

Vashon Meets Spanish Soccer

By Andy Valencia

The cafes of Vashon certainly provide coffee drinks, but their true value is in the surprises that often accompany your order. At Luna one morning, I was just getting my laptop ready when I heard a young woman in line mentioning that she had returned from playing semi-pro soccer in Europe. I popped up, apologized for being a nosy Loop reporter, gave her a card, and asked if I might interview her?

Meet Zoe McDaniel. She grew up in Seattle, with her and her family spending large chunks of each summer here on Vashon. Her father has always been a big soccer fan, and her mother is a fluent Spanish speaker. Soccer, Spanish, and a generous helping of natural talent – where might it lead?

From her youngest years, athletics – and soccer in particular – have been a passion for Zoe. After playing in the usual youth leagues, she felt ready to take it to the next level, and approached the coach of the Seattle OL Reign soccer team. The cold call led to her visiting their practice for a tryout, and she left the tryout with the club ready to sign her up. She was now playing with people for whom soccer was their intended profession, and her team played across the nation.

All this while still a high school student.



Her parents had always loved Spain, and in parallel with this, they had started looking seriously at moving to Spain as permanent residents. The culture and natural beauty were large considerations, but for Zoe there was an additional benefit: Europeans love soccer. Pro and amateur, men and women. And unlike the United States' very formal, regimented path to pro sports,

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Legends Of Vashon – The Tunnels

By Shannon Smith

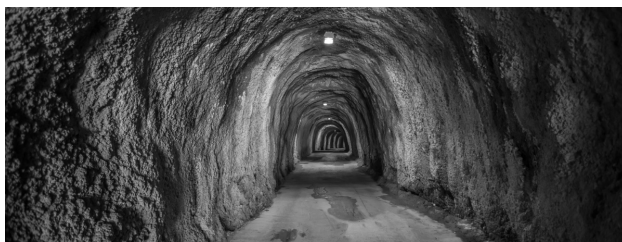
My grandmother always lived on Vashon, that's how it felt as a kid visiting, and it still feels like that. But I really didn't start to hear all the old stories of Vashon until my parents broke up around 1996 and I moved to Grandma's. Not that she shared many stories, but some family got me started on a bad path, and I began hanging out with long-time Islanders. They weren't saints, but they knew lots of old stories!

Vashon used to have a bunch of military installations, the big ones being up at Sunrise Ridge and Paradise Ridge. There were Nike missiles here, and lots of security surrounding them. Because of the fences and guards, nobody went in exploring, but the locals were always wondering if there were enough large trucks and convoys to explain all the military hardware on the Island. Sometimes, you'd feel a rumbling in the ground, and although my grandmother would just say it was a train on the mainland ... lots of locals said it felt closer than that. As in, right beneath your feet.

As the wars wound down and the military on Vashon started leaving, it was finally possible to start exploring. It wasn't as if the military left any helpful maps, so exploring would mostly only find you piles of worthless garbage. Lots of buildings and storage spaces were still locked up with steel doors and high-security padlocks.

One guy – a high-schooler at the time – found a steel door that some military workers had left unlocked by accident. He said that behind the door was a man-sized concrete shaft going straight down, with ladder rungs embedded in the concrete. He went down into the dark as far as he dared, but finally had to turn around because he couldn't see anything. The air probably wasn't too good, either. By the time he scared up a strong flashlight and came back, the access door was locked again.

That was at Sunrise Ridge, but most people



were sure that there was a tunnel connecting Paradise Ridge to it. The concrete shapes you see embedded in the ground there are probably a part of it, but it's all pretty securely buried. There were stories claiming that there was a hidden access door which swung open. To hide it, the door had wire attached and sod growing right onto it. The whole thing swung open like a big square of grass, but just looked like lawn on a pile of dirt when closed. But whoever had started the story never showed it to anybody, so you can believe it or not.

Back at Sunrise Ridge, another friend who had started from that vertical shaft worked his way outward from there to finally find a regular, sloped tunnel heading down into the ground. Unlike the vertical access shaft, this one was big enough to walk in, and even cart equipment with you. He said there was lots and lots of rusting metal junk along the shaft. When you went in far enough, the junk entirely blocked the tunnel, and he started pulling pieces back up the tunnel to get further down the tunnel. One day, he came back to find that the water had risen and flooded out the tunnel entirely. No more searching.

My own discovery came when I was digging around online back when the Internet was pretty new. I found a military map which I think had been put online by accident. It covered Vashon, and showed lines between Sunrise, Paradise, and even down to a dock. But thicker, gray lines also connected Fort Lewis, Vashon, and Bremerton. I feel like if we looked deep enough, we'd find old military civil defense tunnels, although they're probably all full of seawater by now.

I've looked many times since, but never again found that map.

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Housing Solutions For Everyone – Not Only The Wealthy

By David Earle

Vashon, along with many other established communities in western Washington, has a serious housing problem.

Land hoarding is a thing. For instance, the Reed family of Tacoma owns 770,000 acres of land in Washington State. There are many landowners in the United States who own more than 1,000,000 acres. Our property tax code encourages this by charging people like Bill Gates and Jeff Bezos the same 1% rate that other landowners pay. Without some constraints – especially in residential areas – the market is artificially deformed, sucking the life out of anyone who does not own their home.

Here in King County, more than 10% of homes are owned by corporations. Back in the 1960s, 48% of people under 35 years of age owned homes. By 2020, that figure was halved to 24%. Homes that used to be owned by human beings are now owned by corporations. About half of those are being rented and half are being flipped.

This means that three out of four King County residents under 35 cannot afford a home of their own. Many will be trapped renting for the rest of their lives – helping a wealthier neighbor or corporation pay their mortgage, purchase a spacious vacation home, or build that new mega yacht. Some of them will have to leave the area, breaking ties with family and friends. Some will end up homeless.

Building a new home in King County is next to impossible if you don't have piles of cash and years to do it. This needs to change. Having a home is a basic human right. Our own county – which should be looking out for us – is assisting in obstructing 75% of younger adults from owning or building a home.

It is not possible to procure construction financing unless you are already quite wealthy, or your job pays exceptionally well and your credit is near perfect. By taking on such a massive loan, prospective home builders end up paying twice – once for building, and again for financing. Don't forget the tens of thousands of dollars in permitting fees and wasted time for obtaining the permission to do so (there is an eight-month back-up at the permitting department).

Many people living on Vashon work service jobs – which typically don't pay enough to support a mortgage on a house.

King County's permitting department leaves a massive gap when it comes to housing those who don't have high-paying jobs. The current process has no capacity to address situations that fall in between living in a recreational vehicle and constructing a house that costs hundreds of thousands of dollars.

We need a housing category that works for those who do not have those means. Here are some things that could be improved at the permitting department:

As Seattle has done, provide a number of free, pre-approved plans for the construction of accessory dwelling units. Not necessarily to be used as accessories to a larger home, but as primary dwelling units. With these plans, permitting should be streamlined. Once a critical areas check, water, and wastewater are handled, construction should be able to commence.

Waive all permitting fees, or sharply reduce them, for new homes under 800 square feet.

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Benedictine Morning Prayer

By Collin Medeiros

It was only when the bell had struck its final tone that young Placidus realized he was awake, in the real world, and had someplace to be. He flew from his bed, fastened his leather belt around the brown tunic he had slept in, put his knife in its sheath, and hurried out of his cell into the still-dark morning.

He walked briskly to the chapel, but did not run, and he managed to catch the door before it closed behind the other novice, Brother Anthony, who had almost overslept. Inside, the simply adorned chapel was full of pages being flipped and the creaks of old wood benches and aging monks. Two candles were lit on the altar, and a sweet incense meandered throughout the room.

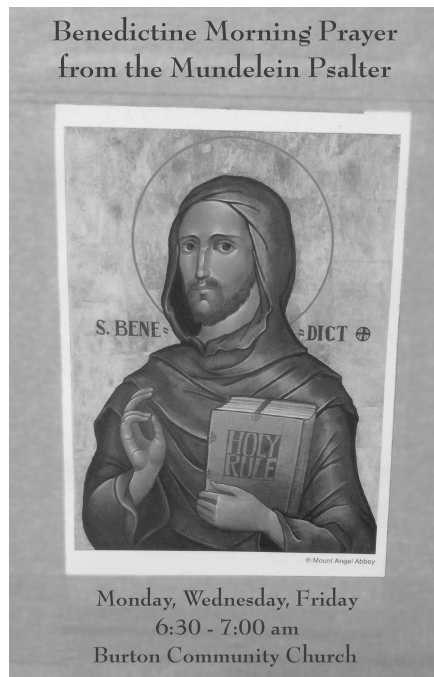
A few nuns from the neighboring convent were there in the pews, as were some locals, usuals, who had found the pearl long ago and never tired of its beauty. When the shuffling had subsided, and the throats were cleared, there was a brief moment of silence, long enough for Placidus to remember that today was his turn to clean the stables. This was a punishment for having unfairly kicked one of the goats for being – as his superior had put it while lovingly taking the dahlia bloom from its mouth – a goat.

Father Benedict, the cantor, stood, made the sign of the cross, and began with the second verse of Psalm 69, “Oh God, come to my assistance.” The whole room intoned, “Oh Lord,

make haste to help me. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, a world without end. Amen. Alleluia.”

So every day began for young Placidus, and so the start of day still begins every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at the Burton Community Church. John rings the bell at 6:30 a.m., candles and incense are lit, prayers start at 6:35 p.m. and are sung until 7 p.m.

“For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.” The prayer of the church is a river whose source is before time and whose destiny is eternal. Come, grab a prayer book, and jump in!



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What Brought You to the Island

By Pam (aka Gates) Johnson

I'd always dreamed of living on a farm, but resigned myself to a life in Portland, just like everyone else in my family. That all changed when I got married. I was 21 years and two weeks old, and had been married for one weekend when we packed up everything I owned and moved to Vashon, where my new husband owned a funky little house on one acre.

My new Vashon home came complete with a garden and a dog. We soon added chickens. I learned how to cook and garden and can vegetables. Since I didn't know anyone on the Island except my husband, and I didn't have a job, I really needed something to do. Our

acre had a small orchard of Golden Delicious apple trees. It was fall, and the apples were plentiful. It would be a shame to let them go to waste, so I learned how to bake apple pie. For a solid month I would pick apples and have a fresh apple pie waiting for my new husband when he came home from work, every day. I've never been big on apple pie, so my husband ate them ... every one of them. That fall, the apples didn't go to waste, they went to waist. Husband gained quite a few pounds.

Our little family began to grow. First, we added a Siamese cat, Big Kitty. Then a baby goat, Tinkerbelle. Then a Red Angus cow, Earnestine. Then a black calf, who became our milk cow, Moonbeam. When we

found out I was pregnant, we got a pony for my daughter before she was born.

We were rapidly outgrowing our little house and mini-farm. A few months of hunting, from Tahlequah to Maury Island to the Westside, and we found a house and five acres. We fenced and farmed. I learned how to bake bigger and better pies, how to churn butter, how to can most everything from vegetables to chickens; I baled hay, drove a tractor and a one-ton flat-bed truck loaded with hay. It was certainly not the life I had lived in Portland.

After another kid, more land, more horses and cows, an unexpected career for me with the Vashon School District, and a divorce, I realized that I had found my home and that my dream of living on a farm had become my reality.

The Vashon Loop

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Distribution: The Vashon Loop is a monthly newspaper, with 3,000 copies printed per issue; the paper is distributed to multiple sites throughout Vashon-Maury Island, and all content is also available at our website.

<https://vashonloop.com/>
September 7, 2023

Address: The Vashon Loop, P. O. Box 2221, WA 98070

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Music Mends Minds

By Rich Osborne

Sounds simple, no? It is simple. If you embrace music, music will heal you.

I have been leading the MMM sing-along for five years, and at the Vashon Senior Center for a year-and-a-half.

Every Tuesday, 1:30 to 2:30 p.m. Maybe you should come?

People come for the joy of singing. For friendship and laughter in a happy, positive setting. Our music books have changed. Our location has changed twice. Our instrumentalists change. Our singers change. Every week is a new

adventure.

But one thing does not change.

Our commitment to helping our friends and neighbors with the health challenges of Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, and loneliness. Yes. Loneliness is a health challenge.

Singing helps to break up the brain plaque that causes these diseases. We now have science to back up these claims.

And we have the examples of Tony Bennett, Glen Campbell, and so many others. Singing kept them in the game of life for decades. Singing is doing pushups for your brain.

The Vashon Loop is published monthly

For me, it is more than that. This is my opportunity to give something back to our system. To give a gift that makes things a little bit better. And it is a gift. This is a free public service, sponsored by Vashon Rotary.

We want your presence, your joy, your happiness, your time. So come. Come sing. You will be glad you did. And so will we.

Now And Then

By Jane Valencia

Autumn is in the air, Kids are back in school, and we resume activity with renewed focus and will. As we anticipate the approach of cold and flu season, nurturing one's immune health is, as always, a practical path.

As one may expect, talk has resurged about COVID. Is this variant of concern? At the time of this writing, COVID, while on the uptick in some communities, remains mild overall, including here on Vashon. Even so, President Biden seeks funding for a new COVID vaccine, and mask mandates have reappeared in some places in the country. Some of us wonder if decision-makers are gearing up to have us do it again: masks, vaccines, mandates, distancing, contact tracing, lockdowns.

And should we? Some of it? None of it? Do our times and situation warrant a global response? And what about personal choice in the matter?

None of us are in the same place we were three+ years ago. We all have navigated this phenomena called COVID that is not just a virus, but a sweep of social, political, economic, and corporate action and reaction on every possible scale.

Many of us are no longer afraid of COVID, or at least not so much. Indeed, with the return of hugs, hand shaking, gatherings, collaborations, smiles, laughter, and face-to-face sharing of our hopes, sorrows, and happiness, the orchestrated caution we practiced during the pandemic



may feel anachronistic. While I, like most of us Islanders in the early pandemic, engaged in "six-foot apart," masking indoors and sometimes even outdoors, and refrained from sitting near or hugging friends, or attending gatherings, I have come to understand how debilitating it is to not engage in the simple acts and daily intimate connection that are part and parcel of our humanity. Perhaps you, like me, ponder where more harm than good resulted, and how extensive the fields of impact and consequences were and are.

Autumn is a time for harvest, and now perhaps we may gather fruit from our pandemic experience. In 2020, a time of bewildering unknown, we turned to or allowed government and medical authorities to take charge. Before we follow in our own footsteps, let's pause and consider. We have grown and changed in our experience and understanding. The COVID virus has changed, too. As immunologists early in the pandemic predicted, it has become more transmissible, yet milder overall in

impact. Individually some of us may remain at enhanced risk. Where this is so, we as a community can strategize and help out. This is something the Island does well.

Beyond the virus, we have much to sift through regarding the mechanisms of our global and local responses, and their consequences - unintended and otherwise. This is the time to harvest from our stories, and glean lessons learned.

We can ask ourselves and begin to share with one another: "What worked or didn't work for me and my loved ones? What was outright harmful? What do I plan to do differently or better? What would I do again and why?" This is the time to discard labels, judgments, and assumptions, and challenge ourselves to see from one other's eyes, walk in each other's shoes. I will listen carefully to what you have to say. Will you do the same?

You and I are not "either-ors," "cases," or statistics. We are many-layered, complex beings, each unique. And we are meant to share life in meaningful, close-knit ways, and to engage freely with the gifts of healthy community. Helping each other to weather hardships and tend all manner of health, grow strength of spirit in adversity, cultivate peace within families, find and exchange quality information and resources, discern blind spots and face the elephants in the room, celebrate God and ritual, mark special occasions and new life stages, relax with our homebound elders and enjoy the full range of our connection from smiles to tears, watch children play and play with them, grieve and laugh together. These are gifts that nourish, ground,

and powerfully anchor our wellbeing - including our physical health and immune response.

Recognizing this, let's look again at the challenge we call COVID, and expand the scope of the conversation. Perhaps now is the time to turn from intense focus on the virus, and step into a larger landscape, one in which we both recognize that the COVID virus remains a struggle for some, but is no longer our collective defining challenge.

In any event, it's a good time to catch up with friends and neighbors. Whether in the grocery store or on the street, when we ask and respond to, "How are you?" let's dig a little deeper to more frankly express what is on our minds and hearts. Just as when we stand at KVI beach attempting to discern what's out in the far waters, we might find ways to look together, and ask a question, seek an answer. Wisdom arises from such encounters. When held with respect and regard, our differing perspectives are our wealth.

As we move into Autumn, let us bring our savvy to bear in assessing Now and Then. With a mind to the winds pushing or pulling us into the future, let us lean into an open curiosity that can bridge differences and remind us that we share not only the same shore, but - somewhere upon it - love the same view or patch of sand. May we heed a call to practice community in its healthiest forms, deeply and well. When trouble again comes our way, let ours be a truly local and diverse response. Watch creativity arise, and a new trail emerge, guiding us into the heart of our Island.

Here We Go Again?

By Andy Valencia

We've heard our president announce new funding for new COVID vaccines. Our local media includes a triumphant study of how Vashon did during the pandemic of recent memory. The general tone was that the world can learn from our success. We're told the COVID storm clouds are gathering.

We look at the damages to our students and other young. To small businesses and vulnerable minority communities. To those who have gained or resumed the ravages of drug addiction, alcoholism, and mental health problems. Stimmie checks do not begin to cover what has been wrought.

We have also heard from - and lightly touched upon - those who have had loved ones lost or maimed - or been maimed themselves. They believe this is due to a radical new vaccine technology. You may think they are wrong, or even delusional. They think you are dismissing them too quickly.

Always, there's the hammering on the gong with the shout of "Emergency!" We haven't yet recovered from how we responded to COVID, with breathtaking food and energy inflation, and a host of other impacts. Our ferries can't even maintain their still-truncated schedule.

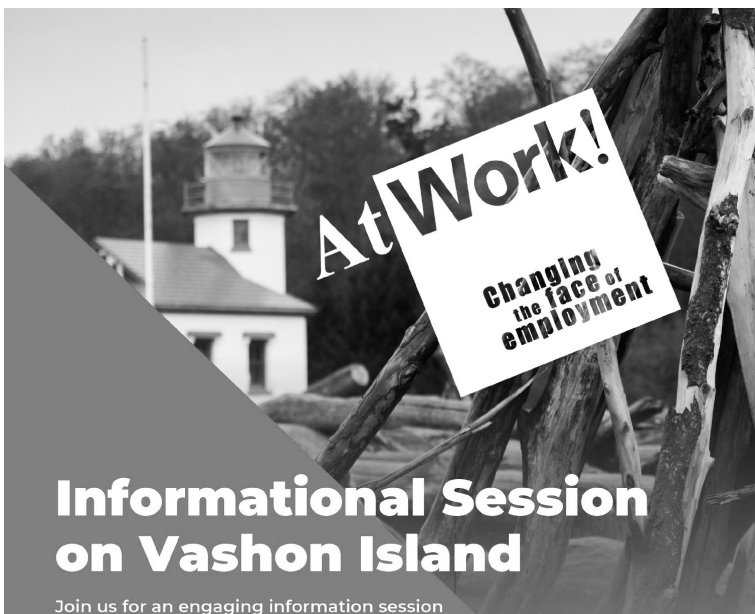
Our local community has historically pointed to our diversity of viewpoints as a strength. It was important to let someone go their way while you went yours - if you turned out right, you were there to throw them a lifeline. Or you might be surprised - and still grateful - that they were there to help you. In the recent excitement, this dynamic was a little harder to find than it should have been. When next we must have an emergency, let's avail ourselves of the full range of local strengths.



The Vashon Loop Health Disclaimer

It is the right of people to express and share their opinions, knowledge, and experiences to promote health and nutrition. As our collective wisdom grows, so does our individual and community resilience. On an Island where we must at times depend on ourselves and one another, this matters. We at The Vashon Loop are proud to support our community in the area of wellness. Health-related information may appear throughout The Loop, in articles, recipes, and elsewhere.

We remind our readers that your health is your personal responsibility, your body and situation are unique, and information in The Loop is for educational purposes only. Any health-related content is the opinion of the author alone and should not be used to diagnose or treat medical conditions or prescribe medicine. Consult with an appropriate medical resource or healthcare provider when making healthcare decisions.



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Happy Birthday, Vashon Loop!



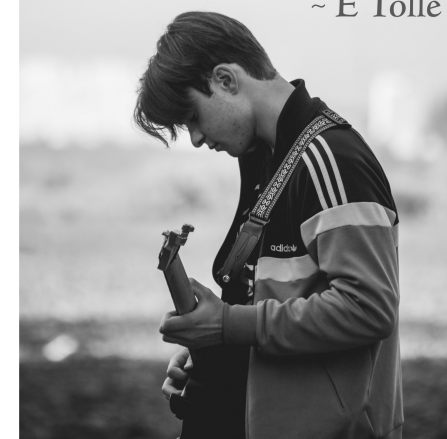
The rebooted Vashon Loop is one year old. What an amazing journey it has been.

Thank you for all your contributions, enthusiasm, inspiration, and support. We truly can't do it without you.

It's a honor to offer this independent newspaper to the Island community.

You are the universe expressing itself as a human for a little while.

~ E Tolle



The Truth About Legs

By Deborah H. Anderson

"Do you see where the break is?" ... The surgeon asks. Pointing to the x-ray, I look at the diagonal line of a femur once shattered in two places, now fused into solid bone. "Yes", I tell him, nodding my head.

"Now look at the other leg," he continues, "See how the spike (or did he say spindle?) of that prosthetic comes down to below where the break is on the other leg?" I nod again. "It's tricky because I have found a device with a shorter spindle, but if it's too long I will have to drill into the bone"

I pick up the thread of the conversation. "I know that may shatter the bone, and then you have to wrap it in wire and glue it all together."

"It's risky," he says, finishing his thought.

"Doctor, every advance I've had in life has been because I was willing to take a risk. Many risks. Big risks. It's the only way I've been able to stay pieces-together and walking."

He looks at me thoughtfully. "OK," he says gently, almost effortlessly. "I'll do it"

At the age of nine, my body took a 3,000-pound Oldsmobile doing 90 mph at a direct hit, shoving a rear-mounted engine into my back and up and over my legs, pinning them under the rear seat. When people stare at me walking with my floppy right foot, or if am using my cane or trekking poles, or if I am in a wheelchair being pushed through the airport, I think to myself, "You have no idea how much joy I feel with every step, or every transfer." So do not feel sorry for me. I am a living, breathing, moving miracle. And I'm hoping that soon I'm going to get another one.

If I had any frustration with able-bodied people, it is that they are not grateful enough for what they can do with ease. Some of you do not have to watch your feet and where they are placed when you move them. You do not have to argue with a ferry dock worker about being placed near the car deck bathroom. Your shoes are both the

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same size, fitting comfortably. You can dash. You can pivot. You can walk on tip toes. You can take staying healthy for granted.

Spur of the moment and spontaneous are options for you because you do not have to measure your steps or energy. You can stick to a plan A with no back-up plan needed.

On the other hand, maybe you miss the profound awareness of what a gift ease or speed is, or even the very daily experience of being alive, upright, and taking nourishment, as my friend Roy used to say.

I cherish that part of my consciousness.

I have no idea what the outcome of this next surgery will be. There are no guarantees. The idea that it might give me a little more mobility is worth living in suspense for, and planning accordingly.

If there is something you can do that others cannot, consider stewarding that capacity well. Use your ability for good. Be consciously grateful. Then stretch your understanding a little and remember capacity or ability does not make you better or more whole. They are responsibilities with which to create good.

I am not less whole because my legs are a continuous work in progress or cosmetically challenged. I am whole because I have a grateful heart. Today, I am grateful for a surgeon who is willing to take a risk with me. I'll keep you posted about the outcome.



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Life With Wasps

By Michael Shook

I finally got around to staining the gates in the back of the property this month. They were holding up well, but red cedar does last longer with some protection. So, back I went, stain bucket in hand, brush in the other. As I approached the largest of the gates, I could see two unmistakable forms thereon – bald-headed wasps.

They paid no attention to me. I stood back a couple of feet and watched them work. They were gnawing away industriously at the softest part of the wood grain, gathering it up for nest material. I looked around at the surrounding woods and brush, wondering if their house was nearby. If it was, I wanted to make sure I knew where, for obvious reasons. Years ago, on a firewood expedition, I'd blundered into a bald-faced nest, and got a sting on the ear (ouch), lost an expensive, custom-made earplug when I whacked at the beast, and then got to experience the worst headache I've ever had.

However, nothing dramatic or painful occurred this time. They left, and I examined the wood. The gates are a simple rectangular frame of 2 x 4 cedar, with a 1 x 4 cedar "X" brace, and deer fence wire attached. Over the nine years the gates have been up, various wasps have left the wood of all the surfaces sculpted, such that the softest, widest grain forms small valleys between the much harder ridges of stout grain. It is remarkable how much has been spirited away, and made into paper.

We have many wasps around our place. The larger, more fierce varieties – bald-faced, black-and-yellow (both called hornets, but not truly so), and the much smaller (but exceedingly cranky) ground-dwelling yellowjackets – rarely if ever build on the house, or near it. Far on the other end of the scale from such surly creatures are two favorite visitors, who only show themselves occasionally: the Great Golden Digger wasp and the Cuckoo wasp. Both of these are nectar-feeders and are quite docile. The Cuckoo has a tiny stinger and is so retiring it will usually simply curl up if badgered by a human. Both of these wasps, however, have a trait that is irresistible to me, and that is beauty.

The Cuckoo is at most a mere 5/16ths of an inch in length, but its bright, metallic green is impossible to miss on a flower – a tiny, glimmering fragment of emerald, often carrying with it what appears to be luggage – saddle-bags of yellow pollen.

The Golden Digger is much larger, about 1-inch plus in length, and is a delight. Their legs, the latter part of the thorax, and the first two-thirds of the abdomen, are a stunning amber gold that seems to glow from within. The head is mostly black, and there is a black accent band on the tail end that supplies an elegant finish. The wings are likewise amber, but delicately translucent, with, again, black on the tips. If I let the mint plant in its container go to flower, they will visit it by the score, wings shimmering in the sun as they move from blossom to blossom.

There is another important species I should mention – the European paper wasp. It arrived here in the 1980s or so, and is now ubiquitous across Canada, the United States, and Mexico. Are they originally French? German? Perhaps Italian, or maybe Dutch, tolerant peoples both, and these wasps are the same, roughly – at least, for wasps. They love to make their homes in the undulations that form the center part of the metal roofing panels covering our house, garage, and shed. They also build under ledges, like the ones formed by the boards we placed to sit on and pick blueberries from the plants in raised beds. Roughly estimating, we've got at least hundreds, maybe more. Thank goodness they are not aggressive. As long as I am not bashing about their housing, I can work right next to them without a problem.

However, while picking blueberries the other day, I did just that, trying to untangle some of the bird netting. A moment before I saw them swarming (if 7 or 8 can be a

swarm – their nests are usually small), I felt a searing jab in my hand, near my thumb joint. Ouch, again.

Well, that was largely my responsibility. The initial pain faded quickly, and while I had to put up with some swelling and terrific itching for the week it took my body to process the venom, it was, overall, a minor thing. And the benefits of having so many of these and other wasps around the place is the near-complete absence of aphids and noxious caterpillars. With so many predators around, it's easy and fun to watch them all as they hunt, foraging around under and through the daphne, jasmine, osmanthus, kinnikinnick, and so on, as well as the blueberries. The European wasps generally stay low in the garden cover, but will also venture into trees to eat tent caterpillars, a larva so foul-tasting birds won't touch them. It makes me think they – the Euros – couldn't be Italian after all. No Italian I ever met would eat such awful food.



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An Ode to Mom, an Early Fashion Queen

By Seán Malone and John Sweetman

As Seán remembers, Mom formed hats out of buckram, using the forms to glue Chinese pheasant feathers in, making a unique women's hat. A full-grown male Chinese pheasant has a chest of iridescent, electric blue and brown feathers. Mom loved the colors, and would badger Dad and I to protect their pelts and not sluce the pheasant on the ground.

Hat-making had been one of her hobbies, like collecting chitons on the beach at very low tide and soaking them in formaldehyde until there was nothing left but their vertebrae. She would glue the vertebrae of the mollusks together and put them in her display case, the green one with the glass door.

Mom's hats were admired by all as she had gone to a finishing school in New York and was in "on high fashion."

Every year, the Vashon Sportsman's Club would hold a celebration called Tijuana Nights. Mom would dress up in a skimpy blouse, as she was well-endowed, and a black skirt, and carry a tray of cigarettes for her customers to buy and enjoy.

As a cook, Mom excelled in producing dinners enjoyed in other countries, such as arroz con pollo from Brazil, or Pul-Kogi, a Korean meat dish served with rice and kimchee. Her cooking skills were legendary.

Mom's canning kept the pantry full of peaches and pears, jams and jellies, and pickles, both dill and bread and butter. She had to make jelly for Dad, as the seeds from jam would get under the plate of his false teeth, annoying him to no end.

I remember the story of Mom's having invited Dad's parents over for dinner shortly after their wedding. It was roast beef with mashed potatoes and gravy with corn on the cob and fresh garden peas, with an apple pie for dessert. Our grandfather, Papa Jim, had stopped at a café to eat before coming to our house, because he wouldn't trust a young bride's cooking. Mom didn't learn of Papa Jim's deceit until later.

Years later, John and I were working on a project for our friend Bill out on Indian Point. A pheasant landed in a maple and stuck around for a number of days. It brought back memories.

The Supreme Court of Mom

By Seán Malone and John Sweetman

As John remembers:

"He hit me!"

"She was making faces at me!"

"I was not!"

"He was making fart noises with his armpit!"

And so convened the daily district court of summary justice where the prosecutor, defense council, and detective agency was all in one. MOM! Mom interrupted her laundry-hanging job and quickly rendered an unappealable decision: "Go bring the basket of laundry out! And you! Go finish your weeding!"

Decision rendered. I traipsed off, somewhat miffed that my newly developed useless new skill of "arm farts" was so unjustly received. It had taken me and my friend Gene Amundsen weeks to perfect the talent, and I sure learned a lesson. The lesson was, "never show off useless talent to a blabber mouth sister." From then on, we only did these things to a "select" few. Very few. That is, Gene and me.

Moms were especially good at detective work. "Who left that towel on the floor with dirty handprints?"

"Not me!"

"I didn't do it!" And the pathetic, but gratuitous excuses followed in predictable sequence.

"...Show me your hands! Both hands!" And the Mom's Detective Agency zoomed right in on the guilty party. Long before scientific lie detector gear came into usage, moms

were way ahead of the curve. Trial and sentencing were swift and effective. "Go do your chores and feed the chickens!" Which usually was my sister's job.

Corporal punishment was rare, but occasionally administered with a hazelnut branch that you were ordered to cut yourself. The pain was minimal, but one time, I remember I got a couple of whacks for some conflict between my sister and myself, and the pain was mostly seeing her off around a corner making faces at me while I hollered! I was innocent! I was framed! I had an alibi! I wasn't there! Later, I learned that this came to be known as "the Bart Simpson" defense strategy.

Small misdemeanors were treated in instant, "district" court, but while "fibbing" was somewhat more serious, actual lying went to the "Supreme Court" of ... "Wait till your father gets home." At that point, the warning signs of real consequences became ominous. Judge Mom and Chief Justice Dad would confer and lay down some rendering that was final and unappealable. While Dad might mitigate the judgement based upon sincere regret of the case in point, the judgement, once made, was never reversed entirely.

Lying was considered to be one of the most serious of offenses, as was causing trouble on the school bus. Lying about a bad action such as stealing a bit of candy from the store compounded the penalty by an order of magnitude. Maybe that's why these bad things were rare for us.







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Housing Solutions For Everyone

Continued from Front Page

Get rid of rules disallowing people to build garages, barns, and workshops prior to house construction. Something like a barn is often much quicker to construct, and for generations it was typical for people to build a barn or outbuilding, allowing them to move onto a property they'd purchased and stop paying rent. Doing so allowed them to afford to pay their mortgage and save for home construction.

We currently have an exception for those fortunate enough to live on agricultural land – you can construct a barn on any land zoned as agricultural. You do not need a septic or sewer connection, power, proof of legal access (driveway or easement for a driveway), or the things typically associated with building a house. I see no reason for any location on Vashon Island to be off-limits for building a barn, provided setbacks and wetlands, riparian areas, and shorelines are respected.

Obviously, a barn is not a house, but it could be a great stepping-stone to a permanent home.

It is time to completely overhaul the permitting guidance offered by the county. King County permitting has a large number of codes listed in a

hard-to-navigate database. We need a stand-alone book available as a well-organized pdf and website. This document must detail all possible steps in the permitting and construction process clearly, with illustrations when appropriate. We cannot leave anything to chance, as this is a massive waste of resources. New home builders have to pay for a multitude of mistakes that could have been prevented had they been given access to the information they needed. Something as simple as an order of operations would be very helpful for planning purposes.

We also need to figure out a way to subsidize fire sprinklers for those in low-income brackets.

So often, permitting costs cut heavily into the one thing the permitting department should be doing: Building better-quality, safer buildings. Having seen the county in action, the permit prices are much too high to justify the minimal work they do. We need to discount permits for anyone who has less than \$1,000,000 in net worth, or makes less than \$75,000 a year.

Artisans Cooperative and the Handmade Movement

By Ali Elsberry

Nearly 15 years ago, I stumbled upon a little website known as Etsy. I can't even count the hours I spent sorting through listings on there; it was my go-to for new jewelry, home decor, and eventually, baby items when my children arrived. I even remember my very first purchase – a sweet little string of pearls with a bird charm at one end. I have since given it to my daughter and she treats it as though it is the fanciest necklace ever made.

Most of the birthday gifts I buy come from there, and I've spent a number of Christmases committing to "Etsy-only" gift-buying for everyone on my list. And still to this day, I'm pretty sure the phrase "I bought it on Etsy" comes out of my mouth at least once a week.

But a few years ago, I started noticing a change. It was subtle at first – some non-handmade looking mugs that said they were made in a studio in Los Angeles, but could have shipped out from China. And then it became a lot more obvious; I could sift through at least four pages of results with similar images and near-identical "handmade" descriptions before finding the first thing that was actually handmade.

Now, that's not to say that there aren't still some fabulously talented artisans listing their skillfully crafted goods on Etsy; there are, and many of them are right here on Vashon. But I can say from much personal

experience that they are increasingly hard to find because they get buried beneath the mountains of mass-produced products sold by competitors who can offer a lower price ... along with far less craftsmanship and authenticity. This was not a natural progression of the Etsy platform either; it was a conscious business decision.

A couple weeks back, I was having a conversation with a friend about the changes in Etsy and how I held this vision of a new little handmade marketplace – somewhere that makers and creators could come together to sell their crafts to people like me who love supporting the handmade movement. It would basically be what Etsy used to be, but developed in a way to prevent "selling out." A few days afterwards, my friend was at the library and saw a flyer posted for just this very concept, and she sent me the information.

It's called Artisans Cooperative (artisans.coop), and it is an expanding marketplace with many sellers already listed. There are other sites that provide alternatives to Etsy, and as time goes on, I suspect this growing movement will continue staking its claim. So many more people are starting to realize that, when you follow the trail to the top, there are really only a handful of corporations that essentially own just about everything. Take for example

Continued on Page 11

How To Avoid Being Nickeled and Dimed

By March Twisdale

While researching my first article about choosing cash over debit and credit cards, the Vashon Island business community showed considerable interest. I followed this up with online research, but the bulk of the data influencing my articles comes from local business owners. We, as consumers, have a brilliant opportunity to listen to and learn from our neighbors who are business owners.

After Vote Against "Bank Taxes" - Pay Cash was published this June, reader responses ran the gamut from emails to casual comments in town, as well as phone calls and well-remarked upon Facebook conversations. Clearly, Islanders care where their money goes and whose pocket it lands in.

"Banking taxes" (the fees associated with purchasing transactions using a debit or credit card) come in two types. First, there is a flat fee charged for the privilege of using your money. Second, you pay a percentage of the transaction amount.

To make sure we're on the same page, let's run through a familiar scenario. Five friends meet up at their favorite Vashon café. They each purchase a drink and a treat for \$10, and they each use plastic to pay the bill. To simplify, we'll assume the "point of sale" (POS) and "transaction percentage" (TP) fees of their preferred cards are identical: \$0.50 POS and 2% TP. Under these

conditions, the bank taxes on each person's \$10 purchase would equal \$0.50 + \$0.20, or 7% of the entire transaction.

That's not such a big deal, right? Except there are five separate transactions, which means your coffee date just exported \$3.50 off the Island and into the pockets of the international banking industry. If your response is to shrug, keep reading.

What is the definition of "nickeled and dimed?" According to the Cambridge Dictionary: "To damage someone or something ... by taking away many small amounts of money." Their example is to the point: "The banks nickel and dime you to death with all the little fees they charge you."

You and I are being nickeled and dimed by a banking system designed over several decades to expertly extract money from a generally honest and trusting populace, and the very real cost to Vashon Islanders is steep.

We have about 10,800 Islanders with differing spending habits. So, I've come up with an average that I think is pretty close to reality. The three numbers that matter are: (1) how many transactions are conducted locally per week, (2) how much money does the average Islander spend per week, and (3) what percentage of these transactions are made with cash or plastic?

Between coffee, grocery

shopping, a weekly pizza, beer with a friend, that second trip to the grocery store, new plants in the spring, holiday presents, dinner out with your spouse, grabbing lunch at the deli, pet supplies, ice cream for the little ones in summer, gasoline for both cars, an evening out with friends, whatever one might buy at the local liquor or weed store, and the weekly visit to Granny's ... the "average" number of transactions made per week is 20.

Of the several business owners on Vashon Island who shared their data with me (it's tallied by the POS machines), all came up the same: 90% of us pay with plastic, and 10% with cash. For the sake of this article, I'm assuming this reflects an overall Island trend.

What happens when we crunch these numbers? If you make 20 transactions a week, each with a \$0.50 POS, that's \$10 a week in bank taxes. Next - assuming the average islander spends \$500 a week, and the TP is 2% (this percentage is lower than average) - that's an additional \$10 a week in bank taxes.

Twenty dollars a week gone. Per person. But how many people live and shop on Vashon Island? To be super-conservative, let's assume 2,800 Islanders never shop! They're 5 years old, or they're 95! This leaves us with 8,000 people shopping each week - multiplied by \$20.

That's \$160,000. Check my math. Hard to believe, isn't it? Now, ask

Island Resilience

yourself: "What could Vashon Island do with \$160,000 - a week?"

If we want to keep our money on our Island, circulating in our community, fueling our local economy, and serving our local needs - we need to do more than shop locally. We need to use cash.

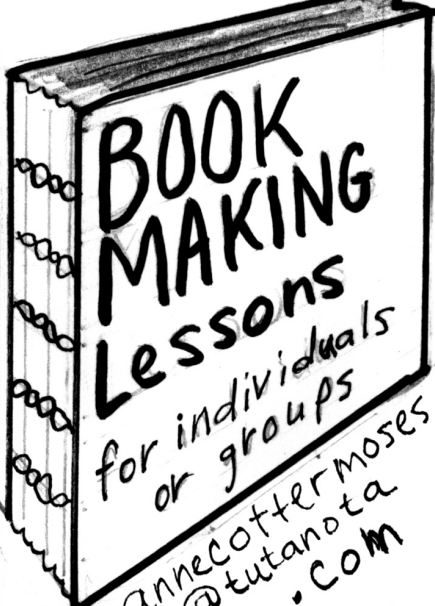
You can make a difference today and every day! Bring your new summer habit of "shopping with cash" into the fall and winter seasons. Rekindle your relationship with our Island's various ATM machines, and give 'em some love every time you head into town. Then, have fun painting the town green as you shop!




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Last, it must be said, that the legacy of colonization and coffee are inextricably interwoven, leaving new generations of coffee growers, buyers, and roasters with the responsibility to honor and learn about the history and lives of the original people who inhabit the lands where coffee grows.



Island Epicure – Clam Chowder

By Marjorie Watkins

When I was a little girl, almost 6 years old, I heard the grown-ups talking about the stocks falling, and I imagined the cows tripping and falling down. On Gramma Brunson's farm, they had seven cows. All those cows fell down? Oh, that is sad! I hope someone helped them get up.

But no, what that meant was that there was no market for our walnuts or black raspberries. The walnuts we dried in our attic. Uncle Hans had a drier, and he dried our berries so they would keep over winter. Then we had these big sacks of walnuts and dried berries, and that's what us kids had to sit on in the car.

We lost our farm in Oregon because we couldn't make payments on it. My mother said, "Oh Howard, what are we going to do?" And my dad said, "We'll pull ourselves up by our bootstraps." I thought, they are going crazy, the grownups are talking so crazy!

My dad said, "We will go to Rockaway, to the beach. I will dig clams, and you will make clam chowder." Well, that perked my mother up. She didn't know how yet, but she could see we would turn clams into money.

We drove almost all day. It took a long time to get our Model T to the beach, through the mountains, and to Rockaway. My dad found a cabin we could live in with him; he was caretaker for some summer cabins, and my mother opened a seafood restaurant where she sold clam chowder and salt water taffy.

Clam Chowder

Two 7-oz cans of minced clams
3 slices of bacon, chopped or diced
2 cups water
5 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and cut into bite-sized pieces
½ cup chopped onions
1 cup light cream
2 cups milk
1 ½ tsp salt
Dash of black pepper
Optional: season with dill or oregano

Drain clams, reserving the liquid. Fry bacon in deep skillet. Remove bacon bits and fry onions in bacon drippings. Add potatoes with enough water to cover, and cook until tender, about ten minutes. Add bacon bits, salt, pepper, and reserved clam liquid. Add milk and cream. Heat, but do not bring to a boil. Serve with toast and salad. Makes 6 servings.

Substitute for part of the milk: ¼ cup powdered milk combined with just enough liquid to make a paste; stir into potato water when potatoes are done.

Quick and Easy Chilaquiles Con Pollo

By Cynthia Sadurni

Having lived most of my adult life in Mexico, I miss the tastes from home. Luckily, many of the ingredients have become more readily available in the United States. It has taken a bit of imagination, but it is not that hard to adapt well-loved recipes to come up with flavors that are very close to those from home. I am very happy for the opportunity to share a little taste of Mexico with you!

Chilaquiles are an all-time favorite, but can be labor-intensive when prepared from scratch. This recipe is a variation of the beloved classic, adapted for a busy lifestyle by taking a few shortcuts, while maintaining all the flavor. Chilaquiles are a great option for any meal, including brunch, or a quick weekday meal. You can serve them without the chicken or as a side-dish for steak or pork. I hope that you will enjoy them!

Quick and Easy Chilaquiles Con Pollo

Ingredients:

- A rotisserie chicken, shredded, bones discarded.
- ½ bag of good triangular-shaped tortilla chips
- 2 large, ripe beefsteak tomatoes, quartered
- 1/4 large, white onion, quartered
- 1 peeled garlic clove
- 1-2 tbsp olive oil
- A small bunch of epazote herb (if available)
- ½ can of chipotle chiles (optional, for a spicy-hot sauce)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Mexican crema (you can make your own using crème fraiche and a little milk, mixed together)
- Feta cheese, or crumbled Mexican queso fresco
- A few rings of raw, red onion



Instructions:

In a blender or food processor, put the tomatoes, white onion, garlic, about 1 ½ tsp salt and a dash of pepper (If you want it spicy, also add the chipotle chiles). Blend until smooth.

In a medium pot, heat the olive oil until it's sizzling but not smoking, and pour in the blended tomato mix. It's important to have the heat on medium-high, as the sauce needs to be "shocked" to release the flavor. Be careful, as it may splatter, and cook for about 10 minutes. Add the epazote herb, if available. Lower the temperature to medium-low and cover the pot. Let it simmer 5-10 minutes until it changes color to a darker red/orange.

In the meantime, warm up the shredded chicken. Once the sauce is cooked, (it's okay if it's not thick), add the tortilla chips. Half a bag will usually work just fine. Turn the fire off and let sit for a couple minutes.

To dish up, spoon a portion of the tortilla chips on a plate, add a generous portion of shredded chicken, then garnish with the crema, crumbled cheese, and a ring of red onion.

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In the heart of town

Goldenrod

By Kathy Abascal

As I write, goldenrod is blooming in various spots along Vashon roads. There are hundreds of goldenrod species across the world; the one most frequently found in the northwest is *Solidago canadensis*, but there are a few other varieties. John Trelawny, author of "Wildflowers of the Pacific Northwest," notes that it is challenging to identify the exact species, but fortunately, the various species appear to have similar medicinal attributes.

According to the Eclectic physicians, who practiced in the late 1800s and early 1900s, the various goldenrod species have very different fragrances and degrees of astringency. They mostly used a sweet-scented goldenrod growing back east that was said to smell a bit like anise and sassafras, which sounds lovely to me. Out here, they described our *canadensis* species as having more of a pine scent. I am soon heading out to verify this information!

Based largely on European usage, goldenrod flowers and leaves are today known as excellent diuretics. According to Rudolf Weiss (a German physician and herbalist), goldenrod is the most reliable and potent herbal diuretic there is. He used it as an aid in high blood pressure and urinary tract issues, in the latter for both infections and bladders that were simply irritated. Preliminary research confirms that the plant has a degree of analgesic (pain-relieving) and antispasmodic effects in the bladder. As

well, some practitioners think it can be used to help prevent kidney stones from forming.

In Europe, goldenrod was also one of the primary herbs used to calm and treat upper respiratory tract infections. Goldenrod seems to quiet symptoms generated as the immune system reacts to an infection, and probably also has some antimicrobial effects. But this aspect has not been well-studied, and is probably not as strong in that regard as herbs such as the *Echinacea* species.

Daniel Moerman, in his book, "Native American Ethnobotany," reports that the many species of goldenrod found in North America were used by tribes across the country for a variety of ailments. Most commonly, a tea of the leaves and flowers was used for skin issues ranging from burns, to sores (on both horses and humans), to boils. The plant was also often used for certain fevers and diarrhea.

Many tribes used the roots for sore throats, fever, and colds, with root poultices applied to boils. One fact I found very interesting was that the Omaha tribe had a "floral calendar." While on their summer hunt for buffalo, the blooming of goldenrod told them that their corn was beginning to ripen at home.

In their practices, the Eclectic physicians primarily used goldenrod to quiet flatulence and upset stomach and favored it as tea for those recovering from difficult intestinal

Health Matters

ailments such as dysentery, cholera, and diarrhea. But they also used goldenrod flowers for a variety of urinary issues because of its strong diuretic effect. The Eclectics also used goldenrod for wounds, based on knowledge gained from Native American tribes.

Although many mistakenly think goldenrod causes seasonal allergies, it does not. Its pollen is too heavy to become airborne, and goldenrod can in fact be used to quiet the runny nose and itchy eyes of seasonal allergies that are usually caused by the

blooming of ragweed. On Vashon, ragweed blooms along our beaches at about the same time that goldenrod blooms (August and September), and is the likely cause of the symptoms that goldenrod can be used to treat, but is often blamed for causing.

Dried goldenrod flowers and leaves are best prepared as a gently steeped tea. The Eclectics warned that the plant should not be boiled, as that would disperse the volatiles that give the plant its scent and many of its important medicinal properties.

Kathy Abascal is a professional herbalist who has written several books. She teaches online classes on how to quiet inflammation. Learn more about her work and classes at TQIDiet.com

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Report From Aman Omid Village, Part 2

By Nellie Bly

Prologue: This was written over the course of several deployment periods of one to three weeks. Aman Omid Village on Holloman Air Force Base closed at the end of January 2022, having in-processed and placed 16,000 Afghani evacuees. All but eight survived. For the five months it existed, and adjusting for average population, the Village death rate was about one-third that of the general U.S. population.

Each family got a tiny cubicle about the size of a walk-in closet, comprised of stud-height walls of black plastic sheeting with open ceilings to the high tent roofs. Each tent held hundreds of such cubicles and hundreds of families.

There were nine such tents, and the Air Force was building several more. It took them about three days. None of this huge compound had existed a month ago. We were expecting another 2,500 refugees soon.

The physical facility was ginormous and awesome. I talked to a tanker driver and learned that running the village took 100,000 gallons of diesel per month.

The village dining halls were segregated by adult gender. There were three mosque tents, identifiable by their orientation, a little askew of the orderly pattern of the other tents. Religious east is not the same as compass east. The mosque tents were aligned to point in the most direct line toward Mecca.

Everyone was dehydrated. Even our million or so bottles of filtered water tasted weird to the Afghan palate, and urination more than twice a day was considered unusual. Villagers squatted on top of the seat of the portable toilets. Even though that's a physiologically better position for defecation, we used the ones for the EMED (Expeditionary MEDicine) staff; squatting and aiming were incompatible. The portable toilets accessible to the villagers were filthy. And they preferred to drink the water from the hand-washing stations.

COVID was the least of our worries. Tuberculosis, measles, hantavirus, plague, and bacterial meningitis were endemic. We had eight isolation tents, all full, with about 220 patients. Most of them successfully ruled out, while the rest remained for treatment until non-contagious.

I was the first person to get the COVID Pfizer booster in Alamogordo. The cutting-edge public health operation in the city is WalMart.

I was impressed with our Air Force members. Having erected these structures, they recognized the need for privacy and safe haven. We were the only ones allowed to enter the residence tents, unless we requested airmen for security or patient handling assistance.

Most of the medically unstable population had already arrived as priority evacuees. They were profoundly weak, dehydrated, often

with respiratory disease, all aggravated by long flights. The early evacuees were not housed or cared for in our overseas bases prior to arriving at Holloman AFB, and were flown directly from Kabul. Some were in very rough shape physically and medically. Later flights were of Afghans temporarily housed and processed in our overseas bases before transport here.

We waited on the taxiway for incoming flights, to assist those unable to move unaided, or who had deteriorated in flight. The first evacuees arrived at Holloman in late August. A steady stream continued to arrive by plane, replacing some who were processed out into host families, communities, and cities.

Two generations ago, the U.S. airlift from Vietnam was similarly handled, with a number of metropolitan areas, including Seattle and Albuquerque (two of my hometowns) serving as centers for assimilation. There is a nationwide movement in the Vietnamese-American community to step up now as hosts and sponsors for these Afghani families.

The Air Force built two soccer fields and rough volleyball courts. One day, we had a brief period of downtime and managed to spend a few hours playing with kids, dispensing with talk in favor of the universal language of play. Simple magic tricks, mutually shared, and an improvised game of Duck, Duck, Goose. The children were feral, completely unsupervised, captivating, and initially very reserved.

Our awesome woman paramedics

were, like the mythic Amazons, fearless and engaging, and made short work of the kids' shyness. One was a bodybuilder and single mom. Another held a world record in the Highlander Games. You know, the ones where they throw telephone poles and rocks and cars. Well, maybe not cars.

On one tour, I worked with four women from the Alamo Band of the Navajo Reservation. They normally worked in a remote community 75 miles from the nearest basic hospital. All of them had been responders to a national news-level accidental mass carbon monoxide poisoning during a traditional ceremony in a Hogan involving 16 patients, 5 in cardiac arrest, and several children. The rescuers personally knew and were related to all the patients. Each of them, when one on one, told me of their experiences on that call, still needing to talk about it two years later.

Each of our ambulance teams has a male and female EMS provider, with at least one and often two paramedics, and an EMT-intermediate. Responses range from scene calls in the tents and triage clinic, occasionally injured airmen, and patients originating from the on-site EMED field hospital, to EMED or Champion Regional Medical Center in Alamogordo, the only joint civilian-military chartered hospital in the U.S.

"Desert" was a misleading term for our location, even though the norm was dust and austerity, as the

Continued Below the Fold

Vashon Meets Spanish Soccer

Continued from Front Page

in Europe they are much more open to letting someone participate based solely on their talent.

Zoe dusted off her cold-calling superpower and got in touch with the local soccer league in Spain, the Valencia section of the Tercera Federación. Europeans consider the U.S. a fairly dismal place for soccer, but she convinced the coach to let her try out. And, once again, she left the tryout with a place on their team. She was now a member of a European semi-pro soccer team!

Here was soccer at a whole other level. Zoe spoke Spanish, but found - especially in the Valencia region - that they spoke it very rapidly. Communication is critical in soccer, and she was mostly thinking in English, then translating to spoken Spanish. One time, her mind said "Go! Go! Go!" and she shouted "Va! Va! Va!" While a correct translation, in Spanish this implies, "You take it, I'm done." Not what she intended! But her mistakes were rare, and she caught up quickly.

It all worked out. Zoe's residency status came through, she showed her team how she could play, and she was on the field for the final five games of the season. The biggest compliment was when she was selected to be a part of the away team. In semi-pro, this meant she was good enough that her team paid for her travel, lodging, and food expenses on the road.

Some of her team members were even making income, but Zoe was thinking ahead to her college plans. She made sure she didn't take any income, which would jeopardize her ability to play college soccer back in the U.S. The pro-level soccer, the fans in the stands, and her success in a European soccer league were enough for now.

A solid place on a great team. Soccer, Spain, and family - it sounds like a "happily ever after!" So how did I manage to catch Zoe at a Vashon cafe? Although she loves Spain, she decided to return to the U.S. for college. She's enrolled at Carleton, and - of course - is already listed on Carleton's soccer

team roster. I managed to interview her just days before she headed off to school.

Once again, Zoe's life is changing. She's getting a degree in psychology, possibly followed by law, or perhaps social work. She'll be playing collegiate soccer and visiting her family in Spain when her schedule permits.

The Loop is on Zoe's email list, and we look forward to hearing from her whenever she takes on her next big life change. Pro soccer? Found a company? Become president of the U.S.? Nothing would surprise us, and we send our best wishes as Zoe heads off to college.



Aman Omid Village, Part 2

Continued From Above the Fold

decades-old sage and chamisa which bind the scant topsoil were scraped away to make level construction and staging areas. An epic monsoon we dubbed "Mudpocalypse" once ripped through and dumped a massive amount of hail and rain, flooding some of the facilities, and washing away our scavenged plywood "deck." We sunk one ambulance to the hubs in sudden quicksand, where it remained trapped for 14 hours.

The public address system sounded Muslim prayer, with vocalizations that chilled, especially at sunset. Followed by the Star-Spangled Banner.



Vashon Theater's "Backlot" has hit its outdoor big screen stride. A late summer Sunday night performance by the up and coming St. Ophelia was hopping, gathering a full crowd that enjoyed superb sound and visuals. Blending elements of Head and the Heart style lyrics with high-level country-ish composure, the group is distinctive and easy to like. They have two albums available for online streaming at <http://www.saintophelia.com>. A signature chorus: "Sons and daughters, cross the waters, lay your worries down / I don't know you, but I know you know it's true: love deserves the crown."

Excerpts From "The Heart of Vashon"

"The Heart of Vashon: Sharing Our Stories" is a lovingly written tribute to the Island. The stories were originally solicited for a community-building literary project of the same name spearheaded by Mary G. L. Shackelford and Shirley Ferris in 2015. The book may be purchased at the Vashon Heritage Museum, Vashon Bookshop, and Vashon Pharmacy. All proceeds benefit the Vashon Heritage Museum.

The Proposed Glacier Northwest Sand and Gravel Mine on Maury Island

By Frank Jackson

It was the fourth-grader that had the most impact on me. Focused and determined, she testified before a roomful of adults and officials from the Army Corps of Engineers that a permit for the proposed Glacier Northwest sand and gravel mine on Maury Island should not be granted. Hers was essentially a whales-are-more-important-than-dollars plea. Dozens of others, including many eminent scientists, local leaders and ardent activists all presented compelling cases for denying the permit.

Months later, the Army Corps announced their decision to grant the permit. From that point on, there wasn't a snowball's chance in hell that the Glacier mine could be stopped. Still, many months later, it was my image of that fearless fourth-grader that had my wife and me finding black umbrellas and black sweatshirts and heading to a protest on the beach by the Glacier site. Ever-creative islanders had master photographer Ray Pfortner in the sky and a motley assemblage of Islanders arranged as a slightly deformed Orca on the beach below.

In August of 2009 our communal efforts were rewarded - a federal judge threw out the gravel mine permit. I'm down there somewhere, a small bent black umbrella amongst other Islanders who together care about this place and how it is left for our kids and grandkids.

A Poem

By Donna Klemka:

Our dream, everyone's, 1978
5 acres with a small house, holes in floor, ceiling, walls
No heat, no water
Bus and ferry to work, have either time or money
1 year, outhouse, cold running water in one tap
Rats race to the fields, tarpaper over window openings
Water witch, Mukai, water flows at 67 feet
Bit by bit, complete

Grow our own food, fencing
Weaner pigs, sheep, chickens, fruit trees, garden
The shape of things on the land
Barn raising, house building, potlucks
Everyone helping each other; knitting our lives together
Protecting our island resources, our sense of place

Children, growth
Swings, balance beams, treasure hunts, play groups, teams
Skating on Fisher Pond, beaches in the fading light
Precious silence, groundwater, night-time sky
Paths and ponds, streams, our natives
Our guide, our sense of place, our anchor
Our island home

Like An Oyster

By Barbara Gustafson

Like an oyster, Vashon's edges are irregular yet well-defined, and its interior is filled with richness.

Oysters have the remarkable ability to deposit layer after layer of nacre over a foreign object until a smooth and luminescent pearl is formed. This rather miraculous creation reflects and refracts light producing a rainbow of light and color. Likewise, the children of this Island are built up layer after layer by the nurturing mantle of this island and its citizens.

Cocooned by the amniotic blue Sound and cradled by the verdant richness of the temperate rainforest, our children grow and learn. A veritable wonderland of opportunities for exploration awaits them just outside their doors: beaches, ravines, forests, and fields.

Laughing Llamas Chronicles

By Daniel Hooker

I went to the doctor the other day. He said my DNA was all backwards.

I said, "AND?"

~

From Leslie at the Food Bank:

Where do bad rainbows go?

They go to prism, of course!

It's nothing bad. It's just a light sentence, so they can reflect.

~

When I was young, I had a job with the circus. I was a human cannon ball, until I got fired.

Later I got a job in the military, and had flashbacks.

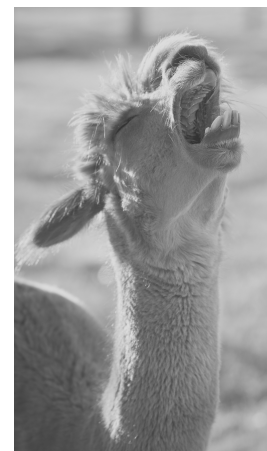
Artisans Cooperative and the Handmade Movement

Continued From Page 5

Burt's Bees, which started out in Maine making small, pure beeswax-based products, but sold to Clorox more than 15 years ago for nearly \$1 billion dollars. Yes, Clorox, the bleach company.

The big difference with Artisans Cooperative is that it is set up as a true co-op (member-owned and operated), so this means way more choice in decision-making and a much more authentic experience. You can sign up to help them by being an artisan or a supporting member, or even by just shopping through the website. Either way, it blows more wind into their "sales" and creates momentum and speed to continue furthering their mission.

Artisans Cooperative provides a fresh approach to a concept that so often relies on outside support to work. They recognize the need for a true cooperative, and are maintaining that purpose by relying on their community's active involvement, and also by attracting members who see the need to pull away from conglomerates, so we can come back to our roots as artists and people who support them.

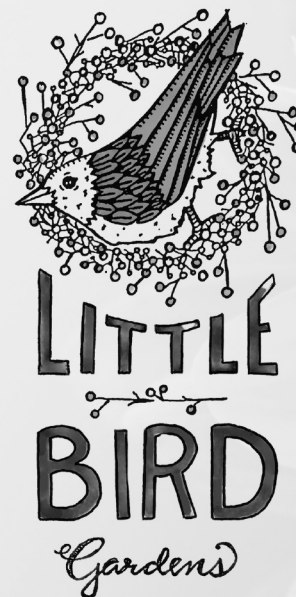


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Aries (March 20-April 19)

Maintaining direct communication is not easy if you are preoccupied, or distracted from what is in front of you. There is something in your environment that needs your attention, though you may feel you're too busy working out lingering problems from the past to take action. Yet matters of partnership and collaboration are of the highest priority now; many other things that seem complicated can wait, and most will work themselves out. To embrace your creative gifts requires courage. To make changes requires courage, though not as much as you think. And if someone is trying to get your attention, and remind you of who you are and what you have to offer, you might take them up on a conversation and even listen thoughtfully to a proposal or an invitation.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

You may sense that a radical transformation is waiting for you in the future (April 2024 comes to mind), though it's happening right now. The present version is the subtle one—the one that is in muted colors and may not be easy to translate into words. What is coming in the spring will be more colorful and maybe a little shocking; things may seem to come together then, with important meetings, gatherings and conferences. Yet the person who will be ready for those physical-world events is developing now. We are given the “caterpillar surrendering, melting and turning into a butterfly” model all the time; what you have going on is more like the seed becoming a tree, a little at a time, reaching both toward the sky and toward the Earth simultaneously.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

Few people are not invested in matters of family. In some societies, it's all that matters; the clan or tribe is supreme. Here in the Western world, it's usually complications that keep us involved—entanglements, unresolved issues, and history replaying itself endlessly. You might think that sooner or later, everyone reaches their limit—though that's not true. It takes determination to reach escape velocity. And that is not enough: awareness of the tethers, and the ability to use what you've learned from life experience, therapy and spiritual training must all come into service. Yet there is something else as well: sincere determination. To face the future is daring, the more so because so few people are willing to do such a thing, while many pretend. You can do something different—now.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

The unease you feel may be about

If you know neither the enemy nor yourself, you will succumb in every battle.

~ Sun Tzu



Planet Waves

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



how professional aspirations and chaos are co-mingled. If I translate out of the chart symbols, it could feel a little like: If I really do this, if I become known for what I am good at and receive recognition for my accomplishments, what will I unleash? I suggest you go on a hunt for all that is distinct about you; all that is truly your own. You will see places in the environment—jammed and overwhelmed though it may be—where you will discover there are things nobody else is doing. Face it, the world is not all that original; most people are jumping someone else's train, rehashing ideas, and doing what is already popular. This leaves you with a lot of room to grow.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

Venus has been retrograde in your sign for the past six weeks, a somewhat rare event with special meaning now. The message of this aspect is to be who you are, and never to “play a role.” Then, you would be doing this in a world where just about everyone else is playing a role, or worse, pretending they are doing so. Under these conditions, it's more challenging to be real, because suddenly you're aware of how many get so far by feigning: the sensation is of vulnerability. Yet to be real at all times—that is, to be the same person with your mother or your cousin or your neighbor as you are with the president, or having a drink with Taylor Swift—is a superpower. This way of being will make some people jealous and it always has. Being a person of integrity, you do not care.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

You may be getting the message to turn your attention to your finances, and if you are, run with it. There are two stages to this, one being order and organization with numbers and records, and the other being the motivation to succeed. Yet for you, this cannot have the meekest tinge of greed, by which I mean, money for its own sake. You're usually far from that mentality, though the fear of being this way can creep up on you. The thing to focus on is beauty rather than wealth. You will know you're doing the right thing because the effect of your actions is to bring balance and elegance to the world around you. There's an interesting parallel between your solar chart and that of Leo, above—you might read that entry and note the ways that it applies to you. The common thread is integrity. Care and caution are required to safely handle power in any form.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

When you step up your energy, you uncover a new layer of concealed issues that you must work through efficiently, or they slow you down. These are likely to relate to family matters, as Mars is talking to potent, slow-moving elements currently in Capricorn (your 4th solar house): that's the family part. This is stuff that may be about your grandparents, though really it will go back to your “tribal” history (your nationality, your family's immigration story, and related matters). You can draw strength from the discoveries you make, and from tapping into the strength of your bloodline. You can

even visit their graves and pay homage to their lives. These slow-moving aspects are not going anywhere any time soon; you will be living with them for a long time. Consider them an oil well, or a vein of gold.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

At the moment, writing is your best therapy. It's your most effective way of processing the past, of addressing your anxieties, and of figuring out what you really want from life. This would be deeply personal writing, for example, in a notebook or diary—nothing that you broadcast or advertise to others. You may be familiar with the Morning Pages exercise from *The Artist's Way*—that is the kind of thing I'm talking about. You would be writing to clear your mind and get closer to your deeper thoughts. Venus about to station direct in your 10th house of reputation and leadership will release information about your true goals, and this process will be at its peak for about two weeks. There is something waiting for you to discover—a missing file, a secret you're keeping from yourself about what you really want, and a realization about who you are. Please remember, this is a private exploration.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

The only way to learn is to do. The only way to learn something new is to do something new—or to amplify your mindfulness when you're engaged in your work. Current aspects describe your dedication to being a craftsman and an artist. You've set yourself on a path where you master your skills, one bit at a time, on a daily basis. You are indeed working toward something, a breakthrough that you can sense but you cannot understand. It's a real thing, though you will need the patience of a true master. This is a good time to consider the details of your potential approaches to taking your work to a wider world, but please do not conflate the two. To succeed in business, it's necessary to work with those who have already done so; your personal talents, though, are 100% an inner commitment.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

Your bottom line is a spiritual question. And what exactly is that? Something related to the essence of your being. We could say that your higher self is trying to get your attention, and remind you that it's your actual self. Make contact with your higher calling and realize it's your one and only calling; so too is your higher knowledge what you actually know. Remote possibilities

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are right in your immediate vicinity. Under current circumstances, aspiration means the world reaching toward you. Do whatever you do in a beautiful way. Experience and express the beauty of your choices—whatever you're up to, bring in the aesthetic factor; the element of balance and the love for truth. And remember, as someone once wrote long ago, “We are equal beings and the universe is our relationships with one another.”

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

Are you at a turning point? Or are you the still point in a turning world? It looks more like the ground is moving beneath you, and that is the source of your shifting viewpoint and sense of perspective. Yet the effect is similar, because you're having to adapt to the new alignment between yourself and the rest of existence. In these very days, you have special access to this essential quality of yourself, as if you're moving into alignment with a radio signal and then also tuning to its exact frequency. Gradually that will become less available; a bit more difficult to find—though once you know about it, you can find your way back. The important thing is that you use this channel, in particular, to translate what seems impossible into language that you understand.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

This is a sober time in your life. This year in particular stands in strong contrast to many past years, because Saturn is in your sign and is now the dominant energy in your personal world. This is the “get a grip” quality you are likely to be feeling. There are other ways this is coming across. One is the message to simplify and clear space in your mind and your physical environment. Another is to mature into yet another stage and catch up with yourself. And finally, you are being called to materialize what may have only been a dream in past times. I am talking about the long influence of Neptune in your sign, an energy which is extraordinarily difficult to manifest or manage. It sends messages that may only seem irrelevant or like pure fantasy. Yet with the addition of Saturn, and its sorting out process plus its materializing property, you have a new ability to make substantial that which has previously only been a projection on fog. One suggestion: at this time, rely on others as little as possible. If you want somebody you can trust, trust yourself.

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

See you next month, Vashon!

