Vol. 18, #8

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April 15, 2021

Sound of Metal One Night Only

Blackgammon was a band comprised of Louise "Lou" and Ruben, who traveled across the United States with their form of rock. A genre that, in time, began to degrade Ruben's hearing. Which, with being a former heroin addict, matching Lou being a former cutter, not only had the potential to rock their refrain from self-harm but their relationship. After all, both of them have been clean and good to themselves, as well as each other, for four years.

Yet, their mutual sponsor advocates Ruben to get help to learn to adjust to what is likely his new way of life, as getting a \$40,000+ surgery to hear something, which isn't covered by insurance, isn't on the table. However, losing any sense, limb, or anything that disrupts your sense of normal is hard. Which leads to the question of can Ruben make it, possibly on his own, or will old habits be required to numb the pain of his most recent loss?

The head hair stylist on this film, Gordon Tribble, will give us an intro and behind the scenes look at working on movies. Tickets are now on sale.

Sound of Metal

6 Oscar Nominations!

intro by Gordon Tribble!



The Vashon Theatre Thursday, April 22nd at 7:00pm All Tickets and Concessions must be One Night Special Showing with purchased in advanced online at www.VashonTheatre.com

Art Sampler: Tastes of Art from Vashon Time Exchange Members



Hannah Hirsekorn

The Road to Resilience The Roasterie

PBS (public TV) repeats a ten-minute filler in between each fifty-minute program. It changes every week or so, and last week you may have seen that they featured Vashon Island for its stellar vaccination achievement. The first background shot was, of course, the Vashon Pharmacy, but the second, for no particular reason other than quaintness, was the Roasterie.

Unlike many other parts of the world where ancient or not so ancient peoples built out of stone or brick, we in the Pacific Northwest are stone poor and wood rich, so most of our structures, including the thousands of years of indigenous people's habitations, have been built out of wood. As a result, we have no remnants other than some shell middens and a few totem poles farther north to mark the early presence of those original peoples, and we immigrants have only been here for about 150 years. So, our roots here seem quite a bit truncated compared to many other places in the world with structures going back many thousands of years.

That is why places like the Roasterie (formerly Dugan's Drygoods), the Fuller Store across the street, the Island Theater, the Burton and Portage Stores, or the Hardware Store (now restaurant), and several others are so important to us. Places with a shiny, worn brass doorknobs on the front door are from an earlier time, and although nothing in the eyes of a citizen of Rome or Damascus, these are all we have here in terms of human relics. Ironically, nothing lasts here because we live in a place By Terry Sullivan,

that is filled with life, and life doesn't seem to be too enamored with lasting lifeless forms. We do have trees that go back more than a thousand years, and even here on Vashon there are a few that go around 800 years. Since they are alive, we only see the most recent growth and can only tell their age by their immense size. Then there are the species of plants and animals that are often hundreds of millions of years old and we, again, are the late comers with only one or two million years to our credit.

As you look about town, you see a hodge-podge of buildings put up at various times by individual entrepreneurs. These have gone through several incarnations, sometimes incorporating adjacent buildings as common spaces. There have been a few fires to clear spaces for more recent structures and that adds another element to the hodge-podge. For the most part, there is nothing architecturally worthy about any of these structures, but the familiarity that comes with time makes all of them very endearing to me. I miss the original hardware store but am very happy that its structure has been preserved. The restaurant is kind of like a woodpecker inhabiting a hole in an old snag.

I have been following a group online called Strong Towns that advocates for incremental change rather than applying the grand plan or the drastic makeover. I got a degree in college in Urban Planning at a time when urban renewal was all the rage. I've seen the great damage that individuals Continued on Page 6

By Amy Morrison

The Vashon Island Time Exchange, our community time bank, hosts three creative artists who will share their work at a Teach-In workshop, Saturday, April 17th, 9:30-11am. The virtual event, free and open to the public, will serve up a taste of the skills and passions represented in the community time bank. Artists presenting at this month's Teach-In are Corinne Lightweaver, Hannah Hirsekorn, and Caroline Rockey. To register and get the zoom link, go to VashonResilience.org/041721.

The event, facilitated by artist Deborah Perpetua, will start with a presentation of Hannah Hirsekorn's art. Hannah is a newcomer to Vashon, here as part of an Artist Residency. Next will be an interview with Corinne Lightweaver, discussing the healing power of art and her new book, The Psyche's Gifts: Art, Art Making, and the Journey from Mental Illness and Mental Wellness. The final presentation will be a hands on demo with Caroline Rockey, of Paperwings Art, guiding participants through a creative exercise.

More info about each artist and their presentation is below. Attendees can choose to attend some or all of the sessions; all ages are welcome. The Vashon Island Time Exchange is a project of the Backbone Campaign. Vashon Island residents are encouraged to sign up for free at VashonTime.org.

Practicing Iron, with Hannah

Hirsekorn

Human history is built and rusted through iron's use and misuse. But iron is an elemental building block of this planet, at the center and throughout the Earth. From ochre foraging to iron casting, Hannah Hirsekorn will discuss her metal arts practice and the interwoven organic and inorganic deep time narratives of iron.

Hannah Hirsekorn is an interspecies social practice artist based on Vashon Island in the Puget Sound. She coordinates an artist residency on the island. Her curiosity in natural phenomenon combined with an investment in the wellbeing of the planet has been the driving force for her ecological and community focused art practice. She is the founder of the Golden Spike Guild, an interspecies artist collective that conducts observational research, develops strategies for following the natural supply chains of decoupled material understandings and creates with knowledge and care.

The Healing Power of Art, with Corinne Lightweaver

The role of art making in healing is increasingly capturing the medical profession's imagination and the general public's interest. What are the possibilities for using the art making process to heal the body and the mind and to communicate the inner experience? Corinne Lightweaver will discuss the

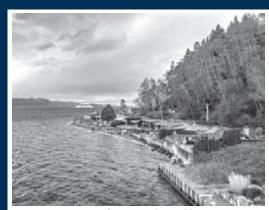
Continued on Page 1

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\&> Windermere

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The island home experts



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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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Submit your Event on line at
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Get in The Loop

Submissions to the *Loop*

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

Can't stop drinking and want help?



ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Online Meetings: SeattleAA.org AA Phone: 206-587-2838 Local Vashon Contact: 206-849-1980

Compost the Loop

The Loop's soy-based ink is good for composting.

The Climate Change Crisis and the Path to Zero Carbon

Dr. Kutscher will provide up-to-date background on the seriousness of the climate change crisis and the many advantages of a reasonable energy transformation. Primarily, he will discuss the achievable approach of using solar and wind to produce enough electricity to satisfy all the energy needs possible, as well as the challenges of utilizing these variable energy sources.

Dr. Kutscher will also present an overview of how we can deal with energy needs that are more challenging to electrify as well as and the various means being explored for the very important step of removing carbon dioxide from the atmosphere.

Join us Sunday at 11am via Zoom: https://www.viuf.org/sunday/

The Climate Change Crisis and the Path to Zero Carbon Vashon Island unitarian Fellowship, April 18

Your VOICE Matters!

It has been one year since lockdown and the way we always did things changed forever. Thinking differently, asking questions and seeking feedback are all paramount for continued growth and evolution in our lives. Please take our brief survey to help Voice of Vashon be the best it can be for years to come. For you!



Survey at VoiceOfVashon.org or scan here



101.9FM · VoV-TV · VoiceOfVashon.org · VoV App · 1650AM Alerts

Next Edition

of The Loop

Comes out

Thursday

April 29

Deadline for the next

edition of *The Loop* is

Saturday, April 24

Get In The Loop

Send in your Art, **Event, Meeting Music or Show** information or Article and get included in The Vashon Loop. Send To: Editor@

vashonloop.com

No puede dejar de beber Alcohol?



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Welcome

Espresso Latte and Wisdom To Go Monday - Friday 5:30am - 3:00pm **Saturday 7:00am - 3:00pm** Cash & Sunday 8:00am - 2:00pm Checks

17311 Vashon Hwy Sw

WHALE SIGHTINGS ASAP TO Orca Annie Stateler and Mark Sears Vashonorcas@aol.com ort Vashon-Maury Island Whale Research ngs NOT Disclosed to Whale Watch Boats vashonorcas.org

Find the Loop on-line at www.vashonloop.com

FOR ORCAS AND FOR ISLANDERS. PLEASE REPORT LOCAL Vashon Hydrophone Project

Come to Vashon Rotary Foundations' Birthday Party

Vashon Rotary Foundation is Celebrating it's 35th Birthday with several in person and online events. Please visit VashonRotary.org for our Convene, Collaborate and Celebrate poster, the link to our auction page at ourmayberry.com, and for our Sustainability Tour, free, and self guided on 4/11, Sunday and 4/12, Monday, 10 a.m. - 4 p.m. each day. There are over 22 locations to visit, showcasing this island's commitment to Sustainability and the collaboration between Zero Waste Vashon and Vashon Rotary Foundation.

Also at VashonRotary.org will be the link to our virtual Convene, Collaborate and Celebrate Birthday Party, Saturday, 4/17 at 7 p.m., hosted by Kevin Joyce. Many of our collaborative party members, including Zero Waste Vashon, Vashon Senior Center, Vashon Youth and Family Services, Vashon Community Care Center, The Vashon Maury Island Land Trust, and the Whole Vashon Project, will share how working with the support and volunteer help of Vashon Rotary has made a lasting difference in their community work.

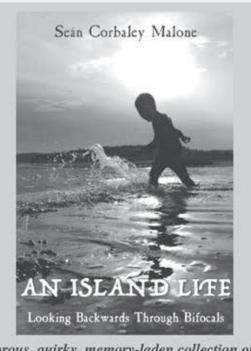
Please check out our awesome auction items, including a Trump piñata, two trip packages, three island tours, handmade spoons, a gift basket, and an inflatable twin bed (camping, visiting nephew) with sheets. Your tax deductible donation will help us reach our goal of \$35K so that Vashon Rotary Foundation can flourish, continue its legacy of community service and party again in 2056!

Vashon Presbyterian Church Heindsmann Family Endowment Scholarship

Vashon Presbyterian Church is accepting applications for the 2021 Heindsmann Family Endowment Scholarship award. This award is granted from an endowment created by Virginia and Ted Heindsmann to a deserving student based on financial need, academic promise, and dependability. Consideration will be given only to students who have completed two or more years of higher education or who are seeking special training or retraining. This award is not intended for high school seniors.

Application packets can be obtained by emailing the church at vashonpresbyterianchurch@yahoo.com or leaving a message at (206.463.2010). Because of Covid 19 restrictions the church building is not currently open. Completed applications must be returned in the mail (P.O. Box 435) or to the church email address by Monday, April 26, 2021. As part of the selection process, finalists will be scheduled to meet virtually with the church's Scholarship Committee in early May.

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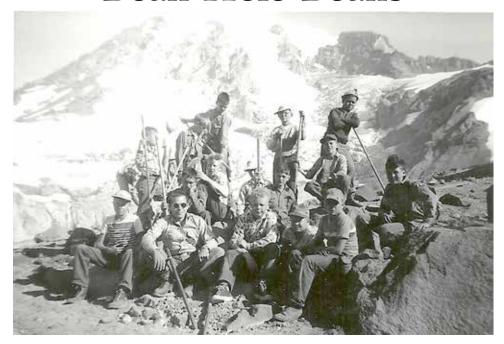
A humorous, quirky, memory-laden collection of tales recalling a childhood on Vashon Island.

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\$30 per book



Bean-Hole-Beans



By Seán_C._Malone

There is nothing more fragrant than the steam from an open pit of bean-holebeans drifting thru camp. There were three gold colored cans in the pit and each weighed 30 pounds loaded. They were used to pack frozen strawberries in before the scouts got them. It took two or three Boy Scouts with shovels to lift one of the cans of beans from the ashes in the 4 x 6 foot hole. By sliding a shovel under the can, one could drag the beans out the end of the pit and it was hot work. Beanhole-beans took place every summer at Camp Thunderbird off Nicholson Creek. Before Camp Thunderbird there had been Lost Camp up Shingle Mill Creek. We looked for Lost Camp, but never found it. It's probably still lost. The fire pit for the beans was dug the day before and filled with four foot logs and branches. It took hours for the boulders that lined the pit to get white hot. The lidded strawberry cans were set on the ashes and the hole covered. For hours it smoked and fumed while the beans cooked. By midmorning the smell of the ham and beans had drifted all over camp. The cooking of the beans took place at a jamboree of a local nature. Few of the Vashon scouts had money for uniforms. We stood out at the big Boy Scout Jamborees like the one at Three Tree Point, across the sound from the ferry dock on the north end of Vashon. It was where we learned to tie knots like the sheep-shank, square knot or bowline. In order to teach us that you can't push a rope, the leader laid one out on the ground and showed us how it could be used to pull things. He then asked one of us to take the other end of the rope and push it back to where it was. The rope couldn't be pushed. It just gathered itself in a series of loops. We were totally frustrated.

Near the campout, somebody shouted, "Stand back, the thing is losing its parts". There was an old guy there who had built himself a gyro or helicopter out of lead pipe. I guess they called it a gyro because it gyrated. The old man wasn't there because he was part of the jamboree. He may have come down to fly his gyro because he knew the Boy Scouts were going to be there or he just heard all the noise. We couldn't see how the thing could ever fly. It had two little red-ram-jets, fired with a spark plug and made quite a racket as the jets twisted the home made rotor blades around in a circle. It made the lead pipe affair rock from side to side, but couldn't get it up off the ground. It sounded like 50 elephants all breaking wind at once.

The Boy Scouts on Vashon weren't much for rank, more like renegades who would rather make camp and cook than earn merit badges. There were more than 30 of us. When we stood for the colors, every three-fingered salute looked different.

If you have ever slept in a lean-to out in the cold, you will understand that the

open front is an invitation to the wind. At Camp Thunderbird each patrol had a leanto and each lean-to had a name.

The Eagles were out on the snout of a ridge. You couldn't even see the bottom of the canyon; the brush was so thick. The Panthers were on the same ridge about 100 feet toward the main camp with trails intersecting. The Bear and Raccoon patrols were on the other side of the camp from the Eagles, with the council hut in between. They didn't get much sun. The council cabin was two or three times the size of the other cabins with a covered fire pit in front of it. The shake and pole cover was 10 feet high, if memory serves me. The gate to camp was a totem pole; the Thunderbird was on top with his wings outstretched.

There were 6 or 8 guys in each patrol and each lean-to had the same number of canvas bunks or more. Uncle Bruce was our Scout leader and he worked in a shipyard where they were taking apart ships from WW II. Troop ships didn't have very fancy sleeping arrangements as the bunk consisted of a piece of canvas strung on pipes with rope. The canvas served our purposes well as we used a rectangle of poles to support it. Only the council hut had canvass bunks, the rest us slept on bare split cedar boards. Most of us had a blanket roll that couldn't keep out the cold. One scout had a black Labrador that would sleep down at the bottom of his sleeping bag and keep his feet warm. It was tough when there was snow on the ground.

The scout meetings were held at the Youth Center, which was north of town where the county library is now. We always had a big fire in the stone fireplace. A field just north of the building was mostly filled with Scotch Broom and a good place to hide when we played capture-the-flag. We stormed the hill of our enemy, little white rags streaming out of our pockets, as we stealthily crept up to the place where the flag of the enemy was held. If one of the other half of the troop, the enemy, was to grab the white rag out of your pocket, you were considered to be dead and no longer of any use. Bruce Briton wasn't called sergeant because they don't have sergeants in the Scouts. To us he was Uncle Bruce; and he taught us most of what we knew about the outdoors and at the end of the evening, the scouts would all sit around the stone fireplace with a roaring fire and listen to Uncle Bruce tell stories of boys who lived in caves at the beginning of time and how they hunted mammoths on the ice. He learned the stories from books and would always come back to the next part of the story at the end of the next meeting.

When the beans were ready we had so many mouths to feed that the people coming back for seconds were waiting at the end of the line for more.

Sean@vashonloop.com

Spiritual Smart Alçek

By Mary Tuel

Resurrection for Dummies

It is now the Easter season in the Western Christian church.

Eastern/Orthodox Christians will not observe Easter until May 7. They are still in Lent

You do know that Easter is the re-named pagan spring celebration called Eostre, that was co-opted by Christianity, right? Once the Roman Emperor Constantine the Great became Christian, he propagated a policy of re-naming and Christianizing pagan special days. So he was a proponent of the faith, but he waited until his dying day to be baptized because he figured that would cover (all his sins) (his butt).

For us Christians, Easter is the celebration of the resurrection of Christ, the burgeoning of new life, as we see all around us at this time of year.

The day of the crucifixion is remembered on Good Friday. I have asked lots of times what was so good about it, but it is a necessary part of the Triduum, the three days of Easter: first, a meal together with Jesus washing the disciples' feet to show his servanthood on



member or a friend whom you thought was lost to you; the mending of a broken marriage; the child you were told was developmentally delayed, who was actually deaf and is in fact rather brilliant; some modest victory that you were convinced could not happen; learning that the object of your affection reciprocates your feelings (that is when the trouble begins, but that's another essay).

My dog, Marley, experienced a resurrection miracle this Easter week.

She had stopped eating and drinking. She was sick and in pain, and her hind legs gave out beneath her.

Monday morning was a Good Friday day for me, as I drove her to the vet's, believing that she would not come home again.

The vet tecs carried her into the clinic on a stretcher, and they told me to go home, and they would call me in a while. I did not think there was anything they could do for her, but okay.

I figured that if I brought Marley home, it would be to do doggy hospice.

The call came in an hour or so: come



Marley and me.

Thursday, followed by Jesus' death and his followers' and family's despair on Friday, followed by resurrection Sunday morning, followed by what I recently saw described as the terror of the women who came to the tomb to wash Jesus' body. They found the tomb empty and were told by a man there (who was that guy?) that Jesus was gone. He was alive. How were they supposed to process this?

There is not a one of us who has not experienced a personal Good Friday, when despair gains the advantage. Like the disciples on that first dark Friday, we think it is all over and we see no way out.

Those of us who experience depression certainly know that feeling. Perhaps if you are not subject to depression, you experience that feeling only when someone you love dies, or some other misfortune of that magnitude occurs. I do not know.

At those times, like the disciples, we do not believe that Easter is coming. It usually is not someone dead coming back to life, although I do not rule out the possibility. It is an upwelling of the life inside you. It might take some time and a good therapist, but you are glad you did not give up.

We all experience resurrections in our lives. Perhaps reconnecting with a family

and pick her up. Really?

The vet said Marley had a bad infection. They walloped her with antibiotics and sent us home with more pills for Marley.

Giving her the pills at home was a wrestling match because she was not eating. Once I got the pills down her throat, she retreated to the other couch and would not speak to me for a few hours.

On Tuesday she was slightly better; on Wednesday, she began to drink water; on Thursday she began to eat, and I was able to wrap pills in cheese and chicken and she snarfed them right down.

By Friday she was almost her old self, starting to bark and beg again.

I imagine this is how people felt during World War II when penicillin saved lives that would have been lost before that time. Antibiotics are miracles. My dog was pulled back from the brink.

I want to thank Dr. Teri Byrd and her staff at the 4 Paws Veterinary Clinic for kindness and swift treatment of my Marley. And thanks to Sylvia at Fair Isle, who when they could not fit Marley in, gave me the number for 4 Paws.

Island veterinarians and their staff members rock, and resurrection is real, if you know how to recognize it.

Compost the Loop

The Loop's soy-based ink is good for composting.

Find the Loop on-line at www.vashonloop.com

Island Life Circle Game

By Peter Ray pgray@vashonloop.com

It's been about a year now, because the ranunculus are blooming again. There are, indeed, other ways of marking the passage of years. I usually write in my rain log when the tree frogs begin their nighttime chorus. They were late this year. Generally I think of Valentine's Day as a rough marker for when to expect the yearly wetland cacophony to begin. As we have had an unusually cool, late winter and early spring so far, it is understandable that the croaking was delayed by a coupe of weeks. I see now from digging back into my "My Photos" section of the facebooks that I recorded and posted an image of the double yellow ranunculus in my front yard last year on 23 March. They just started blooming out there within the last week, so like the frogs, things are close to three weeks behind at the moment.

There was a time not too long ago when I would hear the reggae show from KEXP on the radio on Saturday mornings and then find myself taking stock of what I had done since I heard that same show the week before. Sometimes it would spur me into action on various projects, with this weekly marker accentuating the grim realization hanging overhead that there were things on 'the list' that had somehow slipped by without due attention having been paid them. And now I am looking at pictures of plants that I know I also shot about a year back- and a semi-grim reminder from that little voice chanting in the background the accounting of all of the big projects that are still on the other list that somehow got overlooked for this past year of making other plans. There is still the unresolved, lose-the-weight thing, along with that indoor bike trainer that was going to be the answer to all of my genuine concerns over a personal metamorphosis out of slothdom. There are those piles of books for research and escapism that got set aside to make way for an abundance of binge watching. There are the unmaterialized shelves that were going to be the storage solution for all of the equipment and storage boxes that still occupy the bulk of the floor space in my office/studio. There is the bagpipe chanter I was going to diligently practice upon so I could achieve my dreams of piper nirvana, but instead the reed is still dry inside the box on top of my printer. The ranunculus has come and gone and come again, and what the hell have I been doing?

Well, I have been making photographs, and I do now have two versions of the image of the double yellow ranunculus, and to be truthful, they are quite different. I would say that that is something. I have a friend who posts photographs of his daily morning walks with his dogs, and while they are a record and proof that he is still around, it is sometimes hard to tell if they are photos from that day or ones from weeks or a year ago. I suppose one could make an argument for consistency of vision, but the only way I am able to feel good about the realities of the

passing year is by seeing that there has been an evolution in my vision. This is in part due to the fact that along the way I purchased a lens that does very different things to what I am seeing, and so a part of this evolution has been driven by a change of technology. The case could be made that I am still taking the same picture, and in some ways I might agree, but mostly- not.

The premise for this project, or what these regular to nearly daily garden expeditions became, was and is to take close note of what is happening in and around the garden. While there didn't have to be, I decided to set the parameters for this project that all photos had to be made within the boundaries of the property. While I haven't totally finalized the basic rules, I found along the way that I might be adding an ad caelum clause to the rulebook. Somewhere in there I decided to go 400 feet straight up over parts of the property and take stock of what was directly below, and in doing so I found that it just might be worth adding a drone's-eye view to the mix. One thing that I have found intriguing is how trees look from straight overhead. I first noticed this a few years back when I decided to go out at night to well-lit public places around the Island, which around here meant mostly just parts of town, and take drone shots of trees without leaves that were illuminated by street lights. The branching patterns proved to be fascinating-this is the case in daylight as well, but perhaps not quite so dramatic. Along with looking down on the garden, there have been times when what is going on in the sky has been noteworthy and photographable while looking up, mostly with my infrared converted camera. Cloud patterns are easily enhanced through infrared and a couple filters, and so I may be including some of my images of what I saw as atmospheric river shots- we will see how that fits into the mix.

Another garden element that I hadn't really thought about, until they became a somewhat regular subset of subjects, were the many kinds of pond and forest dwellers that appeared and disappeared around the yard and garden throughout the year. Banana slugs were far more common in 2020 than they had been the year before, possibly because it was damper this past year. I saw the first tree frog of this year just the other day here, although as I said, we have been hearing them at night for almost a month. While I do have a bunch of treefrog photos from around the property from years gone passed, I still do not have a shot of one from this particular, bracketed year. I did however take many shots of our growing bullfrog population. Along with the treefrogs, we hadn't seen many garter snakes of late until last summer, when one of the stone cairns in the yard once more became a regular hangout for four or five consistent visitors. And over the winter, the hybrid Mahonia in the front yard became a cool weather food source for four or five of the resident hummingbirds, as this large specimen was blooming from late October to February. Unlike the reptile contingent on the other side of the house who mostly basked and sat in place for long periods of time, the hummers were elusive and fleeting, and standing around waiting



for them to do something besides gaze all about and vacate their cloaca was cold and frustrating, unless luck and studied anticipation allowed me to finally capture them in flight, or in a redfeathered, defensive posture.

One of the things I did accomplish last year was the physical realization of an engineering project we had been talking about for years, and that was the replacement of a bridge over the pond that had rotted away years ago. As we were around last summer when the window of opportunity opened up when the pond dried out, we were able to get the concrete piers poured and the supports in and the planking down before the rains came in again. While this affords a way across the pond that we haven't had in years, it also offers a different view and perspective up and down the pond, since it is in a more central location than the bridge it replaces. It remains to be seen if I will use this platform to get better shots of some of the pond visitors, or if it is determined that the photo record for this time is adequate to the purpose of putting together a hard copy version of this year gone by.

Current thoughts in this regard are trending toward the fact that we have completed a year delineated by bookended plant portraits of the same plant during this plague year. I believe I did mention a while ago in this space that a photograph I made of a columbine in the garden was what made me first think

about turning all of this into a book. It would seem that because of the dictates of this particular year, that this will have to go beyond just being a picture book and include some kind of verbal narrative. While I don't know that I will, or even can, stick to a one photo for each week regimen, I do think that I will limit the number of photographs to fifty-two, and try to match that with a page of text for each visual. In many ways, I am now recalling that this format sounds a lot like the garden talks I used to give, where I would set up the slides as a basic outline to where I wanted the narrative to go, and then speak to each one as they came along. Sometimes I would say nothing, as the photo would speak for itself- we will see where this goes.

And so it is that I guess I haven't done nothing this year, although there are many times when it feels like it. Beyond the new lens, I am learning to use a new video camera with new and exciting capabilities. Along with that, I am about to step into a new world of editing software that also offers exciting possibilities. On the other hand, in sitting with the news last night, we see and are told that not much elsewhere is changing. It seems that as much as we seek out and hope for change in life and human nature, the likelihood of that happening is about zero to none. From this perspective all I can say is that change is hard, and in my little world I'm doing what I can- for the moment that's all I can do.

Adopt A Cat Day!

Vashon Island Pet Protectors

Saturdays 11:30-2:30

Our VIPP Shelter is open for adoptions every Saturday. Visit our website www.vipp.org for Directions and to view the Cats and Dogs available for adoption.

Or give us a call 206-389-1085

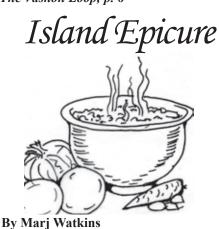
Patsy Needs a Home

I'm an exotic combination of calico and Manx, possibly the only one on Vashon. My stubby little tail doesn't seem to go with the rest of me! I get along with people but not dogs or other cats, so my dream home is one where I can be the only pampered pet.

Did you know that some people think Manx cats are the hybrid offspring of cats and rabbits? Fake news! Here's some true news - VIPP has an eBay store! Proceeds from the sale of donated items will go to VIPP to help animals like me. Please check it out at http://ebay.com/usr/vashonislandpetprotectors.



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



Where the Antioxidants Are

Antioxidants stop free radicals from trashing your immune system. They help you stay younger longer, and free of inflammation, infection, heart disease, and cancer. You get these miracle nutrients in fresh vegetables and fresh fruits. For maximum nutrition, look for whole bunches: heads of lettuce, heads of broccoli, whole carrots, etc. The prewashed, torn-up salad greens in plastic packages are convenient, but they've already lost a lot of their nutrients and absorbed carcinogens from the plastic.

These 14 fruits have the most antioxidants, ranked for quantity: prunes, raisins, blueberries, blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, plums, avocados, oranges, red grapes, cherries, kiwifruit, and pink grapefruit.

The 11 most antioxidant-filled vegetables: garlic, kale, raw spinach, Brussels sprouts, alfalfa sprouts, steamed spinach, broccoli, beets, red peppers, baked beans, and kidney beans.

Two anti-oxidant beverages: red wine and green tea. Black tea lost most of its polyphenols during fermentation,

rendering it a less effective antioxidant.

Notice that raw is better than cooked. Raw spinach is great; cooked spinach is just okay. Wash and dry raw spinach just before using to retain the most antioxidants. If you must cook it, steam it just until wilted a bit.

Color is important. Deeper color usually indicates the most nutrition inside, and helps you create an appetizingly artistic salad. When using lettuce for a base, choose darkest red leaf lettuce. Smaller varieties of vegetables give you more nutrition per bite. Grape tomatoes, for instance, have more antioxidant power and more vitamins A and C per bite than diced larger tomatoes. Tiny mandarin or Satsuma oranges yield more Vitamin C and antioxidants.

Spinich & Fruit Salad
4 servings
½ bunch spinach
4 to 6 strawberries
1 avocado
2 or 3 peeled mandarin oranges

De-stem the spinach and wash the leaves in three waters to rid it of all the sand. Pat them dry between clean dishtowels or paper towels. Arrange on a platter. Wash the strawberries and remove stems and leaves. Slice them and arrange atop the spinach leaves. Cut the avocado in wedges. Peel off the skin. Cut in chunks and arrange among the strawberry slices. Dice or just separate the sections of the little oranges. Arrange on the salad to create an eye-pleasing array.

BEET SALAD: Grate 1 small or 1/2 large beet. Arrange in a mound surrounded with de-stemmed and washed spinach leaves. Garnish with sliced green onions. Serve with Ranch dressing or vinaigrette.

Local Nonprofit Stars in New Award Winning Documentary

On Sunday, April 25th at 1pm Backbone Campaign hosts a virtual watch party of a documentary that profiles Vashon Island-based Executive Director Bill Moyer, Backbone Campaign's ShellNO action in 2015, and other high profile climate actions and activists. Following the screening will be a panel discussion featuring activists in the film, including Moyer, as well as Abby Brockway, mother who took direct action as part of the Delta 5 and stopped a coal train in Seattle; Michael Foster, a Valve Turner who shut off a tar sands pipeline in North Dakota; Joe Gantz, filmmaker; and Margaret Flowers, of Popular Resistance. To purchase a ticket for the film and panel discussion/Q&A, go to BackboneCampaign.org/race2save.

The film, The Race to Save The World, follows the passion and unwavering commitment of people who aren't putting their heads in the sand, or waiting for someone else to do something: they're in the trenches fighting climate change. This is an uplifting film that will inspire viewers to stop waiting on the sidelines and make their voices heard for a livable future.

Instead of focusing on paralyzing facts and numbers, this inspiring feature takes a unique approach by following passionate activists, ages 15-72, who are in the trenches fighting for a livable future. These brave climate warriors put their lives on the line to push for change, regardless of the personal cost.

Emmy award-winning filmmaker Joe Gantz brings an urgent and intimate portrait of the protests, arrests, courtroom drama and family turmoil these activists endure as they single mindedly focus their attention on the goal of creating a more sustainable world for future generations. The Race To Save The World is an inspiring and energizing call-to-action to quit waiting on the sidelines





and make our voices heard.

The Race to Save the World seeks to harness the spirit of the first Earth Day in 1970, which saw 20 million Americans take to the streets and prompted Richard Nixon to take action on climate issues. As environmental journalist, Mark Hertsgaard, puts it: "The only way that any politician ... can go against Big Oil ... is if they are pushed by a popular movement that is not only pushing them but giving them the political cover to do what needs to be done."

Director, Joe Gantz, emphasizes that "I didn't want to make a climate change film that is telling people how bad things are and how much worse they are going to get." By following these stories of struggle, solidarity and success up-close, The Race to Save the World seeks to be uplifting – and motivating. Because, as Bill Moyer puts it: "Change is inevitable, but how much are we going be the authors of that change or the victims of it?"

Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

have wrought to the lives of thousands of people displaced by grand heroic projects and now am not quite so enamored by it. Fortunately, I abandoned that career early in life and have instead applied my skills on a much smaller scale for myself and the community. I now try to talk about the changes that we will have to make while not specifying how exactly any one of us will approach those problems.

Being a part of life, as with the living world all around us, we are subject to constant change and, although certain guidelines might be prescribed, it is not for any of us to dictate those changes to the group. Because our lifestyle is about to undergo a drastic change, it is all the more important that we maintain and preserve, if we can, the physical built environment

that we have regardless of aesthetic merit.

We love the Roasterie not because it is efficient, safe, and a bold aesthetic statement, but because it is old and quaint and filled with stories. We see repairs and replacements that are straightforward, utilizing readily available materials that bear no relation to style or theme. Any door that fits into the frame is a good door. I love that about it. There are the traces of hundreds of independent human decisions in that building, and it all adds to the value. No big uber statements by aesthetic masters. Just what needs to be done to keep it functioning and perhaps a little flair here and there for those of us that use it. The result is more subtle, intricate, and idiosyncratic than any master plan could ever be.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

Don Hansbrough ~ June 9, 1954 ~ February 17, 2021~ age 66

My beloved brother Don, peacefully passed away from ALS in the wee hours of the morning when fairies flutter in the moonlight, elves sneak around your house and toys come alive.

Soft-spoken, kind to all animals, Fairytale writer ("Just as Happy Fairytales" and "The Last Bear in Devon"), Artist/painter, Award winning Haiku writer in Japan, Metro Bus banner poet:

"We do not gather the wild lilies, The wild lilies gather us. In brief bloom, How pleased they must be, To have found such beauty". ~ Don H.

Don loved Vashon Island. He frequently rode the bus from his home on Capitol Hill in Seattle, to Vashon Isle to sip americanos & nibble pastries at the various cafes, browse Grannie's



Attic, attend Island Buddhist meetings and visit his sister, Anne.

A 1972 graduate of Sammamish High, and a 1976 graduate of The Evergreen State College.

He is survived by his sisters Beth and Anne, nieces and nephews, and many close friends, including the island SGI Buddhist community.

Don was kind and loving. He would save stray kitties or rescue a butterfly from a puddle.

"My desire to save all beings, begins with this wet butterfly" ~ Don H.

Gifts may be made by helping an animal in need.

Reese Needs a Home

Although my history is a mystery, I've probably spent most of my life outdoors. Let me tell you, I am DONE with that! Being inside where it's warm and dry is a million times better.

My new people will need to be a little patient with me while I get used to being part of a family, but I already like to accept pets. I'm comfortable with other cats, so if you have any, that's fine with me. My favorite pal at the shelter was adopted recently, and I'd like to meet a new BFF (best feline friend)!



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

Compost the Loop

The Loop's soy-based ink is good for composting.

Find *the Loop* on-line at www.vashonloop.com



Planef Waxes



by Eric Francis http://www.PlanetWaves.net

Aries (March 20-April 19)

The Sun conjunct Eris in your sign is calling for discussion with yourself about your understanding of who you are. You may experience something that perks you up or shocks you to awareness. Or it may dawn on you that you are not such an alien as you think — from yourself or from others. It is the nature of the ego to feel alienated and to experience itself as separate. Here, we find the difference between your true nature and how you feel much of the time. Most people are concerned how they are perceived by others, rather than how they perceive themselves. In fact self-perception, whether accurate or not, is so powerful as to bend all of seeming reality around it, and totally dominate your perception. Therefore, your self-awareness is the most important factor of any that might affect your spiritual state. By one measure, your self-awareness is all there is, because it will take over your perception of the state of your environment and indeed your beliefs about all of existence. Thankfully, once you engage this idea, you have your options wide open.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

Venus returns to your sign later this week, which will feel good after getting lightly toasted, slightly burned, or scorched in Aries the past month. (That said, the action continues in Aries and may have a similar effect; see reading above.) While Taurus has a strong self-focus, your ruling planet Venus exploring this sign (an adventure I'll continue to chronicle the next few weeks) is more about what you have to offer than what you need or want. Venus in Aries can have a gimme, gimme quality to it, until it is tamed. Venus in Taurus is abundant and generous. You have every reason to be positive about who you are and what you have to offer, and to share as you wish. This is not about what you get back or even the benefits you perceive others receiving. Rather, it is an exercise in figuring out how much you have, which you cannot know until you actually share in a bold way. We live in a society where plenty of people think it's a big deal to acknowledge someone's presence, or smile at them if you feel good. So this is pretty radical, in the scheme of things.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

A toxic fog has lifted from your life, and you can now be honest with yourself about what you want and what you need. You always seem to go in two directions with this, and sometimes you're able to have both, or reconcile the two. Mostly what happens, though, is you really do know what you want, and then you either second guess yourself three or four times, or allow someone to talk you out of it. That is less likely to happen now that Mars has come out of its square to Neptune. This may feel like waking up from a dream, or a bender, not quite knowing where you are. It is essential that you get your bearings in physical reality, and sort out your priorities. Mars square Neptune is serious business and it can indicate a measure of self-deception or self-unhelpful tendencies. Saturn is urging you to be clear in your beliefs and your commitments, and to hold yourself to a high level of accountability: the real thing.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

One of my top-three favorite fortune cookies said, "Be resolutely who you are. Be humbly who you aspire to be." I could not say it any more succinctly, though I can offer some suggestions from your astrology. One is to study the patterns of commitment and cooperation in your life. Notice who comes through and who does not. The position of Saturn in your chart is demanding that you go reconcile every single account in

your life and see what it contains. That means every relationship, whether business or personal; every financial account, no matter how small (or how large). "Who you are" and "who you aspire to be" are both lived realities; living them involves many small details. There are many people in the picture, and there need to be significantly fewer. And those people need to be the ones willing to invest in the "who you are" and "who you aspire to be" aspects of your life, as that is so critical right now. The world around you may be in a state of dumping responsibilities and commitments, but that is not your karma.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

Your frame of reality is different from those around you. You are different from those around you. You know this, though it's easy to ignore, seemingly for some greater purpose (not usually your own). And at the moment, you are under near-total pressure to zip your mouth and pretend to be like everyone else. But that is not going to work so well; it never has, and you may reach a boiling point this week as the Sun is encountering Eris. The first thing not to lose sleep over is that you are your own person with your own values. This leaves you plenty of room to engage with the world, though this must happen on mutually agreeable terms (a concept that is being lost in our era when the theme of everything is domination). Part of the problem is that all of existence seems to stand on shifting ground. This translates into your life as a sense of uncertainty about who you are, which in turn makes it easier for people to tell you. It doesn't help that you're likely to think this can't possibly

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

You may have noticed the fog suddenly clear in certain partnership or domestic situations. This may have felt like figuring out why you were so angry. The setup was such that you may not have even noticed your anger until the situation shifted and you suddenly snapped to attention. The fog I am describing may have been toxic, or anesthetic, or both; whatever it was obscured your perceptions and skewed your emotional response. Now you need to figure out where you stand with certain individuals you're close to, and what you're going to do about it. There may seem to be "two sides of the story," though that is largely a trap. What matters is where the facts point, not the interpretation of events, or any other form of opinion. So begin with the facts: that which is quantifiable in numbers, trackable on a chronology, and written in words. You need to look directly at what cannot be denied or easily refuted. The next step is to figure out how things got to be that way. Then, figure out what to do

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

Be mindful that someone may be attempting to scramble your mind over the next few days, which may date back to this past weekend or even longer. You will recognize this behavior and the intent behind it based on how you feel when it happens. It may not seem obvious otherwise. It's human nature to doubt one's feelings and one's perceptions, the more so if someone is intentionally influencing you to do so. So play back any conversations carefully, and study the cycles of your life going back at minimum to 2018. There has been something, some factor or deeper truth about your existence, trying to get your attention. Are you noticing, or does it seem like the same or similar thing repeating for some mysterious reason? It's time to get the message. It is time to stop any and all cooperation with those who would in some way disrupt your efforts. It's best to not assume someone doing this does not know

what they're doing. It's best to not assume anything.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

Please remember the important conversations you've had in the past few weeks, and make sure you retract anything you regret saying. You may have a way of glossing over your memories, or they may have faded into an alternate dimension off to the side. It will serve your integrity and that of your relationships to remember, and account for your words and actions. The challenge here is how easy it will be to rationalize any of this, to make excuses, or to slough it off. But this will not serve anyone, least of all you. You consider yourself a trustworthy person, and for your own sanity you must make sure that is true. The way you do that is by paying attention to what you say, and in what context you say it. Notice situations when you seem to have two versions of reality, or of yourself, that you present as needed. This is a focal point of healing for you. There's just one of you. You have one face, one voice, and one reality. When you notice yourself splitting, come to a full stop and ask why.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

You have a cooperation factor available to you right now like few times before use it well. The people you need are right around you, not off in some remote location or hidden away on the back corridors of Fiver (the cheap freelance service). However, this is as much about supporting and coordinating your efforts with others as it is about anything else. The grand design is right where you are, and likely to involve people you already know and care about. It is more practical than anything. This is about holding the world together in specific ways that you are skilled enough to handle, though we are not talking about 'the planet' or the 'big world' but more like your immediate circle of trading partners, collaborators or fellow business people. Choose a very few specific ones - two, maybe three - and focus on approaches that you are good at and can do efficiently. In the process, be ready with your own punch list of things you need to accomplish, and pay attention for those who possess both that skill set and also the personal integrity to assist you — and really help.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

You may finally relax a little when Venus enters your fellow Earth sign Taurus on Wednesday. Many people in our civilization are feeling on edge right now. We have been subjected to a year of nonstop adrenal exhaustion. Those who are truly talented may be able to kick back and have some fun, though to others these days, this looks as safe as juggling chainsaws. After all, relaxing a little does nothing but invite danger, or so the freaked out would

believe. You are in the beginning of a long phase of learning to trust existence. You might consider everything you do, think and feel as taking you one way or another: to trust, or not to trust. That you are still subject to shock attacks (of how bad it can all be) is an opportunity: you can use those as opportunities to practice riding the bicycle of having some faith in existence. You must do your part, and it begins and ends there. In between, you will have many opportunities to learn and to unlearn.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

The secret to success for your sign, Sun or rising, is to know the limits on your knowledge. Since you identify so strongly with your ideas, this can be a real challenge. But ideas are not facts, and facts are not fact patterns, and none of this is a substitute for contextual awareness of history. Keep that word close to you at all times: context. What may be a profound truth in one reality frame can be a destructive lie in another. So you must always know what framework you are in, including what locale, what your time references are, and most significantly, who you are within that context. For example, a powerful CEO in one context is merely a passenger on an airplane in another, lacking any authority whatsoever. The same is true with information and knowledge. It is all about context. If you discover yourself in a situation where you don't know anything and are in a sense intellectually defenseless, admit that right away. This at least will give you some accurate bearings, and you can begin finding your way from there.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Truth is not a thing. It is never attained. From our point of view on this plane of existence, truth is more like a direction that pulls the needle of your internal compass. The first thing to do is to feel that tug and align yourself with the feeling. But who uses compasses anymore? Most people use GPS. They want a series of tangible steps to get to their destination, and to arrive without doing too much work or thinking too hard. This deprives people of the pleasure, and moreover, the skill of figuring things out for yourself, and of honing your sense of direction. This is, at the moment, about the truth of who you are. That is not a specific destination, though you possess within yourself a kind of spiritual north and an inner sense that holds to it. You may travel in some other direction to get to your destination, though this is always relative to spiritual north. None of this dictates your path, or where you want to go. It's only a method of orientation so that you know which way you are headed at any time.

Read Eric Francis daily at www. PlanetWaves.net

Art Sampler: Tastes of Art from Vashon Time Exchange Members

Continued from Page 1

role of art making in her healing from breast cancer and mental illness.

Author Corinne Lightweaver is an artist and writer. Her artistic journey began in painting, with wildlife as her favorite subject, and included forays into other media, such as ceramics. A diagnosis of breast cancer led her to discover collage and assemblage, an apt metaphor for piecing her life and body together again, leading to the body of work published in her first book, In the Breast of Health: Healing from Cancer through Art. Her new book The Psyche's Gifts: Art, Art Making, and the Journey from Mental Illness and Mental Wellness is available on Amazon.

The Art of Seeing, with Caroline Rockey

In this mini workshop, students will learn the art of inquiry to explore drawing and painting a meaningful animal. Students can participate, watch, or experiment with their own ideas. We'll use art as a way to bring us closer to beauty, dropping into the present moment.

"I am an artist, teacher and entrepreneur. During the day, I contemplate the natural world. How did it come into being? How gifted we are, how amazing are purples, greens, and patterns on a feather. I coach people about their life path, goals and actively how to create their dreams."

The Vashon Loop, p. 8

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PANDORA'S BOX

Happy Tax Day!! Pleased to report we are a corporation that actually pays its fair share. On the bright side, spring has sprung and Cheryl has been busy looking for cool new stuff.

Bo's Pick of the Week: Continuing the Spring of his discontent over the national canning issue which has affected so many of the smaller pet food companies.



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