



Vashon Cemetery's First Green Burial

By March Twisdale

On January 21, 2023, Patricia Buchanan was laid to rest in the manner of her choosing, in the new Green Burial section of the Vashon Cemetery. After a lifetime of achievements, both as a community organizer and a world-class triathlete, her son Donnie Sakaida said, "Mom was ultra-competitive, so being the first one there, and setting a good example, this would make Mom very happy."

Patricia's burial decision reflected a blend of environmental responsibility and connection with her heritage, as her father was Jewish. In Judaism, "green" burials – designed to return the body to the earth in as natural a way as possible – have been traditional for thousands of years. Donnie and Akemi Sakaida, Patricia's son and daughter, deeply appreciate the support they received from Louise Olsen and Suzanne Greenberg of the Vashon Havurah,

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Yes! Supplement With Vitamin D To Protect From COVID-19

By Caitlin Rothermel

If you live in the Pacific Northwest, or any climate that goes relatively sunless over winter, it's important to think about vitamin D. For half the year, your body synthesizes its own vitamin D, thanks to the sun. But that changes in the winter, thanks to gray skies and less daylight.

This winter gap is a problem, because having enough vitamin D is essential for your bones, immune system, and the bacteria in your gut. Vitamin D also helps to combat viruses, and solid evidence now shows that supplementing with vitamin D protects against COVID-19 infections, hospitalizations, and death.

A bit of background. In 2020, scientists were quick to notice a link between COVID-19 and vitamin D levels. Patients with lower vitamin D blood levels (less than 20 ng/mL) became sick more often, had more hospital admissions, and were less likely to survive.

But there were important questions. Were people's low vitamin D levels causing poor outcomes? Or was the SARS-CoV-2 infection itself somehow draining vitamin D from the body, causing poor outcomes? Vitamin D clearly played a role, but there was a "What came first, the chicken or the egg?" conundrum.

Also unclear was whether only Vitamin D taken prophylactically (regularly and preventatively, before any infection) was protective, or if there was benefit to Vitamin D administered after the infection began.

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Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle's Farm and Other Lost Treasures!



By March Twisdale

I grew up in the late 1970s and early 1980s. Long before high tech games and distractions became ubiquitous and childhood changed in so many ways.

Gone are the days when children burst forth into their neighborhoods, playing Red Light, Green Light in the streets, dodging slow-moving cars headed home as the work day came to an end. No longer do street lamps stare down at a kaleidoscope of play, until, with the flickering of their bulbs, they trigger a fleet-footed diaspora of children racing home for dinner (and to avoid getting in trouble for being late).

Where, today, do gaggles of children discover myriad nooks, crannies, and other hiding spots, while playing every version of Hide & Seek or Tag imaginable? Who remembers the hundreds of rhymes chanted by girls, slapping their hands in rapid, coordinated moves? Most have been lost from memory, in one generation.

My childhood activities existed almost entirely in the minds of those alive at the time. Like most oral histories, if you distract (or wipe out) a generation or two, you lose much. From clay tablets and cave paintings, cuneiform and hieroglyphics, the printing press, typewriters, and now digital ones and zeros, the written word is simply more resilient.

And so, from Chaucer to Machiavelli, Shakespeare to C.S. Lewis, Upton Sinclair to Jane Austen ... our past is filled with awesome stories waiting to be re-discovered.

Which brings me to a collection of children's books written by our island's own Betty MacDonald! Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle is a character every child (and parent) deserves to meet. I've read all of her books at least a dozen times, seeking out these beloved books in libraries from Santa Barbara to Reno, Sacramento to Morro Bay, Walnut Creek to Santa Cruz, and now here on Vashon Island.

As a child, I knew these books met a deep need within myself. Now, I can see the three ways in which Betty MacDonald eased my childhood concerns. First, it was always clear, in a subtle way, that the parents were a part of the problem. Second, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle didn't "fix" a single child. They fixed themselves. No lectures necessary, although some of her magical animals flung a few pointed words about! And third, to the best of my memory, the driving

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AtWork! On Vashon Island. Part 1 – What Is Supported Employment?

By Aly Norling

When, amidst the pandemic, Vashon lost Seeds4Success, the Island's only supported employment organization, AtWork! stepped in to continue providing employment services for Islanders with intellectual and developmental disabilities (I/DD). AtWork! is a supported employment nonprofit organization that works throughout Washington state to match people with I/DD with good jobs in their communities.

Supported employment also means providing the ongoing, onsite support an individual might need to retain the job. At its core, supported employment is a tool for achieving equal rights, equal pay, and equal opportunities for people with disabilities who wish to participate in their community's workforce. I began working for AtWork! to make this happen on Vashon a year ago this month!

Supported employment has three phases: discovery, job development, and job coaching. Discovery ensures that we find meaningful job matches for an individual by administering creative activities that help us learn about the individual's skills, talents, and dreams before matching them with a job. The job development phase is a super-fun endeavor in which we speak with Island businesses about supported employment, and work with them to match the skills and talents of the individuals we represent with the needs of the business. Finally, the job coaching phase is where we provide

job training assistance to the employee and the employer, continue providing on-site assistance during work shifts, and set up accommodations within the workplace to sustain future independence for the employee.

Job coaching, like I/DD, exists on a spectrum. So, while some individuals we support simply utilize check-ins with their job coach, others make use of continued one-on-one job coaching for the entirety of their career. This diversity amongst the people we serve, and the creativity involved in providing the best services possible, is what makes supported employment always fun and rewarding.

By writing about AtWork! on Vashon over the course of three issues of The Vashon Loop, I hope to increase awareness about the benefits that supported employment brings to our community, find new business partners who wish to participate, and provide Islanders who qualify with a guide to our services if they are seeking help with employment.

In my year providing supported employment to the Island, I have seen such joy brought to our neighbors with I/DD, their coworkers, their employers, and our community at large. I hope to continue to grow AtWork!'s services and increase equality in the island workforce.

For more information about AtWork!, visit atworkwa.org, call (425) 274-4000, or contact Aly at AlyN@atworkwa.org.



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Emcee: Craig Beles. Sound provided by Martin Feveyear.

These are all talented songwriters and performers, so the afternoon will be fun!

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What Brought You to the Island?

By Scott Harvey

Our journey to Vashon began over 30 years ago when I lost my job as part of a RIF (reduction in force). This was shortly after the Rodney King riots in Southern California. At the time, my wife Michelle and I came to the conclusion that Southern California no longer was a good place to raise a family.

We narrowed our search to living within a one-hour drive to an ocean. Heavy annual snow and humid summers eliminated most of the East Coast and Gulf. We researched quality of life and career opportunities. We ultimately decided to join my brother-in-law, who lives in Ollala, and move to the Puget Sound.

After dozens of cold-call inquiries, over many months, I secured a position and moved into temporary housing in Seattle, while Michelle and our son, Stephen, prepared our home for sale.

I began our search for a home knowing nothing about the region. However, my co-workers told me to avoid Mercer Island and Tacoma, for different reasons. We were seeking some acreage, with trees, and looked everywhere within what we believed was a reasonable commute to Seattle – Snohomish, Issaquah, Sammamish, and Kitsap County

Just by chance, while riding on the triangle route, I spied a real estate ad for a geodesic dome home on Vashon. Michelle and I were fascinated with the unique architecture, and wanted to see if it would fit our needs. Fortunately for

us, our realtor, Emma Amiad, was on "Vashon time." During the hour we waited, I discovered the listing for our home on the real estate office wall.

When my mother-in-law, who was helping with the search, saw the home, she insisted it was perfect and that Michelle should immediately fly up to make an offer. The house was owned by a relocation company, which had it because the former owner had been unable to sell it, after Boeing had transferred him.

Our adventure was not over. Michelle and Stephen flew from California with our two golden retrievers on the day the closing documents were signed. After the documents were complete, we were shocked to discover we would not get the keys for three more days! Since our in-laws had handled over all the paperwork with our home in California, this was our first real estate purchase. We did not know about the three-day right of rescission!

It already was the afternoon, and the five of us had no place to spend the night. Fortunately, Emma Amiad came to the rescue. After we agreed to take care of the property, promised to not make any additional demands, and keep her indiscretion secret (until now), she gave us the keys. We moved in on my birthday, three days before we owned the house.

Only after we closed did my co-workers tell me we had moved to the "granola" island. A description we soon understood. My mother-in-law had been right. While our house was not "perfect," Vashon was the perfect

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place to raise our son, who graduated from Vashon High School and ultimately became an elementary school teacher.

The summer of '93 was gray, overcast, and rainy, so everyone was apologizing for the "terrible" weather we were "enduring." Coming from Southern California, we thought we were living in heaven. Besides, we really thought it was rainy and gray all the time in Seattle. It was so long ago; we did not know we had found our forever home.



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The Vashon Loop

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How Does a Mistake Become a Lie?

Many of us have heard the story of a regretful young George Washington who, upon being accused of harming his father’s cherry tree, said something along the lines of, “I cannot tell a lie ... I did cut it with my hatchet.”

This story perfectly illustrates the well-understood and universally accepted axiom that honesty is the best policy. Yet, despite this, not everyone is honest. Why is that?

If you ever have a chance to visit George and Martha Washington’s home in Mount Vernon, look a little more deeply into Mason Locke Weems’ biography, “The Life of Washington,” in which he describes the mythic cherry tree incident.

“Pa,” said George, very seriously, “Do I ever tell lies?”

His father goes on to say, “No, George, I thank God you do not, my son,” but then he follows up with an acknowledgment that is truly humble and mature, saying that many parents “Compel their children to this vile practice, by barbarously beating them for every little fault; hence, on the next offence, the little terrified creature slips out a lie! Just to escape the rod.”

I would hazard a guess that most parents on our lovely Island are of the same opinion as George Washington’s fabled father. We recognize that lies are often not the result of inherent immorality or a desire to trick and



fool other people. Lies are how we seek to avoid consequences we fear.

In the challenging world of journalism, everyday, average, normal, fallible human beings are constantly putting their reputations on the line as they publish what they believe to be true at that moment. Read those last three words again. “At that moment.” What, dear reader, is a journalist to do, when a few moments, weeks, months, or years later ... they learn better?

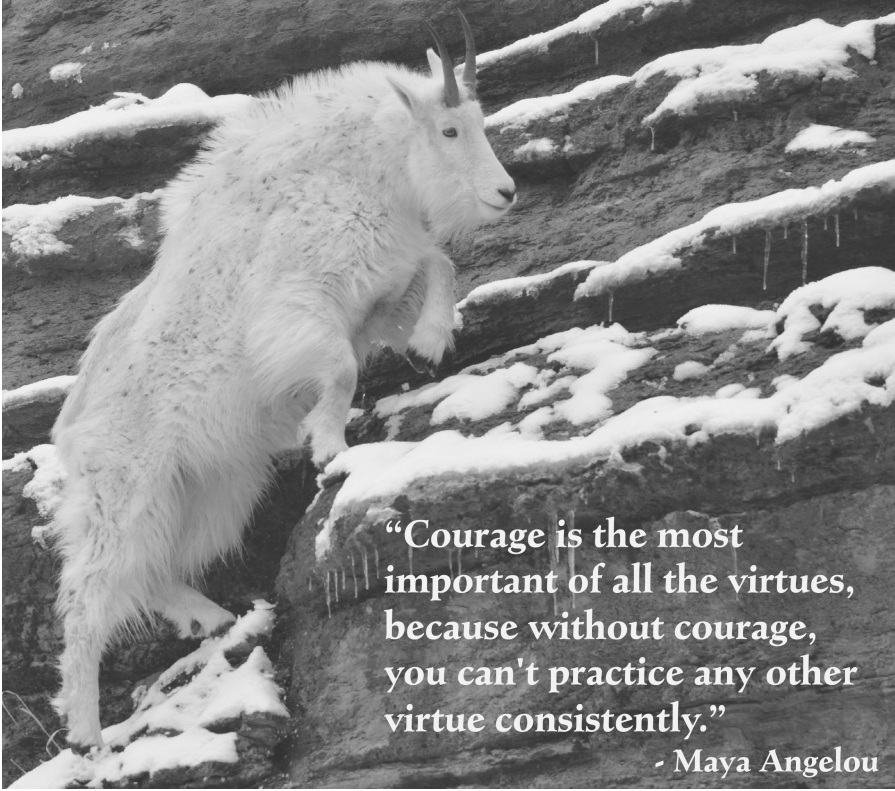
If you have a movie night coming up, let us recommend one of these: All the President’s Men, Absence of Malice, Mr. Jones, The Paper, The Post, Call Northside 777 (if you love Jimmy Stewart in “It’s a Wonderful Life,” I suspect you’ll love this, too), and who could possibly forget Spotlight, which won the 2016 Best Picture winner, depicting how the Boston Globe’s investigative unit exposed a sexual abuse scandal in the city’s all-powerful Catholic Church?

The power of the pen is indeed mighty, but it comes with a heavy

burden of responsibility. For a journalist, second only to doing one’s absolute best to get the story right the first time around, is a commitment to putting forth the same effort when significant updates and corrections arise, especially when they are of commensurate importance to society.

Realistically, for this to happen, society must invite, encourage, and support journalists who correct the record. We must honor and reward them. Sing their praises. And show our gratitude and respect. We must make it safe to tell the truth.

Which brings us back to the title of this article. How does a mistake become a lie? It’s simple. When a journalist discovers they’ve made a



mistake, we expect them to correct the record. LOUDLY. If they do this, our trust in them is strengthened. If they don’t ... if they let the error stand, dodge their responsibility, duck and run, or obfuscate the truth by ignoring it? Then they become a liar. By default.

Liar prevention recipe: Retract proven errors loudly and replace them with new, better information.

The Vashon Loop is published monthly

“Courage is the most important of all the virtues, because without courage, you can’t practice any other virtue consistently.”
- Maya Angelou

Why Not Artificial Intelligence (AI)?

By Andy Valencia

Starting with this issue, The Vashon Loop has updated its editorial policies to clarify that AI-generated art and writing are not eligible for publication in the paper or on the web site.

I felt like I should explain my reasons for proposing this new policy, and why I’m pleased it has been adopted. Why do I want The Loop to be “By humans, for humans?”

Using *reductio ad absurdum*, imagine AI routines replacing every human function. Each AI is writing, reading the writing, gardening, cooking, building, sleeping, drawing, and even critiquing itself or other AIs. There are no humans needed – although perhaps a tribe will be kept in a zoo. The AIs use less power, can be smaller, faster, and can reprogram away any undesired tendency as soon as it is detected. When one becomes inconvenient, it can be deleted.

Was nothing lost? Or everything?

All of the AI in the modern world is created using either rule-based systems, or pattern detection and application. In the former, humans manually distill the guidelines that control the AI application. In the latter, the AI application detects and correlates patterns within enormous amounts of human-made media – writing, images, audio samples, and the like. In either case, the AI then applies its existing data – its knowledge base – to process new questions or other requests. It uses the same knowledge base – in reverse – to form an answer.

Thus, all current AI you’ll

encounter is based on what people have done and thought previously. For each 1,000 year sample back in time for which we can find artifacts, there are profound revolutions in thought, as expressed by art and literature. AI simply apes this great arc of human expression. It would be an implausible, even fantastic, coincidence that humans are done with inspiration, innovation, and genius, just as this brand-new mimic arrives. What comes next matters.

Every technology arrives with its own new risks. For AI, the danger is that its derivative use of past human achievement will become a blight on future prospects. History is full of examples where the pursuit of efficiency resulted in catastrophe, and efficiency is the siren call of AI. Wrapped in novelty, the latest generation of AI-ChatGPT is in its vanguard – enjoying bemused acceptance by homo sapiens. It can write essays, poems, even pass tests.

When we’re increasingly told that the world does not need us, at what point do we start objecting?

The Loop is dedicating its resources to humans. It is placing its bet, if you will, on the belief that value comes from people. AI steals from humanity, offering the cheap, bland, and efficient in place of true human expression. Corporations and governments (but I repeat myself) view us all as a messy and unfortunate accident, and AI offers tantalizing new possibilities. Against this stands only the sentiment, “People are valuable.” Make it a statement, not a question.

Challenges LOVE Creative Solutions

In the summer of 2022, three members of our Editorial Team gathered in a garden to discuss our Island’s media landscape. No one newspaper can do it all, we concluded, and voila! The Vashon Loop was rebirthed, under new ownership!

At the same time, the cost of paper and fuel skyrocketed. Two months later, we published our inaugural September issue, paying double the normal price.

The Loop has traditionally been advertiser-supported, but these are unique economic times. The trouble with inflation is everything becomes more expensive. The value of money drops, belts are tightened, and the ripple effect is inescapable.

What’s a business to do? In most cases, you pass the costs on to the customer. As sticker shock becomes the norm at the gas station, our eyes glaze over as eggs crest \$10 a dozen, and it’s harder and harder to get hyped up at our favorite “energy recharge stations” (i.e., coffee shops), we faced the same questions.

Do we raise our advertising rates? Answer – no. Do we charge money for our paper? Again – no. Instead, we’re going the opposite direction. Our advertising rates are extremely low, plus we offer discounts. We even decided to give our consistent advertisers the month of February – free of charge! Why? Because what goes around comes around, and challenging times call for creative solutions.

David Godsey, of Open Space for Arts and Community, shared their

new, creative ticket pricing structure. The middle-cost ticket is the base price for the event. Then, there’s a higher-priced ticket, which allows Islanders to anonymously contribute toward the third type of ticket, which is discounted to allow for more economic inclusivity. Which ticket to purchase is determined by the individual at the door. No muss, no fuss – just a great night of fun!

As David put it, “We get to trust and care for our neighbors, we get to experience being cared for anonymously, we can give anonymously, and, as our heart grows, it becomes a muscle we can use when needed. And I would say that these days it is pretty much always needed!”

We feel the same way, and we’re eager to share more stories of island creativity during these challenging times! Have a great idea to share? Email us at: editor@vashonloop.com.

Want to support The Vashon Loop by becoming a “voluntary paid reader?” Drop us a check @ PO. Box 2221, Vashon WA 98070, or become a “paid subscriber” to our Substack: <https://vashonloop.substack.com/> – follow the prompts and prepare to be impressed!

We're grateful for all the emails, letters, checks in the mail, and appreciations spontaneously offered out and about. Because of you, our hearts are strengthened, our trust is validated, our sense of reciprocal caring has grown exponentially, and The Loop’s income stream is diversifying, increasing our resiliency! Thank you, Vashon.

Treaty Day – December 26, 1854

By Laurie Tucker*

The Vashon Loop is grateful to the author and those involved with its writing, and to the Vashon-Maury Heritage Museum for permission to reprint this article.

In late December 1854, hundreds of Native people from villages in south Puget Sound gathered at šxʷnanəm (Medicine Creek), having been invited to a potlatch by Territorial Governor Isaac Stevens. They expected to receive gifts, in the tradition of their people. Instead, they were manipulated into ceding their territory of more than 2.56 million acres.

People from s̓xʷəbabš villages of Vashon and Gig Harbor were present for the signing of the treaty on December 26, including Lucy Gerand and her family from Quartermaster Harbor. The canoe was their primary means of distance travel, but December is known to many of the south Sound peoples as “Time to Put the Paddles Away,” because of storms and risky conditions on the waters. Travel down to the Nisqually River area and erecting dry temporary housing would have been difficult in the cold, rainy winter.

The Native people suffered from other disadvantages. Between 1780 and 1840, diseases had decimated their population, reducing it by 50%, and severely impacting their traditional lifeways. In addition, American settlers had been rapidly moving into the south Sound area after Congress passed the Donation Land Act of 1850, with the population doubling between 1852 and 1853 in Washington Territory.

Increasing encroachment led to increasing hostilities. By the time of the treaty gathering, morale was low, and many Native people felt they had no choice but to sign. Because language use for the proceedings was Chinook jargon, a trade language of less than 700 words, actual concepts were poorly communicated.

Island Voices

When John Hiton, a leading man of the Puyallup, and credited by the anti-treaty Native leaders with being influential in getting the document signed, was asked why he signed the treaty if he believed it unfair, he stated, “There was no alternative. It was that or destruction by the whites. It was better to be left with something.” (Richard White, The Treaty at Medicine Creek)

“Every one of them recognized that there was no power that could protect them from the encroachment of the white settlers, save...the Government of the United States...which had possession of the whole country and could do as they pleased with it.” (Colonel Benjamin Shaw, The Puyallup Tribal News, December 8, 2011)

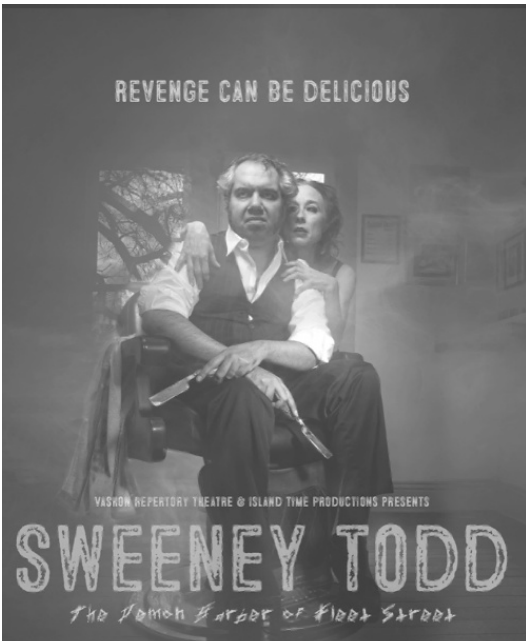
Many of the s̓xʷəbabš people, forced by the treaty to leave their homes on Vashon-Maury Islands, moved to the Puyallup Reservation to start over. While the treaty promised that Native people could continue to fish in their usual and accustomed places, it took the Boldt Decision of 1974 to uphold those rights in the courts.

Today, the Puyallup Tribe is a strong, thriving, sovereign nation of over 5,000 members, and is one of the largest employers in Pierce County. With perseverance and courage, the Puyallup Tribe continues to care for its members and sustain a good way of life for future generations.

* This article was written by Laurie Tucker with support from Rayna Holtz. They received guidance from Brandon Reynon, Puyallup Tribal Historic Preservation Officer.

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Land Acknowledgement – txʷəlšucid

Last issue, we suggested that nature expresses in the language its people speak, especially over generations, when the people have a rich relationship with place.

Here in the Puget Sound region, the language of land, sea, and people is called txʷəlšucid (which sounds a bit like “twuhlshootseed”). It is also known as dxʷləšucid, or xʷəlšucid, or other names depending on the tribe. In English, it is known as Lushootseed.

Spoken are two sub-dialects, Northern and Southern, with local dialects within each. The Lushootseed Dictionary notes: “Each traditional village, even each household, in Lushootseed-speaking territory could at one time be identified by its speech.” The language of the s̓xʷəbabš, this Island’s indigenous people, is a Southern dialect of txʷəlšucid.

Last issue, we touched on how the sounds of the waters are in the name s̓xʷəbabš, the Swiftwater People. The following two words are sounds we might hear in nature, as well as the names for the creatures who make them:

kaʔkaʔ

waqwaq

The sounds:

? – is what’s known as a glottal stop. The air is abruptly stopped with the glottis, and explosively released, as when we say “uh, oh.

k – The “glottalized k” is a k sound combined with the glottal stop to make a popping noise.

q – The “glottalized q,” is a q sound combined with the glottal stop to make a popping noise.

a – in both these words, a makes an “ah” sound, as in father

Try and sound out the words. Can you guess who the two creatures are who make them? Perhaps if you step outside right now, you’ll hear the first one. When warmer evenings return, you may hear the second one. In the case of these two creatures, their distinctive sounds are their names in txʷəlšucid.

Of course not every txʷəlšucid word and phrase is overtly an expression of some specific aspect of nature. For resources for hearing and speaking Lushootseed, visit this article on vashonloop.com.

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In the heart of town

Early Wage Slaves – Part One

By Seán Malone and John Sweetman

I hired a crew to reroof the cabin. After 60 years, the leaks and weight of the moss had compromised the roof. There are just some things that have to be done, whether you need to or not.

John and I were watching the workmen, and were grateful we were not up on the roof where gravity was not going to be your friend. The view would have been great, had it not been raining, and we could see practically the same view from the large window in the cabin, where we could contemplate the benefits of retirement. Warmer and drier is always good.

At that point, we heard a slight commotion on the roof as one of the younger lads assisting was being admonished for bringing a wrong tool up to the experienced roofer.

We looked at each other and both acknowledged our early work as “gophers.” As in, “Go bring me this,” and “No! Go back and bring me the tool I asked for!”

That’s how we began working for actual wages, as Seán will relate below.

It was 1952, and I was looking for work for the summer. It was a three-quarter mile walk from my house to the pier at Cove, the home of Skippercraft Boats. Harry Larsen hired me to sweep the floors. It was only later that I was allowed to work on the boats.

My work was wiping stain and filler off the Mahogany foredeck of a

Skippercraft 17-footer, and Harry Larsen was watching over my shoulder as he was wont to do. “Seán, you have to wipe the stain and filler off faster lest it dry and give the Mahogany a muddy-looking finish.” I was 12 years old and making 75 cents an hour. I didn’t mind advice from the owner and inventor of Skippercraft boats.

I was using a burlap bag to rub the excess stain and filler off the beautiful Mahogany foredeck, and as I rubbed harder, the grain of the Mahogany came out, and the finish didn’t have that “muddy” look anymore.

It was almost a mile from our house to the Cove marina, and I walked it both ways to get to work. When lunchtime came, the carpenters would retire to the dock to eat. They couldn’t smoke in the building because of fire danger, and instead chewed tobacco. Some took Snoose or Copenhagen, while others chewed Brown’s Mule, which had to be carved off the “plug.” I was offered the latter one day to chew after dinner, went upstairs to sweep, and lost my chew of Brown’s Mule on the sawdust-covered floor.

The next day, I was at the Cove store and bought a plug of Brown’s Mule, because it made me feel more manly and accessible to the problems at hand. What a mistake! I chewed for 60 years, and remain taking it on occasion. It seems to enhance my life, and what I have left of it, even though I know it’s a bad habit.

Continued on Page 10

Falling Through the Cracks – Part 2

By March Twisdale

In Part One, I shared how our family found itself deserted by the Social Security Administration, for over ten months and counting ...

Thankfully, I speak Spanish. Thankfully, the Mexican Consulate helped us piece together this bureaucratic puzzle. Thankfully, I have a cell phone service that allows me to call Mexico. Thankfully, after a woman put me on hold because I asked if she spoke English, a nice young man picked up my call and stuck it out with me as we blundered our way through a muddled conversation filled with imperfect English and Spanish. When he found my husband’s birth certificate, first I started screaming, then I started laughing. Later, I cried.

Of course, our debacle wasn’t over. “When will we hear back?” I asked of the Burien Social Security Office employee, as she photocopied my husband’s birth certificate. “A couple weeks,” was the reply.

A couple weeks came. And went. So, I reached out to the Social Security Department by phone, no longer trusting the staff at the Burien Office. The nice gentleman on the phone was confused and then annoyed. According to him, they were simply sitting on it. No forward progress.

Keep in mind, we filed for my husband’s retirement benefits in April and it’s now December. And, they’re sitting on it? The nice gentleman on the phone said he would put in a “RUSH” order, which would require the staffers at Burien to process our

application within three (3) weeks, and then he apologized. Profusely. I said, “It’s got to be awful denying people their benefits, with no real power over the situation.” He said, “Yes, it is awful.”

A few days later, my husband discovered he was unable to sign up for Medicare, because the Social Security Department was still “processing” his retirement benefits, putting him in danger of missing the post-retirement Medicare Sign Up Deadline. If you miss it, they penalize you every month for life.

So, I grabbed my phone and called up Pramila Jayapal’s office (again) to ask for help. They flew into action! About two weeks later...my husband’s much-delayed SS benefits finally landed in our bank account, and he was able to sign up for Medicare. Whew!

My take away that I hope to share with you all today is that it’s okay to enjoy and appreciate systems when they work. Just know, in your heart of hearts, that sometimes those nets fail, and if you don’t have the time, energy, support or resources to solve the problem...what then?

If I didn’t speak Spanish. If I wasn’t able to visit the Social Security Office seven (7) times. If I didn’t have a cell phone that offered service in Mexico. If I worked full-time. If I didn’t own a car! In so many ways, my struggle was easy, because we are firmly middle class. What if we weren’t?

There are people in America who are being failed by these systems, and

The Six Virtues for Saving Humanity

By Mark A. Goldman

Truth – Honor – Dignity – Compassion – Courage – Love

Many humans have trouble understanding the deepest meaning of these words, and how important they are to the success of both humanity and their own personal success and happiness.

If you can understand and live the deepest meaning of any one of these words, you will inevitably understand the deepest meaning of the other five as well. In trying to understand and be in alignment with any one of these words, you will soon be confronted and challenged to also understand the others.

You can’t be honorable and not be truthful. You can’t have a deep understanding of what love is if you lack compassion. Can you always maintain your dignity or honor if you lack courage? For any society to be optimally successful, a critical number of its citizens must seek and intend to understand and live in alignment with each of these words. If the nations of the world are to one day live in peace, and the people of those nations are to find meaning and

happiness in their lives, a critical number of their citizens must do the same.

I don’t mean to exclude other words. It’s not about words; it’s about the state of being, the state of consciousness wherein you are someone who lives these values. If you live these values, you will also be and live for justice, kindness, integrity, forgiveness, and other “words” that are in alignment with those six.

How can any of us expect to live in freedom without understanding how to be a free and responsible human being? If you don’t love the truth, or honor the truth, or consistently seek the truth and tell the truth? If you don’t have compassion for yourself and others in the process of trying to understand and live the meaning of what you learn, you will probably not be as happy as you otherwise would be, or as free, or as intelligent.

“The Truth” is what a great many of us already think we know and believe in, in the deepest part of our being. When we live in the state of consciousness I’m talking about, we

Continued on Page 10



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this problem is only going to get worse in the times to come. The cracks are widening. The foundation upon which we stand is shrinking. The darkness below us is growing. And any one of us might fall.

In which case, remember this: You are 100 times more likely to solve your own problem than a burned-out government employee hamstrung by endless, sticky red tape. Do not sit

around being miserable, because you’re waiting for someone to come and rescue you. They may not be coming. Stand up! Face the problem. Ask for help. Then ask again, from someone else. And the next person! Expand your search. Be relentless. Never give up.

Then, move on with your life. Confident and proud of yourself, as a problem-solver. Not a victim.

MINGLEMENT

ORGANIC MARKET EST. 1972

Roasterie History

Minglement, an organic food, herb, and spice store established in 1972 on Vashon was growing, and Eva wanted to move her business into a larger space. A country block away, the original Historic Seattle’s Best Coffee roasting facility, stood empty. The site was well over 100 years old, with its well-worn wooden floors, charming front porch, dramatic high ceilings, and Jim’s original roasting equipment. The beautiful building, at almost the exact coordinates of the center of the Island, was an enticing opportunity.

While moving in, Eva had many conversations with Jim Stewart, the retired founder of Seattle’s Best Coffee. She learned about his Roasterie’s history, and came to

understand his extensive knowledge and profound love of all that is coffee. His commitment to bringing high-quality, traditionally grown, and fully fermented coffees to market sparked Eva’s interest, as did his dedication to offering his expertise and support to farmers and people.

Jim shared with Eva some of the rarest and most flavor-filled coffees in the world, and encouraged her to try her hand at coffee-roasting using his well-seasoned vintage roaster, which was still residing in the basement of the building. Eva learned coffee from the “grounds up,” and she now brings her knowledge and love of organic food, spices, and herbs, both medicinal and culinary, to her coffee company as a part of a new generation of specialty coffee-roasting entrepreneurs.



Kitchen Medicine - Consider Trees

By Marjorie Watkins with Suzanna Leigh

Marj remembers a Sitka spruce, on the ridge above the Siletz River in Oregon where she grew up, as sacred to the indigenous coastal people who lived in the Siletz Valley. Marj says, “When I was a girl, we had many Indian friends. I was told that sick Indians would climb up to the spruce tree, believing that if they could make it there, they would be healed.”

The resin and pitch of spruce have antiseptic, antimicrobial, and antifungal properties, and were used by several North American Indian tribes for lung complaints, sores, and wounds, according to the United States Department of Agriculture Plant Guide. An ointment made from spruce resin can be used to relieve pain from sore muscles and joints, or rubbed on the chest to relieve congestion. Do be careful, though, and use only a small bit the first time to check for reactions. Marj’s logger father was highly allergic to spruce, and was really miserable whenever he had to work around them. Do not use long term or if pregnant.

Susan Vinskofski’s site, learningandyearning.com has many recipes using spruce, as well as several methods of making infused oils.

My neighbor has a willow tree. I wonder if she knows she can make a tea from the bark for pain relief? According to the National Center for Biotechnology Information, willow bark contains salicylic acid in low doses, along with flavonoids and polyphenols, which contribute to a

potent analgesic and anti-inflammatory effect. Willow bark provides “A broader mechanism of action than aspirin ... making it devoid of serious adverse effects” and does not damage the intestinal lining.

The Native Memory Project states that Indigenous peoples commonly used the inner bark (the moist, green inner portion of bark, separated from the protective, dry outer bark), and put it into open wounds as a pain reliever. They made a tea of the dried, crushed inner bark for colds, fever, arthritis, mouth sores, toothache, and general aches and pains.

Willow bark has been used as medicine from as far back as ancient Egyptian times. Although it has some salicylic acid and its derivative is salicin, from which aspirin is made, it does not appear to have the side effects that aspirin does, according to the National Library of Medicine. Still, if you are allergic to aspirin or taking other medications, it is always wise to ask your doctor about possible contraindications.

Willow Tea is commonly made by boiling 1-2 teaspoons of dried bark in 8 oz water for several minutes, then steeping it for a half-hour or so.

Tincture: Soak parts of an herb for several weeks in alcohol or vinegar (to cover), to extract the active components. Alcohol is often the liquid of choice, as it can extract components, such as resins and alkaloids, that are not water-soluble. Willow tincture dose: 2-4 mL, up to 4 times per day.

Although the saying “An apple a

The End All, Be All of Banana Breads!

By Leigh Siergiewicz, ND

After a few of my own adaptations, I’ve made healthy sugar-free banana bread every week for long periods. I often plan ahead to have extra bananas just for this. It’s so sweet, you’d think it’s loaded with sugar, but applesauce is the sweetener!

I’ve made this bread with all kinds of flour, gluten-free, all-purpose works fine if needed. My most commonly used flour at home is spelt, which is a close relative to conventional wheat that often doesn’t bother people with non-celiac gluten sensitivity; you can’t tell the difference at all.

Cinnamon adds flavor, but it is also a natural blood sugar stabilizer.

Banana Bread

Ingredients

- 3 very ripe bananas, mashed
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 cup unsweetened applesauce
- 1 stick butter, melted
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 1 tsp baking soda
- ½ tsp salt



Mix all ingredients together well and bake in a loaf pan at 350° for 1 hour, or 12 standard muffins at 400° for 20 minutes, or until an inserted utensil comes out clean.

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day keeps the doctor away” was coined to sell apples when prohibition made hard cider illegal, there is some truth to the saying. According to the National Center for Biotechnology Information, studies have linked apple consumption to reduced risk of some cancers, cardiovascular disease, asthma, and diabetes. In the laboratory, apples have been found to have very strong antioxidant activity, inhibit cancer cell proliferation, decrease lipid oxidation, and lower cholesterol.

In China, apple tree roots and

bark are used as a diuretic, to reduce fever and pain, and to treat tuberculosis, lungs, rheumatism, boils, and diarrhea.

When harvesting tree barks, cut small slivers lengthwise, as these will soon heal. Never leave a bare ring around the tree trunk. That would kill it. Trees will serve us, but no tree need be sacrificed to heal us.

As with any herbal medicine, start with small doses until you know how your own body will respond, and consult with a doctor if you are on any medications.

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Grief Literacy – Start With Yourself

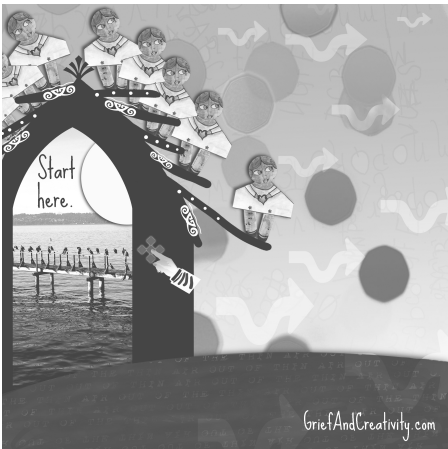
By Kara LC Jones

Two different experiences brought me to today’s column topic. First, I remember reading a poet’s work, after the death of one of his parents, about the surprise of learning there is a whole world of grief support, materials, and organizations. Second, in my own grief experience, I at first thought we had to create what we needed, only to find over time that there was so much available for bereaved parents, ongoing and happening long before we needed it.

It’s something I saw play out repeatedly when I went on to support other families where a child had died. Families very quickly, often not always, wanted to start a foundation or organization, in the name of the child, to do some piece of grief support work. Partly, it is that families often don’t know what else to do with all the love, money, time, and energy that would have been for the child who is no longer physically here. Partly, it is that families don’t realize how much already exists in the world to help guide us in the grief experience.

For the most part, I think we, individually and as a culture, find ourselves surprised about what exists prior to our grief experience because of one thing – grief illiteracy.

Collectively, elements like capitalism don’t want to allow us time and space to gain this type of literacy. Think about the cultural “norm” of three days’ paid bereavement leave.



There’s no planning time offered before death. Three days after the death is pitiful, and doesn’t allow for actual integration of the grief experience and how your life feels now, post-loss. Only those who are full-time employed with benefits get that kind of leave, so contractors, part-timers, and gig workers are all out of luck, and don’t even get those three days of pay.

Individually, I think we humans sometimes still hold a superstitiousness around death, dying, and grief that says, “Don’t look too closely, lest you invoke it!” In my experience, I’ve encountered families who don’t want hospice because they don’t want their loved one to “give up.” They don’t see advanced planning or palliative care/hospice as being about quality of life leading up to death. Rather, they feel that invoking these activities will invoke death. Of course every situation is unique to the person, family, and community, but in general, I feel these

experiences contribute to the our collective cultural reality, where grief illiteracy drums on and on until a person finds themselves in crisis after a loss and is surprised to find a world of grief offerings out here.

So, asking ourselves, friends, families, and even communities to become grief-literate often means it’s going to take a bit of strength and being different, to stand against the norms. It might go a long way toward grief literacy if we first acknowledge this, and begin by asking ourselves things like, “Who might stand with me against these cultural norms to explore grief literacy instead?” Or, “Where exactly do I want to take this stand against grief illiteracy? Within my family, but not in a workplace? Or vice versa?”

It might also be helpful to acknowledge that asking these questions and re-examining our values and priorities takes time, and is a layered proposition. For instance, does shame crop up when we name grief experiences in new ways, because it feels like a betrayal to our family or cultural rules? Again, feelings of belonging can strengthen us to ask these questions and make changes, so you might circle back around to ask, “Who wants to re-examine these things with me?”

To see a few creative approaches I’ve come across that might be helpful in your own path, please see this article on vashonloop.com.

Remember, start somewhere. Start with yourself. And by starting with your own sense of grief literacy, you can add to the cultural shift to collectively raise grief literacy. Let’s be in this creative process together!

The Unadulterated, True Story ...

By Tracey Stover

Bear with me as I weave an inspiring tale about the miracle of you and your body.

Books are overflowing with strange stories of ordinary people achieving extraordinary feats of self-healing, endurance, and dignity, in the face of extreme harshness. When we are committed – passionate – we source from deep within, and transform the impossible into the possible.

Every one of us is talented, as the divine dances through us; we all have something to express. While some are more obscured than others, we all can make more aligned choices that put us on the path with our true nature. So, how do we start on this path of extraordinariness? Great question.

Having provided breath sessions for 20-plus years, I have watched many ordinary folks roll up their sleeves and do the dirty work of cleaning the inner house. This is the foundation of extraordinariness. Yes, it begins with ourselves.

It is astonishing how many folks pay more attention to their cars than they do to their own bodies. A car has to be consistently gassed, cleaned, and fixed. How many of us give as much attention to the quality of food we eat, how well we are hydrated, and whether we get enough exercise? Your body is your personal vehicle, and the most important thing you have. In a world engineered to distract us, be careful not to be lulled into acquiescence.

For starters, nature has given us


all we need, from food to medicine. An approach I use to diagnose my personal well-being is to consider the five pillars of health. These are oxygen, hydration, nutrition, exercise, and meditation (or more deeply, mind). Each pillar relies upon the others to maintain their subtle dynamic balance. Knowing the symptoms of each, one can determine the imbalance that exists. Today, let’s cover the pillar of oxygen.

Oxygen is life for the body. Consider the multiple ways, in addition to breathing, that the body takes in oxygen. Oxygen is absorbed from the water we drink – is your water really clean? Oxygen is absorbed through raw, whole foods – how many of your meals are cooked and processed? We increase oxygen intake when we exercise – how often do you get your heart rate up?

The breath is the doorway between body and mind; the breath literally traverses between the outer and inner body. Oxygen is truly our elixir.

The quality of your breath determines the quality of your life. An in-depth, longitudinal research program called the Framingham Study, started in 1948 and ongoing today, began as cardiovascular research. The investigators discovered that the greatest contributor to life was not diet, exercise, or even genetics – it was lung capacity. We could be 80 years old with the lungs of a 20-year-old. Or we could have lungs atrophied from diminished use over 80 years; this is the vast majority of people.

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No, you do not have to run a marathon every week. Quite the contrary. The Framingham Study found that short bursts, like 10 minutes, of increased heart rate activity, improved lung capacity. The key to a long life is to keep lung elasticity vital over time.

Choosing a life that is extraordinary begins by listening to your body. Oxygen is our primary fuel, so we want to know the quality of our breathing and assess the state of our lungs. Listening means knowing the difference between pain and tightness. Whatever exercise you do, be gentle and consistent, and include short bursts of increased activity to help expand lung capacity. A little each day revitalizes and transforms the body.

Some ways I support my lungs are to take regular walks over rough terrain – walking in the woods, hiking, swimming in natural settings, bouncing on a rebounder, dancing, yoga, breath exercises. Mix it up, and be sure to have fun!

Here is a simple exercise to expand your breath capacity, called “Box Breathing.” Breathe in for 4 counts – hold for 4 counts on the inhale – exhale for 4 counts – hold for 4 counts on the exhale. You can increase the count to 5, 6, and so on, according to what is comfortable.

Remember, your body is magnificent, with incredible capacity for the extraordinary. As the author of your life, what are you choosing? What are you becoming?

Health Disclaimer

Information in The Vashon Loop is meant for educational purposes only. Any health-related content is the opinion of the author alone and should not be used to diagnose or treat medical conditions or to prescribe medicine. Your health is your personal responsibility, and your body and situation is unique. Please consult with an appropriate medical resource or healthcare provider when making healthcare decisions.

Curated by March Twisdale

Around dawn, on Tuesday, January 3rd, Carla Dawn DeCrona completed her transition from this reality into the next. As her friends here on our Island and abroad learn of her passage forward, almost all have remarked upon the light my mother brought into this world. She was as bright in spirit as the glorious, sky blue of her eyes and the kind, warm welcome of her smile. In the months to come, we are pleased to share Carla's writing - with her permission - in the paper and online, where we can better enjoy the vibrancy of her visual artwork: <https://vashonloop.substack.com/>.

A Pilgrimage Begins

At the sea’s threshold, my feet hug the warm sand.
Behind me,
the voices of chant rise,
echo off the cliffs,
ride the wind,
call the guides.
Glistening dolphins surge towards me,
singing in crisp, clear tones:
the Invitation is given.

Behind me,
a life lays sleeping,
a warm, sweet ordinary life,
one I could not live.
Behind me,
mornings full of bird song,

sun on smiling faces,
shaded thoughts of freedom.
Behind me,
tiny dark eyes,
sharp as black stars,
piercing the lies I wore.
Behind me,
around the dying fire,
ash stained faces drum,
each beat cutting the cord,
each beat bidding me farewell.

Before me,
the moonlight path lays bright.
My feet release the land, greet the sea.
Stepping into my kayak,
swaying softly in the glowing foam,
my breathing slows
matching the rhythm of the waves.
One long, deep tone,
links me to all the Aumakua,
opens the Songline.

The dazzle of moon casts its spell.
Sinking into it, I lift my paddle,
snuggle into the close catch of my boat.
Leaning into the waves, I rock forward then back
breaking the bond with the land,
letting the water take me out, away,
into the wildness of the sea,
into the wildness of my life.

Greeting me with puffs of air,

murmured squeaks,
my dolphin escort gathers close.
We touch, edge to edge, skin to skin.
I long to fall into their number
move as one with them
dive deep into hidden realms...
but that mystery must wait.

They brook no delay.
With a spray of cold salt water,
they fling themselves away,
leaping upon the moonlit sea.
Blinking the wetness from my eyes,
my arms already raised to fly,
I fall into the smooth rhythm of my stroke,
one with my oar, one with my craft,
one with the shimmering surface of the sea...

The voices of chant ring out against the dark cliffs,
singing me on my journey,
fading in the distance,
as I unfurl my spirit to the night wind;
A Pilgrimage begins.



Rose Hip and Snowberry
(story in installments)
will return next issue

Two Poems

By Claudia Hollander-Lucas

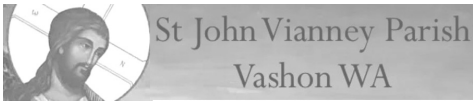
It’s technically winter, but love and spring are in the air. These poems are both about thresholds.

Winter

I am not dreaming –
yet I am elsewhere
maybe with the late moon
outside this cold window
clumps of oatmeal cloud
move slowly west against the tide –
a pulse of cotton reflects
the feather’d candy ring
that surrounds her –
a chariot most celestial
I am not dreaming –
this frosted disc
this gentle sleigh
and all the rest
who leisurely glide
into the long
the almost –
threshold
of spring.

I Love Spring

actually
late winter
the aching strength
of lime green blades
crocuses
simple and brave
edible butter buds
Bravest of all
followed by everyone
else
We pedal into sun’s
tipping point
head first



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Yes! Supplement With Vitamin D

Continued from Page 1

These early vitamin D COVID-19 studies were mostly small, conducted by independent medical groups and universities. Many studies were underpowered – that is, they did not include enough people for their results to be conclusive from a probability standpoint. This doesn’t mean the work was faulty, but reflects the gradual pace that medical research takes when it’s not funded by the pharmaceutical industry or large government grants. Typically, this is the actual speed of science.

Recent, definitive evidence for the protective benefits of vitamin D has come from a meta-analysis. According to Dictionary.com, “A meta-analysis is a statistical process that combines data from multiple studies to find common results and identify overall trends.” When conducted properly, a meta-analysis is considered one of the strongest forms of medical evidence.

The study, “Protective Effect of Vitamin D Supplementation on COVID-19-Related Intensive Care Hospitalization and Mortality: Definitive Evidence from Meta-Analysis and Trial Sequential Analysis,” was conducted by Italian researchers, evaluated patients hospitalized for COVID-19, and was published in January 2023. It used “trial sequential analysis” to combine patients from 5 carefully selected randomized controlled trials into a single, pooled population with enough power to draw conclusions.

What did the study find? Vitamin D supplementation during

hospitalization significantly reduced the risk of death by 51% and intensive care admissions by 72%.

For a United States perspective, and to understand the role of preventive vitamin D, it’s good to know about a 2022 US Department of Veterans Administration study. It examined whether approximately 230,000 patients with a history of taking vitamin D2 or D3 were less likely to become infected with COVID-19 or die from the disease – compared to about 230,000 patients not taking vitamin D. The study also looked at patients’ vitamin D blood levels both before and after COVID-19 infection.

The results? Patients taking prophylactic vitamin D3 had 20% fewer COVID-19 infections and were 33% less likely to die; patients taking vitamin D2 had similar results. Those who took a higher dosage of vitamin D had greater benefit. All of these results were statistically significant.

This study is unique and important because the VA has access to comprehensive patient information not available in most US healthcare settings. The VA was able to show cause and effect because they knew whether or not patients had supplemented with vitamin D, as well as their vitamin D blood levels both before and after COVID-19.

This is the first article in a series on vitamin D – there is much left to say! Next month, we’ll look at medical recommendations and research regarding vitamin D

supplementation and blood plasma targets – does a disconnect exist between research and reality? Also, how does vitamin D interact with other supplements like calcium, vitamin K2, and magnesium? Last, we’ll look at some medical professionals who have unnecessarily exaggerated or vilified the benefits of vitamin D, causing unnecessary damage to its reputation.

If you visit vashonloop.com online, you will find links to this article’s sources.

In the Pacific Northwest, one out of two people is vitamin D-deficient. This is a problem, but may be a problem we can solve. These days, that’s uncommon.

Early Wage Slaves

Continued from Page 5

Harry Larsen had modeled the design of his boats after the infamous PT (patrol, torpedo) boats of World War II. Harry’s design led to a flat bottom that left no wake. Dad told us years ago that a flat wake indicated efficient design, and a boat that pushed a lot of water was of poor design. Bruce Haulman still has one of these early Skippercraft stored in Burton.

I never forgot the skill of rubbing stain to bring out the beauty in wood.

John will tell his story in the next Vashon Loop.



Leah Timmins
Traveling Stylist

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Mrs. Piggie-Wiggle

Continued from Page 1

force behind each child’s decision to change was responsibility and empathy.

I heartily recommend borrowing these books and reading them with your children. At home, or perhaps in a quiet corner of our beautiful library on a cold, rainy day. For the camaraderie, the laughter, the magic, and the easy, peaceful fun of it.

If you choose to buy these books, I hope you’ll choose older, used versions, illustrated by Maurice Sendak or Hilary Knight, as their artwork most closely matched Betty MacDonald’s own view of her beloved characters and the ethos of the time. Enjoy!

Green Burial

Continued from Page 1

who handed out copies of the traditional Mourner’s Kaddish and the Shehecheyanu – a prayer expressing gratitude for a new, first-time experience, such as the first green burial at Vashon Cemetery. “They were really amazing about walking the family through some of the Jewish traditions, and a green burial is very much a part of that cultural tradition,” said Akemi.

“I think it’s great,” Donnie went on, as he reflected on his mother, “My Mom always loved publicity – always very active in the community and had a nose for getting her name in the paper one way or the other. So, she would love the fact that she’s posthumously getting into a

newspaper, for sure!”

According to Lisa Devereau, chair of the Vashon Cemetery District, green burials are and have been legal in King County. The issue of access has to do with traditional cemetery policy. The primary difference between a green burial and a conventional burial has to do with what’s called a grave liner or vault. Traditional burials place the body within a cement box designed to prevent the ground from collapsing. In other words, traditional burial makes it easier to maintain, mow, and manage a cemetery that is smooth and flat. Green burials require different landscape management, and an entire section of the cemetery must be set aside specifically for them.

Akemi feels enthusiastic about the new opportunities that green burials create. “We felt really fortunate that Mom was able to be the first one to do it, and Lisa was so open-minded, even letting us choose a non-traditional direction for the grave site. There’s a whole plan to rehabilitate the new cemetery space being set aside for future green burials.” Akemi’s work as a landscape architect has her brimming with ideas, “In traditional cemeteries, there’s no accommodation made for a vibrant, natural landscape, so I’m very happy with the feasibility of being able to do that. I just think the whole thing is so cool. In my head, I envision so much!”


The Vashon Cemetery has a long and rather fascinating history, elegantly compiled into a detailed booklet by Nancy Ewer. Incorporated on April 3, 1888, thanks to a land grant of two acres by Frank and Clara Miner. Memorial Day 1921 saw the unveiling of the central granite pillar

“Memorial Monument” before a crowd of over 1,000 people. Visitors to the cemetery will be reminded of Vashon Island’s strong military background, with the four sides of the Memorial Monument dedicated to veterans of the Civil War, Spanish-American War, World War 1914-1919, and the Unknown Dead.

Our cemetery is unique in a number of ways, including being the only cemetery owned by King County, with commissioners who technically work for King County Public Cemetery District #1. This gives us greater flexibility and reduced prices compared to privately owned cemeteries. Individuals can explore various options by contacting Island Funeral Service, which handles everything from selling burial plots to conducting burials.

Lisa Devereau says that Tom Dean of The Land Trust was a big help, and she’s especially grateful for Sheri Reder’s tenacity, as it was her careful research that got green burials off the ground – or into the ground, as the case may be.

Location, location, location! At this time, the Vashon Cemetery District is actively seeking donations or purchase opportunities to extend its dedicated green burial space. Only 30-40 green burial plots are available, and once word gets out, they’re likely to go quickly. Thankfully, King County intends to set aside funds for the purchase of natural cemetery land in the next couple years, and it need not be directly connected to the existing cemetery. If you, or someone you know, wishes to donate or sell land to our Cemetery District, please reach out to Lisa Devereau at 206-799-7480.



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The Six Virtues

Continued from Page 5

also understand that the truth changes. It changes with the level of our commitment to seek and explore questions that come up when we’re confronted with new information, new experience, and our own imagination and introspection.

The truest and highest level of intelligence requires an understanding of those six words. I believe that if a critical mass of human beings cannot come into alignment with those six words, we will eventually go extinct – or wish we had – and possibly sooner rather than later.

I don’t know if anyone knows the deepest meaning of all those words. It might be a quest that could last a lifetime. But intending to know, and understanding why it’s important to know, is something we can all aspire to do. I think if enough of us do that, we will not go extinct any time soon. Right now, not enough of us are a member of that critical mass, but anyone can intend to be. Just start with any one of those words. Living it might be the most difficult journey you ever contemplated.

No one can force you to do this. But, no one can stop you from doing it, either. Maybe you could be that last person needed to reach the critical mass.

The web version of this article has an addendum and a list of references.

Haiku

By Matt Lawrence

The coconut tree
Thick tight clusters at the top
Us at the bottom
~
Benson carved a face
Subjugation in Belize
Ever blowing wind
~
The end of the rainy season — stray
dogs wander wet
~
Famished, I crawled home
Embarrassed at the party
My sins he forgave

Llaughing Llamas Chronicles

By Daniel Hooker

The pond that I was turned onto, Bong Ripper Pond, I found the review of it ... The elevation was quite high, the trip is full of flowers and greenery, the immersion into the pond is exhilarating and leaves you with a heady, bubbly feeling! While the high elevation leaves you speechless and awestruck, it’s a great place for rock climbers who don’t mind getting stoned by the locals.
On another topic, reality for me changed completely yesterday. Why? Because the stationery store moved ...!



The Vashon Loop, p. 11

Haiku Comic

By Jane Valencia

"Cold Outside, With Dog" was inspired by an experience my friend Cynthia shared with me, and is dedicated in memory of her brother, Jaime Sadurni Mendiola.
View the comic in full color at:
vashonloop.com

No Room for the Crossword Puzzle!
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Patricia A. Buchanan, Obituary

Born Patricia Ann Luray in Ross, California on June 2, 1950, to Howard and Barbara Luray (maiden name Spurgeon). “Pat” was the 3rd of four children. Pat is survived by her younger brother Chris, her two children Donnie and Akemi, and their children Naomi, Amaya, and Emi Mae.

Pat’s childhood took place mainly in the Topanga, Monte Nieto, Malibu areas of California, where she enjoyed her natural surroundings including long days at the beach. In fact, it was the beginning of a lifelong love of the great outdoors. Her family even lived on a boat named the Groote Beer for a time! Pat credited the love and kindness of her neighbors May and Jack Conner for much of her success in life.

In high school, she met Ted Sakaida. They married in 1968 and had two children together: Donnie and Akemi. Although their marriage was not meant to last, they would always enjoy a family bond through their children.

Pat would eventually move to Santa Paula, California where she would make many lifelong friends waitressing at the Whale’s Tail restaurant in Ventura. She moved to Seattle in 1978 to be near her brother, father, and mother, all who also relocated to the Pacific Northwest. It proved to be her lifelong home. Pat continued waitressing at several restaurants, including Andy’s Diner. Through her hard work, she managed to purchase her first home in Ballard. It was while working at Andy’s that she met Angus Buchanan, whom she eventually married. One of Pat’s great joys was organizing family trips with her kids, along with their siblings, Kevin and Yumi and Angus’ three children, Wendy, Colin, and Jennifer, and all their extended family members.

Pat and Angus eventually moved to Bainbridge and then Whidbey Island, where they spent many happy years together. They enjoyed traveling, spending time outside, and most importantly, each other’s company. They always respected each other’s independent nature but made an incredible team together. This was a productive time for Pat individually as well; she began her work founding FETCH, an animal advocacy group, and spearheaded new legislation in Island County to allow off-leash dog parks. This was a great source of pride for her as she oversaw the opening of multiple off-leash parks in her community.

Pat also took up triathlon, a sport she came to love later in life. Where most athletes compete from a young age, Pat began her career at 50! A lifelong smoker to that point, and unable to run one lap around the local track, she would become a world-class age-group triathlete, competing in multiple national championship races, as well as qualifying for the World Championships in her age group.

In 2005, Pat was diagnosed with breast cancer. Through genetic testing, she was later found to possess the BRCA 2 gene, which leads to a predisposition for cancer. Although this discovery wouldn’t affect her diagnosis, it did allow her children to take early measures to help detect and try to prevent their own cancer diagnoses. Even as Pat endured chemotherapy treatments and multiple surgical mesh surgeries, she continued her triathlon training and racking up winning efforts. The self-proclaimed “Little Locomotive” never gave up!

The physical struggles in Pat’s life were compounded when Angus passed away unexpectedly in 2010. Angus’s passing left a hole in all our lives. At this time, Pat left their long time Whidbey Island home and moved to West Seattle to be closer to Akemi and her grandchildren, Naomi and soon-to-be Emi Mae, and then to Vashon Island.

After more than a decade in remission, Pat’s cancer eventually reemerged in her bones. Characteristically, Pat fought back. Despite a Stage 4 diagnosis, and a referral to hospice, she would go on to enjoy nearly 5 more years! During that time, she travelled to some of her favorite places and spent meaningful time with family and friends.

Pat will be remembered for her fighting spirit, her compassion, her restless nature, her love of good food, animals, the world around her, and the indelible mark she has left on all those who knew her.



Aries (March 20-April 19)

Patience is not the first virtue that comes to mind when considering your sign. That’s a good thing, because we count on you to get things started sooner, rather than later. Yet it will help to know that the energy leading up to the Sun’s entry to your sign on March 20 comes on so fast and furiously, that you will benefit by preparing.

Obviously you cannot bring every situation to closure in a month or two, but there may be one or two that are right within reach, and others where you can get the process started. Through February, there will be strong activity in Pisces, which is your inner world – and this is the source of all of your wisdom, if you would only tap into your inner source.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

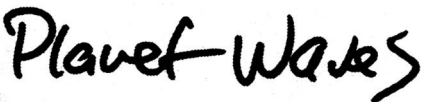
Your horizons are expanding. You may not need me to say that, but the world is caught in heaviness and myopia right now. You are blessed with some motivation and curiosity. And by now (thanks to Uranus in your sign) you have come to terms with the uncertainty factor of the world we live in. Today I’m here to say that the sky is beginning to brighten. One sign of this is activity in Pisces, where you find your most sincere and resourceful friends, and where you orient on your social existence.

Perhaps not much has changed visually, but people have changed, and our patterns of relationship have been damaged. You are in an excellent position to help facilitate the healing process. You might feel like a hippy from 1969 who has wandered into the robotic world of 2023. All the better – you can feel how strange our times are; you can feel what is missing.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

Mars is continuing to work its way back through your sign, where it was retrograde until a couple of weeks ago. This may seem like a replay, but really, you’re on a tour of the ways in which the territory of your life and the world have changed over the past six months. Imagine anger and aggression at one side of the continuum, and motivation at the other. Where do you stand? That may come back to what I keep describing as the issue of personal relevance.

When people feel like they don’t exist, they get violent, partly as a means of cultivating their self-awareness. This is not healthy; you are especially ill-suited for any form of combat or extreme competition. At times this means you can take out this energy on



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

yourself, which will manifest as anger or resentment. And that may be connected to the feeling: Am I anyone? Does anyone care? What’s the point? Those questions, if you can ask them, are where your true journey begins.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

You may be starting to feel what you were not quite aware of the past few months, which includes fear, desire and anger. I suggest you not assume that any emotional sensation is correct, or giving you valid information. Rather, it would be helpful to tack a question mark onto your inner sensations. You may be surprised at the degree to which that question can blot out emotions on the fear/anger scale, by converting them into something tangible that you can act on.

Many of the people around you do not have a concept of a better life, much less accomplishing something relevant. You have both. And as Venus and the Sun move into your fellow water sign Pisces, the future will seem even more tangible. Let that give you the motivation to live the best life you can today.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

To feel alive, to relate to others, to succeed in any meaningful way, you must be uncompromisingly yourself. This is too difficult for most people, who are accustomed to pruning, scaling and shaping their personalities for the benefit of others. If you altered your personality in just one little way for everyone who wants you to conform to their expectations, you would be about as alive as an ancient Egyptian mummy.

Part of being yourself is doing just that in a diversity of settings, without compromising your integrity. This involves cultivating flexibility and adaptability, while also standing up for yourself when you need to. A lot of people are counting on you to have your act together, onstage and offstage. You can be yourself at full strength only if you are true, correct and ethical.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

The long journey of Pluto through Capricorn has encouraged you to reclaim your childlike spontaneity, or perhaps to reveal it to yourself for the first time. Well into February, your ruling planet Mercury will be moving through this territory, as if on a review of all the ways you’ve learned to honor the young and vibrant person within you.

There will be times people try to crush you with their strong views, or try to convince you that your influence does not matter. Neither position comes from a place of integrity. You are your own person, and the wise, observant little kid who is alive and well at your core is the light that illuminates you from within.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

This is a beautiful month for forming all kinds of relationships, from social bonds to professional partnerships to sexual relationships. While it will help to know what you want, what’s available will surely extend beyond what you are familiar with. Jupiter moving through Aries, your relationship zone, is magnifying the features of an entirely different landscape than it did when it was last here 12 years ago.

Collaboration is one of the most effective forms of getting challenging or creative tasks accomplished. We are all in a position to support the work of others, and to have our work supported by others. I suggest you be generous with your personal resources (especially your ideas and special talents) and openly ask for the help and collaboration you think you need. Remember, though, that you are the one who holds certain specific keys, and teaches the common language.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

Bide your time when it comes to important relationship matters. That really means “abide in your time” – live there, moment to moment, and take note of what you notice. You have been through a lot in your personal relationships since August; important matters of commitment, integrity and reality must be kept front and center. The theme shapes up something like this: when someone tells you something, and you believe it, what generally happens? The message here is to go beyond belief and use some other more reliable method of character assessment.

Account for dual positions that you or others may take. Pay attention when you or anyone says one thing to one person and another thing to another person – about the same topic. Having two or more versions of “the story,” meaning the person, is the usual way to avoid controversy, but at the expense of personal integrity and truth. This is the territory you must negotiate carefully, now and forever.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

There are times when the world seems locked and loaded, and ready for mortal combat. But this is not the situation you are in. Rather, you’re in the situation where you must relate to people with a lot of energy, and who may represent some shadow facet of your character. You have a life that, at your core, exists apart from any relationship to any other person.

The true alchemical sacred union happens within you, and then radiates out into the world around you. Your astrology at the moment is magnificent in its description of that inner fusion with yourself (which is the very theme of Sagittarius, as illustrated in the Temperance tarot card, also called Art). The image of Sagittarius is of an inner collaboration, union and communion. As for art: here on the cosmic physical plane, remaining alert, awake and

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aware is the essence of thriving, and it’s also the spiritual posture of true creativity. And here you are.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

This month brings the last of 20 conjunctions between Mercury and Pluto in your birth sign. Over and over again, sometimes a few times a year, Mercury has fused with the influence of Pluto in an effort to deepen your mind, and activate the God-seed that Pluto has been furrowing and planting within you. No planetary influence has or ever will have the kind of impact and influence on you as Pluto moving through Capricorn. Events have taken you apart and put you back together.

While you will always be a work-in-progress, events this month will bring a spark of awareness to just how much progress you have made since January 26th in 2008, when Pluto first entered your sign. In the spirit of good therapy, give yourself credit for enduring all you’ve been through, for learning all that you’ve learned, and for doing what you may have been certain was impossible.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

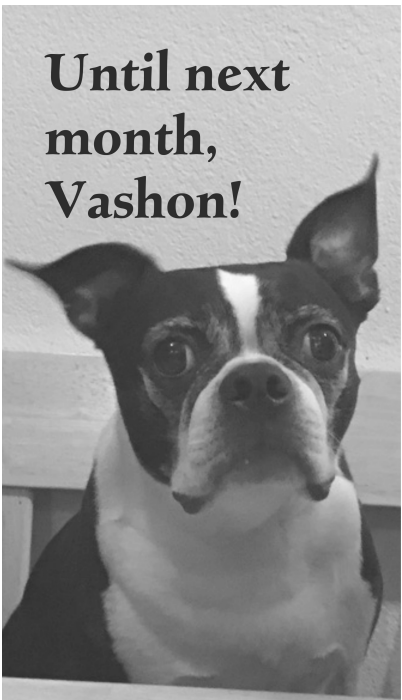
This is the last month of Saturn in your birth sign or rising sign until it returns on Jan. 21, 2050. As the Sun moves through your birth sign, you will have a few opportunities to recap and review the events of the past three years. I propose you’re looking for two qualities of Saturn in Aquarius. One is about your relationship to any and all groups; to what extent do you allow other people’s views to form the basis of your beliefs and your decisions? Second, what is your relationship to authority, generally?

The very essence of the Saturn principle, no matter where it may appear, is about internalizing authority and being in command of your own vessel at all times. Commanding your own ship is a big responsibility. Some see that as a downside to be avoided.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

In March, Saturn enters your sign for the first time since May 21, 1993. What were the preceding few years like for you? At the start of any major cycle, it’s a good idea to review the previous one.

Saturn has drawn you inward, toward the center of yourself, to an enforced reconciliation with your inner reality, on all levels. This has squeezed out all kinds of unexpected material, which may have included an ongoing experiment in the true nature of your sexuality. What if everything about you were revealed? What if you could have no secrets, because all minds are connected? That is your thought experiment of the month.



Until next month, Vashon!

Vashon! Sign up for health insurance, help with food stamps, and ORCA Lift!

Meet with Miguel from King County Public Health
1pm - 3pm,
at Vashon Library
(inside at the back)

Wednesday: February 15th
Wednesday: March 15th
Wednesday: April 26th
Wednesday: May 17th
Wednesday: June 21st
Wednesday: July 19th

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

Se habla español.