

VCC hosts bestselling author

Author Elizabeth Berg, known best for her many works of fiction, will share stories from her own life and caring for her aging parents at a reading on March 20.

Vashon Community Care is hosting the Zoom event, which opens its new Words and Wine speaker series, focusing on several aspects of aging.

Berg has written more than 30 books, and last October published “I’ll Be Seeing You: A Memoir” to acclaim. In it, she tells the story of how she and her siblings provided practical advice, emotional support, and direction to her parents, who struggled with her father’s Alzheimer’s disease. The couple was married for nearly 70 years. At their children’s urging, they left their home to move to an assisted living facility to receive additional support, while facing many challenges along the way.

In the book’s prologue, Berg says that stories from others about navigating the aging process with their loved ones helped her the most while she and her siblings were caring for their parents. It is in that spirit that Vashon Community Care invited Berg to read from her book and continue the power of shared stories.

“After a difficult year for nearly all



Elizabeth Berg will read from her latest book, “I’ll Be Seeing You: A Memoir” on March 20.

of us, I hope that islanders will share in this evening,” said VCC Executive Director Wendy Kleppe. “The event will be enjoyable on many levels. Berg is a master of her craft, so no matter the subject, she is enjoyable to listen to. But issues regarding aging, including dementia, are so important. In the book, she shares insights, lessons and words of comfort for all of us caring for loved ones in their later years. But importantly, the book also has wisdom for each of us in our own aging process.”

Berg has over 4 million copies of her books in print. She has written nearly
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Vashon-Maury Island Community Memorial Gate



Design rendering of the Community Memorial Gate

By Kirsten F. Solly

Help us build the Vashon-Maury Island Community Memorial Gate pavilion at the Vashon Village Green. We are asking for donations and a few volunteers to help construct and install this memorial to those that link us to past and present and the COVID pandemic. This memorial will honor all those who have been infected and those no longer with us, first responders, healthcare professionals, and frontline workers who helped the Island successfully fight to keep us all as safe as possible. It will be a symbol to honor community and relationship; that our past, present, and future are intimately linked by our memories, actions and our history.

The Community Memorial Gate will provide an entrance to the Village Green, the site of Saturday Market, Santa’s Cottage, and the Vashon Poetry Pole offering a dry covered area, supported by log poles. Measuring 20ft x 22ft, it will extend over the sidewalk along Vashon Island Highway. It will memorialize the gateway between past and present and those we have lost and those that tirelessly build community. It will include a chalk board for our island community to express themselves, share thoughts, news and inspiration.

The Memorial Gate is the vision of Ken Fulton, a longtime resident of Vashon, previous Water Commissioner for Water District #19, and local watercolor artist who was inspired by his late grandson, Dawson Solly’s senior college project of designing a community chalkboard in Helena, MT. Ken said, “The COVID pandemic brought into focus how we are linked by our shared experiences and memories. Connection to each other and our past is instrumental to the success of our future.”

Ken partnered with V.I.G.A, Vashon Parks District, the Vashon Heritage

Museum, and local businesses to develop the Memorial Gate design. Local businesses; ATR Engineering, Island Home Center, LS Cedar, Metal Creature LLC, Ojeda’s Construction and Winsor Fireform have all graciously committed to support this project with materials and labor.

Now what is needed, is our community support. \$17,000 is needed to complete the Community Memorial Gate. Funds will be collected through the generous assistance of the non-profit Vashon Heritage Museum, which celebrates our shared heritage by telling stories, connecting the past and present, and demonstrating how history influences our future.

Donations accepted via Vashon Heritage Museum:

On line <https://vashonheritemuseum.org/product/memorialgate/> designate to “Community Memorial Gate”

By mail to: Vashon Heritage Museum, Community Memorial Gate, PO Box 723, Vashon WA 98070

Volunteer: MemorialGate@solly.info
Face Book Page: @VashonMemorialGate

The Road to Resilience

Something Good

I have some really promising news to relate this week. My friend Rondi Lightmark sent a video of a hearing of the House Agriculture Committee. They were discussing Climate Change and the Agriculture and Forestry Sectors. It was 4 ½ hours long, and although it sounds pretty humdrum, it was more and more fascinating to me, and I ended up listening to the whole thing.

If you have ever listened to a Congressional hearing, you know that the Democrats and Republicans on the committee take turns grilling the witnesses. Nowadays, it is hard to tell if they are talking about the same planet much less agreeing about anything. The witnesses as well usually represent one side or the other, each congressperson working the witnesses that they expect to champion their point of view. This hearing was refreshingly different. Both sides were talking about the same thing! The main subject was regenerative agriculture and, although there was some avoidance, no Republicans were fussing and fuming about it. Just two years ago, when I first became aware of regenerative farming, it seemed that it was below everybody’s radar. I had to keep watching.

The witnesses in the hearing were across the spectrum but none were necessarily opposed to regenerative farming. I was especially pleased to see Gabe Brown, a North Dakota farmer with twenty years’ experience pioneering regenerative farming. He is a foremost

By Terry Sullivan,

authority with the hard evidence of success to back him up. The “conservative” witness was Zippy Duvall, a Georgia farmer and president of the Farm Bureau Federation. Despite my expectations, he was fair and not dismissive of regenerative farming. The others were two climatologists, and a tech-loving expert on climate change mitigation. It was clear that they wouldn’t see eye to eye on everything, but all were supportive, or at least not dismissive, of regenerative farming. I was surprised that there were no corporate witnesses. Maybe they declined an invitation.

Here are the dynamics of the situation. Farmers usually have conservative cultural values and an independent streak. They especially detest urban Democratic “elitists” telling them what to do – that’s why they are predominantly Republicans. At the same time, their profession is tied to the health and well-being of the environment. They can see from one year to the next what works and what doesn’t. It turned out that most of the congressmembers were either farmers, from farming families, or representing heavily agricultural districts. Coming from a place of knowledge made their acceptance of regenerative farming all the more impressive. There was certainly a difference of viewpoint between Democrats and Republicans, each side stressing the aspects that were most in line with their party, but both sides were on board.

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Words AND Wine

Vashon Community Care hosts author

Elizabeth Berg



The bestselling author will read from her latest book, *I'll Be Seeing You: A Memoir*, telling the poignant story of caring for her parents in their final years.

Saturday, March 20, 5:00 p.m.

Please join us for this FREE Zoom event.
The first 10 registrants will receive a free book and bottle of wine!



Vashon Community Care

Register at vashoncommunitycare.org
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The Vashon Loop

Contributors: Kathy Abascal, Eric Francis, Terry Sullivan, Orca Annie, Seán C. Malone, Mary Litchfield Tuel, Marj Watkins, Peter Ray and John Sweetman

Original art, comics, cartoons:
Ed Frohning

Ad sales and design: Steven Allen
Phone 206-925-3837
Email: ads@vashonloop.com

Editor: Steven Allen
Email: editor@vashonloop.com
Publisher: Steven Allen
PO Box 1538, Vashon, WA 98070
Phone 206-925-3837

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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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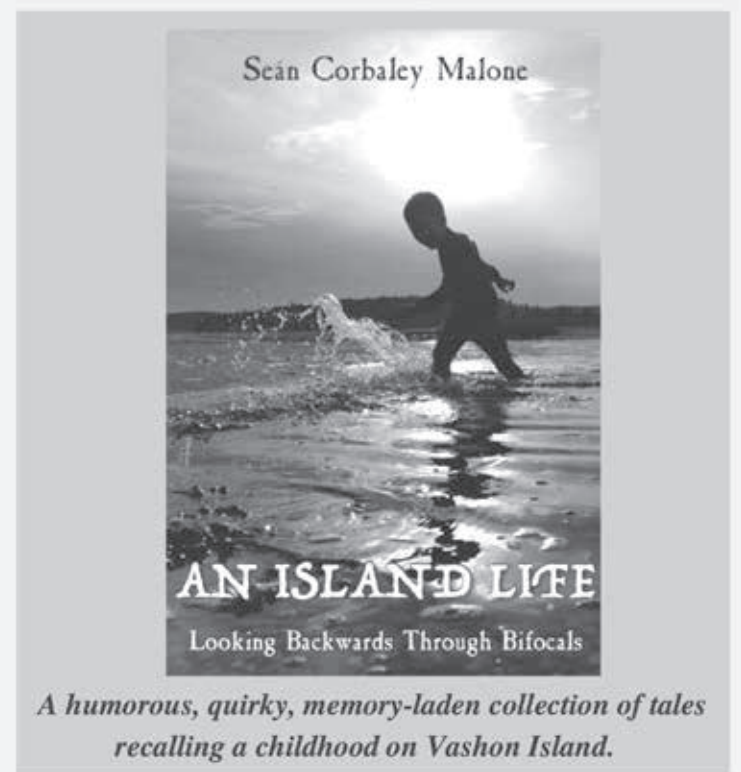
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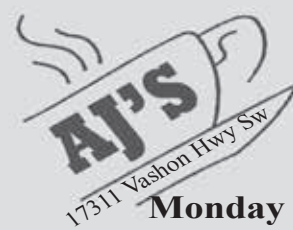


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Vagabonds of the Snow Fields



By Sean Malone and John Sweetman

“John and I were having a bit of writer’s block one day. What to write about? The next day we awoke to a foot of snow as if the writer’s patron saint had answered our lack of subject matter. We, strangely enough decided to write about snow and skiing..”

I begged Dad to let me take a year off from school. My grades weren’t all that hot and I lived for skiing. When the lifts weren’t running in the spring we climbed the snowfields for hours for a harrowing 20 minute run back down to the parking lot at Paradise, Mt. Rainer. I used c-clamps to secure strings from the tips of my skis to my belt for the long pull up Nisqually Glacier. I don’t remember carrying any food except for a small bag of mixed nuts or trail food and a can of grape-juice concentrate which was poured on snowballs to make the most delightful popsicles after a four to six hour climb.

My first pair of skis was Northlands with the square tip at the top, a gift from the neighbor, Ross Maybee, who knew that I had been taking the Vashon ski bus to Snoqualmie for lessons. The school bus was so smoked up from all the steam rising off the wet parkas and ski pants that you couldn’t see who it was two seats in front of you and Sharon Osbourne and I pulled a blanket over our heads and snuggled to keep warm.

Long before K-2 there were HEAD skis, which I could never afford. They were the most expensive skis. So, in deference to my dream of owning HEADS, I painted Mr. Maybee’s old edgeless Northlands black and wrote in white across the tips, HEDS, so I could brag that I owned a pair of HEDS.

You never really learn all there is to know about skiing; the whole idea is just to learn how to ski better, whether it’s on ice or in the deep powder found at Alta Utah, where I was certified to teach skiing by the Intermountain Ski Assoc. I taught a lot of kids how to ski in Alf Engen’s ski school. Alf taught me how to teach skiing, his having fought in WWII in the Norwegian ski troops.

Alta is famous for its deep powder, up to four feet overnight, creating an extreme avalanche danger at times. The USFS shut down the ski lifts and even restricted inter-lodge travel. This would be our signal for “a shipwreck party” that could go on for two days or more.

The Peruvian Lodge, where I was an assistant manager, had fifty employees and about the same number of guests. The lodge was composed of old air force barracks stacked one on top of the other and the employees occupied the third floor where they could jump out of the

windows into the deep snow banks when we couldn’t teach, ski or even walk the road to a different lodge. We only had three choices when everything was shut down; either drink, swim in the pool, or jump out a third floor window.

Hell’s Gate was a danger area across the road from the lodge, where Ed LaChappelle, the foremost avalanche expert in the U.S. at the time, had a 120 mm cannon on two wheels for shooting down the avalanche. Ed asked if I wanted to pull the lanyard of the WWI cannon, just for the excitement of shooting down an avalanche. He made me stand to one side, but forgot to warn me to put the spade down for stopping the movement of the cannon in recoil. The shells were two feet long and the diameter of a grape fruit, when it went off and the cannon shot across the road and over the bank as the snow came down to cover the road and the hapless cannon in the ditch on the other side.

John’s and my skiing experiences were quite different as he had skied in places I had never even heard of:

“Some years ago Sean and I were preparing a mutual load of excess ‘stuff’ to go to grannies..

“You’re giving these up??? “, Sean said as he lifted a pair of my skies into the old Ford truck bed.

“Well .. they been around the world a lot and I think you and I are now more into catching crab then catching the crisp snow edge or feeling the deep powder thudding against our chests in a steep run between the chair towers!”

Sean looked over the skis.. yellow grade Head Skis with Rossignol binders and boots. Custom fitted and high end for a few decades back. “Time to pass them along.”? . we agreed .. yes.

Sean looked at the underside of the skis and grimaced...” what the hell did you do? The bottoms look like you dragged them behind a pickup on a gravel road”? We looked at the gouges and lines and I had to tell Sean the story: “

“I carried these things around Europe.. Turkey.. Australia.. Even Scotland..North America .. and hardly a scratch.. even skiing illegally around Mt Arafat in Eastern Turkey! Don’t ask how I got these skis transported on USAF jets to Eastern Turkey! “

“But those deep gouges resulted from a lesson I learned after I took them to New Zealand.”

“Oh really? And what lesson was that?” Sean asked. “Well it was when I lived in Wellington and was close enough to a live volcano to ski around every weekend.... close enough being the ability to strap on skis to a clapped out ‘52 Porsche 1300 Super

Spiritual Smart Aleck

By Mary Tuel

Thrown Under the Bus

Many of us are feeling calmer these days. It is such a relief to wake up every morning and not wonder, “What’s he done now?”

It seemed like every day there was an attention-getting tweet or speech or impulsive action, each one designed to rile up the MAGA crowd, or endanger the country and the planet, or “throw someone under the bus.” A person gets tired of being goosed like that.

By the way, I have never heard the expression, “thrown under the bus,” so many times in my life as during the last four years. You wonder why anyone would want to work in that White House, knowing that your boss would turn on you.

Vice President Michael Pence was the last and most important Trump supporter to be thrown under the bus. When he opted to observe the rule of law after the election, he became the enemy. When he presided over the Senate on January 6 and the crowds marching on the Capitol were chanting, “Hang Mike Pence! Hang Mike Pence!” and built that scaffold with a noose, his commander-in-chief did nothing to protect Pence from the mob. This after his four years of unwavering loyalty and support for Trump. We have all seen the video of Pence and his staff being escorted to safety that day.

Granted, sometimes at press conferences during the last four years he would stare into space and bite his lip so hard I feared he would hurt himself. Quite a few people standing behind Trump when he spoke kept their faces carefully blank.

When Pence was asked to speak at the 2021 Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) last week, he said yes at first, but then he learned that the guy who was going to allow him to be

and ‘speed’ up the mountain at maybe.. 100 kilometers an hour.. Which was considered dangerously fast at that time.

“The problem was that every so often the volcano would toss out big flaming bombs of sharp edged glassy lava which would land on the snow. Arapaho was the name of the volcano which according to local Maori legend translated into ‘do not do stupid things here’.

One of the stupid things to do was to trek skis steeply uphill on a vague trail beyond the allowed line, up to the volcano rim and then ski down.

Well this all sounded good and we had done this a few times so another time, early in the morning at low light to evade the park Patrols, we parked the car and slogged up to the rim or at least as close as we could get. . All would have been fine except that during the night there had been an eruption and shards of volcanic glass had been thrown downhill..And hidden beneath new snow..it made for an interesting ride downhill however! The sound of broken glass scraping the ski bottoms was not to be forgotten.. and the resulting repair job was not entirely successful. And that is how those gouges appeared on those classy skis.. And the lesson is.. If you ski on a live volcano.. at least don’t use your best skis.”



lynched would be there.

Maybe another year, he said.

I will be honest. I was not a fan of Mike Pence. His stand on abortion, which indicated a take on women as inferior animals who must be feared and controlled, and his weird relationship with his wife, put me off (still do). Also, he was chosen by Trump to be vice president and accepted the job, which I thought showed bad judgment.

During the last weeks of the Trump presidency, when Pence respected the outcome of the election and did his duty as Vice President, even in the face of a mob that wanted to kill him, my respect for him went way up.

He is, after all, a politician. He is betting that the unwieldy bureaucracy and infrastructure of the American government is going to last longer than Trump’s toddler behavior and the Trump cult. I hope he is right.

The cult is with us, and they have no intention of being pacified. I am on an email newsletter list that is a forum for Trump supporters to speak freely. If you say “unity” to these people, they are liable to spit in the corner. Or on you.

So I say nothing. I read. I do not wish to be in denial about what the angry minority is thinking.

From my point of view, their thinking and beliefs are backwards, inside out, upside down, and sad. The election was stolen; Democrats are Socialists/Communists; white people rule, disguised antifa laid siege to the Capitol on January 6.

Their email comments tend to be vitriolic, the rants of people who feel victimized. They are mad as hell. They seem impervious to reason. They are still believing and spreading lies and conspiracy theories, and they vote. Take heed, friends.

Think on this: these cult members, these scary people, are human beings, with hearts and families and tragedies and triumphs. They are just like you and me, except they are pissed, whiny, and dangerous.

While I am in the neighborhood, informal poll: how many of you have experienced the good-heartedness, hospitality, and generosity of conservatives? I have. It is confusing to be hated for being a liberal when I am treated well when seen simply as another human being.

America has a lot that needs fixing and healing. We get a lot wrong.

Racism is wrong. Sexism is wrong. Breaking up families and imprisoning and sexually abusing children is wrong. Bombing people in Eastern Syria, or anyone, is wrong, just my opinion. Seeing people with whom you disagree as not human is wrong. Throwing your supporters under a bus is wrong.

However much we want to criticize this country – and we do, and we are allowed – I am often in awe of how sweet it was to be born in America, where I have had freedoms, advantages, and blessings unheard of in many countries.

Of course, I am white. I did not realize what a difference that made for decades.

Slow learner.

Island Life

Life in Prison

By Peter Ray
pgray@vashonloop.com

One can sit in a room and stare at the wall, or perhaps take a walk outside and cast one’s gaze around, taking in trees and grass and clouds, sun and sky. In doing so, you come away with the feeling of just having done it- looked around, that is. Then on the other hand, one could spend all day looking at nothing in particular on the teevee and come away with a similar, blank feeling, unless you have been watching lots of cable news, or were bombarded by sales pitches from way too many commercials. It’s all visual stimulus, which seems to get more intense at a film festival, where, at least for me, I am not only watching for story, but also looking to see how the story is told, what cameras, lenses, drones, microphones and lights might have been included in the production and where that all leads one by the end of telling the story. Once all has been said and done, in looking for an analogous situation that might inform a state of mind one is in by the end of a day of film-festivaling, probably the first thing that comes to mind is the general feeling of being somewhat dazed and overwhelmed and a bit lost and confused, not unlike what I would imagine it might feel like if one were a bird that has just run into a window. Perhaps that is not right, as a bird/window encounter is one of those “not knowing what just hit you” kind of things. In the case of walking out of yet another theatre at the end of a festival day, one knows what it is that has just hit you. As of this past Sunday I had just come through watching eighty nine films in ten days- all documentaries in range from a few minutes to almost two hours. To say that I was on a self-imposed lockdown to get all the way through that would only be partly true.

The theme of the past year, at least one of them anyway, does not really need to be repeated or emphasized as we attempt to step toward a degree of relative freedom, if not a semblance of normalcy, whatever that is. In the year of the virus-defined lifestyle change of sheltering in place, we already have seen the surge in the visual binge, so going into a mega-watchdown of an assortment of pre-selected films never really threatened to be a weird experience, having throughout the better part of the last year already sat through hours and hours of impeachment delights and let downs, a hyper-extended rollout of election results, and hours and hours of a variety of cable series that blew by in strings of three, four or five episodes a night. It was the mind-bulging infusion of all-evening visual forced-feeding that was the issue here. In the end, in comparing the last ten days to my last three years of experiencing the Big Sky Documentary Film Festival in Missoula, it was the lack of people who sit around you during and talk to you after each screening that made the festival somewhat less festive this time around. It was a similar experience to watching the lockdown versions of late night talk shows and learning that the call and response of audience laughter is

such an integral part of those shows, in the same way that the missing gasps or bursts of laughter from those normally around you in a dark theater may not necessarily change your perception of what is on the screen, but it is a wholly different experience without anyone there. It is also quite different typing in a Q&A question to a chat box and not being able to seek out a director after the session is over to follow up on anything that may not have been answered. Again, it was the personal contact that was missed in this whole year just passed that made the festival just like everything else we have endured this year- sort of.

All that being said, there was the advantage of this streaming festival that there was just one venue instead of the three of four theaters spread around the town that one had to amble or run to, depending on how things were scheduled. Even though the out of doors in Missoula is generally a lot colder there than here this time of year, the act of getting up and physically moving to another place is a good thing. First of all, at least you are moving, versus sinking ever further into the couch. And two, the time period one takes to transverse the town to the next theater offers a bit of solitude and a time to decompress from and process what you have just seen. Towards the end of this year’s virtual barrage, I almost decided to stop altogether because one block of shorts they offered was particularly intense, and when I came to the end of them, their collective intensity was overwhelming. As it turned out, the next group of shorts that I finally moved on to had both humor and positivity, all of which proved to be just the curative needed to get me through to the end.

It seemed to me that there was a unifying theme to the whole festival, and that appeared to be an overcoming of adversity and confinement, oddly enough, in these lockdown times. Most of the films had been shot prior the closing of things a year ago. There was not an abundance of face masks to be seen in most of the films because that suggestion had not happened yet. In retrospect, I found it probably not necessarily coincidental that the opening and closing films centered around water. The first was ‘Havana Libre’- a film about Cuban surfers. The closing film was ‘Manzanar Diverted’- a film about the ongoing controversy surrounding the Manzanar area of California where the Paiutes were driven from there land in the 1800’s, and Los Angeles looked to that area as a water resource to be extracted from in the early 1900’s, where Japanese Americans were incarcerated in the Manzanar camp during World War II and where some of those Japanese refused to leave and were thrown out anyway even though they had nowhere left to go. The Cuban surfing film showed yet another angle on the resourcefulness of the population there, in spite of their forced isolation, from making there own surfboards from the styrofoam insulation they stripped from old refrigerators, to their fight with the Cuban Sports commission who refused to even recognize surfing as a sport. Water and water signs and images are often associated with emotions, and there was no shortage of emotional material here.

One note I began writing to self after realizing I kept seeing the image in many of the films, was that perhaps raindrops or condensation running down dramatically lit window shot in a narrow depth of field that accentuated the droplets and represented a sadness, was perhaps a visual metaphor that should maybe be seen as overused and thusly avoided.

The image of isolation and confinement was strong in ‘Havana Libre’ but they by no means had the corner on that image market. ‘Red Heaven’ was a feature doc about a small group of people isolated in a simulated Mars “camp” on the barren volcanic landscape of Hawaii for a year in order to simulate and study how people might react to a Mars expedition. ‘Victoria’ was a sparse but beautiful tale of a young, Black man who leaves L.A. to live in this failed development known as California City in the Mojave Desert. As a maintenance worker in the development, Lashay encounters many things in the desert- one of them being a passing, desert tortoise. In a completely unrelated short titled ‘Snowy’, the isolation of a pet turtle in an aquarium in a basement becomes a meditation on loneliness, compassion and inter-species responsibility and communication. The short film ‘E14’ was directly related to the pandemic, with the director using the lockdown parameters of the covid restrictions in London as a way to legitimize a bit of voyeurism while gazing around his high rise neighborhood to see how his neighbors are coping with their end of forced distancing. ‘Alone Out Here’ layered in a bunch of unexpected parameters for human isolation by telling a story of a gay cattle rancher in the Australian outback who had bred a strain of beef cattle who emitted considerably less methane gas, hoping that he would find a market for what he had developed and shown to be a more environmentally friendly breed of cattle in the fight against climate change. Being gay and concerned about this environmental problem were two strikes against him in this rural and conservative part of Australia that just added to his isolation in this already sparsely populated area.

This isn’t to say that everything here was all gloom and doom. The festival adventure film this year was titled ‘972 Breakdowns- on the Landway to New York’ and was about a group of Germans in their 20’s who collectively decided it would be a good and cooperative idea to pool their resources and their knowledge of the Russian Ural motorcycle and to set out on a journey from Germany east to the closest place Russia gets to Alaska and then ferry across for the rest of the journey down the west coast of these United States and across and then up to New York. It was 25K miles and close to three years of riding and pushing and almost quitting, and while fascinating and inspiring, it totally left me with no interest in doing anything close to as crazy as that, ever.

Then there was Rodney Stotts, a Black man outside D.C. who has made a life for himself as a raptor rescuer and stereotype denier, as elegantly portrayed in the film titled ‘the Falconer’. And then, as a purely intended bit of humor, there was the short film titled ‘the Orange Candidate’. It is one of those reveal things where spoilers come in to play, and so I will simply say that it is not about THAT candidate, but rather one who ran for mayor in Chester, Montana, and that is all I will say about that. I could go on about some of the other films, but frankly my exploding brain could not really handle it, and I am late for deadline as it is. The only other thing I would say is: Missoula, if you are listening, hopefully I will get back there next year, and even though it is often really cold and snowy, I could certainly use a walk between each film out in the cool, fresh air.

VCC hosts bestselling author

Continued from Page 1

two dozen novels in addition to multiple short story collections and works of nonfiction, many of which have been New York Times bestsellers. She has also been honored with the NEBA Award for her body of work.

Early in her professional life, Berg, now 72, worked as a nurse for 10 years. That experience served as her “school” for writing, she says, teaching her about human nature, hope and fear, love and loss, regret and triumph and especially about relationships, which are all central to her numerous novels and short stories as well as this poignant memoir.

Registration for the Elizabeth Berg event is free and is open on the Vashon Community Care website under the “Upcoming Events” tab.

Next month from Vashon Community Care, look for its Lives Well Lived speaker series in partnership with the Vashon Heritage Museum and Voice of Vashon. On April 8, it will feature islanders involved with the Medical Reserve Corps

Next Edition of The Loop Comes out Thursday March 18

Deadline for the next edition of *The Loop* is **Saturday, March 13**

Sheeba Needs A Home

Have you heard about the former shelter pet who’s living in the White House now? Congratulations to German shepherd Major Biden on his good fortune!

I don’t need to live in a fancy house like Major. Feeling safe and secure will be enough. I’ve had a rough life which included being harmed by other pets, so I’m looking for a home where I can be the only one. I walk kind of funny, but that doesn’t stop me from sitting in laps, purring loudly and snuggling under a human chin.

If Major can be the First Dog of the United States, may I be your First Cat?



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By Marj Watkins

Non-Inflammatory Foods

Nutritionists advise us to avoid inflammatory foods, but few tell us what foods aren’t inflammatory. It would take more space than this column to give you a complete list of inflammatory and non-inflammatory meats, so I’ll just list the most and the least inflammatory meats. Seafoods (except for farmed and Atlantic salmon), vegetables, and nuts are all non-inflammatory.

The information comes from The Chilton Diet. Chilton advises that all the foods one person eats in one day should add up to no more than 100 points. Chitterlings are pork guts. Yuck! Here’s also a scallop recipe example that we like to eat. Yummy!

Inflammatory:	points per 3 ounce:
Chitterlings.....	1,860
Chicken giblets.....	380
Beef kidneys.....	330
Turkey bacon	260
Chicken stewed	200
Turkey dark meat.....	160
Atlantic salmon, farmed	150
Chicken wings.....	110
Chicken thigh.....	100
Chicken parmesan	100

Beef Tenderloin	100
Bison.....	80
Non-Inflammatory:	3 ounce
Atlantic salmon, wild	50
Coho Salmon	10
Rainbow Trout, wild	30
Rainbow Trout, farmed	1
Chinook or pink salmon	5
Atlantic cod, wild	5
Scallops	4
Halibut, Greenland	3
Mahi mahi	1
Seaweed, wakame	1
Pepperoni Pizza, 3 ounce slice..	20

SCALLOP STIRFRY	
2 to 3 servings	
2 Tablespoons extra virgin olive oil	
6 ounces scallops, halved if large	
1 medium size head nappa cabbage, cut in 2-inch squares	
4 to 6 green onions cut in 1 ½-inch lengths	
½ cup pea pods, strings removed, halved	
½ red or orange bell pepper, cut in strips	
1 cup coconut milk	
Thickening if desired: 1 Tablespoon cornstarch mixed in 2 to 3 Tablespoons coconut milk.	
Salt to taste.	

Heat the olive oil. Add the onions, bell pepper, nappa and pea pods. Stir fry until nappa just begins to wilt. Add coconut milk. Heat through. Add thickening an stir-cook until liquid is slightly thickened. Add scallops. Cover. Cook 2 more minutes. Scallops should have lost their transparency, but not toughened. Serve over steamed brown rice.

Lulu and Doc Need a Home

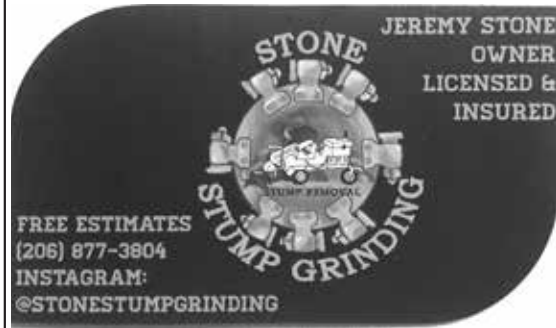


Hi, I’m Lulu, and since I’m more outgoing, I’ll do the talking for my brother Doc and me. Doc takes a little longer to get comfortable with new people than I do (just call me “Miss Congeniality”), but then he does just fine.

We’ve been staying in a wonderful foster home but are ready to move on together to a forever home with adults or a family with older kids. When you’re away, we can entertain each other, and when you come back, we’ll be ready to play with you!

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Compost the Loop
The Loop’s soy-based ink is good for composting.

Sex and Territory Opens at VALISE Gallery in March

The March show at VALISE is a visual response by members to Margaret Atwood’s poem “February”. The poem’s imagery and social metaphors provide just the kick to go out and seek a bit of optimism to lead us out of a cold and soggy winter.

Savor a few lines:
“In the pewter mornings, the cat, a black fur sausage with yellow Houdini eyes, jumps up on the bed and tries to get onto my head.”
“Some other tomcat, not yet a capon, has been spraying our front door, declaring war. It’s all about sex and territory which are what will finish us off in the long run.”
“Cat, enough of your greedy whining and your small bumhole. Off my face! You’re the life principle, more or less, so get going on a little optimism around here. Get rid of death. Celebrate increase. Make it be spring.”

Margaret Atwood, February, from Morning in the Burned House, (Houghton, Mifflin, Harcourt, 1995)

Sex and Territory is a group show of the 13 VALISE artists, including Gregory Burnham, Dot Cherch, Bill Jarcho, Jesse Johnson, Pascale Judet, Corinne Lightweaver, Rachel LordKenaga, Robert Passig, Jiji Saunders, Sharon Shaver, Hita von Mende, George Wright, and Lenard Yen. As the title of the poem is February, the group of artists had planned to hold this show last month. Artists, however, run on their own schedules. And March seemed as good a month as any to host a show based on the Margaret Atwood poem February. When asked why the poem resonated with the VALISE artists, Jiji Saunders said, “Atwood’s poem February spoke to how we were all feeling this winter. It’s irreverent and funny. And in the face of problems, Atwood calls on us to “get going on a little optimism around here.”

Late in 2020, Jesse Johnson suggested the show. Jesse is a visual poet, who seeks to call into question the traditional distinctions between written text and visual representation. Jesse suggested Margaret Atwood’s February because “the poem effectively evokes the angst and expectancy of late winter. And it is loaded with rich imagery that is ripe for visual



Sharon Shaver

interpretation.” Johnson has a Ph.D. in English from UCLA. He has taught writing to inmates at San Quentin and is the author of two published novels.

Every VALISE artist was free to interpret Atwood’s poem. Sharon Shaver painted Margaret Atwood herself. Other VALISE artists were inspired by a line from the poem. Robert Passig is showing a painting titled I think dire thoughts. In her poem, Margaret Atwood says,

February, month of despair, with a skewered heart in the centre. I think dire thoughts, and lust for French fries with a splash of vinegar.

Robert’s painting is part of his series on Discards/Detritus. In 2020, the City of Seattle purchased one of Robert Passig’s paintings in this series.

Pascale Judet created a sculpture inspired by Atwood’s line, “Get rid of death. Celebrate increase.” Pascale said that the sculpture made of colorful blocks is about “rebuilding and doing more with less,” something that is on many people’s minds a year into the COVID pandemic.

VALISE gallery will be open Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays from 1 to 4 pm. All safety protocols and masks are required with limited capacity. The opening celebration is First Friday, March 5 from 6 to 8 pm, and the show may be previewed on Friday afternoon. Sex and Territory runs through March 27. VALISE Artist Collective and Gallery is located in downtown Vashon at 17633 Vashon Highway SW, Vashon Island, Washington.

Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

Since many farmers were already experimenting with regenerative techniques on their own,

this is a perfect situation where non-binding compliance (the kind that Republicans like) with technical help and financial incentives could reap big rewards. Conservatives hate regulations because they usually increase business costs. In most cases, the regulations are in place to discourage bad practices. In this case the government oversight and incentives are meant to reward good practices which also happen to save costs and increase profits for the farmer. You can expect that politicians would be falling all over each other trying to claim credit for a program like that.

It also happens that regenerative farming does not necessarily benefit from scaling up. This gives smaller family farmers some breathing room. Right now, many farmers have to take out a loan to buy the seed and chemicals they need to put in a crop. The bank conditions the loan on their following corporate practices to the letter. When they sell their harvest, there is often only one buyer and they dictate the selling price. Some farmers don’t even own the land and are basically tenant farmers who have to bear the risk of a bad harvest while

the fruits of their labor go to the corporate owners. For some, the only profit they see is a government subsidy. Regenerative farming cuts those initial costs way back and is an opportunity for farmers to regain independence, respect, and an ample livelihood. If those corporate parasites eventually get cut out of the business, there will be little love lost.

Here, also, is an opportunity for Democrats to ingratiate themselves to farmers in that vast rural Republican hinterlands. I would expect that the Biden administration would jump at the chance to sponsor a highly popular program with considerable bipartisan support. It might even lead to finding other common ground between the sides.

Don’t count corporations out. They are trying to greenwash this by coming up with something that looks good but plays in their favor. I would expect that they will still have some role to play, but (I hope) not a dominant one. The important thing is that there is a good chance that regenerative farming could become the new norm. That means sequestering carbon, saving the soil, more wildlife habitat, more prosperous independent farmers, better wealth distribution, and better food. Not bad for a single program.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com



Aries (March 20-April 19)
It looks like you urgently need to be making a decision but are unsure what it might be about. Yet it may seem like your life will turn on any one choice you make. So in this case the thing to do is to bring that sense of urgency into every decision you make. This is a wholesome exercise, because if you get the knack, you’ll be seeing just how many times a day you are confronted with a choice. Then you’ll start to notice whether you actually make the decision or in some way abdicate it. You might be surprised to see how often you defer to others, or let them push you in a direction you were not intending to go. You are not as confused as you think, though you might imagine yourself so if you don’t like grappling with two or more sides of an issue, neither of which may be correct. One measure of a mature intellect is the ability to hold a contradiction for a while — long enough to have some other possibilities manifest.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)
Most of perception is on a comparative basis. It’s about contrasts, conflicts and alternatives. Yet it’s also possible to look directly at the world and see it for what it is. The comparisons only get you so far. One of the easiest ways out of that maze is participation rather than contemplation. You are being asked to boldly answer the call of leadership, which will first feel like increasing your participation. More than anything, your chart describes a leadership of ideas. And while you might not think they are anything special, you may be surprised to see where they lead both yourself and others who are starving for some new approach to solving the problems of life. You hold a key, potentially an important one. Yet you will need to notice what you’re thinking, first of all. Any original idea will be just that: different from the usual drivel that is going around on the planet and on the internet. That is the whole point.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)
Mars in your sign will be offering the “go for it” message. But you will need some brakes with that gas. You can accomplish that by adding the step of scrupulous self-reflection to all that you do. This is the time to consider the wider implications of your actions, because they will actually exist. You may not see them coming; you may not notice the signs. You will have moments of foresight and you will get warnings, so rather than blazing ahead, now is the time to pay attention and listen. Listen to others and listen to yourself. That does not mean do what others say. I am not talking about taking advice. I am talking about learning enough to decide for yourself, confident that you are making the best decision that you can. This is going to require self-honesty of a kind that is rare for this world, and that is particularly out of fashion today. Yet you alone have the responsibility for what you create, and you are being summoned to create consciously and most of all, lovingly.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)
You are starting to get a much wider vision of what is possible for you, and you may be itching and antsy to make something happen. Start with one decision that you make entirely for your own pleasure or personal expansion. Not for a business purpose. Not for a relationship. Something that is entirely indulgent of what you, personally, desire for yourself. You might make a list of the

possibilities, and then select one, and act on it. This might involve a modest financial investment, that is, doing something that costs money. Notice whatever fear comes up around this. Mars in your solar 12th house (whole sign 12th for Cancer rising) may provoke some anxiety or a little paranoia. This may be of the “I don’t want to be self-destructive” variety. Also you may be concerned that you will seem selfish. The truth is, you are going a little overboard with your concerns about others, and not taking good enough care of yourself. You need to get into that habit if you want to fulfill your aspirations of caring for others.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)
You may be wondering if someone is good for a promise or commitment they recently made to you, and the answer is: time will tell. That’s how it always is; there is an element of throwing the dice in every relationship. The thing to watch is your own negative expectations. This is particularly so if one person is proving to be difficult to deal with, while others are not presenting the same challenges. Your objectivity, which means a modicum of detachment, is essential. Notice your own bias. There may be some situation where the past seems to show up to haunt you: either someone who feels hurt, or who dramatizes a prior episode from your life, as if it’s some kind of reincarnation event. The challenge when confronting the past is to stay in the present. It’s a little like surfing a wave, where present consciousness is the act of balancing while moving. Let the whole scenario be a reminder that feelings have consequences, though that is no reason to not openly embrace experiencing them. Life is for living.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)
You may feel drawn into a romantic drama, though work is where the more productive action is. However, the lure of, well, some version of sex, drugs and rock and roll may be too much to resist. It is, though, a take-it-as-it-comes kind of episode. Whether it’s a fleeting moment or a thing that lasts a while is a question you cannot answer now, though expectations are never a wholesome thing in relationships. Neptune is involved; you never know how that is going to go, and you therefore must make the most of it while it lasts. That said, work is solid right now, and many problems of the past five or so weeks are working themselves out gradually but assuredly. You continue to have a leadership role because you’re organized and have the best ideas. It’s much more solid ground and you are building something that could well be a dependable gig well into the future. Friendship that emerges from a work partnership has the potential to become anything, if you take it slow.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)
If you’re not sure whether you need to remember something, or forget something, your chart suggests you need to do a little of both. This implies psychic mobility: i.e., not being stuck on any fixed ideas, not clinging to reality too tightly, and approaching the world with a little detachment. That is the most creative space you can be in. It’s cool rather than warm; there are a few people around rather than just one; and the feeling is mutual rather than unrequited. The message of your chart is to focus on where you feel welcome and like you have companionship, rather than where you feel isolated — and by all indications,

you have a choice. Or you can make the choice. You might think you’re looking for one kind of connection when life is offering you another. However, I can assure you, you need contact with others, and you need a way of expressing yourself that is not hooked into some idea of productivity. You need to give yourself space to be yourself.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)
Be cautious of thinking you’ve found the bone of contention in a relationship, whether business or professional. You are likely to feel that way, and then that sensation and the choices you make as a result will be the consequence of perception and not of reality. The problem in our time is that most people have disregarded the difference. The notion is that if something seems real, then it ‘obviously’ is. This is particularly destructive when there are any angry or aggressive vibes around, and there most certainly are at the moment. This is of heightened importance where digital communications are concerned, as they are particularly volatile and provocative. Yet it’s all a hall of mirrors, and your relationships could feel that way lately with your ruling planet Mars now in Gemini. This description often has an element of truth for you, but Mars is stirring the pot, and its eventual square to Neptune suggests you could spin deeper and deeper into a deception or delusion of some kind. Stay out in the first place.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)
You seem to be stuck on one idea of what will make you feel safe, secure, confident or loved. That is not going to help you with your goal of experiencing these things. You need to account for variables, most particularly your own emotional currents. That is the primary thing you’re experiencing, and it’s also what is driving your needs. You may also be feeling a false sense of isolation that is like standing in the midst of a fog and thinking you’re alone when there are many people around you. To make contact, you are the one who must reach out, and when you speak or write, consider the person with whom you are communicating. You need to speak their language if you want to be understood. You are way too inclined to consider existence from the perspective of your own reality, rather than those of others, and that is not going to get you what you want. It’s necessary that you hold multiple viewpoints at once, such as, “What is my experience, and what is the experience of this other person? Where is the meeting point”?

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)
It’s time to step out of the presumption that you are always right, which is just a scrim thrown over thinking you’re wrong. Between uncertainty and false certainty there is vast space to work and explore. The barrier you are currently running into is thinking you know something when you do not. This is ‘easier’ than acquiring knowledge and the experience needed to validate it, but it’s worse than worthless. Be alert to the feeling that you ‘have’ knowledge because what you need is the feeling of every new thing you learn changing everything that you already know. That is how both knowledge and experience work. They are cumulative, but also relational. For example, you learn this thing, but it disproves that thing in the process, and also argues for that other thing, and raises a question about this

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other bit. You are dealing with multiple variables in a world that wants to think that one particle can do anything and everything, with no proof required. You want proof, which means being willing to disprove your own theories on a regular basis.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)
The forthcoming conjunction of Mercury and Jupiter (exact overnight March 4 to 5 in most time zones) may seem to deliver answers, but what you want are questions. The same could be said of Mars, which enters your fellow air sign Gemini one day ahead of that, which is giving you a false sense of right and wrong. That is perhaps the easier planet to assess because Gemini describes a binary — this or that — and Mars wants to push the issue. Herein lies the problem of humanity at the moment. Our whole discussion and mental framework have lost the notion of a gradient, that is, of the importance of exploring gray areas. If this is true, then the rest of that must not be. If someone says something, then that means they believe the following list of things (that someone else made up). A common lie goes like this: If you question what is on the news, you must be a Trumptard, because he used the term “fake news” so often. Be careful of all such types of idea. They could prove to be costly, most of all to your peace of mind.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)
The past haunts nearly all matters of love and affection. Whether we are talking about nostalgia or past injury, what happened before often lingers like a fog that obscures one’s view of the present. Please, get into the moment. Really and truly find yourself exactly where you are. You will appreciate your life more if you do, and you will also be able to find your way. Remember that when driving through a real fog, it’s better to use your low beams; that is why fog lights are mounted low on the front of a vehicle. Remember to slow down, and relax into the art of driving. It’s OK to stop and wait for a while — often a good idea, as is opening the window and sniffing the air. In other words: be aware of your environment and use your tools effectively. Those include your senses, shamanic objects such as computers, and most of all, your power of decision. The thing about choices is that it comes down to options. You need more of those, so you can evaluate each and dismiss what you know is not right for you. And you do have that knowledge.

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PANDORA'S BOX

Cheryl is missing baseball and softball, but she’s pretty sure that feeling will pass. Lots of new treats and toys have arrived!

Bo’s Pick of the Week: Appreciating the importance of the self-warming beds last week! Also, enjoying the new Freely cat food. Stupid name, but tasty.

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