

UMO Ensemble Presents VIC: The Life and Times of Victoria C. Woodhull, Future Presidentess

Victoria C. Woodhull: Spiritualist, Suffragist, Free Lover—and in her time, the most famous woman in the United States. In 1872, she ran for President. By the time of her death, she'd been nearly erased from history. On the last night of her very long life, Victoria reckons with spirits and voices from her past as she relives moments both painful and exultant.

UMO Ensemble, a physical theatre company based on Vashon Island, Washington, pivots its artists and creativity to present its first ever audio drama, VIC: The Life and Times of Victoria C. Woodhull, Future Presidentess, by Maria Glanz.

This seven-part audio series will premiere on Voice of Vashon Public Radio on the most appropriate and auspicious date of July 4th, 2021 at 9:00 pm, and then will be heard bi-weekly to

its conclusion.

Adapted from Glanz's stage play VIC: Spirit Made Flesh and directed by her frequent collaborator Elizabeth Klob, the show includes original music by Jason Webley and Gretta Harley and a company of well-known Vashon and Seattle-based actors, including Jeannie Dougherty, Ted Dowling, David Godsey, Tami Brockway Joyce, Alyssa Keene, Victoria Knox, Janet McAlpin, Steffon Moody, Jon Schroeder, Dylan Smith, Jason Webley, Lyam White, Bob Williams and Anthony Winkler, with Glanz herself playing Older Victoria and Klob as her mother Roxy.

VIC takes the audience on a wild, séance-inspired ride through an unforgettable American story. In 1872, the United States was in turmoil. The Civil War had shattered notions of what it meant to be "American." Slavery was

Continued on Page 6

The Road to Resilience

The Day the Earth Stood Still

The other night I finally got around to watching "The Day the Earth Stood Still." I had intended to watch the original 1951 movie but saw that there was a remake in 2008 that I hadn't seen, so I watched that. If you are unfamiliar, the original, which I saw as a kid, was a riveting account of an alien emissary arriving in Central Park in New York City via "flying saucer." He came to bring the message that mankind was heading toward destroying the world, and they, as conservators of habitable planets, were warning us that they could not allow that to happen. Of course, the first thing we did was to shoot him. This brought out a large robot with a laser eye that wiped out all the tanks and cannon that we had assembled there, which indicated that resistance was futile. The emissary was brought back to life by superior technology, and, to make a long story short, left the planet with the earthlings hopefully chastened and ready to turn over a new leaf.

In the new version the human technology was up to date and the conception of alien technology was as well. The overall warning to the planet was broader, as our awareness of our failings is broader now. In 1951, we had come out of World War II only to confront the communist peril that threatened World War III. In fact, we were fighting communists in the Korean War at that time. In the remake, the ecology of the Earth was the main concern. In addition to our violence toward each other, the existence of all life on Earth was threatened by human activity. The warning now was:

By Terry Sullivan,

if humanity can't change its ways, it will be eliminated in order to save the rest of life on Earth.

The main part of the movie involved a few very sensitive, empathetic, and open-minded humans trying to convince the alien that we could in fact change, that this particular crisis would be enough to bring us around. In the end, of course, the heroine shows enough goodness to get the alien to call off the dogs and save the Earth for another day.

When I saw the heroine, with soft, watery eyes, saying, "We can change! Give us another chance," I said to myself, "Don't listen to her. Wipe them out," not because I wanted humanity to be obliterated, but because I really didn't think that the alien invasion would be enough to change our minds.

I still have hope that we can pull it off, but I should also say that I believe in miracles. I should also say that if I were a betting person, you would have to give me good odds.

The operant word from the film is "change." Given the whole range of disagreements in our world, an article I read recently hit the bullseye in saying that we have only two kinds of people in the world: those who are willing to change and those who aren't. It isn't a matter of knowledge, logic, or reason. Those may play a part in accepting change, but the change must happen at the emotional and spiritual level. Deteriorating conditions may help many to accept change. The longer we stall, the more difficult it will be, but the important thing is to achieve the transformation.

Continued on Page 6

2021 Vashon Island Concerts in the Park

The Vashon Park District and Vashon Events have announced the lineup for the annual Summer Concerts in the Park. The extremely popular and free outdoor concert series will begin on Thursday, August 5th and run through Thursday, August 26th. All concerts will start at 7:30pm and are held in Ober Park on Vashon Island. This year, enjoy live music performances from four local bands performing against one of Vashon's most beautiful outdoor backdrops.

Bring the family! There's plenty of grass and natural berms to spread out those picnic blankets and enjoy some wonderful music on a warm summer night. Families can come relax, let the kids play on the playground and enjoy the entertainment at these four summer events.

The Concerts in the Park series is presented by the Vashon Park District and curated by Vashon Events.

Please remember that there are no dogs allowed at Ober Park. Alcohol and smoking are also not permitted.

Thursday, August 5th, 7:30-9pm

The Confessions
(R&B, Soul)

The Confessions are a versatile R&B group with a throwback sound fronted



by Camille Reeves. Gleaning from gospel, early rock 'n' roll, and sounds of the Motown era, most songs are original tunes that are fresh, yet familiar. The foundation of the band is rhythm section, which includes Chris O'Brien on keyboard, Gavin Kovite on bass, and Brian Dougher on drums. The Confessions also feature a horn section including Barry Cooper on trumpet, Greg McElroy on tenor sax, and Charlie Kipp on baritone sax. Bring your dancin' shoes and get ready to cut a rug!

Thursday, August 12th, 7:30-9pm

Saint Ophelia
(Alt Folk-Rock)

Saint Ophelia is a five-piece ensemble fronted by vocalist/guitarist Rebekah Kuzma, singer songwriter Joe Panzetta, and pedal steel magician Dan Tyack. With a killer rhythm section of Wesley Peterson



on drums and Chuck Keller on bass, their original songs run the gamut from groovy, rocking, and spacious. Saint Ophelia is currently recording their second album with producer Martin Feveyear, and crowdfunding to help pay for production and distribution costs. Visit saintophelia.com to listen to their first album, watch videos of live performances, and to help them launch album number two!

Thursday, August 19th, 7:30-9pm

Poultry In Motion
(Folk-Country)

Poultry in Motion, in a collection of molting personalities that could hardly be more diverse, do in fact share one common goal - passing a good time together. Best described as a drinking club with a music problem, they bring their diverse



backgrounds together under cover of music and merriment with no musical theme other than stimulating dancers. Put on your dancing shoes and prepare for anything from country to Motown, rockabilly to Zydeco, rock-n-roll to folk-n-rock, Cajun to swamp pop, plus original compositions that may take origin from any one of the roosters in the band.

Thursday, August 26th, 7:30-9pm

One More Mile
(Blues)

One More Mile is a blues group fronted by "The Principal" Jason Lollar on vocals-lead guitar and "Lonesome" Mike Nichols on vocals-harmonica. It is a musical brotherhood going back decades. This partnership of tone wizardry is dedicated to rocking the joint in the old school way -



by playing inspired original grooves and classic blues, funk, and rock and roll covers in the vein of James Cotton, Albert Collins, Little Walter, and The Meters. Rounding out the band are keyboardist-vocalist Tony Mann, bassist-vocalist Chuck Keller, and drummer-vocalist Wesley Peterson.



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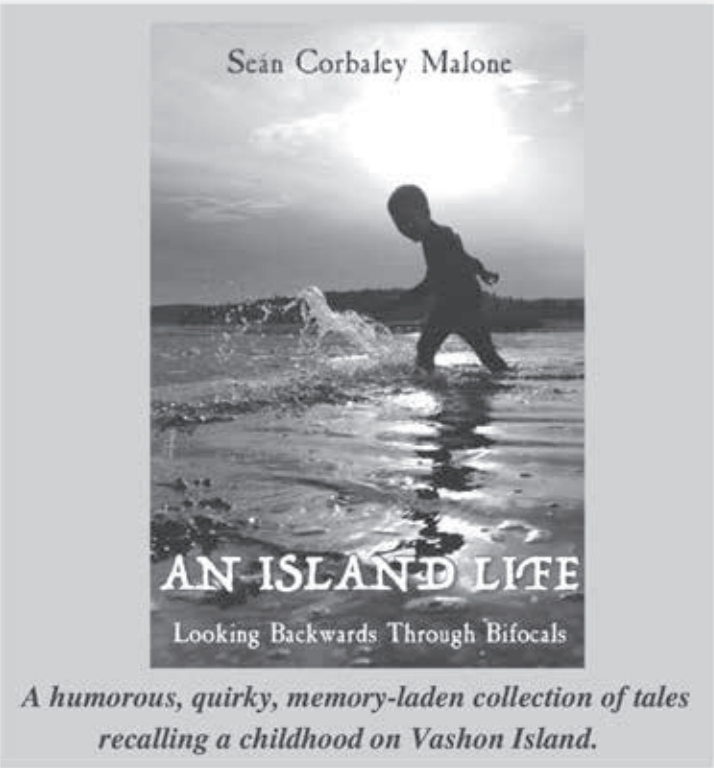
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The Vashon Loop

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

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and want help?



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Online Meetings: SeattleAA.org

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Deadline for the next
edition of *The Loop* is
Saturday, July 24

*No puede dejar de
beber Alcohol?*



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We Survived - Now What?

“Let’s Talk about Living and Dying”. Sunday, August 1, 1 to 2:30 on Zoom.

Mental health status during COVID-19 has been negatively impacted for many people around the world. In fact, nearly four times as many people reported symptoms of anxiety or depression in January 2021 than reported in January through June 2019.

There are many logical reasons for this. On the one hand, measures to help slow the spread of COVID-19, such as social distancing, closing or restricting business operations, and distance learning have set up a perfect storm of circumstances that can affect a person’s mental health.

Whether your symptoms are caused by the infection, the pandemic as a whole, the loss of a loved one due to COVID-19, or something else entirely, you aren’t alone in your struggles. Let’s take a closer look at some COVID-19 mental health statistics.

As the U.S. vaccination rate increases and COVID-19 rates decrease, the question on everyone’s mind is “When will things go back to normal?” Secondly, a majority of people follow that question with “Why am I so nervous about returning to normal?”

The human body is a complex system, much of which runs without our direct guidance. One part of this system is your fight or flight response: the natural alarm system that your body has to protect you from possible danger, like from fires, hurricanes, or bear attacks.

Over time, your body’s alarm system learns more about what types of danger exists in the world and how to protect you from those dangers. What happens, then, when your body has been taught to be scared of something that is no longer inherently dangerous?

Join Susan Pitiger and Jane Neubauer to discuss Living Well post pandemic. Losses we have had, lessons we have learned, challenges and opportunities.

Join us on Zoom Sunday, August 1 @ 1 to 2:30

Call Susan Pitiger 206 818 4232 or Jane Neubauer 206 799 3190 With questions.

Email Jane @ janeneubauer@janeonvashon.com to sign up and receive readings for the session.

A Quarterly Presentation from Vashon Honoring Choices and The Vashon Conversation

Health Insurance Sign-Up

Saturday, July 31st, 2021

Saturday, August 14th, 2021

Noon - 2:45pm at Vashon Library (outside under a tent)

Your eligibility might have changed from last year because of loss of job or reduced hours. Now is the time to get health insurance if you passed up the opportunity earlier. Check it out. It’s FREE!!!

This is for health insurance that will begin the following month.

You can also apply for:

ORCA LIFT: Metro reduced fare program

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Meditation Retreat at Mukai House

The Puget Sound Zen Center is honored to hold its first in-person event in 16 months at the historic Mukai House, an integral part of Vashon history. On Saturday July 31, from 8:30am-4:30pm there will be a full day meditation retreat, with breaks for walking meditation, qigong, lunch and a dharma talk. More details, the covid protocol and registration for this event can be found at the website www.pszc.org on the EVENTS page.

Surface Water Management (SWM) discount

The Surface Water Management fee discount applies to low income property owners who resides in their property and are at an income equal to or less than two hundred percent of the federal poverty level. Currently, the income guidelines by household size and monthly income is in the chart below.

Household size	Monthly income
1	\$2,147
2	\$2,903
3	\$3,660
4	\$4,417
5	\$5,173
6	\$5,930
7	\$6,687
8	\$7,443

For more questions and answers please see our link here: <https://kingcounty.gov/depts/dnrp/wlr/surface-water-mgt-fee/discount/income-discount.aspx>

The Five Fork Pancake And flaming marshmallow camping adventures



By Seán Malone and John Sweetman

“Oh ... look at that!” Seán exclaimed as he screeched to a stop and abruptly lurched off the road at the old Minglement. Thankfully, it was a ‘local’ behind us who forgave the somewhat erratic maneuver.

“What’s up?” I said as Seán’s terrier jumped off my lap to leap over to Seán’s side and look out the window. “See! A perfectly good portable charcoal bbq right by the side of the road!”

In the time honored, Vashon tradition, of course seeing something alongside the road means ‘stop abruptly without signaling, veer off the highway and take a look at whatever caught your eye, and if slightly useful, cram said object inside, on top or alongside whatever vehicle you might have’. And better yet, whatever you see is free. Newcomers, sadly, have taken advantage of this Island custom lately and deposit real junk in front of places other than their own property.

Well it turned out this was a good find and as we loaded it, John said, “Sure wish we’d had one of these in our young camping days! Would have made things a whole lot easier!”

That question led to us swapping camping stories of various trips gone somewhat awry and that is how we arrived at telling these stories. They are mostly true, although Seán did some research on the length of ‘five forks’ and came up with some potential exaggeration... Which I rationalized to him that in those days they made shorter forks... because we had shorter arms.

I related how flaming marshmallows not only set a tent on fire but left a smell that lasted on the tent for years.. A smell that my Mother used as a reminder to impose good camping behavior on me.

It all started with a camping trip to the Mt Adams area with Gene Amundson and his family. It must have been 12 of us in two overloaded cars with a giant tent on top. In those days everything was ‘war surplus’, and that old tent was surely surplus, although looking back I’m not sure from which war it was surplus from. It was heavy oil soaked canvas.

The trip up was a long one and we got there and built a fire while our Dads fished. After an early kid’s dinner of hot dogs, we roasted marshmallows. In those days we cut our own roasting sticks out of whatever thin green saplings were available.

Soon Gene and I engaged in a war of dueling flames of marshmallows at the ends of our springy ‘swords’. Somehow in our swordplay, a flaming marshmallow was flipped over to the tent which our dads were trying to erect. Shortly thereafter some yelling erupted that we think included some bad words followed by ‘get the water bucket you...@&)/&\$!’

The flaming bits had landed in a dry pile of pine needles trapped in a tent corner from the last use. Well up to this point, Gene and I had been known troublemakers, but like cats, even though our parents knew we were always up to no good, it was rare

we were ever caught in the act. This time though we were fairly busted and assigned a lot of cleanup jobs. Our sisters smirked endlessly at our descent into the servant class and delighted in leaving dirty dishes for us to wash. I’m not sure of what additional punishment was ordered, but it was a long time before we were allowed to roast marshmallows over a fire.

Sean related an even better story!

It was cold, dark, and raining “cats and dogs.” I had to pitch my army tent on a side hill on Denny Creek on the Snoqualmie Pass road. There just wasn’t enough room for the nine guys from the Vashon Boy Scout Troop 294. The campground was full despite the weather. Water was streaming in from the upper side of the tent and soaking my poor surplus sleeping bag. During the night, I had rolled down the hill and was lying up against the side of the surplus shelter half. They called it a shelter half because it was only good for a wind break or lean-to. You needed two shelter halves to make a tent which was held together with buttons across the top and they always leaked.

My mistake was that I tried to sleep on a side hill with a torrent coming down over the rocks above me. The next day, Uncle Bruce, our scout master; and my Father as assistant scoutmaster came over to assess the damages. Uncle Bruce wasn’t our “real uncle” and my tent wasn’t the only one hit. We didn’t have the smart covers that the new tents have by slipping a “fly” over the top and tying it down; thus making the camp waterproof.

In the army, we used the “buddy system;” by joining our mutual shelter halves to form what we called a “pup tent” and this one leaked. People asked the next day what I was doing with two shelter halves when I was only issued one. I was supposed to have a “buddy.”

Uncle Bruce immediately saw what my problem was. I hadn’t dug a ditch to divert the torrent and then it really started to rain.

“Pack up!” was the call coming down from the cadre and we had to get on the move. I was trying to roll my soaking wet sleeping bag and folding the heavy and wet shelter halves so I could get them down the side hill. “We are going to eastern Washington where it never rains!” Uncle Bruce called out.

The first stop after the pass was the fishing pond for kids that the miners in Roslyn had built to attract tourists. The problem was with balancing-on-planks over the swampy back-eddy in the Cle Elum River; and not being able to catch a fish. The fish were beautiful and right under the planks, but they wouldn’t bite. You could set the worm and hook right on top of their heads and no luck! Our next camp was going to be on the Columbia River at Vantage where arrowhead chips were scattered over many acres of the dry part of the river bottom and I don’t know how deep they were because there were plenty on top.

You can’t see it now; because the field of chips is under water from the new dam

Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel

AFOG: Another Foolish Opportunity for Growth

The experience of falling and breaking a vertebra has turned out to be a much bigger deal than I could have imagined. A few days of denial and agony at home, then a few days in the hospital – St. Anne’s, formerly Highline – and then three weeks in a rehabilitation facility. I am not entirely rehabilitated, but they figured I was ready to go home.

Two or three months to go, according to the spinal specialist.

Gradually re-learning walking. Temporarily, I hope, I am in a wheelchair.

When I have a walker, I will be ready to go. There are two advantages to the wheelchair: one, I am less likely to fall; and two, when I get to my desk, my hands are free. The walker will help me to practice walking, though, and that is much to be desired at present. So I will be making walker excursions around the house as my back heals.

Rehab was not a pleasant place. They try, and it is nice enough in furnishings and so forth.

The employees are good-natured and positive, while doing their jobs well. Truly, CNAs and nurses are my heroes. Wow. They face their work with an equanimity that amazes me.

Lying in bed most of the day was tedious. I was so happy when one of the therapists (physical or occupational) came to take me to the gym, a bright sunny room with polished wooden floors, about the size of a kindergarten room.

I spent a lot of time on my screens while in bed. They were my lifeline to the outer world. But a reality lived through screens becomes monotonous, and you cannot MAKE people send you emails or texts. They have lives.

The hard thing, the sad thing, is how much some of the patients suffer. Many were “confused,” they called it – like the guy from across the hall who insisted I was in his room. The people who yelled, “Help me! Somebody help me!” repeatedly, every day. The woman who screamed and sobbed.

Each room there had two beds, Bed 1 and Bed 2. My last three days there I was in Bed 2 of a room – had a window and everything. Two days before I left a new, extremely ill roommate was moved into Bed 1. The next morning she died. I



sang “Into paradise” for her. The nurse appreciated that.

I was given oxycodone for my pain. It made me feel much better. About two weeks in I realized that I was not biting my nails. Now that I am home and not on opioids, I am biting them again. I do not believe that opioids as a cure for nail biting are a good idea. They are great for when you are in pain, but other than that they mess you up, in body and mind. My short term memory ran away laughing.

After three weeks of physical therapy and bed rest and cable channels I do not have at home, they cut me loose. My son brought me home and wheeled me into the house, where my jaw dropped.

While I was gone, a crew of Episcopalians and other friends went through my house and cleaned it and cleared it out so that I could navigate with wheelchair and walker without obstacles to cause tripping or falling (falling now would be bad).

The open vistas in the rooms of my house were astonishing. I am a packrat, and I like to say a “recovering hoarder,” and I have not seen that much floor in years. All done so I could navigate safely in my not-quite-whole state.

Cleaning was not all they did. The front porch has a new safe surface. Before, the two-by-fours were rotting and caving in – dangerous. Now the porch is solid, with non-slip surfaces. The kitchen faucet that leaked for years is gone, replaced by a faucet that does not leak, and the cabinet below was cleaned out and repaired (experiencing dripping water for years is bad for wood).

My respect for people in wheelchairs has gone WAY up. I have trouble getting from my bedroom to my office/music room, so when I think of people in wheelchairs who live full lives, have jobs and families and hobbies or passions they pursue, I am stunned. Really? This is how hard you must work to live a semblance of a normal life? Holy carp.

This is so humbling. I will in time be able to walk again. I bless and respect all you who are not so fortunate.

But you never know. This is the second time I have broken a vertebra. Who knows what the future will bring?

As I once heard in a song, we are all temporarily able-bodied.

they have built, south of the Ginkgo Petrified Forest. To us kids, the site gave us a chance to look for arrowheads, or at least gaze on parts of them.

Scout hood memories aren’t for sale; only maligned or, better yet, were the strong memories you had of what the Indians had left behind. Several of the guys found what resembled an arrowhead, but there was always a chip that created a mistake or a notch that was only half there.

We pitched our tents or shelter halves in the Ginkgo Petrified Forest and were able to find small pieces of petrified wood that we brought home.

The strategies of the cadre to get us to someplace dry or at least, less wet was above and beyond, so to speak. They were all volunteers and what they had to put up with was incredible. Dad had a 1949 Super-88 Oldsmobile, the last of the “muscle” cars. I sat in the back seat at 60 MPH and dried out my surplus sleeping bag by flying it out the

rear window. After all, we were Boy Scouts and in a convoy, headed for the Columbia River and more adventure.

We were still camped in the Petrified Forest when Uncle Bruce announced that he was baking pancakes for all in the morning, and he meant it. The smoke from the fire woke me up with the smell of fresh pancakes on the air. We stuffed ourselves; I can’t remember whether we had syrup or just butter to roll the pancakes in. Anyhow, Uncle Bruce sprinkled them with powdered sugar. There was lots of batter left over and Uncle Bruce’s pan was five forks across and the pancake batter covered the bottom. I bet some guys that for 25 cents I would eat that gigantic pancake and I did. Somewhere in a shoe box, I have the picture of the pancake on the grill with the fork beside it.

These days we roast marshmallows and shrimp over that roadside bbq on Seán’s deck, and go inside if it rains. Life is good!

Island Life Tomorrowland

By Peter Ray
pgray@vashonloop.com

“...And all our yesterdays have
lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out,
brief candle!”
Macbeth- Billy S.

I decided to take the teevee plunge the other night and punched the square with the smiling A on it, and right at the top of the page that came up was a whole block dedicated to the new movie- “the Tomorrow War”. It so happened that we were in the mood for a ‘things blowing up’ story, which was a good thing, because hell and the audio track were certainly poppin’ all the way through. As the booms and rat-a-tat-tat’s commenced and advanced, at least one of our dogs headed to the porch, since the fourth of July was now a memory, of sorts- at least enough of one where even distant sounds of explosions from the night sky out there were few to none. As this sci-fi movie’s exposition spooled its way out, we found ourselves in a somewhat similar time of the now, except there was also this rather rickety ride to the future, that was an actual ride to the future, and definitely not a stupid ride like the Time Masheen, if you know what I mean. And so, we began to find out, without giving much of anything away, that people from their not too distant (30 or so years) future have come back to get some help fighting a menace that has arrived and is kind of kicking mankind’s collective ass, so to speak, and not only that, but this menace, that kind of looks like a horde of velociraptors on a bad acid trip, are also eating mankind for breakfast, lunch and dinner, literally.

Let’s just hit the imaginary pause button right there, since it’s about the same time I hit the real pause button on the teevee so I could visit the bathroom to get rid of the beer I was about to replace with the next can I grabbed from the fridge. I can’t say exactly when it hit me, but somewhere early on I had this Godzilla and Rodan kind of flashback, and more the “human in a Godzilla suit trashing a toy Tokyo” kind of flashback, versus a Gareth Edwards CGI masterwork. I make that distinction because it was said back there some time ago that one of the reasons the Japanese had been cranking out all those crazy, early monster movies was possibly because they were trying to work out the enormity of the atomic onslaught we had rained down upon them through monsters as war metaphor. They were trying to work through the trauma of people just vanishing from the face of the earth, with nothing to show for their time here, beyond becoming just a shadow stain on a wall or a pile of ashes on the sidewalk. With the giant lizard and the flying flame thrower, they were putting a face on evil, and at least then fictionally given the time and a chance to perhaps find some clever way to vanquish it.

I bring this up, because it seemed to me that in this Tomorrow War we,

as the all-encompassing we, were being given a similar visual opportunity here in metaphorical terms. A short way into the Tomorrow War, we have these kids from a future that is just around our corner, coming back through a time warp to ask us for help with a problem they are encountering out there because they are finding it too overwhelming to deal with on their own. Is it just me, or does that remind you of something Jimi Hendrix once presciently sang when he mentioned something about coming back to find “the stars misplaced, and the smell of a world that is burned”? On the other hand, maybe framing climate change in metaphorical and truly horrifying terms might cause some to recognize the severity and immediacy of the imagined analog and actually do something about it. Oh wait, I think that’s already been done, in a number of visualizations and imaginings and factual enumerations, and look where that’s gotten us. It would also seem to be an awful lot to ask of nearly half of the population of these “United” States to even grasp the concept of didactic metaphor when they can’t even comprehend the practical application of life lessons to be gleaned from any number of parables set forth by a sacred character from an ancient text that they claim as the guiding light of their lives. Instead, they just take the shell of that character and rewrite the narrative to support whatever it is that they believe.

The problem with tomorrow is that there is always another one out there waiting to become today. Tomorrow exists mostly because of hope. Hope allows us to believe that no matter how much crap we have to slog through today, tomorrow will always bring a brighter dawn. Without giving too much away, what we and the future/past warriors of the Tomorrow War find is that the solution to their monster dilemma lies in their past. In some ways the main characters have their ruby slippers moment – of sorts- and have to go back to their time to find the solution to the problem that was previously only known to those in the future. In some ways, this situation has some parallels for the Us of this here and now. As we continue to experience the effects of a climate that is changing rapidly away from what we have been used to, and race and social and economic situations that continue to spiral downward and out of control, among other things, we are also finding pieces of history that were hidden or erased from our collective memories, all of which could have collectively led to a concern and awareness of these problems and issues years ago, and that could have provided valuable life lessons then that might have steered us away to a place that could have been much better than where we are now.

What some of us seem to be finding these days is that we are the fools of these yesterdays, or at least fooled by them. It would be nice to say that if we had the opportunity to hop in a time machine, that we could go back and undo whatever it was that we now see in a different light. One of the things we had problems with while watching the Tomorrow Wars was buying into the operating premises of time travel-

meeting oneself as two different you’s in the same time for example. But can you imagine if everyone had the chance to go back and change things how chaotic that might be? As it is, we can only deal with change in terms of the now going into the future. In fact, learning of events like the white slaughter of Blacks in Tulsa in 1921, or the military slaughter of Native Americans at Sand Creek in 1864, is disturbing to find out about and troubling that they were suppressed and hidden for so many years. But if you do happen to have the opportunity to travel backward or forward in time, it would seem that regardless of your awareness of the past, a basic lack of awareness, or willful ignorance, of basic human rights and respect for life should preclude you from going anywhere before you get all the basic life lessons loaded and understood in your basic, operating software.

“Had those who lived in this one been less human, less brave, it would have happened to all the neighborhoods of Earth...”

As long as we’re jumping back and forth in time, let’s go back to 1964 and the first season of ‘the Outer Limits’. I don’t think we’d gotten our first color television set yet, which means it was either on that Philco wooden entertainment center in the basement or the black and gray plastic one with the rabbit ears on top in the kitchen breakfast nook where we saw this episode. For some reason, this one sticks in my head, although I had to look it up on the internets for the details. It was called “A Feasibility Study”, and after we lost control of both the horizontal and the vertical, it told the story of an entire neighborhood that was stolen by aliens. This particular group of space invaders was looking for a planet to conquer and a population to enslave. As it turned out, this neighborhood had been chosen to see how they would respond to alien contact. It also turned out that the aliens carried a disease that was toxic to the earthlings. What eventually happened was that the people of the neighborhood learned that they were guinea pigs, and if they survived, the aliens would go on to enslave the rest of the Earth, and so they all agreed to stand in a circle and hold each others hands and share an infection

that one had contracted, and they all died and the aliens went away.

At the time, I could see that happening, I could buy into that premise, but I do not know that we could expect the same kind of cooperation in these times. I do not know what has changed. I could tell you what I see. There are native plants dying on this Island once again this summer, most likely because of record drought, and I saw trees from the native evergreen oaks in the Sierra Nevadas to the Sugar Maple in New York dying in large clusters on the two driving trips I took across country in 2018 and 2019. If you kneel on someone’s neck for nine and a half minutes and for most of that time they are telling you they can’t breathe, you should probably take your knee off their neck and help them up, especially if they have their hands cuffed behind their back. And if someone tells you that the rioters at the insurrection at the Capitol were “... peaceful people, were great people...”, you should probably wonder about their sanity, and certainly not consider them fit to be President of the United States, let alone as a candidate for re-election. I continue to be amazed that we somehow keep making it to tomorrow. I guess that’s why I stay around.



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By Marj Watkins

This Dragon is Delicious!

In hot countries, hot dishes and spicy foods help people sweat, and thus cool off. Here, we rather like cold soups. Today, I give you a Chinese soup that’s served hot or tepid. My daughter Suzanna Leigh, whose inspirational motif is the dragon, gave me the name for it. We call it Dragon Soup because near Bangkok we once ate a “dragon shrimp” the size of a lobster on the bank of the Cha Praya. It served six.

The soup below has shrimp in it, but they need not be the largest ones. It’s perfect for a hot day – provides needed liquid, plus all the elements of a well balanced meal (protein, vegetables, and carbohydrates, and needs only five minutes actual cooking time. The same essential soup is also made with tofu.

Dragon Soup
Prep time: 25 minutes
Cooking time, only about 5 minutes
Serves 2 as a main dish or 4 as a starter

- 1 (10-ounce) can condensed chicken broth and
- 2 cups water or 3 ½ cups homemade chicken broth
- 1 Tablespoon chopped ginger (don’t bother to peel it. Xiao Ning says, “Peel has nutrition, too.”)
- 1 to 2 cloves garlic, sliced
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- ¼ lb. cooked chicken, diced
- 3 large crimini mushrooms, halved vertically and then sliced
- 2 green onions, tops included, washed and sliced
- 2 cups chopped baby bok choy
- ¼ lb. shelled shrimp or 1 can shrimp
- 1/8 teaspoon cayenne or Hungarian hot pepper, or to taste
- David Carleton
- 1 cup cooked rice, optional or 1 small hank Thai noodles, broken up
- In a 6-cup saucepan, bring chicken broth, ginger, garlic and soy sauce to a boil. Add chicken, mushrooms, and bok choy. Return to a boil. Add remaining ingredients, except for the shrimp. Add the rice or Thai noodles. Bring to a gentle boil. Cook 2 minutes.
- If using raw shrimp, add it now. Reduce heat. Cook only until shrimp turns pink and opaque.
- If using canned shrimp, remove from heat, then add the shrimp.
- Chill if desired
- Complete the menu with a simple fruit salad of torn lettuce, diced nectarine or mango and avocado. It’s cooling and serves as both salad and dessert. If you insist on a dressing, I suggest ranch style, or raspberry vinaigrette.

The Life and Times of Victoria C. Woodhull, Future Presidentess

Continued from Page 1

eradicated, but reconstruction and racism were coiling around what it meant to be “free.” Robber barons were building railroads and running banks, creating the seeds of what Mark Twain coined the gilded age. Suffragists were calling for women’s right to vote – and Victoria Woodhull became the first woman to run for President of the United States.

Spiritualists, free lovers, owners of the first woman-run stock brokerage in the US, newspaper publishers, and as notorious in their time as the Kardashians are today, Victoria and her sister Tennessee were praised and condemned in equal measure.

VIC: The Life and Times of Victoria C. Woodhull, Future Presidentess is their story.

The show developed from a planned stage production at ACT in 2020, meant to coincide with the 100th anniversary of a woman’s right to vote in 2019 and the coming election. But when COVID intervened, the company and writer turned to adapting the work as an audio production, making it possible to work with many of the same artists in this new medium, one that allowed them to go deeper into the characters and events and spread it over seven episodes.

Director Klob believes the play remains incredibly relevant in terms of many of the same basic human rights issues that are still being fought for. “She was indeed ahead of her time.... for example her stance on free love, an eight-hour workday, income inequality...

you name it.”

The adaptation allowed both the writer to reconsider the form and the production to use a larger cast than planned, who would meet in Vashon to record each episode over a single day. “The radio recording process was a sharp learning curve,” Klob admits, “and it was extraordinary to build completely new skills at this point in my career.”

As for Glanz, the process was one which moved quickly from excitement to nervousness and then abject terror, as she realized how much a physical spectacle needed to be translated into an entirely different medium. “At that point I entered the most intense creative exertion I have ever experienced. It culminated in a stretch of working eight to ten hours a day, writing in a way I had never done before. The greatest joy was bringing so many of the characters surrounding Victoria to life - her sister Tennessee and the rest of the raucous Claflin clan (who deserve a series of their own), her daughter Zulu, her foes the Beechers, and more....at more than one point, I was pretty sure it would be the death of me. But Victoria’s story persevered. I hope VIC brings it to many who have never heard it before.”

Episode One of VIC, It Is Time, can be heard on Voice of Vashon, KVSH 101.9 FM or on the free VoV mobile app or stream at voiceofvashon.org. Missed the July 4th episode? Listen on demand anytime at voiceofvashon.org.

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Next Loop comes out July 29

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Belaya Needs a Home

Last year I found out how much Vashon means to me. My family and I lived abroad for a while, and I was so unhappy that I got sick. I felt a lot better after the pandemic forced us to come back to Vashon, but they will have to move overseas again and they don’t want me to be miserable.

I need to be the only cat in the household, but I’ve lived with two kids, and I get along with mellow dogs. If you plan to stay on the Rock forever, can you give me a forever home?



Go To www.vipp.org
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Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

On the good side, so to speak, I don’t think that the fate of life on Earth is necessarily in our hands. Nature also has defensive mechanisms. All the creatures that are basically responsible for and control life on Earth are too small for us to see. The pandemic we are in is an excellent example. Bacteria, viruses, fungi, plankton, and others are in control of the production of all food and oxygen and manage the health and wellbeing of all life. Maybe we should consider COVID a gentle reminder. It seems we don’t actually need an advanced civilization to force our hand. We already have one.

Working against change is fear and anxiety. The more imminent change is, the more we resent and hate those that appear to be taking the status quo away from us.

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This isn’t a partisan issue.

I think that the best we can all do, besides being really active politically, is to make change where we can and hope that as these changes manifest good things, others won’t have to take a leap into the unknown.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

Vashon Kids Beats COVID

By David Carleton

Essential program serves families throughout COVID

“I am an essential worker for King County,” explains a Vashon Kids mom, “Plain and simple, I would not have been able to keep my job if it weren’t for Vashon Kids. The VK team was awesome before COVID, but what they did to provide not just the enrichment but safety and stability for our kids – it has been an incredible effort truly over and above anything I could have expected.”

Vashon Kids at Chautauqua prioritizes social emotional skill building and providing parent support. The team has provided front-line care throughout COVID, adapting and transitioning program elements and schedules multiple times to best meet the needs of hard working Island families.

“Vashon Kids dedication and ability to meet the kids’ unique needs is incredible. My son had a hard time with remote learning, difficulty learning how to use the computer - and I’m not tech savvy. But Vashon Kids not only helped him learn the skills he needed to

complete remote work but truly advance his learning. Now he’s teaching me!” the proud mom continues.

Vashon Kids serves as a front-line program with staff trained to spot trouble in youth and their families. Collaboration between Vashon Kids, VYFS Behavioral Health and the Island School District provide detection and prevention measures to help families stabilize and strengthen their position.

“Vashon Kids is our village, and the VK Team watches out for entire families, and safe and healthy interaction between kids. They help make my son a better person and me a better parent,” the mom concludes, “I am eternally grateful.”

Unfortunately, while vaccination rates will go up and infections down, the effects of COVID will continue to destabilize Island families. Vashon Kids is not able to fully meet the need for scholarships which are funded solely by Island donations because there are no guaranteed grants or government funding for Vashon Kids.

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

Deadline for the next
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Aries (March 20-April 19)

In recent seasons of your life, the main confrontation you’ve presented others with is the radically transformational change that you’re going through. As you grow, you put others in a position to deal with that reality. If they’re going to be in your life or you in theirs, they have no choice.

Many times people adopt what they think of as a compromise position — tamping down their own growth in an effort to appease the insecurities of others. This creates what many relationships seem to become, which is tacit agreements not to grow. Someone figures out that their progress — mental, emotional, spiritual or otherwise — is threatening their friends, partners or spouse, and they try to keep a lid on the energy. This is often a habit that dates back to early childhood, when your vitality may have threatened your adult caregivers.

By now you’ve figured out one of two things: that you simply cannot stand to do this any more, or that you’re trying, and it’s not working. You are growing at your own pace, and in unpredictable ways. The person you thought you were five years ago, one year ago, even yesterday, is not quite the same person you are today, potentially in some profound ways.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

I’ve often wondered from where Taurus draws its power. By that I mean the unusually mighty creative fire, the persistence of effort and the enduring quality of the work that so often comes out of people born with the Sun in Taurus. The enduring bit is worth bearing in mind: whatever you do with your life is likely to get lasting results. The one writer that everyone, as in everyone, can name was a Taurus.

We do get one clue from your sign being part of the fixed cross, the backbone of the astrological system. The old-religion holiday Beltane, the high sabbat of the Pagan year, takes place when the Sun reaches the midpoint of your sign. If the tree of life is planted in any one sign, I would propose yours is the one.

By now you’ve figured out one of two things: that you simply cannot stand to do this any more, or that you’re trying, and it’s not working. You are growing at your own pace, and in unpredictable ways. The person you thought you were five years ago, one year ago, even yesterday, is not quite the same person you are today, potentially in some profound ways.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

One thing you can do for yourself is to maintain a sense of order in your physical space. It would help not to get obsessed, and to go with the flow somewhat, but you might maintain a habit of cleaning your desk after every major project, and generally keeping things tidy. Your state of mind is influenced by your space.

That works the other way, too: the condition of your space will tell you something about your state of mind. As you notice the correspondences, you will make some interesting connections that will help guide you through your inner and outer environments.

If you have some persistent struggle with keeping on top of your space, one thing you might do is make sure you have cleaning and organizing help. It’s worth asking for, and worth paying for, because you will make a profit on it, emotionally and financially. You will feel better, which is especially important in a ridiculously busy time like now. Cleaning and organizing, even with help, is a form of therapy for you, which will teach you more than you might believe, and will provide an orientation point for your happiness, stability and productivity.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

We’re not living in an easy time to make plans, especially long-range plans. We’re living through an era where it’s questionable whether there is a future, though of course, there is one. Yet among the many things being deconstructed are obvious and logical paths to get places, such as how one builds a

career. The days of the “career book” are over. We keep hearing experts say that schools are attempting to prepare young people for jobs that don’t yet exist.

And this is relevant to you, because one of the boldest and most illuminated angles of your chart is indeed the professional one. Yet the planets you have there seem to be taking you on a wild and at times erratic ride, with very little you can actually predict. This is a fact, one that you would be wise to reckon with.

Even so, in times of profound change, there are certain time-honored methods for keeping your bearings. And there are other methods for seeing opportunities in the midst of the chaos; an ability that, if you cultivated it, would give you a genuine edge over the competition. There is indeed some competition in your chart, even if you want to do a little better than yesterday or, for example, if your line of work is one that requires you to have a new idea every day.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

You are now in a moment where you get to review, rethink and recreate just about anything you want. This may involve any facet of your life. You have the opportunity to work from the roots of your existence upward, and outward. For now, stay close to the ground and work from your core reality.

Your astrology does not describe “things” changing; it describes you going through a transformation process that calls for your close involvement.

The more you take a proactive and creative role, the less it will feel like changes are happening to you and the more it will feel like you are working with the incoming forces to create the change that you want. Therefore, pay close attention to just what that is: know what you want to change. I suggest you work with two lists: what you want to resolve or eliminate, and what you want to create. Both will happen as part of the same process. You might think of this as a displacement process, where what you desire will supplant what is no longer working for you, no longer serving your purposes.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

It’s necessary to see that different external relationships have different purposes. There’s just one all-purpose relationship in your life, which is the one that you have with yourself. You might say that all of civilization was constructed to help us avoid this relationship. The obsession with what is exterior, and a general state of panic over what is interior, within consciousness, is the prevailing state of the world.

Most people are curious but not committed. You must be both.

One way to look at this is to see that all of your relationships are extensions of your own consciousness. This is true on its face: your relationships would not exist without you. But when you add in the factor of projection, that context miraculously vanishes. Now, however, you have the perfect storm pointing you back to your own consciousness at nearly every turn.

This looks like an evolutionary project on a multiple-lifetime scale: as if you’ve reached a point of growth where you are ready to engage the fact that your mind creates your reality; and your relationship to your mind, and your reality, are the only actual relationship that you have. It’s worth considering this as a proposition, as a potential that you test out. It will be especially worthwhile if you’re not having the kinds of relationships that you want, or if you have some persistent theme to your relationships that you want to change.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

Generally speaking, the more mindful a person is, the more interested they are in their relationships, and the more meaningful those relationships seem. Yet here in our dualistic world, we have yet to reconcile the ways in which relationships are supposed to be about others, and the ways they end up being about ourselves. Where this starts to work is when we discover the ways in which the interests of others are not separate from our own. This

concept of seeing mutual interests is so basic that it’s the very definition of healer in A Course in Miracles.

The other often unrecognized situation involves projection. This is seeing in others what you contain in yourself. Rather than being a clear mirror, relationships can often feel like a house of smoke and mirrors. This is especially a concern due to the experience of projection: ascribing to others feelings that are actually your own. Anais Nin is credited with saying, “We don’t see things as they are. We see them as we are.”

This is, of course, maddening when you don’t like what you see, feel or experience. And it can be just as challenging to know that you’re growing and changing, and not see the change in your relationships. The human dimension is not easy to navigate. We are all complex beings; we must negotiate with, tolerate and embrace one another. We must decide what to do when it becomes clear that a relationship is not working for us.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

To my eye, the profound underlying theme of your charts involves self-worth. This issue goes by many names, though I consider it one of the most serious problems vexing people in our time of history. Self-esteem, self-respect, self-love, the quest for personhood, developing your human potential: they are all related.

Throughout the Scorpio solar chart, the idea of SELF pushes its way into many facets of your existence. The essence of this message is that you must express your true self in every facet of your being, particularly in the work that you do. The tangible contribution you make to your community and the larger society is your single most dependable way to develop yourself, and to cultivate respect for yourself, and these angles of your chart are coming under strong, creative aspects this year.

Yet at every turn, it’s essential that you keep your focus on the matter of self-respect. It’s not possible to fake this. It’s also not necessary to be all the way there in one go. Self-respect is a process of cultivation. There are many facets, from seeing honestly who you are, and what you contribute, to the willingness and motivation to change what you don’t like about yourself. In this process, one must give up a lot of excuse-making, denial, intentional naïveté and rosy-glasses thinking. It’s necessary not just to stop believing your own press releases, but also to stop sending them out.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

One thing to be mindful of is some past parental influence that has you feeling so self-critical about the work you do, or want to do, that you falter merely due to a kind of constriction. You dearly need to step away from your family’s influence to set yourself free from this. There is something that may be vexing you about specialization, or the need to specialize. Nobody is really a specialist anymore. For one thing, the world is moving constantly in the direction of integration. Not generalization, but rather integration. Work for that. Look for the many ways you can express your talent rather than the one special way.

Yes, it may happen that you’re called to take on a specific task, or get an opportunity that allows you to express your talent in a focused way. Make sure that’s the right thing for you. Remember that you can, in fact, go back to what you were doing previously if you choose to take this assignment. Notably, it might be an assignment that seems to have nothing to do with what you’re currently doing. I’ve heard many success stories involving people who were highly skilled in one field, and took up work in a field they had never planned, intended or trained to work in — and they did brilliantly.

You will thrive if you maintain a spirit of exploration and play in the work that you do. You might explore the idea that no matter what you do, you’re doing the same thing: expressing your energy and love. If you discover that you don’t feel so energetic or so loving, that’s the time to consider why you’re doing it. However, remember, many facets of your current astrology call for patience.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

It’s easy to go retro and wish things were the way they used to be. Nostalgia, one of the most popular sports of our era, is not a form

The Vashon Loop, p. 7

of progress. Many people are responding to Pluto in Capricorn by grasping onto the past. My take on why we live in such reactionary times involves the depth of changes that people are being summoned to confront. The integrity loss here is about not honestly addressing the needs, and the unique opportunities, of our actual moment. It’s also potentially about a reconstruction of history rather than getting underneath what happened and resolving any pain that you’re carrying from the past.

Along these lines is one other significant risk of Pluto in Capricorn, and many related transits: that of making changes only on the personality level. Though Pluto would seem to inevitably go deeper, it’s possible to be moving around the more superficial elements of personality and lifestyle rather than doing the deeper work.

We can, at least, admit that the kinds of effort and progress Pluto is demanding you exert can be lonely, the process can be exhausting, and it can always seem that there is more work to do. Here close to the midpoint of Pluto’s journey through Capricorn (the process is half complete), I would offer that while Pluto transits can be difficult, we miss them when they’re gone. Pluto provides drive on a deep level that really can motivate you, if you allow yourself to move.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

There is some discussion in astrology about whether Aquarius is the altruistic, peace-and-love sign that it’s made out to be. Much of that mythos comes from the idea of the Age of Aquarius, popularized by the Broadway musical Hair. You know, harmony and understanding, sympathy and trust abound.

However, Aquarius is a sign ruled by the often-frugal planet Saturn, which does not really deliver those properties. And Aquarius is a fixed sign, given to crystallization and the formation of patterns that are rather difficult to change. These patterns can become instruments of tyranny, much like the current digital environment that is indeed related to the energy of Aquarius.

Harmony, sympathy and empathy are more the properties of Pisces, the sign that follows yours, and which plays a significant part in your astrology this year.

What we do get from Aquarius is eccentricity. Within the morphogenetic fields of your sign is an inbred rebelliousness of mind. This comes with the refusal to accept patterns imposed by others; the capacity to hybridize one’s views and have original positions on social and political issues; which in turn leads to a kind of eccentricity that is very much a quality of your nature. So too is a distinct inventiveness, if you can keep your mind awake, alert and young.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

It’s much easier to live as a whole and integrated person than it is to be someone whose parts are isolated from one another. It’s easier to live in harmony with yourself than it is to live in conflict, and you have made significant progress toward this goal that you may not have noticed was so vital to your happiness.

To celebrate the beauty of this moment, however, calls for total commitment to yourself and to what you are called to do. We live in a time when many commitments are faltering, when the social contract is unraveling, and when the values of society seem to be crumbling. Yet you are in a position to rise to the occasion of your existence. You can answer your calling to live not just with purpose, but also in full accord with your deepest values. That is what it means to be a solid person. Once you’ve experienced that, there’s no turning back because there’s nowhere else to go.

One discovery you may be making is just how radical you’ve become. By that I mean the astrology of recent years has fitted you with advanced bullshit filters and a commitment to truth. You are less afraid than ever to express what you genuinely believe. In fact, you may be bolder than ever about expressing who you are. Experience has taught you not only that this is safe, but that it’s the only sane way to proceed through life, especially in times of chaos, strife and deception.

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