Vol. 18, #9

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April 29, 2021

Histories and Mysteries is Coming!



Histories and Mysteries: Preserving our Past, Funding Our Future is a variety show of interesting facts about what makes Vashon Island so unique in our spot in the Salish Sea while highlighting the Vashon Heritage Museum's current exhibits and programs. The fundraiser will be held on May 22, at 7:00 pm, on Zoom.

The free event for the entire island, emceed by Kevin Joyce and Martha Enson of EnJoy Productions, will dive into some of the more intriguing historical tidbits of Vashon-Maury Island's past, such as the mysterious story of the U.F.O. at the airport. The event is the museum's largest fundraiser for the year.

"Our exhibits and events mobilize segments of our populations within our communities to tell their stories," says Board President Bruce Haulman. "That is what the Vashon Heritage Museum does and that is why we are here. To tell, collect, and preserve stories, and make *Continued on Page 4*

The Road to Resilience

The Decision

Since confronting the challenge of reducing our carbon footprint 30 years ago, the scenario has played out like an narcotics anonymous group trying to move forward with an opium processing plant next door. Every pledge has predictably failed in the presence of so much pleasure and convenience, not only readily available but actively promoted. As the futility of this schizoid approach of going two directions at once became apparent, our next plan was achieving stability through mitigation of our climate footprint by sequestering an equal or greater amount of carbon in other ways. The elusive goal of controlling carbon need not be achieved only by reducing fossil fuel use but more by purposefully sequestering an equal or greater amount of carbon, either naturally by growing trees and regenerating soil or technologically with large carbon capture machines. Thus, the invention of the concept of "carbon neutrality" or "net zero." The important thing to remember about this new plan is that it doesn't explicitly say that we have to change our current carbon consuming economy and lifestyle at all. Of course, nobody backing these strategies would ever say that. Addicts hide behind unreal but serviceable excuses to not change.

This addiction is mostly driven at the corporate level but depends utterly on buy-in by consumers. Many people have worked hard for years to get to the point of fulfilling their dreams of luxury, convenience, and the ability to get out and By Terry Sullivan,

see the world. We know how resistant people are right now to the demands of the pandemic. If we find it difficult to accept changes to preserve lives right away, how much more difficult to limit our desires for the sake of uncertain events decades in the future? Our reason subordinates itself to our desires.

The important thing to know about net zero is that it is an end state we intend to achieve even though every path to its realization thus far has been found deficient or unrealizable. As James Dyke, senior lecturer in Global Systems, U. of Exeter, says, "It's astonishing how the continual absence of any credible carbon removal technology never seems to affect net zero policies...For some time, I assumed I was merely ill-informed or over-cautious. I now realize that we have all been subject to a form of gas lighting. [Regardless of strategy], the assumption is net zero will work because it has to work. But beyond fine words and glossy brochures, there is nothing there. The Emperor has no clothes." The whole paper is here: https://theconversation. com/climate-scientists-concept-of-netzero-is-a-dangerous-trap-157368

Meanwhile, the original solution of reducing carbon consumption remains the only proven realistic solution. But it requires that we change our economy and lifestyle relatively drastically. It requires that we subordinate our wishes to those of nature, to accept constraints on our behavior when that behavior upsets the health of the

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Death Over Dinner project

By Susan Riemer and Anne Atwell

Michael Hebb, noted speaker, author and cofounder of the Death Over Dinner project, will lead an interactive conversation next week, exploring how our lives can become richer and more meaningful if we face our mortality.

Hebb, labeled a "food provocateur by the New York Times, is leading a "gentle revolution" using the dinner table, and many other virtual and live forums, as the fuel for answering critical questions about living and dying. One of his latest ventures, the End of Life Collective, is a virtual community intended to assist people with questions around death and grief, as Hebb calls it "life's most vulnerable time."

His talk next week, Death Is Medicine for the Living, will be at 7 p.m. Thursday, May 6, over Zoom. The event is sponsored by Vashon Community Care, The Vashon Conversation for the Living About Dying, and the Vashon Senior Center. One of the goals for the evening is to encourage participants to complete their advance directives -- wishes regarding the end of life -- and then share that information with loved ones. Too often, this preparation is overlooked.

"How we end our lives is the costliest and the most important conversation that we're not having in the United States," says Hebb. "For many years, I have used the table as a magnet to bring people together to break bread and share ideas and opinions around controversial topics. This topic of death is relevant to all of us, and as we lean in, we quickly realize what's really important in our lives."

While the event will be held over Zoom, audience members will be actively involved. Following Hebb's talk, in small groups, they will explore topics related to preparing for the end of life, such if they have assigned a health care proxy, completed an advance care directive or finalized a will.

Organizers say that too often they see people who are in the final stages of their lives who do not a have a plan for their last days.

"This omission can be devastating for both the person who is dying and for their family," said Vashon Community Care Executive Director Wendy Kleppe. "Our shared goal is to help create end-of-life-plans — including advance directives — so they are not an afterthought. And that perhaps through planning, we may all discover that death can be a medicine for living full, meaningful lives."

Carol Spangler is the founder of the Vashon Conversation for the Living About Dying, which has hosted several Vashon events in recent years and currently has 15 trained facilitators to assist people with completing advance directives. Many islanders may remember the group's first offering: a four-day event in 2017 focused on living and dying, complete with live music, an art walk and a sold-out Death Over



Michael Hebb

Dinner gathering that drew 100 people. Hebb, in fact, gave the keynote address. The Vashon Conversation went on to host other events, including a forum on palliative care and a weekend with a Sufi death expert. Members of the group have remained committed to their goal of islanders completing their advance directives, thinking through -- and talking about -- what they want their final days to be like, who they want to be near them, and how we all can support the wishes of those closest to us.

"This is a conversation the entire country needs to be having," Spangler said.

The COVID-19 crisis of this last year has lent urgency to their work. Spangler noted that experts estimate that every person who died from COVID left nine grieving people behind, totaling more than 5 million grieving people across the country, due to COVID alone.

"This is the perfect opportunity to be in this conversation, which is about dying, our mortality and the tenderness and fragility of our lives, and about how do we become more able to be in life, knowing it is not forever," she said. "We are in a time of recognizing and learning from our losses. These conversations can help us heal."

Registration is available at vashoncommunitycare.org under "Upcoming Events." The first 25 people will receive free copies of Hebb's book, "Let's Talk About Death (Over Dinner)." For more information about the event, call Vashon Community Care at 206-567-6147. For assistance completing advance directives, email vashonconversation@gmail.com.

--Susan Riemer is the Community Relations Director, and Anne Atwell is the Development Director at Vashon Community Care.

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The island home experts



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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?



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Visit the Vashon Chamber on line at www.VashonChamber.com

2021 Spring Fix-It Café

The Vashon Fix-It Café, dedicated to reducing waste and building community, is coming virtually to Vashon-Maury Islands on Saturday, May 15 from 10am to 2pm via Zoom. The Fix-It Café will be hosted by the Vashon Island Time Exchange and will feature helpful locals donating their skills to restore household items that are broken or malfunctioning.

Pre-registration is required. People wanting to just observe may also attend. To pre-register, sign up at https://www. vashonresilience.org/may15.

Participants will be encouraged and guided in making their own repairs, so a tool kit should be handy. For more complex repairs there may be a drop off option. Once your item is registered a Fixer will contact you regarding arrangements.

All household fixable items are welcomed: furniture, toys, electronics, lamps, bicycles, electrical garden equipment, kitchen appliances, and other household repairs. Fixing and advice are free to the public, but if parts are needed, participants may be required to buy them. Because of the virtual nature of the event, participants can register items such as large household appliances, plumbing repairs and similar household repair quandaries. Spanish speaking fixers are available.

The Vashon Fix-It Café is hosted by the Vashon Island Time Exchange and Vashon Eagles and staffed by members of the Vashon Tool Library, Zero Waste Vashon, and Backbone Campaign, with support from the King County Eco-Consumer Program.

Saturday, May 15, 2021, 10am-2pm. Free to the Public RSVP: https://www.vashonresilience.org/may15

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!

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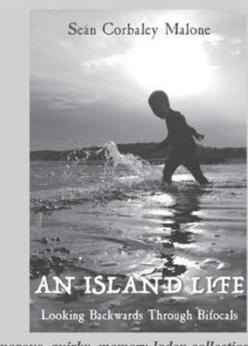
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Bean-Hole-Beans



By Seán_C._Malone

George is a retired pharmacist living in Davis, California and a devout fan of John's and my stories in the Loop. A friend for 60 years, George and I called ourselves "ski bums" and skied and taught skiing all over the western states and Austria. George made the U.S. Olympic luge team and raced with a broken arm, with his physician's permission.

George writes of the "Bean Hole Bean" story: Another fine yarn, Sean.

How many merit badges did you earn being a Boy Scout? I was a scout for several years, but took but little interest in merit badges, and promotions. I never even made STAR rank. I liked the overnight hikes to the mountains the most. I was in the wolf patrol, and liked most of the other scouts in the troop.

Cheers, George

Seán writes back to George: Dear George,

We had four patrols, the Raccoons, the Eagles, the Panthers and I can't remember the fourth. Like you, we were never too interested in rank and not too hot on uniforms either. I used a hollow ham bone to secure my scarf and was 1st class, same as you when I started working on my merit badges. I think that it was one of the Kirkland's who was an amateur radio operator and got me interested in radio. I barely made the five words per minute or whatever the speed of the CW transmission was to get a Morse code merit badge. I barely remember the 1st aid merit badge, everybody had to take 1st aid classes and we practiced on each other.

It was the cooking badge that almost stumped me. I had to cook dinner for four people at the council hut and I chose to spit a chicken on an open fire. I was so scared of burning the chicken that I fed that fire for four hours or that's how long I think it was and the drumsticks came out raw next to the bone and they gave me enough points to get my cooking merit badge. I don't recall how many merit badges it took to make Star, but I certainly didn't work hard enough to make Life and never contemplated becoming an eagle scout. We never had an Eagle Scout in Troop 294 in my time. Camping, lashing poles together to support our tents, or building a coracle out of a circle of brush that was lashed together in the shape of a doughnut and placed over a 12 x 12-foot tarp and floated on Mukai's lake.

Each patrol had a separate shake lean-to with 7 or 8 very hard cedar-shake bunks. Our camp Thunderbird leader was an assistant scout master, Bruce Britton and we called him "Uncle Bruce." He worked at the naval shipyards, taking apart ships from WWII and brought home a bunch of canvass bunks that were lashed to pole frames for the leaders in the council cabin where we congregated around the council fire to hear Uncle Bruce tell stories of a cave man-boy who survived in the wilderness of long ago.

My sleeping bag was navy surplus with a cotton liner and a woolsack that was covered with very light tarp material and totally inadequate for the cold Vashon nights at Camp Thunderbird. My salvation was my Labrador, Pan, who would crawl into the navy bag and curl up at the bottom, keeping my feet warm.

As you can see, your response to the Bean-Hole Bean story prompted a whole lot of Boy Scout memories and probably another story of the early days of Vashon scouting.

Your loyal friend, Seán

Histories and Mysteries is Coming!

Continued from Page 1

sure they are accessible to everyone."

The Vashon Heritage Museum cannot do its work without the support of the island community, and it has many big plans for the near future. The museum is currently preparing to sunset its special exhibit IN AND OUT: Being LGTBQ on Vashon and open Natural Wonder: An Island Shaped by Water, a collaborative and interactive exhibit created in partnership with the Vashon Nature Center. In addition, the Vashon Heritage Museum is currently at work renovating its permanent exhibit.

"The Vashon Heritage Museum is

living history," says Haulman. "Through our LGBTQ exhibit In and Out, our Japanese-American and Vietnam War veteran exhibits, we are collecting those stories and making them relevant today, holding true for the people who lived them as well. That is the purpose of our work."

The free event will be an opportunity for the community to help fund the work of the island's only historical heritage museum, all from the comforts of their own home. To register, please visit www. vashonheritagemuseum.org.

Spiritual Smart Alçck

By Mary Tuel

Wild things

The first earwig of summer showed up today. It scampered out from under my blood glucose testing kit and was scurrying across the kitchen table at earwig top speed when it met with misfortune: I got all medieval on its fanny and brushed it over the edge. Earwigs give me the willies, with those big pincers on their heads, and they show up when I least expect them.

Earwigs do not respect my boundaries.

Nor do slugs.

I gave up on planting vegetables years ago. My yard is in a declivity in the west side bluff, surrounded by tall trees - firs, cedars, big leaf maples, and the horse chestnut that blocks off about a third of the sky in the summer. When I planted vegetables, I was merely feeding slugs and other plant predators, but mostly slugs

I tried various slug remedies. The little containers of beer that they would fall into and drown were effective but disgusting to clean up, and the beer got a little expensive.

For a few days once, I went out with a paring knife, and stabbed slugs. I got a little sick to my stomach stabbing slugs. I felt like a Mongol horde, laying waste to the slug community. I felt like a monster. Worse, my slug assaults never seemed to make a dent in the slug population.

I read that if you put a ring of marigolds around the garden, the pungent plants would stop the slugs before they got in. So I went out and bought a bunch of marigolds and planted them around the garden.

Next morning - you have probably guessed or know from experience - the slugs had eaten all the marigolds. After that I stopped growing vegetables and used slug bait where I did not want slugs.

Earwigs, slugs, and then came the feral cats.

Around 1989 there was a feral cat city here in our 'hood. Rick and I began trapping cats and having them spayed and neutered (with financial aid from VIPP. Thank you!) and then released. At the time some people thought we were loony, but this is a common method for controlling feral cat populations.

After we did that, the feral cat population in the neighborhood stabilized, and the cats were no longer wearing themselves out making kittens. They all died off after fifteen years or



so, and in that time VIPP had taken over most of the kitten and puppy action here on the island, so cats were no longer dumped in the neighborhood. Now my yard is patrolled by Mr. Mellow, a tuxedo cat of charm and drool.

Because we fed the feral cats kibble in trays we put outside, raccoons became frequent visitors. That went on until the last feral cat died. A raccoon is a rare sight in my yard these days.

For years deer have jumped the fence and come into the yard to graze. I do not mind them grazing in the yard if they do not strip off my roses and leave naked little sticks.

Then there are the squirrels, and the crows, and the smaller birds, and the insects. Lots of wild things live or hang out in my yard.

Coyotes, I am told, live all over the island. In 2019, five separate packs were counted. I have yet to see a coyote on Vashon, but I know they are here.

I saw the cougar that lived here a few years back in security camera videos posted online. I have heard of sightings of other cougars on the island, mostly on the south end. I have seen bears, who, like the cougars and the deer, sometimes swim over from the peninsula. Bears do not seem to settle in here like the deer and that cougar.

In the 1970s, I saw nary a bald eagle here at all, but their population has recovered. They have been hard on the heron rookeries, I hear, but I see both birds in my rambles around the island and seeing either one gives me a thrill.

Herons are usually standing alongside or in the water.

Eagles are usually soaring overhead, although sometimes I have seen them sitting in a tree. Thinking.

Sometimes eagles are attacked in the air by three or more small birds. Plucky little vigilantes.

Random encounters:

One day while I was parked by the side of the road south of Burton, two otters came down the hill, dived into Quartermaster Harbor, and started coming up with fish.

A mink once came up out of the ravine here at the house and spotted me sitting on the porch. We both froze and stared at each other for a while, then the mink left.

Wild things. They make my heart sing. They make everything groovy. Wild things.

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Island Life Spoiled Reality

By Peter Ray pgray@vashonloop.com

It has been a while since I had my official space here for film criticism since it's been kind of a stretch to even get one column out of me and, after all, who really cares what I think? But if you recall any of my past accounts of excursions into the back of a theater, you will note that I did my best not to reveal key elements of plot and essentials of surprise so as not to dampen one's viewing experience. These days around here, if one utters the words "spoiler alert", it is generally because a vehicular rear wind directive device has been spotted whilst driving about, and all attempts are then made to grab the phone or other visual recording device so as to capture a photo and send it along to one of Wendy's friends, who for some reason has an ever-expanding collection that puts on display the excesses of automobile aerodynamic accessorizing.

I would like to also mention that something along these lines has been firmly implanted in the back of my mind, along side of all those other dusty warning signs that hang out there, and that is the memory of a friend of mine from years and years past who went to see the first Planet of the Apes when it first came out (now you know how many decades ago we are talking here). For those who have lost the thread of where that was heading, we are back to talking about movie spoilers. My friend told me how cool Planet of the Apes was and all, and I don't recall all that he expanded upon in those exclamations. But I do remember that he told me what Charlton Heston found on the beach at the end of the film. And since I hadn't seen the film yet, the big reveal at the end was no longer big at all when I finally saw it a few weeks later. In fact, because the ending was no big secret for me throughout the entirety of the film, the grand reveal seemed like a bit of ole Charlton overacting again, instead of containing the gut punch to your reality that the film hoped to deliver, before one is allowed to step back outside into the light of the live-a-day world.

I didn't hate my friend because of that. It just colored my perception of how one should talk about films. As it was, I also remember that my friend was big into making Super 8 movies in his basement. One in particular comes to mind that had flying saucers coming in on strings above his HO train set and setting things on fire-things that did not include their house. It turns out that he went on to run a big film company in Atlanta, and he made a documentary, titled Flying the Secret Sky, about the pilots that flew the bombers built by Boeing on their last delivery leg over the great circle route in order to get them to the RAF in England during World War II. As it was, his dad was also Winston Churchill's private pilot during the war. We kind of knew that at the time, but it didn't seem like such a big deal then. During that time- the time they lived next door- he was the pilot for the Johns-Manville Corporation. I can think of one time he invited me and my Dad to go for a short flight on the company plane on a Saturday. They were also the only family on the street to have a pool- sometimes we got invited over for a swim.

But I really digress. What got me going on this whole reality and spoiler thing was waking up this morning to the Oscar news. Normally, I don't really care, or to be more precise, I could give a rat's ass, whatever that means. But as I scanned the results, three things

caught my eye that got me contemplative and curious, if not necessarily in that order. The first was that Nomadland won for best picture. The second was that My Octopus Teacher won for best documentary feature. Lastly I noted that Colette was chosen for best short doc, and was then reminded from somewhere in the recesses that it was last year in February that I had seen that film at the Big Sky Doc Fest in Missoula.

I mention all three of these in one sitting because in my mind they all lump together as documentaries. In truth, I have not seen Nomadland yet, but the first time I saw a trailer for it on the teevee it had the look of a doc, except until Frances McDormand appeared and the illusion of documentary reality quickly faded. In truth, I have thought that the wanderings of a group of RV road warriors might make for a good tale. Not, of course, born of the contrivance that is "reality teevee", but rather a tag-along with a camera and a mic and the patience to see what happens. It is this exact departure point that has been a point of contention for me whilst wandering through the darkened venues of the documentary festival and elsewhere. There was a breaking point this past winter during the virtual Big Sky where I felt a bit betrayed in this manner. It was during the screening of the foreign language doc, Il Mio Corpo, when I found myself noting a familiar landscape and realizing that the two separate stories being told from two angles were about to converge on this one abandoned building and that the likelihood of that happening by chance was about slim to none.

A similar realization happened last year at the Fest when attending a workshop session with the Ross brothers, Bill and Turner. They had been featured artists at the festival with five of their films getting a screening. It was their latest film, Bloody Nose, Empty Pockets, that caused the biggest stir. The story being told by the film was that of an intimate look at the final, closing night of a dive bar in Las Vegas, and a collection of vignettes of a selection of the barfly regulars who were there to celebrate what might be their last night together at their favorite, neighborhood watering hole. It seemed legitimate enough, but as it turned out, the entire film was a scripted and improvised contrivance, filmed at a bar that was not closing and wasn't even in Las Vegas. In truth, I felt a bit cheated when I found this out, having invested a lot of emotional energy into the spectrum of patrons who were there to reminisce and say goodbye. But on the other hand, it asked some interesting questions about how we see and respond to what is real and what is made up. And as it was, we were still three years into a so-called presidency, born of reality teevee, and uncertain of what were facts and what was fiction. I wasn't totally pissed about finding this story to be a fiction while screening at a documentary festival, but there was one guy there who looked like he had just found out the truth about Santa Claus after forty six years of his mother telling him otherwise, and I'm not so sure he's calmed down about it yet.

The definition of what a documentary film actually is still seems to be in flux, and one could easily point to one of the grand daddies of the art form, Robert Flaherty, as a seminal source for that confusion in terms. I was taught way back when that Flaherty's Nanook of the North was one of the earliest examples of the documentary film. But as the credits roll, one can see that Nanook's family and other inhabitants of this view of the great white north are not actually family members, but rather they are members of the film's cast. Nanook's "wife" was

Mukai Farm & Garden Hosts Spring Nominoichi -or Flea Market Sale of Pan Asian Collectibles

Mark your weekend for a special sale on May 8th, just in time for a special collectible or plant for Mom. The Nominoichi, or flea market, sale will be at Mukai Farm & Garden, 18017 107th SE, Vashon Island from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. The event will be outdoors, following social distancing and mask requirements. Pan Asian items can be dropped off and donated at Mukai Farm & Garden on Saturday and Sunday, May 1 and 2, 9 a.m. to noon.

Mukai Farm & Garden will have a spring Nominoichi or flea market sale of Pan Asian collectibles, and featured for sale will be Japanese vegetables and Marshall Strawberry plants, the famous strawberry plant that was grown at the Mukai Farm, that were picked, packed

and shipped around the country. There will also be a selection of popular paperback novels in Japanese.

"Oh my gosh! We are already getting some really cool, unusual and fascinating items donated," said Tina Shattuck, Mukai Farm & Garden Executive Director. "The plant starts will be fun for gardeners, and a lovely way to pay tribute to the role of the Mukai's and many islanders in the success of Vashon's strawberry farms."

If your Asian themed bric-a-brac, knickknacks, curios, art and tchotchkes no longer spark joy, donate them to Mukai! The sale proceeds will be used to support programming, continued restoration, and future work on the Barreling Plant.

actually played by Flaherty's common law wife, and Nanook's name is actually Allakariallak, which isn't anywhere as easy to say, nor does it mean polar bear, like Nanook does. Flaherty portrayed what was going on in the arctic, and the coast of Ireland and on the Louisiana bayou, but the stories always had a script, and in the case of the Louisiana Story, oil money funding it so that life there was as idyllic as could be, or so it was shown to seem.

Which brings us to My Octopus Teacher, which I will admit is a beautiful film. I sat with that thought for about a day, and then some things began to not quite work for me. A couple things from the start didn't seem quite right, starting with the water. I did think it was noble of the main character to not wear a wetsuit even though the water temperaturegiven to us in centigrade- worked out to somewhere in the high 40's to low 50's. In truth, I have friends who have been in colder water, so I will give a little on that point. I didn't, however, understand why the main character was using freediving fins in a basic, snorkeling situation. They do look elegant, and as it turned out I found that it was either the director or the writer (both?) who does freediving, which also explains the ability of the main character to stay down under for longer than normal sequences. Either that, or it's the editing.

It is, of course, in the editing where we are able to anthropomorphize the octopus. As it is, one can scrape together a bunch of otherwise disconnected clips and arrange them to tell any story you want to since the animal itself has no say in it, while the story line of the narrator rules the show. I will admit, I sit here at home alone and talk to the dogs and the cat and they do all respond as if we are totally communicating- some times. And I did see the science talk on octopi up at the VCA a few years back, and it would seem that if there were one sea creature we could directly commune with it would be an octopus, or a dolphin, or an orca. At least I would like to think that I could. And so I will apologize now for ruining the illusion. It's just that part of me is still wrastlin' with what a documentary film actually is. Colette was a straight forward documentary about a 90 year old woman who was an active member of the French Resistance and who lost her brother to a Nazi concentration camp during the War, and wouldn't go to Germany because of it. She probably otherwise wouldn't have if the director of this film hadn't convinced her to go back and maybe make some peace through the trip. I know she finally did go- I don't know that she found peace from it. Maybe a Hollywood ending would have solved everything. But then, would it have been a documentary?

Winnie Needs a Home

April 30 is National Adopt a Shelter Pet Day, and I think you should celebrate it by adopting me! Although a lady never has to tell her age, I'll admit that I'm a "senior catizen." I've had a hard life but am feeling much better these days, thanks to a special diet and medicine that's been prescribed for me. I'm looking for a nice quiet retirement home where I can be the only pet.

I spend most of my time relaxing but still like to play sometimes. Even



more than toys, I love my heating pad (and I'll get to bring it with me to my forever home). And if you're reading this after April 30, no problem - EVERY day is a good day to adopt a shelter pet!

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

Island Epicure

Nuts: Magic foods for Longer Life

By Marj Watkins

Researchers investigating nutritional values foods came up with a list of the 100 best. Walnuts were nearly at the top of the list, beaten out only by flax seeds as a source of omega-3 fats. In a 30-year study of 119,000 men and women, they found that the people who ate nuts seven times or more each week had a 20% lower risk of dying from any cause during the course of the study--diseases, accidents, anything!

A quarter cupful of walnut halves offers you as much omega-3 fat as three ounces of salmon. The walnuts, like all nuts and seeds, also yield wonderworking vitamin E. It benefits your heart and eyes, helps prevent or cope with arthritis, and prevents formation of the free radicals involved in Alzheimers. A small bowl of mixed nuts used to be passed around the table at the end of the main meal. It was a good custom.

Walnuts are a staple in my kitchen, as are almonds (good source of calcium and magnesium). As a between meals snack, a quarter cup of walnut halves and pieces contributes 162 calories and 3.6 grams of protein. Pistachios in the shell are also great for snacking. It takes too long for you to get the nut out for you to eat too many. Scatter the bulk pistachios on a fruit or vegetable salad. They're higher in Vitamin B1 than most nuts.

For an easily prepared meal at

the end of a warm, busy day—and it promises to be a hot summer—try this salad followed by an omelet and wholegrain bread dipped in extravirgin olive oil and balsamic vinegar. Or without even turning on the cookstove whip up a this salad to eat with all-rye bread and cheese.

Apple & Walnut Salad Serves 1 to 2

Red lettuce leaf or leaves

1 rib celery, washed and sliced crosswise

½ organic apple, diced

1/4to 1/2 cup walnut pieces, chopped 1 Tablespoons dried cranberries or sour cherries

Dressing (see below)

Wash the lettuce and pat it dry. Tear it to pieces. Line a bowl with the pieces.

Add the celery and the apple. Top with the walnut pieces and dried fruit. Serve with this soured cream dressing, another omega-3 source.

Cream Dressing Makes 5 ounces

½ cup whipping cream

2 Tablespoons lemon juice or rice vinegar

1 teaspoon freshly grated gingerroot Dash salt, optional

Mix all ingredients. Let the dressing stand for a couple of minutes to thicken. Serve. For a beverage, pomegranate juice diluted with sparkling water would balance the fats.

When accompanied by bread and olive oil for dipping it into, you get some more omega-3 fat from the olive oil. It isn't fattening. Greeks get up to 40% of their daily calories from olive oil, yet I never saw a fat Greek in Athens or on any of the nearby Greek islands we visited, nor in Crete where we lived one winter.

Pumpkin Spice Needs a Home

When you think of pumpkin spice, autumn might come to mind, but believe me, I'm a cat for all seasons! You'll never meet a kitty who wants to be with you more than I do. If I could spend 24 hours a day sitting on a lap, that would be perfect. I've heard about aloof cats who ignore people until it's mealtime. Not this girl - I provide nonstop companionship.

Is your lap empty right now? Let me help you out with that!



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May 16 Commemorates Japanese American Day of Exile at Mukai on Vashon

On May 16, 1942, with two days' notice, armed guards herded 111 Vashon residents onto trucks at the island's downtown Ober Park to be sent to detention camps in Pinedale, California. Their crime was to be of Japanese descent during WWII.

May 16, 2021 the Friends of Mukai will commemorate that Day of Exile at 1:00 p.m. with an event at Mukai Farm & Garden at 18017 107th SE, Vashon Island. The Vashon-Maury History Museum is co-sponsoring the event. The public invited to participate in this socially distanced event, at no cost, in person or on-line at https://bit.ly/3dtXxe9.

For their crime, Vashon's Japanese Americans spent the next four years shunted between different internment camps in remote and desolate locations. Some families moving up to five times, breaking community connections. Only 30 percent of those who were imprisoned returned to Vashon Island.

Some of their experiences:

- Ujiro, Fuyo, and son Yukichi Nishiyori left behind the chicken ranch they started on Bank Road in 1907 in the hands of their neighbors. Those neighbors, the Thurston's, acted as caretakers during the Nishiyori's imprisonment.
- Jazu, Katsu and son Sam Sakamoto, never came back to their leased berry farm. They did not return to Vashon Island after the war.
- High school senior and 1942 Valedictorian Daigo Togami was not being able to graduate from Vashon High School with his class. He never gave his Valedictorian address.
- Sixteen young women and men left families that were incarcerated to serve in the Army's 442nd Regimental Combat Team (RCT), the Nurse Corps, and military intelligence.
- Taichi and Nami Miyoshi and their sons Glenn and Masa, who fought in the 442nd RCT, lost their home and belongings in a fire set by anti-Japanese



arsonists to prevent Japanese Americans from returning to the island.

The event will feature the ringing of a temple bell for each family whose lives were abruptly interrupted and forever changed on that date. Abbott Koshin Cain of the Puget Sound Zen Center will offer a prayer, Seattle poet Larry Matsuda will do a reading, with music and reflection. The public is welcome, but to assist with planning, register at https://bit.ly/3dtXxe9. Those who cannot attend may watch the ceremony live on Mukai Farm & Garden's Facebook page.

Mukai Farm & Garden is being restored and managed by the Friends of Mukai to celebrate Vashon's Japanese American and agricultural heritage, and the greater Asian American Pacific Islander communities. Mukai shows how history lives and is relevant to our lives today.

Day of Exile event registration link https://bit.ly/3dtXxe9

Mukai Farm & Garden mukaifarmandgarden.org

Road to Resilience

Continued from Page 1

biosphere. On the plus side, our family grows immensely with our every decision based on not just our well-being but more on the well-being of the ecosphere (our sphere also). By accepting and embracing the right and necessity of all of nature to thrive, we connect ourselves intimately with the abundance, variety, resilience, and wisdom of a biome that has developed over billions of years. By allowing it to predominate, we secure our future as well if we prove to be useful in maintaining its stability. Many have said that nature needs man like a fish needs a bicycle, but I don't believe that. I think that there is purpose and maybe even intent in evolution so that our mere existence is meant to serve some purpose, and the serving of that purpose will be our most deeply satisfying and meaningful experience.

So, on the one hand, we have the opportunity to end our separation from nature and live in a state of quiet abundance and equality. On the other, we can continue

to try to remake the world exclusively in our image. That implies that we continue the loss of biodiversity even though we understand that many vital links will have to be reinvented and maintained by us at great cost to make the world viable. We can expect that our replacement for natural functions will be tawdry in comparison to the real thing and that access to those services will favor the wealthy. Strict control will be required to make things work and that eliminates political systems that allow freedom or equality. We know that this strategy will sorely task the world's ability to heal itself, will probably end up being dystopian, and could become completely unviable, ending in extinction.

Which world do you want to live in? One with constraints, communion, and protection or one that exalts human control and dominion? That's the decision we have to make.

Comments? terry@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

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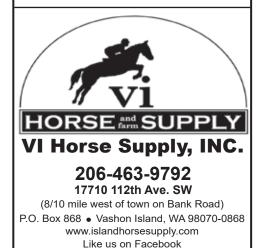
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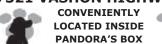
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