How much Vit. D should you take?, page 3

THE VASHON LOOP

Vol. 23, #11 SERVING VASHON AND ITS NEIGHBORING COMMUNITIES ~ FREE November 7, 2026

Washington's Everyone's Tax

By Stephen Buller

The initiative to reject Washington's "millionaire's" tax was shot down in spectacular fashion, and it looks like high-income Washingtonians will be filing a state income tax return starting in 2028. If you think it won't affect you in any way, I hope this article will give some perspective on how taxes usually work, as well as a critique on this specific tax.

When the Revenue Act of 1913 was passed, 358,000 federal income tax returns were filed, representing roughly 0.8% of the population. The tax rate was 1% on people earning over $3,000 (~$80,000 adjusted for inflation), going as high as 6% for people earning over $500K (~$13 million adjusted for inflation). The main purpose of the tax was to lower tariffs on imports to reduce costs on basic necessities for the average American.

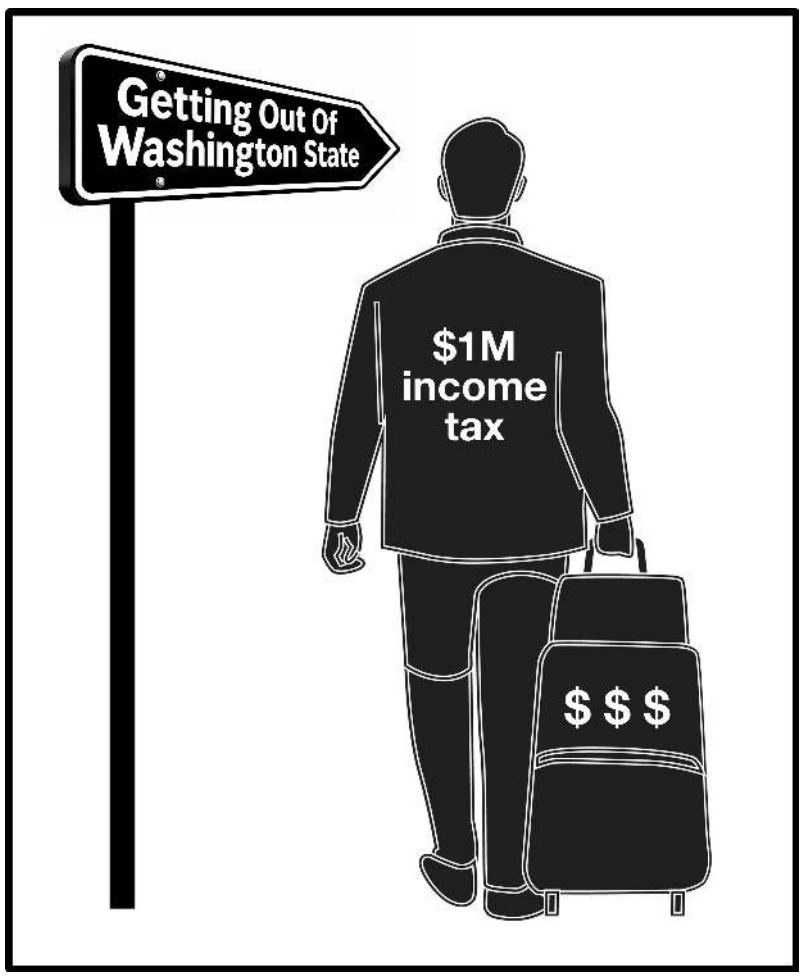
The Washington income tax will theoretically be paid by 25,000 households, roughly 0.8% of the population. The tax rate is 9.9% on all income over $1 million. The stated purpose is to fund education, healthcare, housing, and human services – though attempts to earmark funds for specific use have been rejected so far.

Today, single individuals earning under $16,000 aren't required to file a federal income tax return, 70% of households pay some federal income tax, and the top 50% of earners pay 97% of the tax. I expect the state income tax will move in the same direction – on a shorter timeline.

The main reasons the tax will affect more people over time, in order of impact in my opinion, are 1. government incompetence, 2. inflation, and 3. capital flight.

First, have you noticed taxes only seem to go in one direction? Government only seems to get larger, propose more programs, and spend more of our money? I think this is natural, as every entity has a self-preservation incentive, and doing more for

Continued on Page 7



Here Come the Holidays

By Gates (Pam) Johnson

It's beginning to look a lot like the holiday season. I can't believe that I am five months into my year-long cancer treatments. There are only four more infusions to be done, then I should be declared cancer-free. It sure has been a long, rough road, but I'm still standing and still doing stuff. The cookbook is coming along. Think I have decided on a printing company. Now I just have to iron out all the moving parts and do a final edit. Can't believe this is really happening, especially with all the other things going on in my life.

Had a baby shower last weekend for my pregnant granddaughter. That really took the energy out of me. Luckily, my granddaughter didn't want a big party, just close friends and family. And she insisted that there be no games. All that left for me to do was get my house in order, decorate, and cook.

We decided to have a barbecue. My nephew is a whiz at smoking brisket, so I got an 11-pound one for the main course. He got up at four in the morning to start the smoking process, then had to go mop it every hour until it was done about twelve hours later. That really helped me out and it was so good. No leftovers.

My daughter-in-law and son decorated the place and my daughter helped cook and then cleaned up. It turned out to be a great little party to celebrate my first great grandchild.

Wednesday, it was "Catch an early boat and head to Swedish for my six-week infusion day." We made a couple of wrong turns, but managed to arrive only five minutes late. The clinic was very understanding. My first appointment was with the IV team.

Since my veins are kind of wonky, they call in the special IV team with an ultrasound machine. That works out really well. One poke and they get it. Blood draw, then down to see the oncologist. We had to wait for the blood results, which were all good. Dr. Santana is pleased with my progress. We decided to continue with the infusions until May.

After the meeting with the doctor, it was back upstairs for the infusion. It takes half an hour just to mix the medicine, then another half-hour to infuse it into my arm. No pain. They give me a warm blanket and offer drinks and snacks. Once the infusion is done, it's out the door and back to the ferry. Having a priority pass takes away the stress about possibly missing the boat. Once on the boat, that's it for another six weeks.

Now on to the next thing, which is the holidays. I am a planner and like to know what the heck is going on. My son is on the Island, but his wife has family to consider. My daughter is in Onalaska and she has her partner's family to consider. My granddaughter is in Kelso and she also has almost in-laws.

Continued on Page 10

Below: Illustration by Cynthia Sadurni



Blowe, Northerne Wynd

Upcoming concert news and reflection, and a nod to a Seattle early music luminary

By Jane Valencia

"I have news for you!
The stags bellow,
the snow of winter falls
Summer is no more."
~ From a 9th c. Irish poem

On Saturday, November 21 at 2:00 p.m., Islanders have a chance to savor fall's passage into winter in a concert of medieval music with the vocal and harp quartet, Mures Canentes (Latin for "singing mice").

The music featured includes several Celtic pieces – Early Irish poems, a lullaby in Old Welsh, some songs in Scots Gaelic, some from Hildegard of Bingen, and several pieces honoring St. Nicholas, who was a hugely popular saint for many centuries, including during the medieval period.

Allow me to introduce you to the "mice:"

Richard Hill performs each year on the Island in the Celtic band Keltoi, and is a Scots Gaelic language speaker, teacher, and vocalist. Erin Durrett is the music director for Vashon's Church of the Holy Spirit and a chant specialist. Linda Strandberg is a cantor and psalmist at

Continued on Page 5

Letter to Someone at This Newspaper

I wonder if anyone else on Vashon was as disappointed as I was to receive this year's voter pamphlet which described the various good-intentioned candidates and their messages to voters of why they are running and what goals they might be interested in pursuing, if elected.

Here's what I find very sad: Not that anyone said anything that wasn't good and proper, and I may be mistaken, but I believe every successful candidate who gets elected will be required to take an oath of office, promising on their word of honor that they will, to the best of their ability, preserve, protect, and defend the United States Constitution against anyone who was, purposely or otherwise, actively not doing that.

I don't remember very many candidates who even concerned themselves with the fact that we already do have elected officials who, in my opinion, are clearly not honoring their oath of office. Maybe more citizens and elected government officials really ought to care about that and begin to honor their own pledge of allegiance or oath of office to the best of their ability.

In my opinion, we are a country in decline and headed for collapse precisely because so many of our elected or appointed officials don't seem to know or care what the Constitution says or what they intend to do about it; that concerns me. We have people who have been elected or appointed to the highest offices of the land who are actively making decisions that will surely not preserve, protect, or defend what our founding fathers had in mind when they agreed to risk their lives and everything they had worked and hoped for to give to their loved ones and future progeny: a chance for a better way of life than any nation then or now existing. Read the Bill of Rights.

I believe our Founding Fathers gave us a chance and a strategy for pursuing that dream. I once believed that a great majority of us might continue to keep that dream alive. Now I have my doubts. I share my thoughts with you feeling a great sense of sadness in my heart and soul of where things are now. We seem to not have collectively taught our progeny what that dream was and how that dream might be preserved, protected, and defended. Too many of those now in office or getting a corporate or government paycheck don't seem to have learned the lessons our forefathers hoped we might learn, even though so many citizens have already courageously fought and died hoping to help keep that dream alive.

I hope maybe there are still citizens, teachers, and parents on Vashon and in other places around the country who will at least try a little harder to understand and teach what the U.S. Constitution says, what our founders meant, and what each of us might do to keep their dream alive.

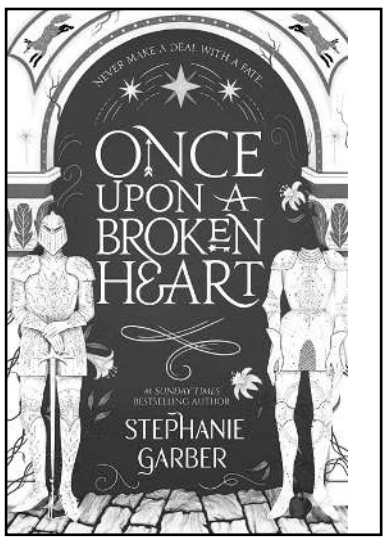
I am not offering these comments as a letter to the editor. I've heard too many times … "… far too many words." But rather, I'm just left with a fading hope, that my words of concern might somehow make a difference to some editor, some citizen, somewhere, who thinks they are worth sharing and/or doing something about.

With love,

Mark A. Goldman

Once Upon a Broken Heart – Book Review

By Emily Kiefer



Sometimes, all a reader wants is to fall into a cozy fantasy that reads like a long-lost fairytale. At least that's what I felt from the first page reading "Once Upon a Broken Heart" by Stephanie Garber.

As a fantasy lover at heart, this book (and entire trilogy) hits all the right points I wanted it to, and more. All you'll want to do is curl up by a cheerily crackling fireplace with a mug of tea in hand and let the tale sweep you away like a willful tide.

Our protagonist, Evangeline Fox, is an idealistic, hopeful girl with a heart of gold and hair that's pink. There's something about Evangeline that makes her a perfect heroine in my eyes, perhaps her unwavering faith in others despite all she goes through, or her determination to accomplish anything, even if it seems insurmountable.

At the beginning, she is lost and heartbroken, seeking the assistance of the Prince of Hearts, an immortal Fate known for his shattered heart and kiss that kills. When she strikes a bargain with the cunning Fate to stop the man she's in love with from marrying another, she immediately realizes there's more to this bargain than meets the eye. When the Prince of Hearts turns the entire wedding party to stone, Evangeline heroically takes their place and turns to stone instead.

Once Evangeline is returned to flesh and blood, her actions consequently thrust her into a world she didn't expect, to the Magnificent North where fairytales are living history and the crown prince is seeking a bride. But her debt with the Prince of Hearts is far from paid, and he intends for her to follow through with tasks as confusing for Evangeline as they are intriguing.

And now, in the realm where magic dances through the air along with the dust, Evangeline sees her life becoming akin to the magnificent fairytales she read voraciously as a child. But there's always a dark side to those stories, and hers is no exception.

Entering the world that Garber has so elegantly crafted is such a wonder. It's truly whimsical writing at its finest, with a realm full of miniature dragons sleeping on overgrown toadstools and enchanted woods teeming with magic. All three novels in the series are enrapturing, particularly the second book, "The Ballad of Never After," having a special place in my heart. It's the perfect world to escape to if you adore anything fantastical and romantic, if you want a world so visceral you'll be able to taste the sparkle-dusted air.

And try not to trust the endings; they tend to change.

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Vashon Rules of the Road

When you are on the ferry, be sure to turn your car alarm on – otherwise, your car could be stolen.



The Vashon Loop is published monthly

Vashon! ACA Health Insurance Open Enrollment

There are new rules!

Come see Miguel to make sense of all these changes.

◆◆◆

Meet with Miguel from King County Public Health
at Vashon Library
(inside at the back)

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December 12th & 16th
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The Vashon Loop

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Unwanted In King County

By Andy Valencia

Years ago, I had a business that needed a server to be located right next to a high speed internet backbone, an arrangement known as "colocation". The company was fine, their tech people had a clue, and my server moved its bits with quiet reliability. Colocation is a rental type of arrangement, and I paid a certain amount monthly. With modern bill pay, they always got their money right on time.

All of a sudden, at the end of the latest year of service they told me they were tripling my price. This was during the golden age of computing power and networking speed growing even as its price shrank. A 10% price raise would have made me wonder why they'd raise my cost, even as their own continued to plummet.

But tripling my bill was a message. And the message was: go away. Once one side of a business arrangement goes sour, there's nothing to be done. Cut your losses and move on. Otherwise they'll just make the message even clearer, doubling and tripling your bill until you "get it".

Which brings me to my latest appraisals from King County. We have some land; some is farmed, some is gardened, and the rest is maintained against future needs. This year, our appraisal was quadrupled. Yes, suddenly the tax man decided to look at my land as four times as taxable.

My business experience tells me it's time to move on. But the place where you've raised kids, farmed, hosted gatherings? It's not just a business decision. Although with the brutal growth in taxes and fees was already making it harder and harder to balance our books here.

But maybe I'm just in the 20% who are currently being targeted. If you feel that you don't need to care, I'll remind you that you don't need to care yet. The kind of government which chips off 20% of its people is not the kind which will stop. Your turn as the "lucky" 20% will eventually arrive.

In war this is called defeating your enemy in detail; focusing your full strength on smaller parts, so that each battle is easily won due to the overwhelming odds. Why our little chunk of Vashon has become King County's latest enemy is no doubt an entire article on its own, even if I knew the answer. What I do know is it's not fun.

You don't need to be alone. If you have a property tax story or thought, let us know: editor@vashonloop.com. Dealing with an out-of-control government is definitely something to be dealt with sooner rather than later.





Vashon! The DSHS Van will be here



Thursday, November 12th
10:00 a.m. – 2:00 p.m.

Make sure you are current on your food stamps.

There are now work or volunteer requirements.

DSHS van staff will help you navigate these new rules.

At the Presbyterian Church
17708 Vashon Hwy SW

Come Chant!

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Burton Community Church

Monday, Wednesday, and Friday



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WATER You Drinking?

Our research group at the University of Washington is surveying Vashon-Maury island residents to evaluate your perceptions and experiences with regards to local environmental and water quality.

www.tinyurl.com/vashonwater

Questions? Contact Dr. Katya Cherukumilli (katyach@uw.edu)
HUMAN CENTERED DESIGN & ENGINEERING

Back to the Future Pickups

By Marc J. Elzenbeck

It's evening, and a landscaper sits in a grocery parking lot, savoring the remains of the day. The sign on his passenger door says "Landscaping," the truck is a diesel and its idle resonates deep. The driver of the pristine white 2024 Chevy Silverado LTZ Duramax looks to be in his late 20s. His ride cost about $70,500 before dealer delivery fee, any extended warranty, or floor mats.

For this ride, a loan to a self-employed contractor would be about $1,200 every month for 7 years. That's $40 per day before burning $8 per-gallon fuel while listening to its Bose 7-speaker premium sound system, which is playing Control Machete. The OnStar Remote Access plan with SOS, voice, and WiFi is included for 3 years through the myChevrolet app, after which it is $35 a month. Multiply those payments out and you're at 100 grand. At $500 per lawn service, the math begins to work.

Three or four of those jobs would buy my 30-year-old pickup, which does not have a lift gate that electronically transforms into an escalator. There's no button on the rear-view mirror that connects to a help desk. It cannot be started remotely to defrost the windshield, nor does it have a call center kill switch if someone steals it and hustles off to rob a credit union in Port Orchard.

It has scratches, a dent from a bag of cement that dropped off a forklift, a tailgate perfectly bent, and right now in the bed there's some rotting hay leftovers from the half-million or so pounds it has hauled. Gotta spray that



out. There are many like it, but this truck is mine. When it dies, if it dies, it will serve as a monument to everything that has been built well.

We stand on a cliff with two futures. Both are true. In one, there will be pickups that cost north of $100,000. We can drive them with our minds, and their windshields will convert into 120-inch theatre screens to play Alien sequels in Sensurround to ease the tedium of towing an 8-ton boat.

In another, we'll have new $20,000 scratch-resistant plastic workhorses that do nothing but haul boxes, arborist equipment, and hitch up a decent trailer. No radios, no screens, no GPS, and no floor mats. Just tempered glass, some kind of horsepower, and vacuum-molded bodies.

The market opportunity is continents wide. New trucks are coming; old ones are thriving. Involuntary complexity versus studious simplicity. There is a black 1989 Chevy base pickup in Spanaway that roughly answers this description. It's on sale for $18,500. Excellent condition, 157,000 miles, 5.7 liter V8, one owner. They don't say if there's a radio. If the original is still there from almost 40 years ago, it has an AM dial knob. Everything old gets new again.

Now let's take a look at upcoming offerings.

Manufactured in Warsaw, Indiana, the Slate pickup will be on sale in a few months with an MSRP of $25K. It's electric and has a go pedal, which is also the stop pedal. It makes a point of having manual roll-up windows, which don't really save money, but probably do add a couple of miles to its largely conjectural range. It doesn't top 100 mph, doesn't need to, but it can accelerate up hills. Its gray-black body parts are plastic and there is some kind of suspension that isn't too bad over bumps.

The automotive journalist James May just test-drove a Slate and found it to be acceptable. Former comedian, late-night host, and car collector Jay Leno said the same. There are options, decals, and configurations that can bring the price up to $35K if you really try to max it out (see their ordering website at slate.auto). This vehicle will sell.

Another gas-powered option filling the $20K niche and scheduled for 2028 sale is the REO Runabout. Its base T4X version starts at $21,500 with mechanical 4-wheel drive, a rumored Toyota 4 cylinder intended to last 500,000 miles, solid front and rear axles, designed and assembled in Dallas, Texas.

Six-speed automatic is optional; you can reserve one for $25 at reotrucks.com. They have a "right to repair" and bare bones philosophy, with a product intro happening this month (November 16th). It is compact, built like a Range Rover or savannah Cruiser, its platform similarly configurable. If it makes it through federal safety and compliance rigors, this truck will sell like cowboy boots.

We're in the opening phase of an industrial revolution in which design, prototyping, and production are merging into one building. No longer are billions of dollars required to bring one commercial vehicle to market. Tesla's recently unveiled flying car was reportedly developed by an old NASA engineer who strolled about the production floor building one prototype a week. The lunar module developed 60 years ago used the same thrust nozzle technology.

Luxury $100K pickups may not be a thing of the past, but cheap old and dinged-up pickups are definitely a thing of the present.

Mine has over 250,000 miles on it. I'm not sure how much over because I haven't hooked the odometer back up. It doesn't burn oil, at least not much. Anyway, if the engine quits, I'll just put another in it. The radio stopped working a couple years back; should get that fixed.

Driving my 90-plus senior stepdad to his last doctor's appointment, he said, "You know this rides pretty nice." Yep. Bilstein shocks in the front, Monroe helper springs in back. Then he asked, "Hey, do you happen to remember a country song? It was called 'The Night the Hogs Ate Poor Little Willy.' I think it was in the 50s but I just can't recall who sang it."

I told him to give me a minute. Turns out the popular version was by Junior Brown and his Band of Renown. My truck has Spotify.

https://vashonloop.com/goto/truck

Island Voices

Faith, Gratitude & Future Grace

By Mike Ivaska

As I sit and write, my family and I prepare to go to the hospital.

It will just be a preparatory appointment (which, by the time you read this, will have been a few weeks ago). But the timing is imperfect.

Our daughter needs a corrective procedure to fix something in her back. This will take place 10 days from today when I sit and write. The timing means she will miss Halloween. We are throwing a party for her and a few of her friends, so she won't miss the holiday completely. But during one of her favorite days of the year our kiddo will be laying on the couch taking pain meds.

I once read a book by Baptist preacher John Piper titled "Future Grace." The book focuses on Christian obedience to God and the inner motivations involved. Piper is a challenging teacher, and I tend to take a softer approach to a lot of things than he does. But the premise of the book, that we take each step in faith that God will be there when our foot hits the ground, is important.

As we enter the month of Thanksgiving – and as I write this piece weeks before Halloween, writing about events in my family that are future to me but will be past-tense by the time you read this – I think about that title, Future Grace.

In many Christian churches, the central act of worship is a meal of bread and wine (or, in our church's case, grape juice). This meal goes by many names, but one of the most traditional is *Eucharist*. The bread, if you don't know, corresponds to Jesus' broken body on the cross. The cup, his shed blood. Though the traditions explain it in many different ways, all churches believe Christ meets us in a special way in this meal. We are fed by our Savior



in this meal. His death becomes our life.

The meal is also, the apostle Paul tells us in his first letter to the Corinthians, a proclamation of Jesus' death "til he comes again."

The word Eucharist comes from the Greek, *eucharistia*, which means – believe it or not – thanksgiving. The meal is an act of gratitude for what Jesus has done, and an act of hope in God's final salvation.

The Eucharist is a thanksgiving meal.

It is also faith in future grace.

The same holds true, I suppose, of that Thanksgiving meal many of us will be eating toward the end of November. As we plan and purchase and extend invitations, we will do so in faith and hope that the day will actually come. Thanksgiving will get here and we will finally sit down with those we love.

We will sit down and remember those who are no longer with us.

We will also likely talk about future Thanksgivings.

By the time this Thanksgiving rolls around, my daughter ought to be well into the journey of recovery. That is my prayer and my hope. I look forward to finally getting to look back – to finally having all this surgery stuff behind us.

Those were wise words from Jesus when he told us not to worry for tomorrow. We all spend way too much time with our heads in the future (or the past!). But Jesus said those words about worry in his Sermon on the Mount, where he also promises that God will take care of us. God clothes the fields with lilies and feeds the birds of the air, Jesus told us. Will he not also feed and clothe us, O we of little faith?

Jesus tells us not to worry, which means he knows that we do. He knows we need to see all the good in our lives as coming from God, but he also knows we need confidence that God will be with us tomorrow as well.

Because as important as it is to be grateful – and God knows how important that is! – we not only need a little more gratitude in our lives. We also need faith in future grace.

VASHON ISLAND
COMMUNITY CHURCH

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Sunday Service at
10:00AM

Humming For Calm

An Update on Marj Watkins

By Suzanna Leigh

"Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home …"

Erin's voice touches my heart like holy water, as we sing with Mom. Mom's voice is barely above a whisper, but she is singing!

Later, Mom hums some of the tune, or a bar or two of "Gypsy Rover," the song I sang to her earlier, or she hums some of the "Blue Danube" waltz. Sometimes we can make out the tune she is humming, sometimes not, but she is nearly always humming these days. Is that part of what is keeping her going long past the hospices nurse's guess? It does seem to calm her, especially when I hum with her.

I read recently that our sinuses produce nitrous oxide, and that humming releases 15 times more nitrous oxide into the system than regular breathing does. Nitrous oxide has multiple health benefits. It expands the blood vessels, helps the lungs to absorb more oxygen, brings more blood to the brain. It slows the nervous system and is calming. It can even produce euphoria. Too much of it, as when someone breathes in too much externally, can damage the nervous system. That must be why dentists don't use it anymore.

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5" Mom examines her hand and counts her fingers, as though she wants to make sure they are all still here. Sometimes she fiddles with her ring finger, frowning. She is missing her wedding ring which fell off sometime ago, and no other ring will stay on her finger.

Mom is very much bed-bound these days, which means changing her in bed. This is hard, both on her and on us. She tends to get very anxious when we have to roll her to one side. Erin and I are exhausted, even when we work together to change and clean her. Even when mom is relatively calm. The doctor prescribed quetiapine for her anxiety, and it seemed to work well the first time we tried it. The Friday morning dose made changing easier all day. The next day, though, when the Q wore off, her sparkle was gone and she was emotionally flat; she had no response to emotion at all. True, she has up days and down days, but she has never before had a day when she was so zombie-like.

It took two days for her to get her sparkle back.

Quetiapine is the "gold standard" for treating anxiety in hospice patients. That means it works well for most people, with few or no side effects. "Most people" is not a category Mom has ever fit into. She didn't even use ibuprofen for pain; she used arnica cream and ginger. While Dad was taking 15 different prescription medications in his late 80s and my brother Steve is taking several although he is barely into his 60s, Mom was taking only salt tablets and thyroid medication before she went into hospice. Now we give her ibuprofen occasionally; other than that, she takes no prescriptions.

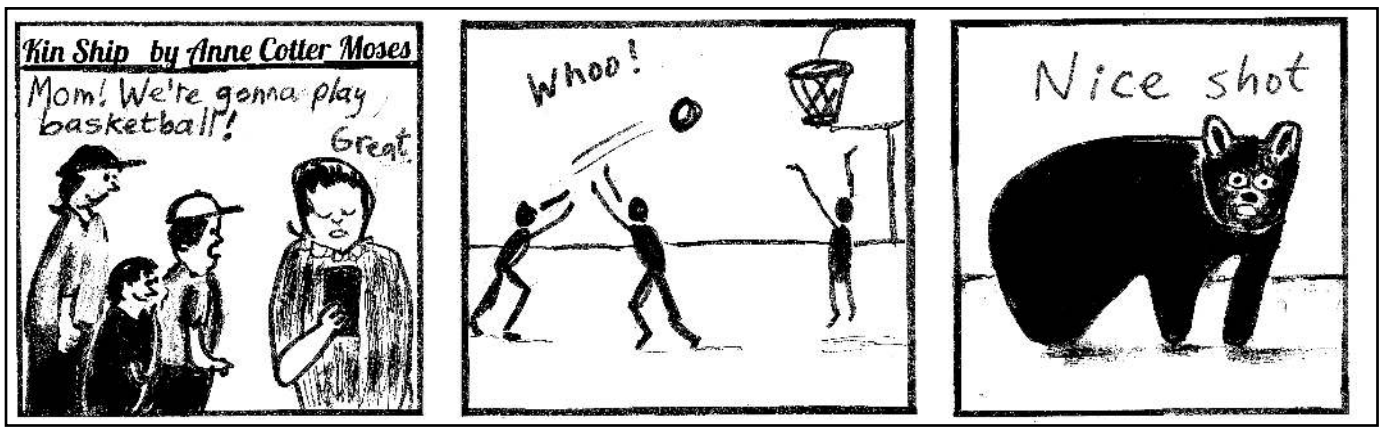


Illustration by Suzanna Leigh

Still, her anxiety when we change her worries us. She needs constant reassurance from someone she trusts explicitly, and even then she seems on the edge of panic.

We brainstormed how to ease her anxiety without pharmaceuticals. Now we make it tea time before changes, with a calming oat straw tea from Minglement and a drop or so of Rescue Remedy from Vashon Natural Medicine. We are careful to tell her every move before we move her, to reassure her. And we hum with her.

It still isn't easy, but her sparkle is back.



Think Differently about a topic covered in The Loop?

Consider writing an article. We can help you develop your idea.

editor@vashonloop.com

The Machinery of Control

By Walking Raven

We are taught to see politics as a battle between left and right. I have come to think there is another question worth asking: what happens to individual independence as the institutions around us grow larger and more powerful?

The political cycle is remarkably predictable. One party gains power, pushes too far for part of the country, and eventually voters turn to the other side. The new party promises to correct the excesses of the last one. Power changes hands, but much of the machinery stays in place.

A new administration inherits the taxes, agencies, regulations, surveillance powers, spending programs, and emergency authorities that were already there. It may change some, rename others, or use them for different purposes. But government rarely returns to its earlier size. More often, the next layer is added.

Then the cycle repeats. The party that was blamed for the country's problems becomes the alternative again. The parties rotate, while the structure beneath them tends to remain.

From Freedom to the Factory

For most of human history, the household was more than the place where people slept. It was also an economic unit. Families farmed, made things, taught skills, and cared for children and older relatives. Much of what people needed was produced within the household or the local community. Ask yourself, are you really as free or safe to make choices as your grandparents were?

Industrialization changed that relationship and it retooled the structure of control. Production moved from homes and small communities into factories and large organizations. Work became organized around the clock, the shift, and the rules of the government or employer rather than the rhythms of the household.

That change brought enormous material benefits. Industrialization created wealth, increased productivity, lowered the cost of many goods, and helped produce living standards that earlier generations could hardly have imagined. But at what cost?

It also changed where people looked for the things they needed. Income came from an employer. Credit came from a bank. Information moved from books and local sources to digital systems. Communication moved onto large platforms. Cameras and databases became part of everyday life, usually in the name of safety, efficiency, or convenience. Government also became involved in more parts of economic and personal life through taxes, benefits, licenses, and regulation.

I don't see industrialization as a conspiracy to destroy the family, and that isn't my point. The simpler concern is dependency. The fewer independent ways a person has to earn a living, obtain information, communicate, or provide for a family, the more influence is held by whoever controls access to those things.

Distraction is Another Powerful Force

The Romans had a phrase for another part of this problem: panem et circenses – bread and circuses. The poet Juvenal used it to describe a public absorbed by food and entertainment while civic responsibility faded into the background.

Our version of the circus never closes. It is in our pockets all day: sports, streaming, celebrity news, social media, 24-hour commentary, and a steady supply of political outrage. There is always another argument demanding our attention, trying to divide us.

That leaves less room for quieter questions. How much control do we still have over the basic parts of our lives? How many ordinary activities now require a permit, a fee, an account, or approval from an institution? How much of what we do can be recorded, tracked, or stored? And when government receives a new power during a crisis, how often is that power actually given back when the crisis ends?

Partisanship can make those questions harder to ask consistently. A government action can look dangerous when the other party is in charge and reasonable when our own side controls it. After an election, the arguments often reverse even though the underlying pursuit of authority remains.

That is what concerns me most. Freedom rarely disappears in one dramatic moment. It disappears quietly, shortening the chain one link at a time.

People don't have to be conquered to surrender their independence. Sometimes you only have to make them dependent. Give them something to fear. Give them someone to blame. Give them someone to hate. Give them a political savior.

And, of course, give them bread and a circus.

Blowe, Northerne Wynd

Continued from Front Page

St. James Cathedral in Seattle, a section leader, and sings in the Cathedral choir. Outside my Loop involvement, I play and teach Celtic harp, and pursue the bardic arts.

In the quiet of the church, we pause in our music practice to converse about the concert. What is it about?

Erin explains, "Late autumn and winter are the theme. It really is meant to be a meditation on winter stories and a time for people to just take a breath and enjoy the moment of coming into the real season of winter before all of the chaos of Thanksgiving and Christmas takes over."

Rich notes: "I think it's really wonderful that we're doing both pagan and Christian music. The Cailleach is pretty pagan. She's the old mother of winter."

Erin agrees. "Winter mama. And that kind of was our idea in having her as our mother of winter and Nicholas as our father of winter, because a lot of people are familiar with him in connection with Christmas, in connection with sleighs and snow and winter time."

"Stockings and wooden shoes, and putting gifts in stockings," Rich continues, "I keep thinking of this program as perhaps a look at winter in Ireland in the year 1200. Much pagan Cailleach lore would still be alive in Scotland and Ireland in that period. (It still is!) And after the conquest of England in 1066, the Normans came over to Ireland and brought their language. So culturally you'd have strata of Gaelic, Latin, and now French. What music would you hear if you were wandering in Ireland in 1200 AD? From village to church to castle to monastery, it would be this concert: stories and songs about Old Woman Winter, the birth of Jesus, and the miracles of Saint Nicholas."

As we're a new ensemble, I'm still getting to know how my three colleagues came into this music, and, consequently, met each other. The common "root" is in the person of medieval music specialist, Margriet Tindemans, legendary to the Seattle early music scene since her arrival in 1986. Having passed away in 2014, she is regarded with deep fondness and highest respect to this day.

Linda notes, "Magriet and her group Sequentia had put medieval music back on the map. She was not only a very strong performer, but also a scholar."

Linda had pursued early music as a student at University of Southern California. "I always admired really strong melodies, really strong tunes. I always thought anything that endures that long has a certain kind of merit. When I moved back to Seattle, I was lucky enough to work with Margriet."

Erin and Rich met each other in the late 80s by way of the University of Washington's Collegium Musicum, an ensemble of singers and early music instrumentalists. The Collegium was led by Margriet.

Intensely interested in Gregorian chant at the time, Erin had sought a university that had a Collegium. "I was super-excited when I realized that the University of Washington had one."

Rich joined at the urging of historical percussion specialist, Peggy Monroe.

In time, both Erin and Rich became involved with the Medieval Women's Choir in Seattle, which Margriet founded in the early 90s. Rich and Linda too met by way of the UW Collegium and the Medieval Women's Choir.

Rich recalls, "I can remember one concert where Linda and I sang, and she was Mary and I was the Risen Jesus, coming out of the tomb.

"I sang a couple of Angel Gabriel roles and Jesus a couple times, and Samson. And Margriet said, you've done all the big medieval roles, what's next?"

Erin continues, "Margriet just opened door after door. A door Into early English music and a door into early French motets, cantigas, troubadours – the doors were just endless and incredible, fascinating and beautiful."

Rich agrees, "Margriet was an amazing teacher. I learned more from her about so many things. Medieval performance practice and poetry and music. How to perform concerts. It was a fantastic education, in so many ways about so many subjects."

Including the music of 12th century German abbess and composer, Hildegard von Bingen.

Before Margriet founded the Medieval Women's Choir, Linda had sung with an small ensemble of women led by Margriet. "We started right off with a lot of Hildegard. She was a champion of Hildegard."

Regarding her own love Hildegard's music, Linda notes, "it was basically from Margriet that I got the fervor."

Two of Hildegard's pieces are included in the upcoming concert.

"'Aer' and 'O Frondens Virga,' Linda says, "are, in a way, anthems in my book. They're somewhat simpler in the range and somewhat shorter than a lot of Hildegard's songs, and are more accessible, especially 'Aer.'"

"And I love 'O Frondons Virgo.' It's so beautiful. I especially relate to it because of the aspect of nature and spirituality and greenness and her whole concept of viriditas, which is creating power and creative power."

My own road to early music came from a different path, but with a similarity or two – a collegium musicum and a plunge into early music and things medieval in a university. Heading overseas to study medieval Welsh, then coming back and taking up the Celtic harp. Then off into the adventure of performing with harp, story, and song.

In the past decade Erin and I, the "country mice," have collaborated on several musical projects, including a concert of Hildegard's music. I've had the joy of learning Scots Gaelic song from "city mouse" Rich. And I delight in getting to know "city mouse" Linda, with whom we share a surprising thing in common – we are both former oboe players.

My love of medieval and Celtic languages and music continues, and has found a pleasant hearth with the three other mures.

Do come join us if you can, to enjoy some music, tales, and good company to warm us into winter, before any cold can take hold.

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Parallel Lives: Thorns

(My Father Climbs the Stairs)

By Richard Odell

My father never climbed the stairs to the children's rooms (my mother, well, she was up there quite a bit, usually when no one else was around). So the sole instance of my father suddenly appearing in the bedroom, with my brother and myself present, his arms laden with that fruit box filled with compost, and the sprinkler bottle rolling around on top of the works, should've been dated, framed, and hung. I was five, I think.

The box was for me. That was made plain. Apparently I had displayed, at some point in my young life, an aptitude for things of the soil. My father set the box of compost on top of the odd, little wood stove we never used, and put the sprinkler bottle upright beside it. The bottle was designed for use while ironing, with stippled glass, for easy grip, but I guess the steam iron had been invented by then, and my mother could now be disabused of this future curiosity.

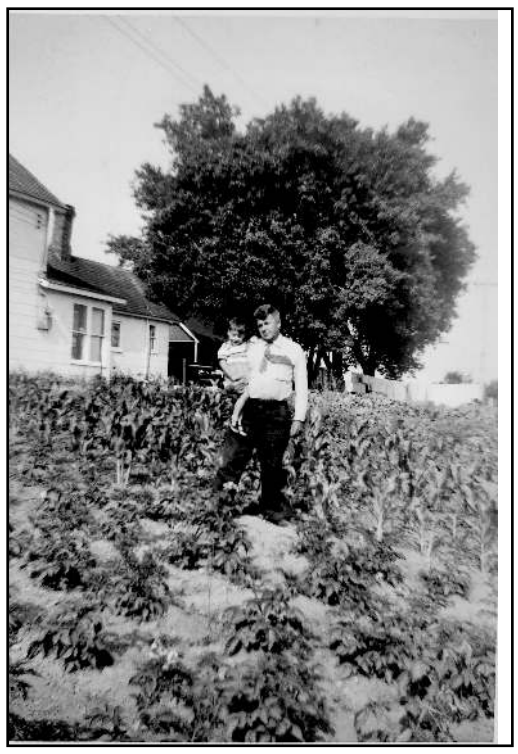
I was told: corn seeds were in the soil. I was instructed: sprinkle the soil with water whenever it looks dry. I could scarcely wait for that. No later had my father disappeared downstairs than I made my first application with the sprinkler bottle. This was followed several days later by a profusion of little, green seedlings.

The two events were of course unrelated – the soil was moist when my father first presented it, and these were not corn seedlings, but weeds. I would later learn of dicots and monocots, and the Parable of the Tares, but for the nonce I thought myself the cause of this revelation, and the sense of possibility with which it marked me never left, but in fact grew larger, more compelling, even as I moved through life and adulthood, through ten towns and cities, further and further from my Island origins.

What became of the box of corn I don't recall, though the sprinkler bottle made it back to the utility room, where it rested, unemployed, through the remainder of the Twentieth Century. No matter. The real lesson, the lesson I failed to absorb, the lesson that would wait upon my arrival, was in the weeds.

~

A blue-sky Saturday morning in El Cerrito, California. The Bay Area. A pleasant clime. It's



April, and I'm inspired. The final metabolites of Friday night alcohol – following the After-Hours-of-Hate with my co-workers in the bar around the corner from my San Francisco workplace, the belly-of-the-whale ride home on the BART train, the four or five nightcaps hunkered down in my little cottage three blocks off I-80 – have been marginalized by multiple cups of French roast coffee and a yet-resilient constitution.

I am 33 years old. My only assets are a 1979 Plymouth Fury – olive drab, once employed by the San Leandro police department – and a Shepherd-mix dog, Gretchen by name, of undetermined age, which I sprung, the year before, from the Berkeley Humane Society. She was the last brilliant idea I had. This morning I have another.

I load Gretchen and myself into the Plymouth and the two of us head for the business district above Albany. There's a nursery up there, and a lumber yard that I've seen but never visited. El Cerrito, Albany, Berkeley – they're all of one thing, though the demographics shift along the way, and try finding a good bar in any of them. Gretchen's not her real name, by the way. The name I originally gave her sounds stupid, and was stupid in the giving of it, so I'm giving her a new name, just now. May we all be given new names, someday.

We come home with 16 feet of 1 x 4 Doug Fir, custom-cut (I own no tools), four bags of topsoil, several six-packs of sky blue pansies, seeds for godetia and poppy, a trowel (I now own a tool), and a chicken with beans burrito from the El Gordo Taqueria. They were good, the El Gordos of the day.

Post-burrito, I'm out in the sunshine, hacking away at the sod along the side of the cottage (my landlord having left a shovel in the storage shed), and by late afternoon I have myself a nice, little, raised flower bed.

It occurs just now that Gretchen and the flower bed were connected in some way; that I must have my flower bed for the same reason bachelors and children must have their dogs. But that's not what I was thinking at the time, if I was thinking anything at all. More likely, I was stirred by scents of memories, like the dusty scents stirred up by the dangling ears of a bloodhound, nose to the ground, set upon the course of something gone missing (T.S. Eliot had April in a hammer lock); of a life desired (not the life being lived), and of the day my father climbed the stairs.

~

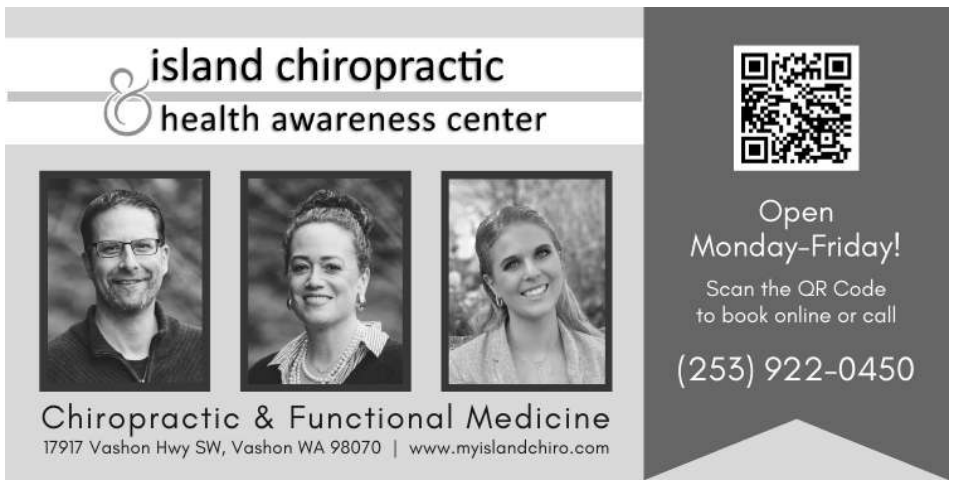
Now it is the edge of winter. Depression to the point of hallucination, chronic nausea, and self-induced neuropathy, have rendered me unable to work, stomach food, or even to write my own name.

The Plymouth Fury, a spacious thing, is enough for what little I own and want to keep, with room yet on the front seat for Gretchen. True, it has no reverse gear, but I don't want one. We take I-80 east til we see the sign (I can see it even now), I-5 North, Redding. Redding is of no matter.

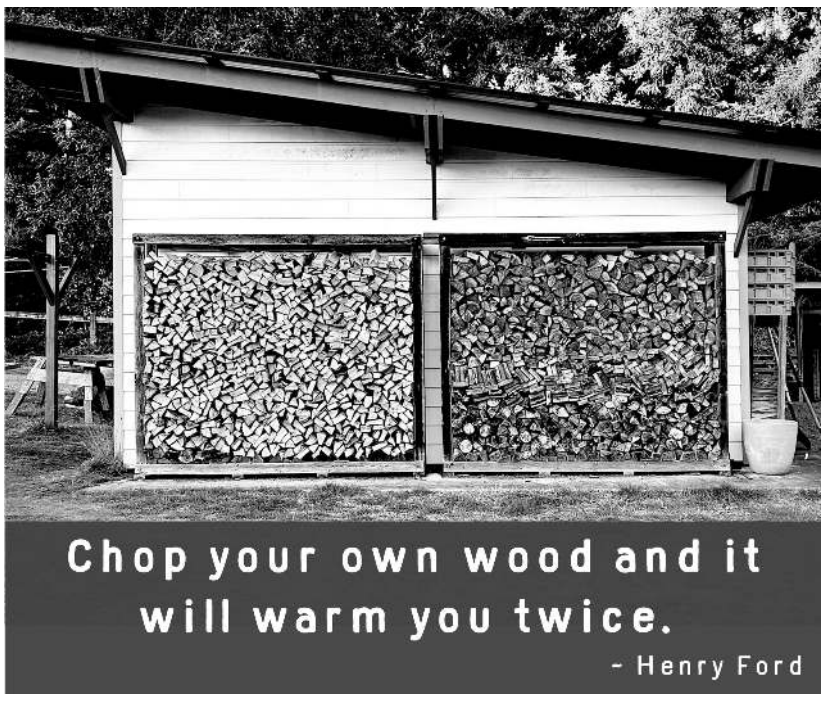
A dark, December evening is descending on my birthday. Clouds in off the coast are tailing us, like a jealous past, roiled with cartoonish thunderbolts, bottles marked XXX, corrupted gurus, the woman in the red dress with the gold crucifix; whatever remained of the Road Less Travelled. Yeah, I took that road.

Heavy rains will catch up with us as we climb the mountain pass. Passing semis will pound us, again and again, with blinding sheets of runoff, such that we fear the hidden precipice in the dark.

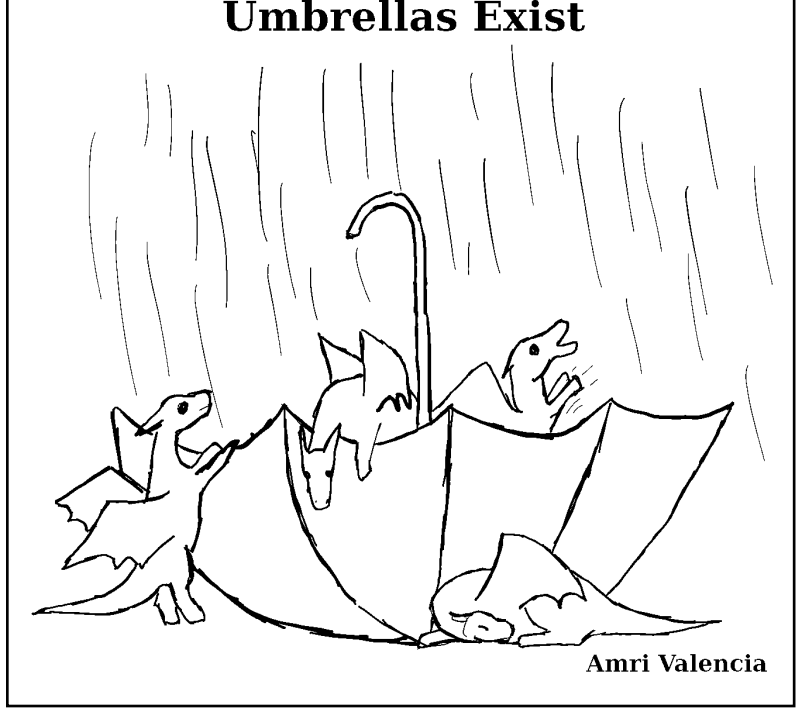
Seven hundred miles – and one ferry boat ride – to the north, where I hope to be by sunrise, my mother is baking a birthday cake. She has no idea what she's in for.







Left:
Photography by Claudia Hollander-Lucas



Wendell Berry: A Life Rooted In One Place

By Emilia Flor

Wendell Berry died at the end of August at the age of 92, and his passing was felt across the many worlds he spent his life contributing to: agriculture, conservation, poetry, literature, and the humanities. In all of them, his work returned to one relationship: the bond between people and the land that sustains them.

He was a farmer, poet, novelist and essayist, and he spent most of his life on a farm near Port Royal, Kentucky, in the country his family had worked for generations. He asked us to consider our place in relation to the land that connects us to the soil, the water, the farmers, and the food on our plates, including our place in agriculture. What we tend to shapes what grows.

His novels and stories return again and again to Port William, an imagined Kentucky town much like the one he knew, where the lives of people and the land they work are woven together. He wrote his poems by hand, often outdoors or while walking his fields, and he found that good writing and good farming call for the same discipline: patience, humility, and a willingness to let nature keep its own pace.

His Mad Farmer poems give us a stubborn, joyful farmer who laughs at the chase for quick profit and loves his neighbors and his ground. In "The Peace of Wild Things," one of his most cherished poems, he speaks to the worry anyone feels about the world their children will inherit. His answer is to go to the water and sit among creatures who live without fear of tomorrow, and there he finds rest.

In his essay "The Pleasures of Eating," he called eating an agricultural act. Eating is a daily participation in the life of the earth, and he believed the true pleasure of eating grows from knowing where our food came from.

The soil sat at the center of his thinking. He saw it as the great connector of lives, the source and the destination of all of them, and he taught that without care for it, we have no life. He also saw an economy that sells the earth's harvest while wearing down the earth's ability to produce. When we choose cheap, heavily sprayed, monocultured food, we vote for eroded topsoil and poisoned local water, and we live at the expense of our grandchildren. Every time we eat, we cast a vote for the world we leave behind.

Berry saw the land and the people who live on it as one shared life. When the land is stripped, the community that depends on it is stripped too, as strip mining has done in his home state. When a farm is run like a factory, the farmer becomes one more part of the machine. Soil security is human security, and when we wound the land, we wound ourselves. In "The Unsettling of America," he described two kinds of people: those who take from a place and move on, and those who stay and care for it. He spent his life among the second kind, and he asked us to take a humble posture and to admit how completely we depend on nature.

The world took notice. He taught for years at the University of Kentucky, received the National Humanities Medal in 2010, and gave the Jefferson Lecture in 2012. Through all of it, he kept coming home to the same farm. Here on our Island in the Puget Sound, Berry's life reminds us of what we are already caretaking: the land under our feet, the water that surrounds us, and the people who share this place. His way of paying attention is one we can carry on, one season at a time.

Wendell Berry leaves behind a shelf of books, a farm and a way of paying attention. We are grateful for his life, and for the soil and clean water that his writing helped so many people honor for the generations still to come.

There will be a "Remembering Wendell Berry" event on November 22nd on the Island. For more information please contact via email, ***tmorgan@cmonbarber.com****.*

Island Resilience

Washington's Everyone's Tax

Cont. from Front Page

constituents, hiring more people, and commanding more tax revenue brings security for a governmental entity.

Second, even though wages haven't kept up with inflation, they do rise over time. As the average wage goes up, it is unlikely the state will increase the standard deduction (in fact, they will try to decrease it), so more people will be liable for the tax in the future.

Third, as higher earners are taxed in Washington, some will relocate to avoid the tax. These higher earners are usually the ones with the means to physically move or intelligently arrange their income-generating assets to avoid taxes.

The first issue is a natural, unavoidable incentive, in my opinion. The second is mostly at the feet of the federal government and their choice to allow a private banking entity, The Fed, to counterfeit our currency into oblivion. The third is the one I'm most concerned about.

Capital flight might seem like a small or unlikely issue, but we have already seen it from Jeff Bezos, Howard Schultz, and others. Furthermore, it's not only the loss of that tax base (and the need to then assess taxes on lower earners), but the loss of highly skilled individuals that will hurt our prospects for a prosperous future in Washington.

Herein lies my main issue with this tax: It seems as though successful individuals are being blamed for government failures. Most millionaires made their money through hard work and innovation, creating products and services people voluntarily paid for in the free market. They added great value to society and were rewarded for it.

Our governments at every level, on the other hand, have repeatedly delivered overpriced and ineffective services. Washington's education budget has increased from $18 billion in 2000 to $42 billion today, outpacing inflation, while serving roughly the same number of students, with many classes and programs cut.

Healthcare is effectively free for many, but the ballooning true costs are one of the reasons the state is desperate for tax revenue. Washington spent $5 billion on housing and homelessness programs since 2013, and the issue is worse than ever.

The affordability challenges facing all of us are not lost on me. The idea that those with greater income should pay more in taxes is reasonable. But the assumption that more taxes will solve our problems is based on the false premise that government can solve our problems. And the conclusion that we will be better off if we take more money from productive members of society and give it to the government is terribly misguided.

Our government has used our shared plight to turn us against our innovators, builders, and job-creators, blaming financially successful people for poor policy, bloated government, and reckless spending.

If this "millionaires'" tax was replacing our sales tax, I might sing a different tune. Instead, we are all going to pay more in the long run – as wages rise, the standard deduction falls, and skilled individuals flee. What will we receive for our tax dollars? Greater dependence on an inefficient, ineffective economic model that will bring all of our standards of living down.

I think the real solution is in the opposite direction – smaller government, more freedom, and of course, sound money.

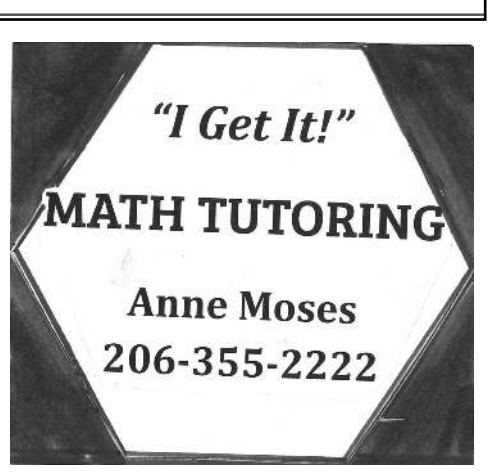
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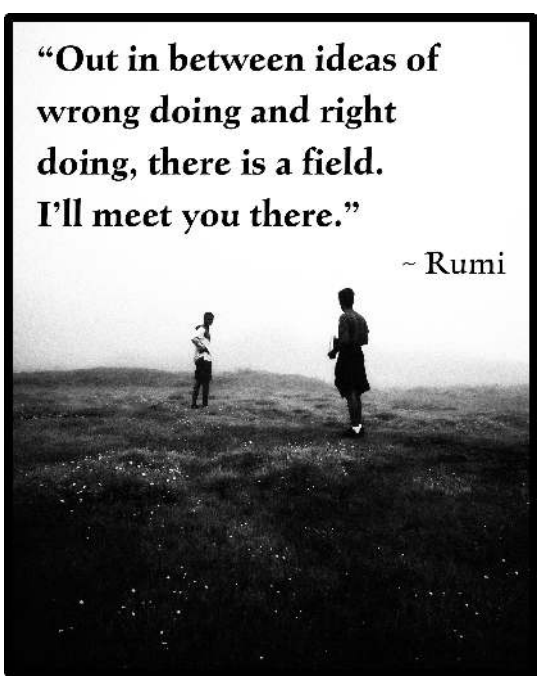


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A Perfect Storm – Fear, Guilt & Shame

By March Twisdale

Our world is caught up in several types of conflict. The future feels very uncertain. And many of us are actively concerned. Overwhelmed, even. This is the "fear" part of the storm. And, we are correct. It is reasonable to assess the current circumstance as dangerous.

But, the threats are being obfuscated. Consider a moose charging toward you across an open field. You have a high-powered gun, skills, ammo, and enough distance to get off several shots. You can save yourself.

But she's a Mama moose. One of the last of its kind, hunted to near-extinction by humans. This is a preserve, and you ignored posted signs, cut through fencing, and are trying to get a selfie with her baby.

Do you shoot?

When we add guilt and shame to the equation, a curious hesitancy arises within us. What right do I have to kill this moose in self-defense? Shouldn't I face the consequences of my actions? Aren't these endangered animals worth more than one more human?

The argument for our self-preservation has been weakened. We struggle, hesitate and doubt, as we ponder the value of our life versus theirs. This is the kernel of suicidal empathy.

In war, suicidal empathy is a subversive weapon. Like a disease, it is intentionally spread through the body politic of the enemy nation and its people. The desired effect is immobilization (at the least) or self-destruction (at the worst). It's an effective strategy, and here's why.

Empathy is a superpower. It can even inspire us to risk everything for others. Mothers willingly die for their children. Soldiers risk death for their country. Rescuers climb into unstable buildings. Disaster relief volunteers wade into flooded homes. And firefighters walk through fire to save people and even pets from a gruesome death. Empathy can be pure gold.

It can also be twisted, contaminated, and turned into a nation's Achilles Heel. This is Suicidal Empathy. Currently being deployed throughout western civilization, it is not natural, logical, or an accident. The goal? That we willingly hand ourselves over to a new power, out of shame and self-hatred. And it's working.

Imagine one day, your strawberry-blond, green-eyed son steals a neighbor's new mountain bike. Should he feel guilt and shame? Yes. He hurt another person on purpose. Should he be punished or offer restitution? Yes, again.

Now, imagine a towheaded boy from down the street steals your neighbor's bike. Should your son feel guilt and shame? Should he be made to replace a bike he's never touched, ridden, and definitely did not steal? Just because he and the boy down the street have similar hair color?

I would say no. But, advocates for "white shame & white guilt" would say yes.

The bike theft scenario demonstrates the ridiculousness of racist bigotry. Yet, sophisticated theories persist, declaring: bigotry against people who lack melanin is not only okay, but morally desirable. Virtuous, even.

The "white shame & white guilt" hook is baited with the promise of inclusion, belonging, and forgiveness. If you turn on your ancestors, family, and especially yourself – you will be exonerated. Virtue signaling, demonstrated through anti-white, anti-European bigotry, is presented as the key to shedding your racially-inherited sin.

European descendants are expected to regret the good things in their life. Each blessing is twisted into one more reason to feel ashamed. And young people are especially vulnerable, as they are barely out of childhood and eager to embrace an active role in the adult world. They desperately want "to know" things, and simple black and white answers are appealing.

Generational guilt is not a new concept.

Consider the violent, multi-generational Hatfield-McCoy feud in Appalachia, rooted in Scots-Irish traditions of kinship and family honor. Or Romeo & Juliet being saddled with generational guilt, at the moment of their birth, leading inevitably to their tragic deaths? Who can forget the blood libel campaigns hurled against Jews for centuries? The legal enslavement of light-skinned, blond, blue eyes children in America – merely because of a black grandparent? Or, centuries of terror on the high seas, as Barbary Pirates (also known as Ottoman corsairs) hunted those born as "infidels" at sea and along coastal towns and villages (mainly in Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Great Britain, Ireland, and Iceland)?

I have fair skin, white/blond hair, and blue eyes. What does that make me? A near-perfect blend of Native American and Irish. My grandmother (Southern Cheyenne & Cherokee) was born on the reservation in Oklahoma. My grandfather was born to poor Irish immigrants who immigrated in the late 1890s. Several decades after the Civil War.

My ancestors were "victims" of the Great Hunger and the European arrival to the new world. Begging the American question, what exactly is a "stereotypic white person?" Like all bigotry based on appearance, the argument fails. But, it sure is popular!

Now, imagine a girl or young woman who looks in the mirror and hates her freckled, cream-colored skin? The one with flowing golden locks or blue gray eyes who says, "How can I make up for my whiteness? I want to be an ally! How do I wash this stain of generational sin from my body?"

To her, I would say, "Dear child, you are not the people of the past. You are not even the people of the present. You are nothing but yourself. Just you. And you are only responsible for the life that began when you became a self-determining and self-aware young person, making decisions for yourself. You have no obligation to pay for the sins of anyone, including your parents, your grandparents, or the many hundreds of millions of complete strangers who happen to share a few genetic traits with you."

On Earth today, there are malevolent forces seeking power through the alchemy of fear, shame, and guilt. They want to turn us against ourselves, steal what we've built, and gain power over us.

I suggest we decline the invitation. I suggest we slow down and take time to talk to one another. And, that we view with extreme skepticism the maelstrom of propaganda swirling around us. Yes! Face true dangers, honestly and bravely. But also, be careful what you allow into your heart.

Be the light in the darkness. BE the anti-storm.



The Issue Is in the Tissue: Herbal Energetics and Tissue States

By Anthony Latora



How do we know which herbs are right for someone? Is it simply a matter of identifying a particular plant constituent that addresses a specific condition? While understanding the chemistry of medicinal plants is important, traditional Western herbalism offers another way of understanding the relationship between plants and people: herbal energetics and tissue states.

Herbal energetics is the study of the qualities and actions of plants. Rather than looking at herbs solely through their chemical constituents, we also consider whether a plant is warming or cooling, drying or moistening, relaxing or tonifying. These qualities offer another lens through which we can understand how a plant may interact with the body and where it might be most useful.

Working alongside herbal energetics is the concept of tissue states, a framework for observing patterns within the body. In traditional Western herbalism, six commonly described tissue states are excitation, depression, atrophy, stagnation, tension, and relaxation. Each represents a different pattern of physiological activity, offering clues that may help guide an herbalist toward appropriate plant qualities.

These states are often understood through their energetic associations: heat with excitation, cold with depression, dryness with atrophy, and dampness with stagnation. Tension is associated with wind, while relaxation is associated with dampness. Together, these relationships provide a framework for understanding how the body's tissues respond to different conditions and influences.

For example, heat and excitation may present as redness, irritation, inflammation, or excessive activity. In Western herbalism, cooling plants such as violet and lemon balm may be considered for their soothing qualities. Cold and depression describe the opposite pattern: sluggishness, cold extremities, or diminished digestive activity. Warming herbs like ginger and rosemary are used to encourage movement and circulation.

Dryness and atrophy describe tissues that have become depleted of moisture, nourishment, or tone. Demulcent plants such as marshmallow root, rich in soothing mucilage, support dry and irritated tissues. Dampness and stagnation, on the other hand, describe patterns of excess moisture, congestion, mucus, or sluggish movement. Aromatic herbs like thyme encourage respiratory function and address excessive mucus.

The remaining two tissue states involve tension and relaxation. Wind and tension describe patterns of constriction, cramping, spasms, or nervous restlessness. Relaxing herbs such as chamomile and skullcap support the body's ability to settle and release tension. Damp relaxation describes tissues that have lost their natural tone or resilience and have become leaky. Astringent plants like agrimony and rose are used to support tissue tone and regulate excessive secretions.

Wind is an especially interesting concept in herbal energetics, often associated with changeability and movement. Much like the natural wind, it moves and shifts freely, adapting to its surroundings. Yet, too much movement or change can leave us feeling unsettled, tense, or depleted. This offers a useful way of understanding the relationship between wind and tension. Movement and change are necessary for life, but without sufficient stability and rest, they can leave us feeling ungrounded. In this sense, wind reminds us of the importance of finding balance between movement and stillness.

These tissue states are not necessarily isolated, and a person may experience several simultaneously. The purpose is not to place someone into a rigid category, but to develop an understanding of their individual presentation.

The roots of this approach reach back to ancient Greek medicine and the humoral tradition, which understood health through the balance of four bodily humors and their associated qualities of hot, cold, moist, and dry. Although modern medicine has moved beyond the humoral model, these principles continue to influence Western herbalism.

The modern understanding of herbal energetics and tissue states owes much to the work of nineteenth-century physiomedicalists, including John M. Scudder and J. M. Thurston. In contemporary Western herbalism, Matthew Wood has been instrumental in reviving and expanding this tradition. Through his clinical practice, teaching, and writings, Wood has brought renewed

Continued on Page 9

We Don't Actually Know How Much Vitamin D You Need

Health Matters

By Caitlin Rothermel

Scientists are in an ongoing discussion as to whether our recommended vitamin D intake is too low, and whether this is due – at least in part – to a poor mathematical decision.

Some important background. In the United States and Canada, the daily recommended vitamin D intake for adults up to age 70 years is 600 international units (IU). After age 70, this increases to 800 IU. These levels were established in a 2011 report prepared by the Institute of Medicine.

The IOM also said that a blood level showing at least 20 ng/mL of 25(OH)D, a circulating marker of vitamin D, was enough to support bone health for nearly all healthy people. Bone health was the focus because the evidence for vitamin D's effects in other areas was limited or inconsistent. The IOM estimated that 600 IU vitamin D per day would be enough for 97.5% of healthy people to reach this target.

This decision was based on a statistical analysis of many studies, each of which reported average blood levels associated with different daily intakes. The IOM combined these study-level findings to estimate how much vitamin D an average person would need to achieve 20 ng/mL of 25(OH)D.

Side note: Some people advocate for higher target 25(OH)D blood levels, up to 40 to 60 ng/mL. That's a worthwhile discussion, but for this story, it's best to focus on 20 ng/mL.

Was the IOM's approach the best way to conduct the research? When it comes to internal vitamin D processing, biology shows there is no such a thing as an "average person." A group of people taking the same daily amount will show a range of measured 25(OH)D blood levels, and this will be the case for personalized reasons that include overall health, age, race, body composition, and the ability to absorb this hormone.

That is where the statistical problem comes in. When researchers combine average results from multiple studies, those averages don't fully capture what can be substantial differences between individuals within studies. Some people may reach the desired blood level with a small amount of vitamin D, while others will need much more.

In 2014, a group of researchers re-analyzed the same studies using a statistical approach that considered not only the average study results, but also the differences, or variation, in achieved blood levels among people taking the same amount of vitamin D. With this approach, they estimated that 8,895 daily IU of vitamin D was needed for 97.5% of healthy individuals to reach the 20 ng/mL blood level.

That was almost 15 times higher. It seemed like an informed middle ground should be possible.

In 2015, another group of researchers examined the relationship between vitamin D supplement intake and 25(OH)D blood levels, this time using data from thousands of volunteers who participated in a vitamin D testing program. This study estimated that approximately 7,000 IU of vitamin D daily, including at least 3,875 IU from supplements, was needed for 97.5% of healthy individuals to reach the 20 ng/mL blood level.

In 2017, the National Academies convened a panel of experts to review the controversy. The panel identified and even acknowledged the mathematical errors in the original IOM report. But they didn't conduct a new data analysis, and they didn't consider any newer data, like the 2015 study above.

Instead, the panel concluded that correcting the statistical errors was unlikely to have changed the ultimate 600 IU recommendation. How come? The original guidance was based on a body of evidence concerning bone health and 25(OH)D blood levels, rather than the disputed calculations alone.

Put another way, we can feel pretty confident that the 20 ng/mL blood level is sufficient to support calcium absorption, bone mineralization, and overall bone health. But an important question remains unanswered: How would the estimated daily requirement have changed if the original analysis had been corrected to account for individual differences in response to vitamin D supplementation?

Research is ongoing to try and pinpoint what benefits vitamin D may offer beyond the bones. So far, the findings have been mixed. A major clinical trial studying heart disease and cancer prevention didn't show benefits with 2000 IU of daily vitamin D. Two noteworthy exceptions have been a small (3%) reduction in the risk of developing type 2 diabetes among people with prediabetes, and a 22% reduced occurrence of autoimmune disease.

Meanwhile, medical bodies have largely maintained the original 600 IU recommendations, citing a lack of evidence that greater vitamin D intake improves health.

But researchers have also started to approach these still-open questions from different directions. Rather than just focusing on 25(OH)D blood levels, they are investigating how vitamin D functions within cells, how it affects gene activity, what other biologic measurements might reflect its activity, and why people respond differently to supplementation.

Ultimately, this research could lead to more personalized recommendations. But for now – and as generally seems to be the case – it's largely up to each of us to decide what to do with the information we have.

The Issue Is in the Tissue

Continued from Page 8

attention to the six tissue states, helping herbalists understand how to assess the individual rather than simply treating a collection of symptoms.

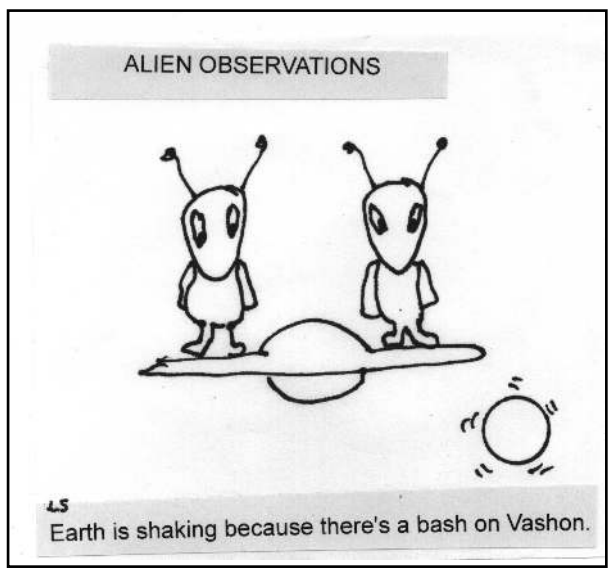
Taste offers another useful way of understanding a plant's character. Bitter herbs are traditionally associated with cooling and digestive stimulation, pungent herbs with warming and movement, sweet herbs with nourishment and moistening, and astringent herbs with drying and tonifying qualities. These associations are not absolute, but they provide another layer of understanding when studying medicinal plants.

Ultimately, this is where herbal energetics and tissue states become valuable. Two people may experience the same complaint but have very different underlying patterns. One person might experience digestive discomfort accompanied by burning and irritation, while another experiences sluggish digestion and tension. Although their symptoms may appear similar, the traditional herbal approach would consider their individual presentations and potentially arrive at very different remedies.

Of course, selecting an appropriate remedy involves more than energetics alone. An herbalist must also consider a person's constitution, medical history, medications, allergies, the plant's constituents, and its safety.

One of the most rewarding aspects of studying herbal medicine is learning to look beyond the symptom and understand the relationship between the plant and the person. As we spend time observing plants, tasting them, studying their constituents, and learning their traditional uses, we begin to develop a deeper appreciation for their individual qualities.

The art of herbalism lies not simply in knowing what a plant contains, but in understanding when, why, and for whom it may be appropriate. Through the study of herbal energetics and tissue states, we begin to cultivate a language for understanding these relationships, allowing us to approach the practice of herbalism with greater discernment, curiosity, and respect for the living world.



Alien Observations by Leigh Sorensen

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Here Come the Holidays

Continued from Front Page

That leaves me to wonder what is in the cards for my Thanksgiving. To add one more thing to the mix, my next infusion is the day before Thanksgiving. The main side effect of the medication is extreme fatigue for a few days. So that takes me out of the running for holiday host.

My daughter is a fly-by-the-seat-of-her-pants kind of gal. She did not inherit my planning gene. I like a good, solid plan with lists and timelines. No idea what she has in mind about the holiday. My granddaughter is heavily pregnant, so not in a position to host. I think they are going to her partner's family's house. My daughter-in-law has to find out what her brothers are doing.

That leaves me hanging with no plan. Don't know if I need to bake pies or make my famous dinner rolls. Or do I hope someone takes pity on me and invites me over? So far, I have a couple of tentative offers for this poor old orphan (me). Guess we will wait and see.

Since I am in the midst of creating a cookbook, The Loop editor asked me to throw in a couple of Thanksgiving side recipes. I thought long and hard and came up with three standbys.

One, Corn Puddin', came from a friend of Jake's years ago. I had never heard of it. Apparently, it is a southern staple. It is now in our holiday rotation because it is so good.

One, Coleslaw with Shrimp, is some weird thing my family always had at holiday meals. We never had plain old coleslaw. Mom always added a can or two of tiny shrimp. Strange, but that's how we rolled.

And one, Turkey Gravy, is something that I have worked on for years and finally think I nailed it. This one is mine.

Happy Thanksgiving from Ma Johnson!

Corn Puddin'

- 15-ounce can whole kernel corn
- 15-ounce can creamed corn
- 1 cup sour cream
- 8.5-ounce box Jiffy corn muffin mix
- ½ cup butter, melted

Preheat oven to 375°

Add all ingredients and mix well. Pour into greased 8″ x 12″ baking dish. Bake for 35 minutes or until toothpick inserted in the middle comes out clean.

Coleslaw with Shrimp

- 1 medium-head cabbage, shredded
- 1 carrot, shredded
- 2 cans tiny shrimp

For coleslaw dressing:

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 4 tbsp white sugar
- 3 tbsp lemon juice
- 2 tbsp white vinegar
- ½ tsp salt
- 1 tsp pepper

Mix shredded cabbage, shredded carrot, and drained shrimp.

Mix dressing ingredients (mayonnaise, sugar, lemon juice, white vinegar, salt, and pepper) until smooth. I just put it all in a jar with a lid and shake it until it's mixed.

Dump dressing on the salad, mix and eat.

Enough Turkey Gravy
For Dinner Today and Leftovers Tomorrow

Ingredients

- Neck and gizzard from turkey*
- Two turkey wings (available separately in the store)
- One medium onion, diced
- Four stalks celery, diced
- Flour
- Chicken broth

** Do NOT use the liver. Ick!*

Directions

Once your turkey is in the oven (be sure to use a stovetop-safe pan),** move on to the gravy. Into a medium pot, place the neck and gizzard from your turkey.

Add a couple of turkey wings (they are cheap), and the diced onion and celery. Add any leftover chicken broth from making the stuffing, and water as needed to cover. Season with salt and pepper.

Simmer on low the whole time the turkey is roasting.

Once the turkey is done, remove the turkey from the pan and dump the drippings into a bowl. Strain everything from the turkey roasting pan. Then strain the turkey broth into another bowl.

I just toss the bones and cooked vegetables, but you can do with those as you will. Skim the fat from the drippings and use this to make the roux. After removing the fat, add the turkey drippings to the strained broth to make the gravy.

For every 3 cups of combined broth and drippings, use the following to make the roux: ¼ cup fat and ¼ cup flour. Place the fat (either drippings, butter, or a combination) back in the roasting pan. Add flour and stir and cook for a couple of minutes, until smooth and desired color. Slowly add warm broth, stirring until gravy thickens.

This gravy will not be super-thick. If you want thicker gravy, add a tablespoon each of fat and flour to your roux. Season to your desired taste. My spices are old-school: salt, pepper, garlic, and onion powder.

*** Editors' note: You can visit* ***https://vashonloop.com/goto/thanks*** *to see Gates' soft dinner roll, stuffing, and turkey recipes, published last year in The Loop.*

Llaughing Llamas Chronicles

By Daniel Hooker

Q: What do you call a detective who accidentally solves crimes?

A: Sheer Luck Holmes.

~

Wife goes into the kitchen and sees her husband at the table, and says: "What's wrong? You look depressed."

He says, "Someone stole my coffee cups."

She says, "So, what are you going to do about it?"

He replies, "Well, I already went to the police station. I spent an hour looking at mug shots."

~

Q: Why don't witches use the most popular dating apps?

A: Because their ancestors had problems with matches on Tinder.

~

Q: What do you get when you divide the circumference of a jack-o-lantern?

A: Pumpkin pi.

~

Q: What do you call a funny mountain?

A: Hill-arious.

~

I told my doctor when I got into his office that I broke my arm in two places.

My doctor responded, "Stop going to those two places."

~

Q: What do sheep drive?

A: Lamborghinis.

~

I have an inferiority complex.

It's not a very good one.

~

As a senior, I like modern conveniences. Recently I bought some Velcro sneakers.

I wouldn't suggest it. They're a total rip-off.

~

Here's an old Bob Hope joke:

Q: What sound does a 747 make when it bounces in a landing?

A: Boe-ing, boe-ing, boe-ing.

~

At 67, I just discovered after an eye examination that I was color-blind.

Yup, the news came out of the purple.

~

Q: How many ears does Captain Kirk have?

A: He has the right ear, the left ear, and the final front ear.

~

We had a windstorm, and it blew away 25% of my roof.

Oof!

~

Did you know the military term, "Halt, who goes there," has literally been around for sentries?

~

I have a pet termite, and he wears a very small



cowboy hat.

Yep, I've named him: Clint Eatswood.

~

Q: How to you get Pikachu on a bus?

A: Poke 'im on.

~

Q: What's the difference between a sock and a camera?

A: The sock takes five toes and the camera takes fo-toes.

~

New York is the complete opposite of Minnesota.

Why?

Because New York is the Big Apple, and Minnesota is where the mini apple is.

~

Q: What do you call a Frenchman who's just been attacked by a cat?

A: Claude.

Daniel is raising funds to self-publish a book of his jokes. Look for donation boxes in various businesses on the Island. Feel free to take a holiday card as thanks for your support!

Math Puzzle

By Anne Cotter Moses

Stolen Chocolate

See Page 11 for Solution

Somebody stole Bob's chocolate bar. Jerry, Mary and Larry were suspected. Jerry said, "I didn't do it!" Mary said, "Larry didn't do it!" And Larry said, "Yes, I did it!" At least two of them lied. Who stole the chocolate bar?

Planet Waves

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

Aries (March 20-April 19)

You cannot change the underlying truth of your existence by the story you tell about yourself. I realize some would disagree and say that story has the power to recreate reality. Everyone is subject to their beliefs, especially about themselves. Positive thinking has power and to some extent we weave the tale of our lives. I'm suggesting that you do something more challenging: be true to yourself. This implies discovering the places where you were not, or are not, being true to yourself, and working out what is true and honest. Mars is about to make a conjunction to Jupiter in your fellow fire sign Leo, and that may have you feeling invincible. Consider that sincerity is what you want, and also vulnerability. Collaboration and negotiation count for quite a bit right now.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

Both Mercury and Venus changing to direct motion in deeply sensitive angles of your solar chart insist that you maintain a dialog with the people around you. This is not your speciality, I know. You tend to view life from a fixed position that makes it difficult to see, hear and feel the viewpoints of others. This may feel like personal integrity, though it almost always works against you. Slowly you learn that you're stronger for your ability to understand others, and stronger for your flexibility. The environment of most relationships is dominated by propaganda, by which I mean one-sided concepts that are intended to get an effect. It is this very thing that you want to be free of. You do have influence over how you respond, which you often give up in place of an intense reaction you can't seem to control. Now is the time to turn that around.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

You will benefit from being more creative in affairs of the heart, and more daring in matters of creative expression. They are closely related. If relationships suffer from one thing today, it's a lack of courage and an overabundance of expectation. I think that under our current torrential digital conditions, we are obsessed with pathos and lack passion. There is an extreme aversion to risk. Gemini's astrology for November and beyond is saying: get over yourself. Take a risk. Get to know someone. Do something you consider daring. Find your paints or the pastels, or dig out the baking supplies. And please, call someone up and invite them over. This used to be easy for you; it used to be a way of life.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

Do everything in your power to shift the emphasis from money to the quality of your work and your reputation. The money part has enough momentum right now. There are far more important places to shift your awareness and your attention, and one of them is being known for your accomplishments. Saturn is making its way across the bold mid-heaven angle of your solar chart. This is the house of praxis – of action – and also for establishing your reputation. Saturn is about building foundations. Therefore, keep building, starting with the lowest part of the structure you want to inhabit. Then there is the part about stagecraft. With Neptune so powerfully present in this same angle, you want to utilize its powers of visual presentation. Life is a big theater right now, and all theater utilizes the power of illusion. Make it your friend.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

For as bold as you can be under some circumstances, you're reticent to speak up when emotional or familial matters are concerned. There was some condition of your early childhood that imparted the message that being honest or transparent was dangerous and self-defeating. But these things don't translate well into adulthood. They don't translate well into the need to be honest and open as a fact of maturity. And your taciturn quality is well-masked by the fiery and outgoing nature of Leo; one might not notice what you're not saying. You also have a way of overthinking, and persisting in the almost-useless habit of motive analysis. You are responsible for stating your true position, your expectations and your regrets. This is how you participate meaningfully in the world around you.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

Cosmic or perhaps inner spiritual forces have been working with all their might to get you out of a fixed point of view. In one sense, this is a self-image thing. You seem small and distant to yourself, but this is purely an illusion. In another sense, it's about exercising a kind of self-control or self-authority that is paralyzing you from taking action. And it's the drive for action that's the thing intended to set you free from your distorted self-perception. You have a lot of other help available, though you also have a trust problem: you can't bring yourself to do it. Any time you have ever accomplished something, you have collaborators, often important ones who can do things that you cannot do. Nobody goes it alone in this life. We all need help and we are all here to help. Work it out.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

Your ruling planet Venus returns to direct motion this month, right here in her 'domicile' Libra – that is, your Sun or rising sign. This is a moment of personal alignment for you; of finding your true orientation. But there will be some twists and turns along the way as you get your bearings. There is a corridor through late Libra, where Venus currently is running retrograde, and it involves three potent slow-moving points: Chiron, Eris and the special point Zeus. This puts Venus (who represents you) in a kind of hot seat. Zeus is about directed energy. Chiron is integration and healing. Eris represents the total effects of the digital environment: an aggressive, disembodied form of chaos. And now Venus is here for an extended visit; what is this about? This is about you finding yourself – your real self, and sense of existence – amidst the overbearing conditions of the digital environment. So now you get a diversity of experiences that will remind you both where you are, and who you are. Proceed consciously, and ask yourself obvious questions. But don't be satisfied with obvious answers.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

We are now in the thick of the Mercury retrograde process, taking place exclusively in Scorpio. Planets "are what they are," meaning that Mercury is always about mind and communication. But for you, it represents several specific topics associated with shared financial transactions. Mercury rules Gemini, your 8th place, which is about joint finances in personal relationships. The retrograde process in your sign represents a reassessment of the attitudes and values you have about these relationships. A discussion is called for, perhaps several, so that you can cast off your illusions and get on the same page as those you depend on and who depend on you. Second is that Mercury represents the financial gains from your profession, ruled by Virgo and your 11th place. You have a blind spot here; there is something you're not seeing, refusing to see or looking at in a backwards fashion. Your assignment now is to figure out what that is, get clear with yourself and make the correction you need to make.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

One way or another, you're going to need to adapt to the environment you're in. It seems that much of your energy is going into an outdated personal agenda, which is the equivalent of intentionally not making the adjustments you need to make to the world we are in. You are proceeding as if you have two primary options: dig in and hold onto the past, or go large and dream a future in your own bubble that somehow transcends everything you're seeing going on in the world around you. They have two things in common: they are not about participating, they are about isolating. Major activity in your 7th house of relationships and your environment will keep trying to get your attention. This will feel like intrusion and disruption until you identify the factors in play and dance with them. With Uranus in Gemini, waiting is not an option (and never a good idea). It is easy to think that your life is about you; in fact, we are all in this situation together, and you're in it with the people closest to you.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

Venus moving to direct motion in Libra later this month is saying you need a plan for action, and then you must act on it. I'm noticing something in the world that I find disturbing: passivity bordering on paralysis. This disguises itself as being overwhelmed, confused or sick of it all, but really it's about the lack of taking action on matters that we all know require action. They may be in your own seemingly private life, and they may relate to events you see developing in the world around you. Why are you so concerned about the foundations of your security? These are not personal concerns; they are an indicator of how you're responding to an all-encompassing situation. Think beyond your immediate home and family environment and place yourself in the wider world. You tend toward pessimism even on a good day; get past that.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

If you've avoided being pushed to make an important decision, hopefully it's because you made that decision of your own accord. You're in a vitally important time for seizing hold of your destiny. Think out how often desire has betrayed you. Consider how many times you knew what was right, did something else, and lived to regret your decision – when you knew in advance! Meanwhile, a spiritual crisis seems to be developing, though it has a specific theme. And that is the importance of your relationships as a spiritual path. Your growth priority is about relationships, and this is especially true now with Venus turning to direct motion in your fellow air sign Libra. There is nothing you face with a partner or within a partnership that you cannot work out in an equitable way.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Venus retrograding into the friendly territory of Libra will help bring some clarity to interpersonal situations that need it badly. But this is also about spiritual clarity for you as well, and gaining an understanding of what your relationships are about. There seem to be two competing concepts of 'relationship' going around these days. The first is that "it's all about me." This self-centeredness is extremely pervasive at the moment, waged with a sense of shocking entitlement (the whole "what I deserve" thing). And it's null, useless and evincing of something being not a relationship. Second is that none of this is really about me, I offer myself totally to my situation. This would work for you with a very high degree of trust and attentiveness by your partner. Such is rare to find. However, for you, a genuine balance of exchange is necessary. You must be in service and you must be able to benefit – which for you means being open to receive. That is the difficult part.



Read extended monthly horoscopes plus a wealth of extra material at **PlanetWaves.net**

Math Puzzle Solution

By Anne Cotter Moses

Answer: Mary and Larry contradict each other, so one must be lying, and the other telling the truth. Since we know that at least two are lying, then Jerry must be lying. So, Jerry stole the chocolate.

Poetry Is for Everyone!

By Iris Dawn Spring

Poetry is for everyone!

It's November, and that means the beginning of the holiday season (however you celebrate), along with: midterms (whatever that means for you), the sun setting during the 4 o'clock hour (seasonal affective disorder, anyone?), and a new year just visible on the horizon (already?), not to mention rain, rain, and more rain.

But just as the holidays can be wonderful and joyous for some, this time of year can be hard for people too. All that light and cheer can illuminate some harsh stuff. Let's take a moment for what might be lurking in the shadows.

The saying goes, "Some things are better left unsaid." Or are they? What if we went ahead and said them instead?

Do you have a secret, a retort, or something inside rattling around that just needs to be let out?

Try this exercise:

Start by writing it as simply as possible. Write it in 10 words or less, then write it again in 20 words, and then again in 50 words. After that, if you're on a roll, keep writing for as long as you feel inspired.

Consider: where do the details come out? How does embellishment impact the message?

Remember: this poem can be just for you, so use grammar however you want – no rules!

Iris is a born and raised, multi-generational Vashon Islander. She has facilitated local poetry gatherings and workshops since returning home to the island in 2017, guided by the understanding that poetry is for everyone. She firmly believes in the power of poetry as a force for social cohesion, and as a catalyst for positive change in this crazy world.



Island poetry in these pages

How about yours?

Submit your poems to The Vashon Loop!

Write to: vashonloop-poetry @janevalencia.com

A Poem (and More) From Birdbrains

A Lyrical Guide to Washington State Birds

"Birdbrains: A Lyrical Guide to Washington State Birds," is a one-of-a-kind Washington State bird guide. The anthology includes original pen and ink sumi-e paintings by artist Hiroko Seki, bird fact notes, and short poems/stories/memoir. Poems/prose are bird-focused rather than human centered. The bird notes include information about song, call, mating rituals, habitat, migration, climate, dark comedy, and fun facts.

This month we feature a poem by Susan Rich, the editor of "Birdbrains", an excerpt from the bird fact notes, which was written by Stephanie Delaney, and one of Hiroko Seki's paintings. Enjoy!

Northern Flicker – Colaptes auratus (excerpt)

Description: The Northern Flicker is a medium-sized woodpecker slightly larger than an American Robin. They are an eye-catching bird with a long black bill, gray head, and bright red stripe at the nape of the head or cheek.Their chests are chestnut with distinctive black dots all over, topped by a bold black bib.

Voice: The call of the Northern Flicker is a loud "wicka-wicka-wicka."



Sumi-e painting by Hiroko Seki

The Northern Flicker Reconsidered

If a bird could become
a poem, and why not –

promenade through wayward
stanzas, lift their couplets

of wings – what then? A high
wik-a, wik-a alchemical spell:

a cry of the private and unprintable.
Could a flicker know heartbreak?

Practice self-restraint?
Their fashion leans bold – polka dots

and stripes, bright cinnamon
to morning fog hues. The male,

handsome, with his patch of mustache
I'd like to become their lifelong mate

should I return as a bird – a celebrated
Shad-spirit, Cotton-rump –

with the longest bird tongue
in North America

This ode to plurality –
this epic boundless – then –

cross-stitched together
on the pages of a Northwest sky.

~ Susan Rich

Susan Rich, editor of "Birdbrains", is the author of six collections of poetry and co-editor of two prose anthologies. The recipient of the PEN USA Award and the Times Literary Supplement Award (London), she lives and writes in West Seattle.

NoVemBer

souls in limbo caught between wings the mind is a sickle	Is Tinkerbell dead? of Yes then a No — a bewitching time
elliptical as a What is the word one that turns Never where stones don't	a menacing fairy! for a wide swing? into Always . . . . flit like a damsel-fly.
I'm forgetting the alphabet slow march	words. those ecliptics— from A to B. . . . Z
See the dawn moon orange as a sun. bold and heavy chalking across morning their waxen heads nod	swelling the western sky A mimic rises, a gossamer shield in the east. See the sun grasses and skeletal blooms, like ghosts snoring.
hmmmmm O ----- maybe it begins with a **P** ?	the judges's gavel L -- M-- N-- ahhhhhh . . . **P**
pink tongues a pallid nod (e)	cut into the grey a Palinode
You say You grow warmer as gravitationals the heartbeat of ages! as your legacy	Found It! in your cheap coat spell a float in winter birds Yes, the moon is as full inside flip-flop dreaming—
You ink it You wonder if really gone, or if like this world you learn to reconsider she'll keep to her tune and Never	you erase it the old souls are gone they live in dark chambers in its turns of inside out— but as for Tinkerbell her hither and thither Not Ever apologize.

Claudia Hollander-Lucas

Claudia Hollander-Lucas is a visual artist, writer, book-maker, and long-time Islander whose artwork can be found near and far in public and private collections. Visit her website and press called We Live In The Woods for details: ***claudiahollander-lucas.com****.*

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The art of life lies in a constant readjustment to our surroundings.



~ Kakuzo Okakura