t find one of my adult sons, and I lost it and yelled at him when I found him.

Yeah. That was a stressful day.

Truly, folks, I am not an ungrateful wretch. I am a grateful wretch.

I am so fortunate the Lord is my shepherd. Anyone else would have made me into lamb chops by now.

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as most of the sail fell overboard. I crawled forward and wrapped myself around the lead-tipped bowsprit as the boat dived into another wave that washed over the top of me. As the bow rose on the next wave, I reached up to unsnap a clip or two that held the jib to the front stay. Holding my breath as she dived into another wave, I held on for dear life to keep from being swept overboard, thinking of the school of dogfish and praying for the bow to come up as I grabbed for another clip and Maggie fought to keep the boat headed into the wind. With careful timing, I removed the last clip, gathered the soaking wet sail and carefully worked my way to the stern. The ugly omen of the school of dogfish had disappeared.

Disheveled and soaked, we crawled into Fisherman’s Bay and anchored, where I went below to start the charcoal heater and start to dry out.

After swapping tales of tides back and forth, we went back to the ordinary job of gently tipping the newly clean crabber over into the rising tide and mutually wishing for a real crab season for once!

Island Life Thermals

By Peter Ray
pgray@vashonloop.com

I can’t remember for certain, but I think the first time I was made aware of warm, outdoor temperatures was at the New York World’s Fair in 1964. It wasn’t because it was hot- I had grown up just forty miles north of New York City, and it had been hot during the summers my whole life. But the thing that brought an awareness of what heat in the summer really meant, was a visit to one of the Fair pavilions, and a set of stairs that led down into a basement “exhibit” and dramatically cooler temperatures. Again, I don’t recall how we were informed, but there was either a written or verbal notification down there that stated that the reason it was so cool was not because of a pumped-up air conditioning system, but rather, it was due to the fact that most of the humidity had been removed from the air. It was not long after that that we got a dehumidifier for our basement, which was already the coolest place in the house. It was my duty, since my room was down there, to empty the gallon or so sized catchment bucket that hung on the back of the dehumidifier just below a large copper pipe coil where humidity magically condensed and dripped into said bucket which hung just below. It seems as though during the height of the summer I was dumping the bucket out on a nearly daily basis, as we generally had a summer humidity range there that was somewhere around eighty to ninety-five percent.

Back in the mid-sixties, summer heat was just something you dealt with in New York. Very few people had air conditioning, either in their homes or in their cars. And there was no grand concern about “hydration”. While soft drinks were mostly for special occasions- picnics and birthday parties- we did have iced tea with dinner most every night. During the day, we kids generally got dropped off at our pool association, which was both an open and tree covered space across town. Generally the only things we got left with were a towel and bathing suit and some money for lunch at the snack bar. We certainly did not have water bottles or canteens, and I don’t even recall a big deal over sunscreen, which was more likely to be a suntan lotion that enhanced one’s solar absorption rather than protected you from it. We spent a part of each day in swim team practice readying for league competition, but mostly we just hung out without much concern for sun burn or dehydration and heatstroke. We were indestructible kids, after all.

And then came my time at boarding school, where each trimester had its mandatory sports regimen that we were required to participate in. I was there primarily for swimming during winter term, and the swim coach recommended that swimmers participate in the cross country running program. Before that, most of my running had been in pick-up games of touch football in the fall, and peewee baseball in the spring and early summer. But to go out and just

run for a mile or more was just an alien concept to me. On the first day out, we were presented with the perimeter of the lower level athletic fields as our first course to tackle, which was an L-shaped loop around a big, flat, grass expanse lined by trees. Before we headed out there, we had to purchase our running flats, but were issued running shorts and sleeveless top, along with a full length sweat shirt and sweat pants that we could turn in for clean replacements at the gym cage as needed. Once we had gotten that standard issue, we were told we had to put everything on for this first run, even though it was a mid-September, sunny afternoon in western Massachusetts where those kinds of days tended to be in the mid-eighties in both temperature and humidity. We ran. We were encouraged to not stop until we had completed our distance for the day, the length of which I cannot remember. At the end of the loop we were herded back to the locker room, where we were warned in no uncertain terms that any water we took into our mouths from the water fountain was not to be swallowed, but rather swished around to rinse away any salts that had been left in piles around one’s molars as residue from the evaporation of excessive sweat, and then spit back into the fountain. Under no circumstances were we to ingest any of it. I went back to my dorm room and collapsed on my bed and I’m pretty sure I missed mandatory dinner that night, and because I was a kid, I was back out running again the next day- eventually it got easier.

That was the other side of now, where everyone is expected to be constantly drinking something, regardless of the ambient temperature. You should at least drink eight glasses of water each day, along with a couple of lattes, one or five sports drinks, depending on your level of inactivity, a couple of beers or glasses of wine to wind you down in the evening and the obligatory glass of warm milk before bedtime- chilled if it is above eighty degrees outside. You can do all that if you’d like- I don’t. I would like to say though that a few years after my first cross country training run, I found myself at the sports training table at the University of North Carolina at the end of August. I was there to swim again- and go to school- and so I was able to eat at the athletes’ cafeteria amongst the runners and the wrestlers and the footballers. As it was, the basketball players were more special than the rest of us and lived at a set of private towers off campus- it was UNC basketball after all. Anyway, there was a bit of a hush and a pall that had engulfed and enshrouded the training table on my first few visits there. It was especially quiet amongst the footballers. It was not long before I learned that one of their own had fallen during practice and had not gotten up. It turned out that eventually, after a number of days in ice baths and other things, he would never get up again. This was the reason for the gloom at the training table. It could have been avoided- the gloom and the death- if he had been allowed a drink of water or three during football practice. At that time though, the coaches believed that if you stopped for a drink of water

it meant that maybe you just were not tough enough to make the grade. Turns out those coaches were dead wrong- I believe things changed on the practice field after that.

As it was, my first year on the swim team did not go as well as I would have hoped, and so I stayed in town to swim with my coach and his summer league team. I had also not done so well in a calculus class that spring term, and so I decided to try and make that up with a bit of summer schooling. I found myself getting up fairly early to bicycle to the pool and the first workout of the day. Since these were the days just before swim goggles were popularized, I found myself in class after workout with brain fog induced by six to eight thousand meters of swimming, whilst at the same time trying to focus my chlorine-soaked eyes on the blackboard. After class I maybe ate something, then reported back to the pool for an afternoon of lifeguarding. Then we had an evening workout of another six to eight thousand yards, after which I found something to eat somewhere and made it home to fall down and get up to do it again. I was not really eating all that well, and I certainly was not hydrating up to any standards even close to the now. Part way through the summer, because of a conflict with the outside pool schedule, we had to swim in the indoor pool. The water temperature in there was 93 degrees F. it was a bit too hot to workout in, so instead we played water polo. I played goalie. After just a half an hour of treading water in front of the goal and fending off shots, I found on the scale later that I had lost three pounds. I did no rehydrate accordingly.

One of the parents of the age-groupers on the team was a professor in some sort of number-crunching manner of teaching, and along the way he decided it would be interesting to calculate how much ice it would take to get the outdoor pool, which was itself getting close to ninety degrees, back down to a reasonable training temperature. I do not remember what the figure was he came up with- it didn’t really matter anyway because it wasn’t going to happen. What did happen though was that with the daily 15K of training, along with the lifeguarding and the biking and the not eating or drinking properly, all of it finally came to the point where I just couldn’t do things

anymore because I was too exhausted and depressed to function. I didn’t really understand it, and there was nobody to tell me what was wrong, and so I just stopped and went home, which at the time was 650 miles to the north. I don’t think I told my supervisor or my coach- I just packed up and left because I was getting worse, not better, and it wasn’t supposed to be happening that way.

Even though I do have a much better idea these days about proper nutrition and fluid intake and levels of exertion, I have found myself in situations where everything comes crashing down no matter what I do. One of the things that brings this on is heat, and so it was when the giant scorching blob of death from above settled in here recently, I took it way more seriously than I used to. Some of our last trips to the Burning Man thing out in the Nevada desert found me suddenly incapacitated and immobile because of the heat. I eventually found that not drinking coffee and not drinking alcohol and chugging glasses of water with close to a teaspoon of salt and a packet or two of Emergen-C had an amazing regenerative effect. I do not like being so vulnerable to the weather- I find myself repeating more often than I would like these days that three word mantra that seems to come to us all at some point- Getting Old Sucks. I will continue to juggle and tweak my chemistry because I have to- perhaps someday I’ll get it right.

Beans and Beau Need a Home

What do you think about this weather? It feels like Dog Days, but in our humble opinion, every day is Cat Day!

I’m Beau, an orange boy, and I’ll speak for both of us because I’m more outgoing than Beans, a cute torti. We’re related and get along great, but it’ll be OK if we’re adopted separately. She’s the only cat I’m willing to share my territory with, so I don’t want to move



to a home with other cats. Beans would appreciate a quiet home where she can take her time settling in.

Go ahead, declare Cat Day and adopt one or both of us!

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By Marj Watkins

One Hot Dish for a Hot Day

A quick curry supplies fuel for summer activities without heating up the kitchen and the cook while preparing it. The theory in Thailand and in the warmest provinces in China is that a spicy dish that makes you sweat has the net effect of helping you stay reasonably cool. If that doesn't work, follow it with chilled watermelon.

Here's one from my little cookbook, *Shereluck Ohlmes & the Case of the Curried Cookbook*. It is a humorous book you'll enjoy for the reading of it, and the recipes are great. You can get it at Vashon Bookshop, or from me, or online from *Twice Sold Tales*,

- Hurried Curry**
4 Servings
- ½ cup milk
 - 1 can (10 ½ ounce) Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
 - 2 Tablespoons curry powder
 - 2 cups diced cooked meat: chicken, ham, or lamb and/or quartered hard-boiled eggs or butter-fried mushrooms
 - ½ cup thinly sliced green onions
 - ½ cup minced parsley, optional

If you put all these except the green onions and prsley together and warm them and they still don't look like enough for your particular four appetites, serve it over steamed brown rice, croutons, or diced toast. Garnish with the green stuff. We like a homemade chutney with any

curry. Whipped up in a few minutes, it will keep in your refrigerator or freezer almost indefinitely, preserved by the cloves and cinnamon in it, so make enough for more than one curry meal.

- Apple-Cranberry Chutney**
Makes about 3 cups
- 4 large apples, peeled and diced
 - 1 lemon, seeded and sliced
 - ½ cup dried cranberries
 - 1 inch ginger root, minced
 - 6 to 10 whole cloves or 1/3 teaspoon ground cloves
 - 1 Tablespoon broken up cinnamon bark
 - ½ teaspoon salt
 - ¼ cup cider vinegar

Cook covered on low heat 15 to 20 minutes. Apples should be tender but still retain some shape. Stir in: Up to ½ cup raw honey (to taste)
Ladle into sterilized container/s. To store, leave 1 inch at top. Store in refrigerator one up to one month or freeze.

- Plum or Nectarine Chutney**
Makes 1 ½ cups
- Stir-fry 10 minutes:
- 1 ½ Tablespoons Ghee* or butter
 - ½ medium onion, chopped or sliced
 - 1 green chili peppers, seeded and minced

- Add:
- 8 plums or nectarines cut from seeds
 - 2 Tablespoons dark brown sugar
 - 2 Tablespoons white sugar or Splenda®

Stir-cook until plum are tender and paler, about 10 minutes. Cover. Simmer very slowly stirring occasionally until the chutney thickens. Ladle into a sterilized container. Cover and refrigerate.
Yogurt on the side cools the mouth after bites of spicy curry.
*Ghee: Clarified butter. Cook butter gently until the milk in it separates from the oily part. Pour the oily part into a small jar, leaving the white solids in the pan. Cover the jar. Ghee need not be refrigerated.

Bettie Edwards and Melinda Powers are the focus of July Lives Well Lived Talk

The Strawberry Festival is the impetus for the Lives Well Lived talk—Strawberry Festival Luminaries: Two Women Who Shaped Vashon—on July 8th at 7:00 PM. Both Bettie Edwards (2013 Strawberry Festival Grand Marshall) and Melinda Powers (2005 and 2006 Unofficial Mayor) have been recognized as community leaders during past festivals. During the July talk, moderator Susan McCabe will explore what these two innovative leaders did to build community around their businesses, discussing their philosophies on the role of business in a small community and the highlights and challenges of operating small businesses.

According to McCabe, "Edwards' and Powers' legendary contributions to the community grew out of their businesses, and took shape based on their individual personalities. With The Little House, Bettie created a community around fun, training young people in

business without their realizing it, and she extended her devotion to community through her volunteer work with, for instance, Vashon Community Care. With The Hardware Store, Melinda built a community around a gathering place, a sophisticated neighborhood restaurant. And, she involved herself deeply in the business community through her volunteer work with the Chamber of Commerce, YMCA and Rotary."

Lives Well Lived, a speaker series produced by Vashon Heritage Museum and Vashon Community Care, explores current events through the eyes of islanders who are making a real difference in this community and the world at large. The talks are inspired by the popular Telling Stories series, produced by VCC almost a decade ago. Lives Well Lived will be a Zoom webinar on July 8th at 7:00 p.m. To register, go to www.vashoncommunitcare.org or www.vashonheritagemuseum.org.

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Vashon Heritage Museum Wins 2021 AASLH Award of Excellence

The American Association for State and Local History (AASLH) proudly announces that the Vashon Heritage Museum is the recipient of an Award of Excellence for IN and OUT: Being LGBTQ on Vashon Island. The AASLH Leadership in History Awards, now in its 76th year, is the most prestigious recognition for achievement in the preservation and interpretation of state and local history.

"Receiving the AASLH award is both thrilling and rewarding," says Ellen Kritzman, co-curator of IN and Out. "Rewarding to our whole team for the hard but also exciting work of creating the exhibit, rewarding for its validation of the concepts and visions IN and OUT portrays, and rewarding to the Heritage Museum for its support of telling our LGBTQIA+ stories."

The exhibit innovatively depicts the stories of LGBTQ islanders as vignettes within cells that are part of the honeycombed beehive of the community. It also features an AIDS memorial garden, an interactive gender garden, and a closet with a soundscape that the visitor must pass through in order to come out, and then access the exhibit. IN and OUT displays a timeline of international, national, state and local events from 560 B.C. forward that puts Vashon's queer history in context. The AASLH Award of Excellence is the third award the exhibit has won.



IN and OUT will close later this year as the Museum opens its newest special exhibit *Natural Wonder: An Island Shaped by Water*, created in partnership with the Vashon Nature Center.

Visitors to the museum can still experience IN and OUT beginning the week of July 11. The Museum will be open Wednesday-Sunday, 1:00-4:00 pm. Visitors will be asked to follow state guidelines, which include observing six-foot social distancing and wearing a mask while indoors.


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Jack and Charlie Need a Home

We're long-time BFFs (best feline friends). Our happy life was turned upside-down when our human mom died suddenly. Our goal is to find someone who will adopt us together and help to heal our broken hearts. Do you have room in your heart and a quiet indoor home for two gentle souls like us?



Jack



Charlie

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To view adoptable Cats and Dogs

Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

option is not off the table either.

We humans appear to be unique in our ability to decipher nature's plan and to put our thumb on the scale once in a while to make sure that nature's plan can move forward. In the same way, we can plan ahead for the future. But this is a double-edged sword. Without wisdom, humility, and a devotion to service, we can use these same abilities to serve our greed and need for power and dominance as we have virtually our entire time thus far on the planet. Let's hope that we are ready to grow up.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

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Aries (March 20-April 19)

To build face-to-face reality takes work, and it will take adaptation. It does not need to be expensive, and an essential ingredient is the community itself bearing the costs and, more to the point, sharing resources. The result could come in the form of a potluck, a food coop, a musical space, any form of creative collective, a lending library, a dog-walking/pet care organization, a community garden, a spring-cleaning society (where people help one another clean) or a hundred other possibilities. They can be home-based, though remember that in the United States and many other countries, there is an abundance of unused space sitting idle and basically deteriorating. The value of using and sharing space rather than letting it sit empty is something we need to teach and learn. Establishing and building community is true leadership: the type that is not vested in authority. Rather, it is grounded in your ability to relate to people, and to find a common purpose with them. While we cannot exactly repair the past, it is possible to preserve what remains of a way of life before the digital environment was allowed to take over – and before it takes over so completely that most people don’t remember anything else.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

You are a personal keeper of humanity’s traditions, even if in small and modest ways. I suggest you step into this role personally, and with your circle of friends, and especially with the people who you end up in the position of leading in some way. I can give you a small example from my life. We are in the age of digital technology. But throughout my office, there are many desks with cutting mats and graphic arts blades, as well as pens and pencils to draw with. This is a reminder of the tradition from which digital graphic art emerged. I explain to my creative team how the work we were doing was done 25 years ago, 50 years ago, 75 years ago. In all ways, know the roots of your ideas. If you have an interest in something, trace it back and see where it comes from, why it exists, and where you stand in the lineage. You will find personal relevance there. The past matters, especially to you. The old way of doing things matters, even if you use the new way. There is a new age rapidly coming upon us — so fast all most people see is a blur. You are, without any doubt, being called to leadership in this time. That will fully manifest with Pluto in Aquarius, which I will cover at the end of this reading as my closing thought. It is your role to address the “tyranny of the new” and make sure that some of the old and valuable survives in a way that really matters to you, and that you can express to the people closest to you.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

The bottom line lesson of the past three years — or 12 years, depending on how you measure — is to focus on agreements, because that is where power is transacted. It’s where you gain or lose power; sell yourself out, give yourself away, or merge with others in a way that creates a synergistic effect. The ideal state of the 8th house would be that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. But humans tend not to be good at win-win situations. You, however, are capable of considering such a possibility on a much wider scale than most people. Yet for that to happen, it’s essential that you divest yourself from situations where the theme is “every man for himself,” or any situation where one person can take possession or ownership of another. These are crucial matters to fully encounter, work through and resolve before one can move on to the greater adventures of life. You may notice how much time, energy and money you’ve invested in the affairs of this house, as there has been such intense emphasis here going back many years, though especially since late 2017. Now, new adventures are calling you. Do what you can to bring your 8th house matters to closure. You don’t want to take them with you on the next phase of your journey. Rather, you want what you learned from these experiences, because you earned it, you paid for it, and you don’t want to have to go through all of that again.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

If there is a secret to the sign Cancer besides

take care of your home, this is it. You must make a contribution to society that is representative of your true being; your work must have actual meaning. The other work-related house is the 6th, and here you have Sagittarius (“the most philosophical sign,” in the words of Jim Morrison) which amplifies this message. You now have two extraordinarily powerful planets transiting your 10th, which are defining your experience of life. One is Chiron transiting Aries since 2018, and for the next five years. Chiron has a way of pulling focus and coming along with a crisis. They are related. If you are around age 50, this is a particularly important time, as you are in or close to your Chiron return. That would also mean that you have Chiron in Aries in your natal chart. This is activating your 10th from the standpoint of service and healing. It is not a convenient placement or transit, as it confers so much responsibility. It will also bring up many issues that require healing, all of them related to your ability to function in the world and be fully present for both who you are and what you do. The other planet in your 10th is the ultra-longterm visitor to Aries, Eris. While Eris has been in Aries since 1926, it is called into prominence for intervals of history by other planets making aspects to it. The last big outrageous burst of energy was the Uranus-Eris conjunction of 2016 and 2017, which describes the utter chaos that got Trump elected, leading to the “pandemic” situation a few years later. This was true insanity, though it’s left in the shade after what we witnessed in 2020 and beyond.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

Earlier, I mentioned that you are experiencing Saturn in your 7th house, and that in under two years this will give way to Pluto. Saturn represents all things tangible, solid, documented and established. In Aquarius, it’s serving as a kind of filter through which you can see all that is, and all that has become. Jupiter is doing something similar: it’s a kind of magnifier that is allowing you to see the details, and also, a condenser allowing you to see the wide-angle view. You may be experiencing Saturn in its form as the symbol of limits. You may, in particular, be reaching what seems like the structural boundaries of your relationships, that is, the place where they cannot go any further. This counts for all kinds of partnerships. One of the roles of Saturn is to clear space for what is about to happen next. Sometimes Saturn clears enough space in the foreground to reveal what is going on in the background. One reason people stay in relationships that are not serving them, or never leave home, or stay hooked on substances that hurt them, or stay in dead-end jobs, is so they don’t have to address the material that these conditions conceal. However, with Saturn moving across your 7th, you can be sure that some or most of those situations will be shifted, or even removed, and you will get to see what is underneath them. That is the whole point of a Saturn 7th transit. Therefore, limits in all forms are your allies. Study them, understand them, work with them, and rise to the occasion that they present. You can get a lot done during the remaining seasons of Saturn in your 7th house. I would propose that this is the best possible transit you can have at this time, because you can work with it.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

Chiron conjunct Eris is an explosion of consciousness waiting to happen. For you, this is about observing the need you have to self-actualize through sexual experience and through relationship experience and not confuse the two. Sex without some concept of commitment (meaning a form of marriage) is still considered a sin. Yet it’s not a sin to be alive, to breathe, to feel and to desire. And to explore your desires, you do not need to offer yourself into any form of slavery. If you experience any guilt around this, you have discovered a place where you can claim back another piece of yourself. Chiron conjunct Eris seems to be four years in the future, as a known and inevitable event, but it can be tapped into right now. It is happening now, as both planets are in the same sign. The simplest way to describe this conjunction is to say that it’s about liberating yourself from the nearly compulsive impulse of society to demand that everyone pretend to think the same way, and where every human transaction is another

opportunity to give yourself up. How do you know where you stand on these matters? Well, if you agree too much with others, I suggest you be suspicious about whether you are really using your discernment. Once you are in possession of your own views, you’re not going to agree with many people on many issues. And you will be highly unlikely to accept someone’s idea of who you are or who you should be.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

Another long-term transit lasting through May 2026, Uranus in Taurus is a comment on the stability factor of your relationships. Various circumstances may be creating the sense of being unsettled in what were previously solid commitments. You are not the type to make too-fast decisions, so it’s likely that you have stuck with certain arrangements hoping that the situation will go back to normal. If your relationships are changing, it’s because you are changing. Taurus is your 8th place, associated with commitments and exchanges. Taurus places material of substance in this house, that wants something solid to hold onto. Whatever is in the 8th is your medium of exchange, and Taurus is tangible, valuable stuff, beautiful and well-crafted. This is what you have to give and are open to receive. You want your relationships to be based on solid mutual values. Do you feel this way about your exchanges? Let’s add Uranus to the equation. Uranus can scramble up whatever it contacts. You are getting one message from Chiron and Salacia, to reevaluate your relationships. Both of these points lean toward reserved, respectful, and honoring of modesty. If they change the status quo, it’s through a kind of homeopathic approach. Eventually Chiron may emerge as radical shifts in awareness, though its approach is always gentle at first, enlisting your participation and involvement in your own healing process. Uranus works differently: it can feel like getting struck by cosmic lightning. It can flip your entire reality. Taurus is about what is time-honored and Uranus does not give a toss about this whatsoever. Uranus exists entirely outside of time. It is the realm of pure energy. (Saturn is our chronological model of time, and Chiron is what grounds one into the other.)

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

The theme of false collectivism is currently driving society and driving it insane. It is being driven by sales and marketing, like many other things that have taken over Western society, though the condition of the world (described by the Aquarian Era astrology) is currently making it easy for vast influences/influencers to get control of large groups of people, mostly against their conscious will. Your mission at this time is to define yourself as you are and as you want to be, and to meet the world face on, on your terms. Nobody gets to do this 100%. There are immovable facts of life, and conditions that influence us. However, it is one thing to state your proposition and another thing to pretend not to. To assert your individuality may seem like an isolated or isolating journey. There is a campaign telling us how antisocial this is. To an extent, this is true: one of the costs of individuality is confronting the fundamental aloneness that it implies. Yet that is not the end or the destination. It is the point of true beginning. Right now, and for the long foreseeable future, you are a point of gathering in your world. This will work whether you do it consciously or not; whether you want it or not.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

The world operates on what it thinks of as the basis of “permanent relationships,” which are never supposed to change. However, you are able to perceive that everyone is changing all the time. Yet this does not make you feel secure in any way. You are likely to react against this by striving for relationships that you perceive as everlasting. This is not a condition that exists on our planet, in the framework of space and time. Here, we live with the passage of time and constant change, exhausting as it is. You are in contact with the fact that the universe itself changes all the time. It is in a constant act of self-creation. However, from the standpoint of life on Earth, this kind of transience can seem especially brutal. It also presents one of the most challenging experiences of living on the surface of the planet, and perhaps the most necessary: working within the structure of what is finite — even if it’s an illusion or secondary reality. It is vital for your growth, wellbeing and happiness that you confront change directly rather than trying to fight against it. There is a rhythm to

The Vashon Loop, p. 7

your relationships, and to the world in which they exist, and when you feel that rhythm you will be much better adapted.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

You have the potential to be among the most independent of all people when it comes to asserting your true being and your actual values. You have so much energy in reserve here that it can be easily used against you. And there is always the lever, the threat, of being cast out of the tribe. At a certain point, your personal, verified truth must take precedence over what others seem to expect you to believe, and what you think they might do if you do not believe it. I am here to encourage you to make no compromises where this is concerned. In effect, it’s time to take the risk of doing so. In the end you will feel less lonely for being truthful to yourself than you will for being “accepted” and untruthful with yourself. Yet there is a juncture here: you can, if you want, proceed in a fashion that seems to be better for you financially but does not honor the truth of your values. This would be in the name of being practical, acceptable and not standing out. Or you can proceed in a way that honors who and what is true about you, stand up for yourself, and take a chance. This will involve, or may seem to involve, pushing people — but you’re not pushing them to do anything but to accept the fact that you are being real in their presence. This is too much for most people, who tend to cower under their own strength. I am not suggesting that you be defiant or disrespectful, or even ask anything of anyone: only that you resolve to be yourself at all times.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

Aquarius is the sign whose motto should be, “Know when you don’t know.” I suggest you be extremely cautious around any assumptions related to your intelligence. I am not implying that you’re not intelligent. Rather, the difference is your ability to monitor your thoughts, your thought process and the conclusions that you make. You need to ask yourself constantly the fundamental question of the fact-checker: how do I know that? This is the assumption-busting question – and the one that few people want to ask. This is particularly true in our era of pretend knowledge, bubble thinking, and group ideation that is taking over the world. If you can keep questioning yourself, you will start to catch your leaps of imagination that pass for intellect. By all means use your imagination, though you must be able to distinguish it from the truth. This is “convenient” when the truth is uncomfortable. It’s also extremely dangerous. While you cannot solve the problem of the whole society, you can certainly resolve it for yourself, in the sphere of your own life. You can dedicate yourself to what is meaningful because it’s true.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

One last thought before we enter the future. You have finally come to the point where your perspective on yourself is far more meaningful than what anyone else might think or believe about you. This is a vitally important step in maturity, and a challenging one for a Pisces. You must cultivate and maintain a discipline of refusing to take on the projections of others. The more visible in public you are, the more critical this is. The more what you do is considered meaningful, the more critical it is. Your rudder in the spiritual water is Chiron transiting your 2nd house or 2nd place (same idea). This is about your priorities, your self-respect, and your personal assets (anything from your talent to your money to your computer to your pots and pans). Chiron is saying stick to your principles. Make sure you have them, and make sure you know what they are – before you stick to them, or defend them. Principles are real. You will not have many, if they are true to what you live for. When in doubt, start with one, and test it out. Know when you’re making an exception and why. Exceptions should not be treated casually. They deserve a journal entry. It might begin (just giving an example), “It is my usual policy to tell the truth, but today I had to lie to someone.” Chiron is the master teacher, and will constantly be teaching you that who you are is directly related to what is important to you and what you do, based on that knowledge. Your identity is not something you declare. It is something you discover through processes of trial and error, trial and discovery, and trial and correction.

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