

Lund **BARNACLE**

Spring 2018

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The Voice of Lund

Proceeds to the Lund Community Society

Signs of Spring

Ria Curtis



For me, spring does not arrive with the first crocus or robin but rather with the arrival of birds of another feather. I speak of the first tree planters to spill out of a crew cab sporting their spring plumage of orange rubber caulk boots, cut-off sweatpant shorts over long underwear, and duct taped fingernails. Even after being retired from silviculture for close to ten years, I can't help smiling when I see that bright white, insulated "Fist" canopy truck parked at Save On Foods.

When we lived up in the interior of BC, the sound of spring was the cracking and rumbling of the river ice breaking up, sounding like God playing marbles and the sudden "SWOOSH...THUMP" of the snow sliding off the metal roof. After months of snow and ice and cold, boots breaking through the hard icy snow crust into the slush below meant the turn of the season.

Here on the farm in Lund, spring comes fairly early compared to the rest of Canada. The chickens start to get

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Photos courtesy of Ria Curtis

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<https://www.lundcommunity.com/barnacle>

Editorial Policy

Our policy is to print what people submit in their own words as
 much as possible, respecting the paper's purpose to provide a
 forum for expression of ideas on topics of interest to Lund
 community members. We reserve the right to edit for clarity,
 length, and sensitivity. Articles submitted will be included based
 on available space and compatibility. Opinions expressed or
 implied in articles and stories are those of the authors and not the
 editors of the Barnacle or Board members of the Lund Community
 Society.

Signed submissions are welcome in the form of articles, stories,
 news items, letters to the editor, graphics, and photographs. Send
 to: barnacle.articles@gmail.com

All proceeds from sales and advertising go to the Lund
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 community services and programs to Lund and the region. The
 editorial staff of the Barnacle are volunteers, as are the Board of
 the Lund Community Society. No editor, contributor, or member
 of the Board receives a salary or wages.

Editorial

Hi! Isn't this spring weather wonderful? Or at least it's
 wonderful right now. I suppose that by the time this
 Barnacle comes out, it could be doing anything. However,
 right now I say HAPPY SPRING and welcome to this issue!

We are a fat 40 pages once again and filled with interesting
 articles, stories, a poem, and announcements, all from or
 about Lundies, and the majority of which have something
 to do with spring. We have most of our regular columns,
 newsy bits, reports, updates, and scads of great photos.
 Welcome back to our spring and summer advertisers.

It is mentioned elsewhere in this Barnacle, but let me say it
 again: our website address has changed. If you're trying to
 find the Barnacle online, go to **lundcommunity.com** and
 then click on **Barnacle**.

One thing that is new this issue is the amount of space
 devoted to those who have passed away. There was a time
 when we were announcing a baby boom; now our hearts
 are heavy with the loss of loved ones. Perhaps it is a sign of
 the times: there are a lot of us baby boomers who are
 getting on in years.

And here's a heads-up about our next issue: the July
 Barnacle will celebrate our 30th birthday! It is going to be
 filled with the editors, writers, and artists who contributed
 to this paper over the years. Stay tuned!

Hope you enjoy this issue! -- Sandy

We sincerely appreciate the support of our advertisers
 and encourage readers to support our local businesses.

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 arrangements are made. Invoices will be sent out after
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Next edition is July 2018

Deadline for submissions is July 10, 2018



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Continued from page 1...

broody and resent me taking the eggs, pecking at my hands or skulking into the bush to hide them. Any hint of sun and warmth has the honey bees doing their grisly spring cleaning, hauling out the carcasses of their sisters that didn't make it through the winter and dumping them off the hive platform. The bottom lands flood and tickle the roots of the skunk cabbage which will soon poke their odoriferous yellow blooms up through the mud. And I can be found scouring the garden for the first green things to poke up through the dirt: kale, mescluns, spinach; these early plants are barely out of the ground before I nibble them off in my eagerness for something fresh and green.

The ocean experiences spring as well: the very low winter night tides slowly giving way to daytime low tides, which makes my oyster farmer husband much happier. I've never heard him lament in the spring, "Gee, I miss getting up at 3 am in the cold and rain to go pick oysters." Longer days make everyone a bit quicker to smile, and a sunny day is a reason to celebrate with people pouring outside with any excuse to absorb some Vitamin D. Mother Nature might still have a few surprises for us, but the heather is blooming and some of the bulbs are up. I'm going out there to look for other signs of spring, then I'll spend the evening going through my seed catalogues and planning the garden which will soon take over my every spare moment and be responsible for the consumption of at least one bottle of Advil.

Bee well. 🐝

Lund Community Society Update

Emily Jenkins

Spring has sprung! By now, I'm sure you're all feeling it and, hopefully, with all your senses. Here at the LCS we've got things to entice all the senses too, and if you're not overwhelmed by spring cleaning, garden preparations, getting the boat in the water, or whatever else keeps you busy, we could always use volunteers!

The first thing we need to tell you is that **the LCS website address has changed**. The old Telus website was just too klunky for our intrepid techie, KC, and pages on it kept disappearing. The new, much more user-friendly website, can be found at <http://www.lundcommunity.com>. In case you can't see what's different, we went from a .ca to a .com.

At the beginning of March we held our AGM. A small group gathered to share a delicious potluck and review our achievements of 2017 while looking ahead into 2018. If you haven't purchased an LCS membership for 2018 please do so. Having a strong membership is really important for grant applications and the future hall, and go for \$5 for individuals and \$10 for families. A little from you helps us all a bunch! Memberships are available at monthly meetings and LCS events.

We are still very much in need of members for the "Goodwill Committee". If you're social, friendly, perhaps a bit nosy, this may be a position for you. Duties include: (1) Sending mailed cards of congratulations, sympathy, get well soon, thinking of you, etc. (2) Organizing the "welcome packages" for pickup at the post office by new Lund residents. (3) Creating the Community Page in the Barnacle four times a year that gives birth, death, etc. info and maybe includes a tribute or two. Please let us know if you're interested in helping.

Our excellent treasurer, Tasha Gee, has been given an offer she can't refuse: an opportunity to further her career as an electrician. Due to travel, she'll be giving up the treasurer position or at least needing to share it. So, the LCS is also looking for a new treasurer. Help!!

The old Lund Hall is coming down. The LCS, and specifically Theo Angell, has spearheaded salvaging some of the wood in the hope that one day it will be incorporated into the new hall. If the hall is still standing as you read this and you're interested in being involved with the salvaging, please contact Theo at theoangell@gmail.com asap as demolition is imminent. A waiver must be signed at the Lund Hotel and no children are permitted on site.

Continued on page 4....

Continued from page 3...

The next two big LCS events in our community are happening in May. The second flea market fundraiser for the Puddle Jumpers Preschool will be on May 6th and will coincide with the annual plant sale, both at the NCRC. The first flea market was a huge success; let's do it again! See event details on page 7, on our website, and on Facebook.

The second event is the 11th annual Lund Shellfish Festival. This year it will happen on Saturday May 26th with all the usual goodness of two days packed into one. Yes, this year it is a one day event so don't miss it! There will be awesome food, arts and crafts, cooking demos, ocean activities, a kids treasure hunt, and colourful local music to entertain you. Further details can be found on page 17. The Chowder Challenge (see page 16) will still occur on Friday night the 25th, although this year it will take place at the Tla'amin Salish Centre. The pancake breakfast on Sunday morning will be at The Boardwalk Restaurant, as usual. Proceeds from these latter two events go to the Northside Volunteer Fire Department.

Many hands make light work and more volunteers are needed to help with the Shellfish Festival. Coordinators are needed, as well as pre-event signage and banner hanging and lots of jobs on the 26th such as food ticket vendors, assistance with the recycling station, assisting the coordinators, and many other odd jobs. More craft vendors are also wanted. Please email Alisha at jomommadesigns@gmail.com. You can download a vendor application form at lundcommunity.com under Special Events.

The LCS meets monthly on the THIRD Tuesday at 7 pm. We welcome new faces! 🌟

Regional District Update

Patrick Brabazon, Director, Area A
Regional Board Chairman

Besides minding the (regional district) store here at home, one of my jobs is to attend various provincial meetings and be briefed on legislation, goings on elsewhere, and in general kept abreast of problems and solutions faced by other local governments. In March, I was in Victoria for a meeting of regional district chairs and chief administrative officers.

British Columbia has a piece of legislation called the *Freedom of Information and Protection of Privacy Act*. FOIPPA is the law that keeps local governments honest in dealing with the public. It also protects you from having government throw your personal information around; Facebook we're not. But . . . this is where it gets strange.

Some of you will watch regional district meetings online, either live or recorded. This is a good thing. So imagine our surprise when, in a briefing by the Province, we learned that we were breaking the law! It is legal to broadcast our meetings in Canada but not, if faced with an objection, outside of the country. Of course, it's called the World Wide Web for a reason but nonetheless the law is the law. Dr. Samuel Johnson put it differently but this is a family publication.

According to the learned gentleman explaining things, should you wish to attend and address our meeting but object to having your presentation transmitted, we should cease our broadcast and resume after you have left. But, we asked, what about all of the other people attending, what if some of them object? Shut 'er down is the law.

Now in fairness I was not alone in thinking that this civil servant was trying to tell us to get together and have his political masters change the legislation. So we will. Our Regional Board has passed a resolution calling upon the provincial government to do just that. We are not alone and I expect that reason will prevail. 🌟



**POWELL RIVER
REGIONAL DISTRICT**

Patrick Brabazon
Director, Area "A"
brabazon@shaw.ca

**Questions?
Comments?
Give me a call!**

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What's Happening in Lund?

Kristi McCrae

| | | | |
|-------|------|---|-------------------------|
| April | 27 | Games Night (NCRC) | 6:30 p.m. – 8:30 p.m. |
| | 29 | Puddle Jumpers Preschool Work Party (NCRC) | 1:00 p.m. – 4:00 p.m. |
| | 29 | Parent Education Workshop (NCRC) | 5:00 p.m. – 7:00 p.m. |
| May | 6 | Flea Market and Plant Sale (NCRC) | 10:00 a.m. – 2:00 p.m. |
| | 6-14 | Painting of the Hēhewštn Canoes (Hotel lawn) | 9:00 a.m. |
| | 15 | Lund Community Society Meeting (NCRC) | 7:00 p.m. |
| | 16 | Puddle Jumpers Parents' Meeting | 7:00 p.m. |
| | 18 | "Mini" Tribal Canoe Journey (Lund Harbour) | TBA |
| | 20 | Parent Education Workshop (NCRC) | 7:00 p.m. |
| | 25 | Games Night | 6:30 p.m. – 8:30 p.m. |
| | 26 | Shellfish Festival (Lund Harbour) | 10:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m. |
| | 27 | NVFD Pancake Breakfast (Boardwalk Restaurant) | 8:00 a.m. – 10:00 a.m. |
| | 28 | ORCA Bus (NCRC) | 10:00 a.m. – 12:00 p.m. |
| June | 17 | Parent Education Workshop (NCRC) | 7:00 p.m. |
| | 19 | Lund Community Society Meeting (NCRC) | 7:00 p.m. |
| | 23 | Sports Day (NCRC) | TBA |
| | 29 | Games Night (NCRC) | 6:30 p.m. – 8:30 p.m. |

Ongoing (all at NCRC)

| | | |
|-----------|----------------|-----------------------|
| Tuesdays | Yoga | 4:30 p.m. – 5:45 p.m. |
| Thursdays | Tai Chi | 5:00 p.m. – 7:00 p.m. |
| Fridays | Kundalini Yoga | 5:00 p.m. – 6:30 p.m. |



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



RECYCLING DEPOT (BEHIND LUND HOTEL)

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Tuesdays and Fridays Departs Lund Hotel - 10:55 am ---- Departs Town Centre Mall - 4:05 pm



From the Office of our Member of Parliament

Drewen Young, Constituency Assistant
Powell River Community Office

Seniors and Housing – Blaney calls for National Seniors Strategy

Hey seniors! Wonder where you will live in the last decades of your life? Let's look at "Glen", a fictitious character but one whose story is all too common.



Rachel Blaney
NDP MP

North Island-Powell River

604-489-2286

and in emergencies

1-800-667-8404

Forty years ago when Glen first came to Powell River, housing was affordable. Glen took a job with the pulp and paper mill and he and his wife bought a three-bedroom house near an elementary school. Their small family grew and everyone prospered. Eventually the children graduated and moved away to attend university. Following an industrial accident and the unfortunate death of his wife, Glen's fortune rapidly declined. Living on a provincial disability pension for ten years did not give him enough of a monthly income to save for his old age. "Bit by bit everything I worked for my whole adult life was lost," Glen said. "Instead of my wife and me enjoying our retirement with the kids out of the house and time on our hands, I found myself alone and in poor health living in a friend's RV with no savings and no hope for more income going into the future." This wasn't the way his life was supposed to go, but he's not alone. Glen and many more seniors like him need affordable housing: a place to call home.

Rachel has heard many such stories throughout the riding. "There are too many seniors currently struggling. By the year 2036, one in four Canadians will be a senior, and the golden years are not so golden for many who are vulnerable. The issues they face are too often

overlooked and, without a specific department to oversee and implement a national strategy and subsequent programs, their issues will continue to get lost. The NDP is calling on the Liberals to create a full federal Department for Seniors, led by a Minister for Seniors, to oversee a national strategy that ensures adequate income, strengthens services, and plans for the coming 'growing grey tide.'"

Rachel is the NDP Seniors Critic and was the NDP representative on a report called *Advancing Inclusion and Quality of Life Among Seniors* that was tabled in Parliament on March 29, 2018.

Stop by the Powell River Community Office of Rachel Blaney, MP North Island-Powell River, at 4697 Marine Avenue, to talk about affordable housing for seniors or any other issue you'd like to discuss. The office is open on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday from 10:00-12:30 and 1:30-3:00. Private appointments are also available by request. Just call us at (604) 489-2286. ☎

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Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Alanna Graham

The puddle jumping season is upon us and the kids are alright! The preschoolers have had a busy winter learning all about space and the solar system, building a giant rocket ship in their classroom, and doing a moon walk. The class had a field trip to The Boardwalk Restaurant and now request homemade mayonnaise with their fries. Ooh la la! Big thanks to The Boardwalk.

Gymnastics class was a welcome new addition to our rainy winter months, taught by local former gymnastics instructor Ria Curtis (Many, many thanks!). The kids just loved it.

WinterFest was on February 25th and it was a knock out! It included a community variety show, yummy food, and great entertainment. The children performed a fabulous play and sang with heart! Thanks to all who participated in this fundraiser; it's pretty special to see the community and parents pull it all together.

Onward into spring, there is already a flurry of activity in the garden and the kids are sprouting seeds and investigating worms. As always, our kids look forward to and continue music class with Sandy and have also worked a dance party into their weekly routine.

Sunday, May 6th is the spring edition of the Lund Flea



Photo courtesy of Theo Angell

Market and Plant Sale. We are looking for vendors to rent a table and sell garage sale items, handmade goods, food, plants/seedlings etc. Call 483-4008 to book a space. Table rental proceeds go to the Puddle Jumpers Preschool.

Also, look for us at the Shellfish Festival in the Lund Harbour on May 26th at the Kidz Zone where the hilarious chicken bingo could make you a winner.

And kids, check this out: This year at the Shellfish Fest, there is going to be a pirate treasure hunt, so come follow the map to find the treasure. There's also a colouring contest for kids. Pick up a colouring sheet at the Lund post office, the NCRC (Lund school), or at Ecossentials. Colour, put your name, age, and phone number on it and return it to one of the three locations before May 25th. Prizes to be won!

For information about our Parent Cooperative Preschool, visit our website at lundcommunity.com/PuddleJumpers or drop by the NCRC on Tuesdays or Thursdays from 9:00-1:00. For registration or volunteer opportunities, call Kristi at (604) 414-0628.

Playgroup in Lund still happens - drop in on Mondays 10:00-12:00 and bring something for the snack platter. 🍌





Photos courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool



Photos courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

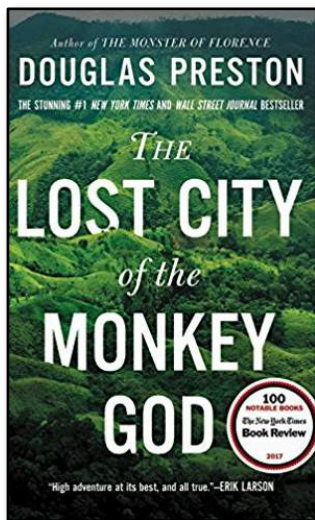


Lund Reads

Ev Pollen

Hello book lovers!

I have two great books to recommend, one fiction and one non-fiction, for this issue of the Barnacle. I'll start with the non-fiction: **THE LOST CITY OF THE**



MONKEY GOD by Douglas Preston. He accompanies a group of archaeologists who are intrigued by the Honduran "myth" of a lost ancient city in the largely unexplored jungle area called Mosquitia. The name alone would have quashed my scientific interest in the project, but Preston initially assumed that the horrors described by the local scholars were exaggerated in

order to weed out the faint of heart. The leader of the group hopes that a new technology called lidar (light detection and ranging) will reveal whatever lies beneath the rampant jungle, and that the many obstacles are worth overcoming. These include disinterested and hostile governments, stories of failed or fabricated previous searches, as well as countless lethal snakes, spiders, jaguars, quicksand, and insects. It took amazing perseverance and a few near

miracles to pull the journey into being, and both courage and luck to survive the hardships of the mission. Preston describes it all in succinct and engaging style. It is unsettling to hear the archaeologists tell of earth's many great civilizations who destroyed their environment to such a degree as to cause complete collapse. So glad we're smarter than that now, right?

The second fabulous read I want to tell you about is **I AM PILGRIM** by Terry Hayes. This is fiction, and the premise is

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How to Get to Paradise

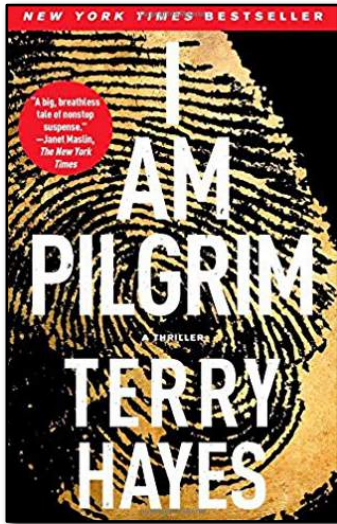
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Reservations Recommended

Continued from page 9...



so terrifying you will hope it remains fictional. The protagonist is an investigator in an American intelligence agency so secret that he sometimes poses as CIA as a cover. The main plot involves a terrorist plan to destroy the "far enemy": America. Before that emergency is fleshed out for the reader, the sub-plot, novel-worthy in its own right, takes the agent to a seemingly perfect

murder near the desolate site of the 911 attack in New York. It occurs to the agent that the murderer seems to have studied the agent's own book about investigations in order to leave no clues at the scene. Every step of both cases is so detailed and every setting so carefully incorporated that it's hard to put the book down. The fearful question is, what if some malevolent genius is inspired by this novel? This author takes us into the soul and conscience of each character, the inner workings of the intelligence business, and the challenges of national security. Not an easy read but definitely a riveting one. I hope you enjoy it! ●

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Pith and Vinegar

The Way Home, a memoir by Terry Faubert
 excerpt from chapter 1: *Wherever I Look*

...short stories, poetry, and such

The spring of 1983 passed in a whirlwind of activity: still in Victoria, I bought a camperized Ford window van, sold my little car, and sublet my rented house. With Jody, our cat Furry, and her first litter of kittens, just three weeks old, I planned to set off around BC to find some country land I could purchase with my meagre savings.

Three to five acres sounded about right, and my hope was to find it far away from any town. Since Jody was homeschooled, I had placed an ad in the magazine *Growing Without Schooling*: "Single mom with 5-year-old son and cat hoping for a place in the country in Canada. If you have one to share, rent, or sell, please let me know."

No one had responded to the ad, but the magazine included a directory of homeschooling families. There were some scattered across BC: in Kamloops, Nelson, Lumby, Duncan, Parksville, and Gibsons. I noted their addresses and planned our trip, based in part on where there might be like-minded people I could look up. I also had a few leads – properties to look at – and the addresses of friends of friends to stay with, most of whom had been told to expect me.

The passenger seat in the van turned backwards to where a fold-down table gave Jody a place to colour, do his puzzles, or play his games. I purchased and wrapped little toys and travel activities for him; every few days he would get something new to keep him interested and busy during the long hours of driving. Both he and Furry would appreciate our frequent stops and a chance to get out and stretch our legs.

At the beginning of May we loaded up the white van with all we would need for months on the road. I had made curtains for all the windows and a matching curtained partition to block off the windshield for sleeping privacy. The tiny kittens were in a cardboard box across from the kitty litter bin, under the bed which stretched along the rear of the van. It was an exciting moment when I fired up the engine.

Long trips can run into unforeseen complications, but it boggled my mind when the van reversed perfectly, then refused to go forward. We weren't even out of our parking area beside the house! What could be wrong? I had no idea. Sweat trickled down into my eyes, and Jody looked at me wonderingly. Reverse – no problem; forward – the van wouldn't budge an inch. And yet, previously, it had driven without difficulty. Surely something serious hadn't broken overnight? My frustration mounted. Would I have to unbuckle Jody and take the cats back into the house? It must have taken me 20 minutes of restarting the car, wiggling the gear shift, revving the engine, even peeking forlornly under the hood – before I finally noticed the parking brake was on! Then, to my great relief, the van drove forward smoothly, and blushing furiously, we belatedly set off, Jody and I cheering as we turned onto the street. I hoped such an



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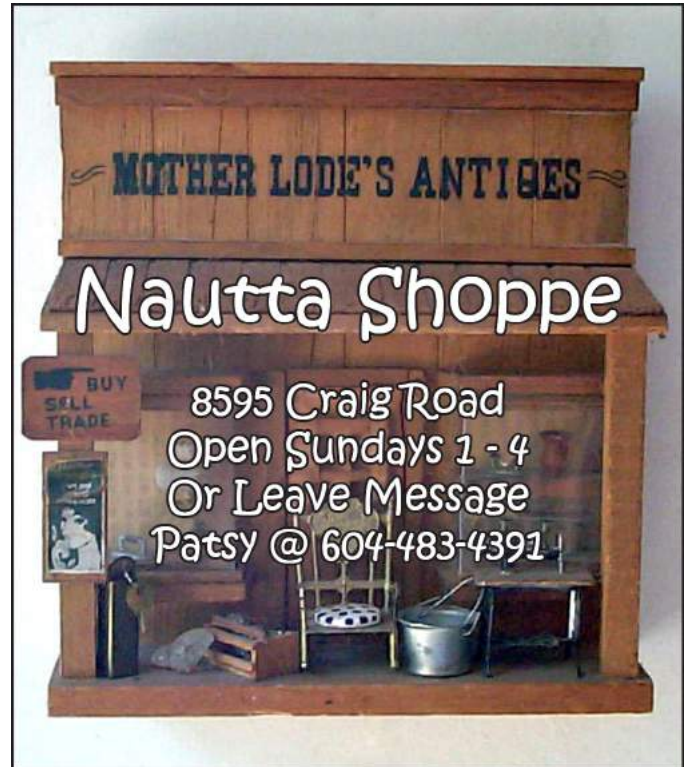
Continued from page 11...

inauspicious beginning didn't forebode a voyage marred by stupid mistakes! Instead, I optimistically predicted I had gotten the hitches over and resolved at the very start, leaving clear sailing ahead.

We were headed first for Sooke and our favourite camping spot on the San Juan River, near the misnamed Lizard Lake (which was teeming with newts). This was our trial run through familiar territory before striking out into unknown parts of British Columbia. Even so, it turned into quite an adventure. The map showed a back-roads return route through a place called Leechtown. Since I was bent on exploring and looking for land everywhere, I bravely turned down the gravel road and drove for many hours without seeing a signpost or another car. When a pickup thundered towards us, I waved him down with great relief to ask directions. That's when I found out I would have to drive through the river.

When I finally reached the sagging derelict house that constituted Leechtown, the sight of a number of unsavoury-looking toughs on the porch chilled me. They stared at my van, rising to their feet. I didn't want to stop. The road ended at the river, and I couldn't see where it came out on the other side. Throwing caution to the wind, I drove into the fast-flowing water and across to where I

could then see, just slightly down river, the road continuing on. My hands were shaking on the steering wheel, but I was laughing. I felt ready for anything after that.



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SEXY SPRING

a poem by Emily Jenkins

Warning: Mature Content

The fecundity of spring arouses me. Nature is saturated with sexiness.

Thousands of catkin phalluses dangle from the alder branches, releasing their pollen on the breeze in yellowy clouds.

Various small bird species flit about, males fighting to prove their virility, shrills and flapping emanate from the bushes.

I fall asleep to the sounds of an amphibious orgy every night for weeks on end...imagine if people were that loud?!

The woodpeckers, hairy?, downy?....need I say more? Well! They're trying to be as loud as possible to attract a mate, banging away on the hydro transformers.

The tulips, two lips, on my steps are beginning to be parted; they will soon reveal their inner parts.

As the first blooms open and expose themselves, the bumble bees appear. What a life they have...buzzing from one fragrant womb-like embrace to the next, rubbing themselves this way and that, covering themselves in pollen as they sip on nectar cocktails.

Some sunny days I am enticed to remove my layers and feel the warm caresses of sunshine on my skin. Usually, it's not long before a reverse strip tease takes place as a cool breeze gives me tantalizing goose bumps.

These last weeks I've kept an eye on the goats, late in their pregnancies swollen with a sensual roundness. I am reminded of the pungent billy who enacted his studly duty back in the fall. He sowed his seeds and now they are close to bearing fruit.

I became an unexpected and thrilled voyeur the other day. A pair of hooded mergansers caught my eye on the pond. The male's plumage was striking and he was moving about in such a manner that brought to mind a mating ritual. Repeatedly he swam in a circle and then turned this way and that. Suddenly she could not be seen and I realized he was on top, submerging her underwater. After mere seconds of this feat the female resurfaced and the male took off to the pond's edge.....so much for post-coital cuddling.

The buds on many bushes and shrubs are beginning to swell. Some are pink and delicate, others are velvety and soft. All are fresh and tender, begging to be caressed open by the warming and lengthening days.

After taking in all this spring sexiness, I have an urge to go frolic in a field, revelling in Mother Nature's fertility. 🍄



Photo courtesy of Emily Jenkins

Spinning

Julia Elliott

To me the seasons are like a circle, like the sun circling the earth, like life beginning and ending. It is rare to meet someone who says "I hate spring!". After the cold and dark night that is winter, spring is the bright and vibrant dawn. Life and sound return with the ever-warming sun rays. The earth flushes again with joy in fresh greens broken by strokes of colour: yellow, white, purple, pink. Life. Energy.

I find that like the beginning of a new day after a long night's rest, I am awakening again, albeit slowly. At the same pace as a fresh leaf uncurls and then faster as the warmth seeps further into my bones, pausing only to enjoy the patter of a passing rain storm. In the morning, the birds sing me awake and in the evening, the croaking of frogs lulls me to sleep.

I am a child of spring, having been born in the beginning of the season like a fresh tulip or a baby robin. To me spring is the beginning. A fresh clean start, like a new day. I take it all in and soak it up as much as I can, letting the magic of life and returning sound fuel me, energize me, and fill me with joy that I may start the circle again, spinning faster and faster toward summer. Summer with its blinding hot days packed full of activity. Onwards to autumn where the spinning starts to slow with the drifting leaves and mornings as crisp as an apple. Ending with winter as I



Photo courtesy of Monique Labusch

snuggle into a blanket of snow, the spinning stopping and the circle ending, only to begin again with the first warm morning kiss of spring. For now, I inhale deeply the smell of fresh flowers and rain, looking skywards as the clouds drift by overhead and I step forward on soft green grass to start my spinning once again. 🌀



To book your party, wedding, or band at the Gazebo or Community Centre contact Kristi @ 604-414-0628



Music and Arts

Tai Uhlmann

Movie Update

What's happening at The End of the Road? CBC will be airing a 44 minute broadcast version of our film this summer - somewhere between July 28th and September 1st - as part of the Absolutely series! It was fun and challenging to edit it down for TV but we were able to keep the essence of the film intact and even added some new, never-seen-before footage! For those of you who are wanting DVDs, thank you for your patience! We have recently cut our feature length down to approx. 80 minutes and will be shopping this version around to distributors. As always, new information and updates will be available on our website - <http://www.lundtheendoftheroad.com>

Tidal Art Centre Open House

Nancy Jeakins

Tidal Art Centre, at 9971 Finn Bay Road (the old forestry building), is almost finished. We're going to have an open house on May 12 from 1 - 5 to which we invite the community to come by and see what's planned. Hope to see you there!



Photo courtesy of Nancy Jeakins



TIDAL ART CENTRE INVITES
THE COMMUNITY TO
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Annual Northside Volunteer Fire Department Chowder Challenge
Kick off for the Lund Shellfish Festival
May 25th • 5:30pm
Tla'amin Salish Centre



Come to the NVFD annual fundraising dinner and the kick off to the Lund Shellfish Festival. This year, we've moved the Chowder Challenge to the Tla'amin Salish Centre where we have more room and are more centrally located. The Chowder Challenge is a great evening featuring ten competing chowders made by local businesses. You get to sample them all and vote for your favourite, then enjoy a bigger bowl of it and the accompanying salad, bread, and treats. You can enjoy a beer or glass of wine from our cash bar.

And don't forget our amazing Silent Auction that will be going on throughout the night. Lots of great items! You'll want to make sure to bring your cheque book and check it out. Please remember, this is a fund-raiser for our fire department, so bring your old rolls of quarters!

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Music and Arts

Lundies Excel at Festival of the Performing Arts

Amanda Zaikow

The 74th Powell River Festival of the Performing Arts took place in several locations around town in the last few weeks of February. If you haven't checked it out before, this annual festival is an amazing showcase of local talent. Vocal groups, choirs, ensembles, and soloists performed, as well as entries from speech arts, instrumentalists, dancers, and a range of other talents. Lund was well represented throughout the Festival with kids in school choirs, Academy Children's Choirs, and dance groups.

A group of school friends, including Lundies Kiran Hollmann-Prichard, Sage Worthen, and Reed Worthen, formed a vocal ensemble called Vocal Force, and practiced together after school under the guidance of Karin Westland. Their energetic performance of Newfoundland sea shanties was completed with gumboots, plaid shirts, and toques, and accompanied by fiddle, guitar and even an "ugly stick". Sage and Kiran also performed a duet this year, an Appalachian folk tune called Sourwood Mountain. They were accompanied on the piano by Kiran's grandma, Nancy Hollmann, who has been a huge supporter of the arts in Powell River by instructing and accompanying countless students over the years.

The Festival has moved away from the competition aspect and towards performance with thorough adjudication. A selection of entries are chosen to

perform at the Grand Concert at the end of the Festival. Vocal Force was chosen to perform at the final concert, which was a great honour and a lot of fun. Hayden Mallery performed a solo ballet piece with confidence and precision as always. We were also treated to a beautiful cello piece by Hugh Prichard, accompanied by Nancy Hollmann on piano. So amazing to see three generations of one family performing at the Grand Concert! Thanks to all the volunteers who organize this event year after year. It gives locals a chance to receive quality adjudication for their performances, determines who will compete in the Provincial Performing Arts Festival, and provides entertainment for the community.



Photo courtesy of Amanda Zaikow



11th Annual Lund Shellfish Festival

May 25, 26 (full day) & 27, 2018



Friday May 25 • 5:30 - 9 pm
Tla'amin Salish Centre
Chowder Challenge • Silent Auction

Saturday May 26 • 10 am - 5 pm
Lund Harbour
Music • Seafood • Cooking Demos
Crafts • Ocean Tours
Colouring Contest Results*
Kids' Treasure Hunt

Sunday May 27 • 8 - 10 am
The Boardwalk Restaurant
Pancake Breakfast



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Northside Fire Department Association



*Colouring contest for kids

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Health and Healing

Spring Stiffness

Simon Hollows

Spring brings renewal, hope, and energy but for those suffering from chronic pain, the inspiration of spring can be lost. Here is a little info and some tips to handle daily discomfort from my personal experience.

According to Stats Canada, chronic pain affects 1 in 10 individuals between 12 - 44. The number goes up to 1 in 5 seniors. Lingering body aches and pains are puzzles that many medical professionals lack training to understand. The full scope of body mechanics and neurological connections are complicated and, from my experience, it takes a multidisciplinary approach to see the big picture. Awareness surrounding the issue is growing within the medical community. Multiple fields are coming together to share knowledge and experience with the hope of improving treatments and finding solutions.

There are many causes of chronic pain. The brain is the main governor of pain response. How bodies and brains communicate reveals keys to understanding why we feel chronic pain. What we feel physically can be tied to beliefs and thoughts (conscious or subconscious). There is an emotional component that contributes to lasting physical pain. For example, I protect certain areas of my body for fear of re-injury (a subconscious pattern of thought/belief and body reaction) which creates imbalance and stiffness.

I've found most therapies approach the body using one perspective and its accompanying techniques. Personal experience and research helps you figure out which therapy is working for your body and condition. I have found that certain tools are good for managing acute pain, while others are better for long term reprogramming of my body and mind. It is confusing to wade through different opinions and approaches. It is also challenging to pay for all of these services wondering if you've chosen correctly. Most techniques take time to work so sticking with a method can be advantageous if you've chosen the right path.

Self advocacy is a must! I've gained most of my knowledge through individual research. Armed with acquired information and questions, doctor appointments become exponentially more valuable. Don't expect the medical field to work for you beyond your input; our health is something we must navigate ourselves. We will be left without support unless we actively seek help and ask the right questions.

It takes motivation, hope, and support for those in the depths of pain to rise up and heal. What stops us beyond external challenges like finances can be emotion and self-limiting beliefs. Practicing healthy habits, striving to live actively and heal are all tied in to this body-mind connection. Thoughts, beliefs, and feelings can cause a stress response resulting in the tightening of the muscles and fascial layer in our jaws, shoulders, and hips for example. Understanding ourselves takes effort, self-love/compassion and patience. There are techniques out there to help guide and shed the heaviness of pain and encourage our bodies and minds to work together.

Body movement and breathing help pain relief over anything I've tried. I've adopted a daily - ok, almost daily - yoga practice. Warming up our joints and muscles in the morning with stretches, movement, and drinking water is a great way to start the day before coffee and food, etc. Flexibility and strength are keys to a pain-free body. Personally, I've found the philosophy of yoga helps me make sense of the way bodies move and interact with the world around us.

It seems we are destined to be wounded and suffer in life in one way or another. My past wounding experiences have led to untrue beliefs about myself and others. They cause anxiety which I feel in my body as swirling 'butterflies' or shakiness. Those types of beliefs can limit our capacity to grow and heal our bodies and minds. I've learned to ask myself if the thought is fair or derived from an inner wound or from feeling pain? Deep breaths and conscious reflection can guide me with awareness to connect my mind to my body. This takes practice! Can you catch yourself in a thought that leads to discomfort in the body, like a sore belly or shoulders or a feeling of heaviness?

There are two directions to connect body and mind. The first, body to mind, is using a physical approach to bring a more focused, happier mind. Soreness abates with movement and our brain releases those good feelings. It's easier to deal with life when we are in a better state of mind. The second is using the mind to get to the body. If you can catch yourself in a thought pattern that brings you down, you can control your reactions and change the anger, sadness, or anxiety that's felt during those times.

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I want to offer encouragement for those feeling heavy and lost with pain. It's depressing having low energy while being faced with a confusing medical field. Accept where you are at and keep moving forward; there are answers out there. Growing with knowledge also keeps us vital and hopeful. I encourage paying close attention to your physical body and witnessing your emotions. Get ready to learn really interesting things about yourself. What you will learn about your body, mind, and spirit can help lead to healing and living a vibrant, happy life. 🌱



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One Foot on a Banana Peel

Nancy Bouchard

In January 2017, at my annual mammogram, the technician gave me a hug before I left. That was my first clue that perhaps all was not well and normal. When this was confirmed a couple of weeks later, I felt no shock, surprise, or fear - as a relatively young and healthy woman I felt totally confident that I would undergo the recommended treatments and eventually join the Dragon boat crew of survivors. I decided to adopt the late Dave Pollen's creed: "true adventure is never fun while it's happening", and approached my first date with the chemo lab with optimism.

A week into chemo and I noted on my calendar that I wasn't feeling great, but it wasn't too bad either: no vomiting, just a bit of nausea, and the inside of my mouth felt sore. Two weeks in and, while taking my six year old grandson, Jervis, for a walk to a nearby park, I was feeling a strange pressure in my abdomen. On that walk I just couldn't keep up with Jervis and collapsed on a park bench. My symptoms didn't match anything I had read in connection with the chemo drugs. I managed to get Jervis back home and I headed home to Lund.

The pressure increased and before dawn the next morning, I woke Ben up and we speeded to the hospital. By the time I staggered into emergency, I was out of control with pain...and that's the last thing I remember.

One of the chemo drugs had triggered a rare reaction that caused sepsis, a complication brought on by the body's overwhelming and life threatening response to infection. Basically, all my organs were shutting down. At one point my heart stopped and for three minutes Ben had to watch the air ambulance crash team in Vancouver desperately doing CPR to keep me alive until I reached the hospital. I arrived at St. Paul's in critical condition and needed a couple of emergency surgeries, teetering on the edge of death a few times. My kidneys stopped working and I was put on dialysis, my lungs filled with fluid, a portion of my gut died, I had several blood transfusions, and was on tpn (total parenteral nutrition) to keep me alive.

When I finally woke up, sort of, I found myself surrounded by machines and riddled with tubes, unable to speak, barely able to move, and for days I was denied water. I was delirious, experiencing flashbacks to the drug induced nightmares I had been trapped in. My family kept vigil and a small crowd was with me all the time. I was so preoccupied with my immediate concerns that I don't think I even wondered why I was in ICU or what had happened to put me there!

Gradually my brain settled down. I was finally allowed to drink and eat popsicles (sheer joy!) and, though I was so weak I couldn't open a toothpaste tube, one day I managed to stand, collapse into a wheelchair, and go out into the spring sunshine.

After two weeks in ICU, I was transferred to a recovery ward. Gradually the tubes were removed. Eventually I could experiment with eating (mostly unsuccessfully), sitting up, standing, and then walking a few steps. Ben took such good care of me! He scoured the city for anything to tempt my appetite, and one day he hand-juiced an entire watermelon! He was always there, bathing and feeding and tending to me and, as only Ben can do, making everyone laugh and keeping the mood in the room light and happy. My dear kids were there too, and my siblings, some from the other side of the country. Wendy was often by the bed too, coaxing my feeble mind through the simplest crosswords, patient when I couldn't summon up a single answer! As soon I was able to get into a wheelchair, I was being whisked away to sit in the sun in the garden, or a restaurant, or the park.

Two and a half months later, I was skinny, bald, and weak, but able to walk about 50 metres and keep food down. I was sent home.

It's a scary story, but I feel somehow removed from it. I still haven't cried, or panicked, or felt sorry for myself about any of it. I never experienced any pain after regaining consciousness, I slept well in the hospital, and for some reason just calmly accepted my new reality. My muscles are coming back, and every week I notice progress: that the

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tingling in my feet has gone, I can move my shoulders without pain, I can fill my lungs with a good breath. I can even finish a crossword! I am so grateful for the extraordinary care I received at both St. Paul's and Powell River Hospital, the sweet love of my family and friends, the dedication of the Bakery staff that enabled me to never worry about anything but getting better. The thoughts and prayers, the paintings, cards, and flowers that continue to come my way make me really appreciate the healing power of our small community. I realize how lucky I am that the doctors and nurses at Powell River Hospital understood the urgency of my illness and how that probably saved my life. Every day from now on is a gift. 🍀



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Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

Plants From Here

Trish Keays

Glove up! It's nettle time!

Stinging nettles are a favourite wild plant for foraging on the south coast and across the Pacific Northwest. They grow in moist, rich, acidic soils, and can take over disturbed areas in what one author calls "stinging nettle forests".



Photo courtesy of Abby McLennan

We used to collect nettles at the head of Scuttle Bay: large patches are at edges of clearings, roadsides, old homesteads, and fields.

The perennial plant has been used as food, dye, fibre, and medicine for centuries, and almost around the world. It has a single, square stem (mint family) and ragged looking, oval, toothed leaves, covered in stinging hairs. The plants grow between 1 and 3 metres each spring, dying down in winter.

The scientific name is *Urtica dioica* – *urtica* from the Latin "urure", to burn; and *dioica* which means "of two houses", with male and female nettle flowers on separate plants.

Nettles are good sources of "protein, minerals, tannins, chlorophyll, boron, Vitamins A and C". Water in which nettles are cooked is high in iron, and can be a tea or soup base. Some people eat the young shoots raw, but they still sting, so I prefer them cooked – steamed or boiled. You have to collect a lot to get a meal's worth because, like spinach, they cook down to what seems tiny compared to the original volume of plant material.

One chef describes the taste of cooked nettles as "minty, spinach-like".

According to CBC, the "once lowly weed has been elevated to *haute cuisine*". The dishes that can be made from nettle are amazing – nettle-crusted halibut, pesto, lasagne or ravioli, gnocchi, pizza, aloo, sorbet. Nettle beer has a long history in England. See recipe for Nettle Pie on next page.

Sources say the roots are also edible, although I haven't tried them. Advice is to collect them in spring or autumn. After the plant has formed flowers, it can cause urinary tract problems if eaten: recommendation from a UBC site is to harvest in May or before. And don't forget the gloves!

The stinging cells are in the hollow hairs that cover the stems and undersides of the leaves. They act like a hypodermic needle when touched, releasing formic acid, histamine and other chemicals. The histamine causes the stinging reaction. Often dock and plantain will grow near nettles, and they contain a natural antihistamine that can ease nettle stings. Crush a few leaves to get some juice and put the leaves on the stung area. Other ways to treat nettle stings:

- pour fresh water over the stung area, without rubbing or touching for ten minutes;
- wash gently with soap, to remove the chemicals that cause swelling, redness and itching;
- keep a cool compress on the area – avoid heat;
- gently cover the stung skin with a paste made from cold water and baking soda;
- use gel from an aloe vera plant, or calamine lotion.

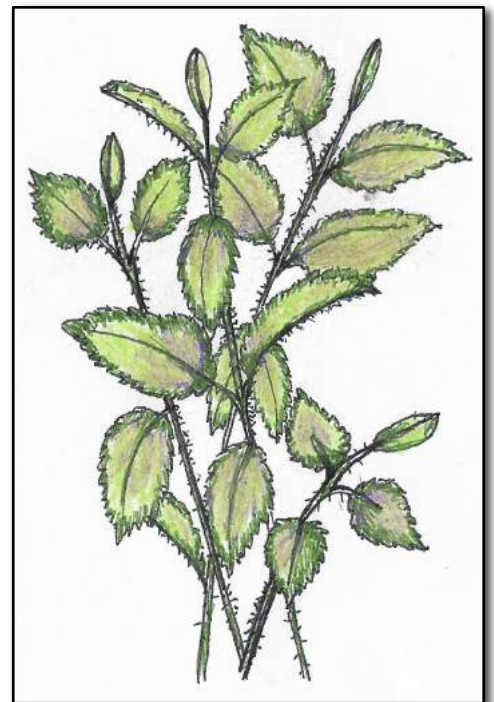


Illustration courtesy of Rin Innes

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Nettles are sold by the bag in Lund at The Farmer's Gate and in Powell River at the Garden Gate, Mitchell Brothers, Ecossentials, as well as other places.

Sources

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On a recent work trip to Macedonia, I was gifted a beautiful booklet called *The Spirit of the Northeast, Regional Macedonian Cookbook*. It has a recipe for nettle pie, or *Zelnik*, and notes that the pie can also be made with leeks and cabbage.

Ingredients:

- 1/2 to 1 whole packet yeast and 200 ml lukewarm water
- 250 g flour
- oil
- salt
- 100 g butter or margarine
- 200 g boiled nettles
- 2 eggs

Preparation:

- Knead the flour with yeast, lukewarm water, oil, and salt.
- Divide the dough into as many layers as you want to make.
- Mix the boiled nettles with the eggs.
- Place the first layer of dough in the baking pan, and layer with the nettle mixture.
- Bake the pie in a pre-heated oven at 200 C degrees for 30 minutes.
- To get the best taste from this classic dish, bake the pie under a baking lid.



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Second Hēhewš̓n Canoe Unveiled at Tla'amin

Elders gave the small canoe the name ̓ičos (springtime) to represent a fresh start

Cara McKenna, Editor

Salish Sea Sentinel

The unveiling of a second Hēhewš̓n canoe at Tla'amin marks the beginning of a greater understanding between the Nation and the wider community. A small, 4.5-metre canoe for children and youth was revealed at Brooks Secondary School on January 29 before making its way back to be presented and named at the Nation. A first, larger Hēhewš̓n canoe was revealed during a celebration in November. Both canoes were shaped by a team of carvers, youth from local schools, and hundreds of others who came by to participate in the effort as it took place on Willingdon Beach over many months.

Hēhewš̓n, meaning “the way forward,” is a growing initiative that was started by Phil Russell (kʷonanəm), Tla'amin citizen Cyndi Pallen (č̓ine), and Elder John Louie (Yahum).



Russell is originally from Ireland and has many close friends at Tla'amin. He said in an interview that he believes non-indigenous people should take more responsibility to change this country for the better. “I noticed that a lot of the work was coming from the indigenous community and not so much from the non-indigenous community,” he said. “With this canoe, what I was hoping is that we would get conversations going. I’m hoping that the non-indigenous community understands just how powerful this can be.”

Russell said the canoe project idea was originally presented to Tla'amin with a ceremony and feast last June – but it was non-indigenous people who led it all. “It was a bit disconcerting for the indigenous people at first,” he said. “But by the second event they were more comfortable with what the concept was, that we were actually coming in with respect and to learn.” Pallen and Louie have both been in the background

since the outset to support and gently lead the process. “We said if you’re going to do this, you’re doing it the same way we would do this, which means you’re bringing the teachings forward,” Pallen said. “It’s all about healing and honour.”

Hēhewš̓n builds on years of work done within the community to heal from residential schools. Pallen and Louie both do healing work with survivors and have also hosted reconciliation-centred gatherings at Tla'amin. Louie, a survivor himself, agreed that the

non-indigenous community must do more to learn about, and from, indigenous people. He said he hopes that the new canoes will be educational tools for years to come. The vessels will be dried out and painted, and will then be used by the community for canoe journeys and teachings. “Every

year at Tribal Journeys it will become a talking point to carry on with this,” Louie said. “It’s a tremendous tool for creating awareness.”

During the second canoe’s presentation at Tla'amin, Elder Elsie Paul announced that she and a group from

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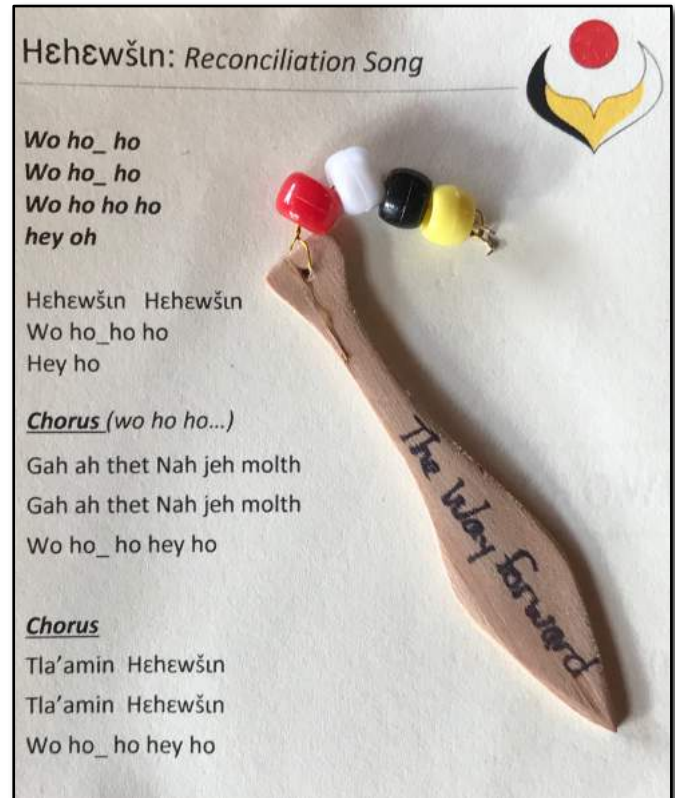
the community decided to give it the name "łičos," meaning "springtime."

"Keeping in mind it is for the youth, it is for the upcoming young people," she said. "It's awakening from a long cold winter and the sunny days are coming. Young people can be proud of who they are. A bright future. Moving forward in a good, healthy way."

While the canoes were being carved on Willingdon Beach in a process led by skilled canoe builder Joe Martin from Tla-o-qui-aht Nation, more than 1,000 schoolchildren visited to watch, participate, and hear stories. Hegus Clint Williams said he is impressed by the project and that the name is fitting for the canoe. "Because this canoe is intended for the youth, I really hope it stays around and that all the schools get to use it and feel proud of the canoe", he said. "This is a beautiful thing."

Russell said work will continue on Hehewšun as a committee is now formed that will have regular meetings and outline the next steps for "the way forward". Louie said that even though society still has a long way to go in terms of truly reconciling and fixing relationships, "the canoe is starting to move forward",

he said. "We're a long way, but at least we're going in that direction."



Hehewšun: Reconciliation Song

Wo ho_ ho
Wo ho_ ho
Wo ho ho ho
hey oh

Hehewšun Hehewšun
Wo ho_ ho ho
Hey ho

Chorus (wo ho ho...)
Gah ah thet Nah jeh molth
Gah ah thet Nah jeh molth
Wo ho_ ho hey ho

Chorus
Tla'amin Hehewšun
Tla'amin Hehewšun
Wo ho_ ho hey ho



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H̓eh̓w̓sh̓n Canoes to be Painted in Lund

Cyndi Pallen

On Sunday, May 6, H̓eh̓w̓sh̓n (The Way Forward) Reconciliation Canoe Journey Project will complete the final step in the process: the painting of the two canoes, H̓eh̓w̓sh̓n (pronounced Hehewshin) and *łičos* (pronounced Kleechos), on the lawn in front of the Lund Hotel and within the territory of the Tla'amin people. We invite you and your family to participate in this historic event, starting with a ceremony at 9 a.m., that marks another significant day of celebrating the teachings and honouring the peoples' way of life prior to colonial contact.

The H̓eh̓w̓sh̓n carving project aims to bring forth the teachings of the ancestors of Tla'amin, through our TAOW, which means honour and respect for self, family, and community ways of life prior to contact.

"The Tla'amin people have opened the door to us (non-indigenous people). We're going to be participating in the Tribal Canoe Journeys; we're going to be helping with the 2021 hosting of the Tribal Canoe Journeys. We've made the connections and so now, the non-indigenous people step through the door into the indigenous culture and it's up to them (the non-indigenous) to start learning and making those connections." (Phil Russell)

Reconciliation has a number of layers, people to people, and the goal is to gain insight into Tla'amin's way of life and learn about Tla'amin's cultural teachings through ceremony.

Both canoes were carved locally for the purpose of building understanding of the legacy of colonialism and the impacts of residential schools, and as part of the

work towards truth and reconciliation implemented by the Government of Canada. 🌱



Photo courtesy of Cara McKenna

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New Chapter for the Lund Hotel

John Walls



Photo courtesy of John Walls

The rich history of the Lund Hotel in this community speaks for itself: the Hotel has been Lund and is still Lund going forward.

The Hotel has been through many hands over the years and in 2016, Tla'amin Nation bought out their minority partner, Dave Formosa, and became full owners and operators of the Lund Hotel. The Nation has great plans to revitalize the Lund properties and shift the energy of the Lund experience for locals and guests alike. Part of this revamp is the remodeling and decorating of the Hotel from the lobby to the rooms, everything from carpets to paint and artwork that reflects and best represents the coastal Nation.

It also includes bringing in the House of Culinary Magic to provide management of food and beverage for the Hotel restaurant and pub. The goal is to respect and serve the locals while, at the same time, broadening the scope of the demographic. Being a tourist destination, the food and beverages need to be a draw for all people, including Lundies, Powell Riverites, and beyond. The Hotel is hoping to better capitalize on the tourist season, from the boaters and foreign travelers as well as local guests. This includes a new fresh menu that has classic fare presented nicely along with a few healthier options to accommodate vegetarians, people with food sensitivities, and individuals with celiac disease. The bar includes a classic cocktail list with features and a redeveloped wine list.

This re-energizing of the Lund Hotel is exciting as we keep the richness going forward. 🍷



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Fond Memories of Nancy Crowther

Dymph VanderMaeden

Spring, I have heard, is here and I was going to write about a wheelbarrow which has been in my family since 1963 and is still in use in my yard today. But coming in from working outside the other day, I turned on CBC to a podcast about a late local character named Nancy Crowther. Upon listening to this segment, I found myself very upset by the manner the author chose to portray this person: such an unflattering script! This, in turn, made me realize that what you let happen, you become part of and, as I did not wish that, I will write about my experience with this wonderful lady and her role in my life.

I met Nancy in the 1950's when my father drove us down to her place. My first impression was beautiful red cheeks cracked into a huge smile and eyes that were ever so blue and looked right at you when she engaged you in conversation. Over the years we visited Nancy off and on, always going home with a tummy full of bread and homemade jam with sweet hot tea.

My mother seemed comfortable to let us three children set out on the highway and hitchhike to the Townsite to watch the Saturday afternoon matinee at the Patricia Theatre. There were many Saturdays when the ride we hitched was with Nancy Crowther in her International Travel-all. She would pull over and Billy (her young nephew) would open the door and we were greeted with a wonderful warm smile and hello from Nancy. You can bet we were very happy to see her knowing our quest of going to town was happening. "Going to the picture show?" she would ask. "Well jump in with us. That's where we are going too." At this time, Nancy was driving her nephew Billy to town to go to the theatre or they were both going shopping for staples. Nancy never drove by us and many times we also got a ride home with them. Nancy raised two of her nephews and they rode the school bus with us. She drove them from Penrose Bay to the highway every school day.

Later in life, I saw Nancy off and on. She was always very busy with her farm and oysters. She also never missed a chance to make a few dollars salvaging logs along the Okeover Inlet, rowing them back up to Theodosia and selling them back to the logging companies. She was always highly thought of by people in the Inlet and those she knew in Powell River town. I know she worked in the oyster plant doing all aspects of the production from picking them on the night tides

to shucking them in the plant during the day. Nancy cut her own wood and tended to her animals, garden, fruit trees, and her oyster leases. She was very independent from a very young age.

In the late 1970's, I lived in a float house in Trevenon Bay with my husband Deane and our new born son Kyle. We had a twelve foot boat with a ten horse motor which we would load up and go around the islands out of the Bay and head for the government dock. Winter was coming and some days the winds were strong and cold making the trip treacherous, especially with a small baby in my arms. By this time, Nancy had changed a lot. People often said she was crazy because she was no longer comfortable in her house so she would load her dogs into her truck and drive away to sleep wherever she would park. I heard she did not want people around. I made myself go visit her one day as I wanted to ask if we could park our car on her property so as to make the boat trip very short and safe. I heard she believed there were unseen microwaves being shot into the atmosphere and used to interfere with our lives. So I went there and she invited me in to her house full of dogs. She made tea, very sweet, and I sat at her kitchen table while we talked. She remembered me and also knew Deane's aunties from the years she worked at the Powell Stores. As well, she knew Deane's dad and uncles from them having hauled cedar blocks from the Inlet years ago. This seemed to make her feel comfortable with me. We talked for about two hours sitting in a very hot house, filling up with tea. Finally, I asked her about parking our car there and she said yes but we had to take the cables off the battery when we parked. This we did and all went very well, and it sure made this new mother so much more comfortable.

Continued on page 30...



Continued from page 29...

Nancy ended up in hospital with a brain tumour and died there.

I have always had a very strong love and respect for this woman and her time in and out of my life. So in closing, I believe if people wish to become famous

writing about people they have never known or met, they should learn to tread softly and respect their memory. 🍷

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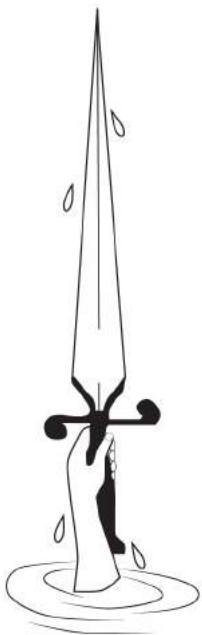
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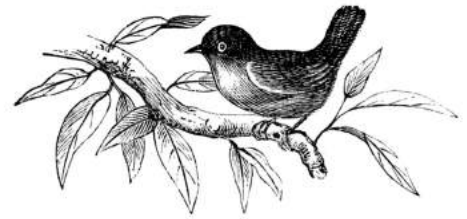
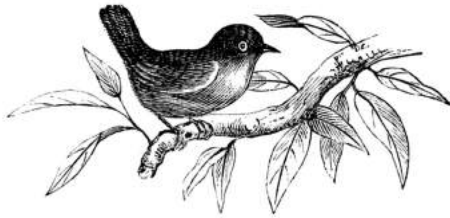
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Crossword #47 by C.Cressy

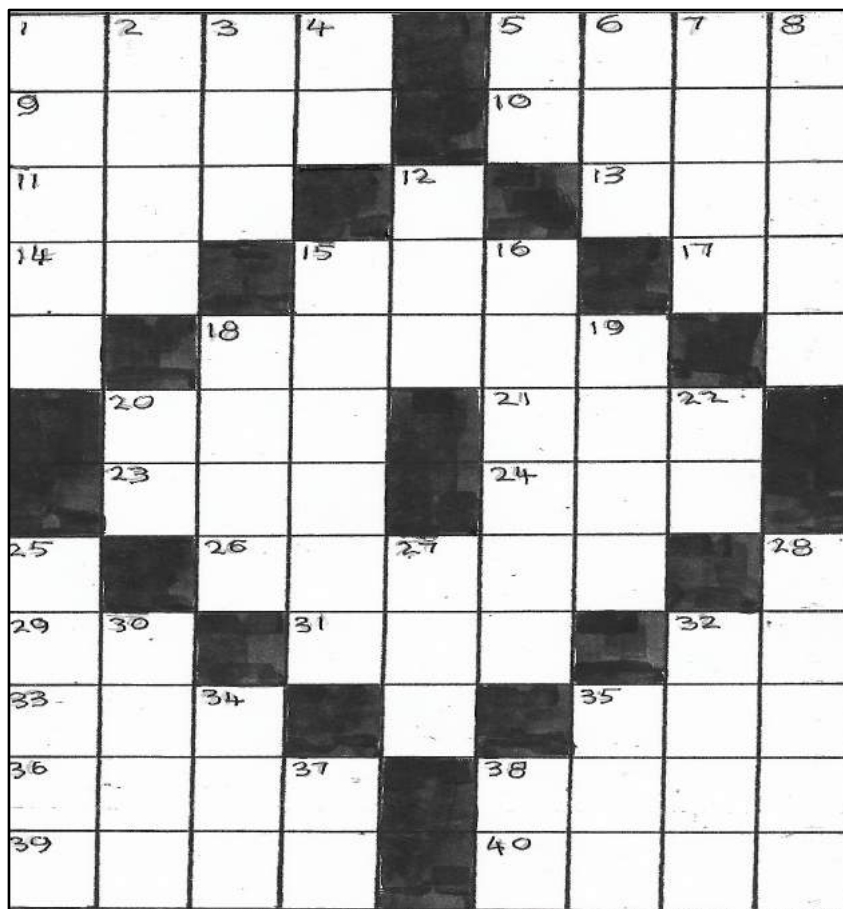
Edited by S. Dunlop

ACROSS:

- 1 a seemingly new star
- 5 star in Lyra
- 9 a notion
- 10 big heads
- 11 fetched
- 13 kind of fuel
- 14 time frame (abbr.)
- 15 a parcel or a bunch
- 17 sixth solfege syllable
- 18 beneath
- 20 night flyer
- 21 the edge
- 23 possessive pronoun
- 24 singular
- 26 overhead
- 29 related to 26A
- 31 first wife
- 32 naval rating (abbr.)
- 33 crux
- 35 whiskey
- 36 amongst
- 38 Turkish or Yugoslavian coin
- 39 lineage
- 40 tinned "meat"

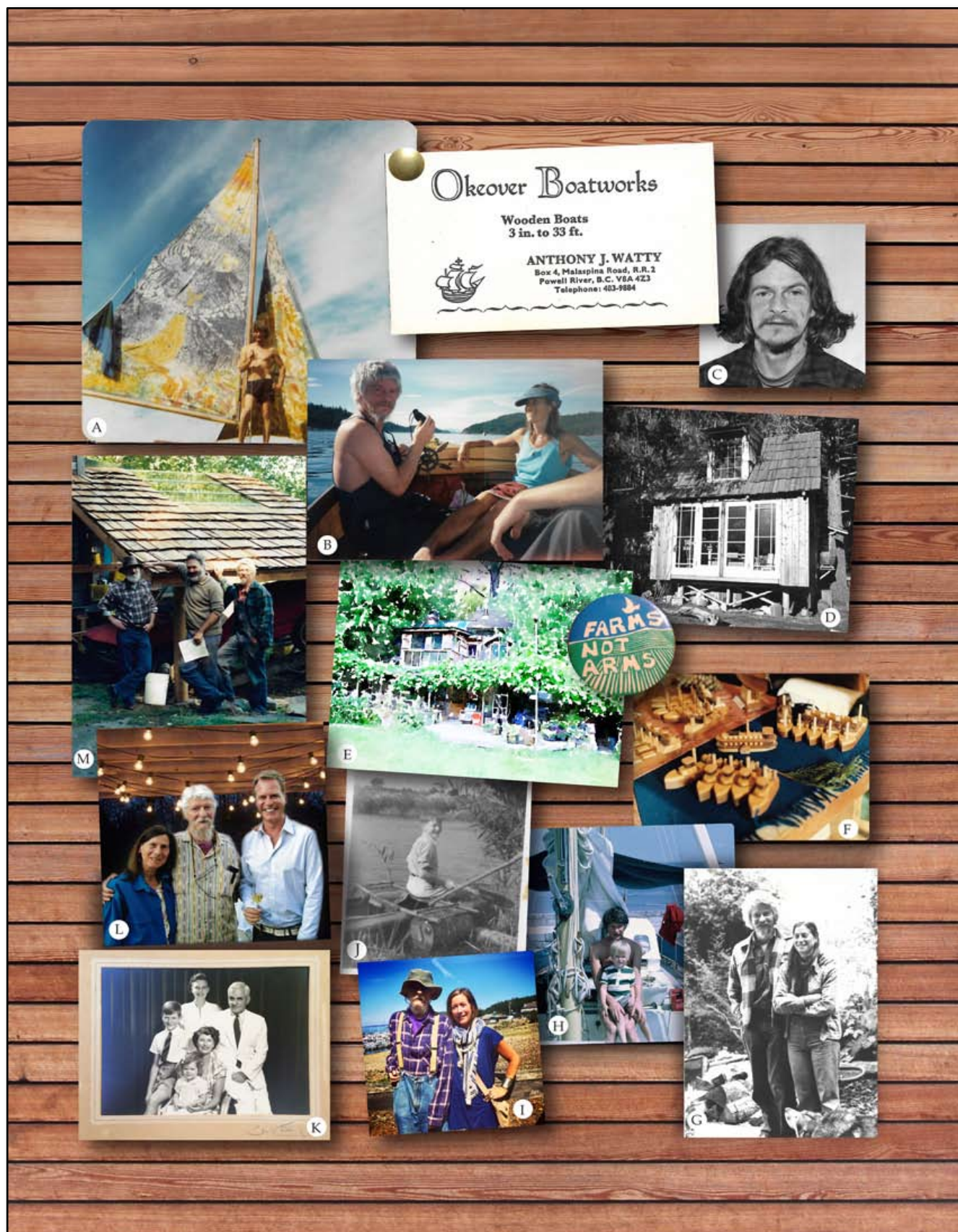
DOWN:

- 1 time of darkness
- 2 smell
- 3 former soldier (abbr.)
- 4 sober meeting (abbr.)
- 5 big day in 1945 (abbr.)
- 6 urge on
- 7 target
- 8 black tea from India
- 12 Roman sun god
- 15 accepts as fact (two words)
- 16 to wander
- 18 the shoe guy
- 19 ___ and dine
- 20 two (prefix)
- 22 ___ myself and I
- 25 relating to the moon
- 27 egg cells
- 28 hot vapour
- 30 cougar
- 32 harp constellation
- 34 small lighter
- 35 style of music
- 37 NE state in USA (abbr.)
- 38 added on message (abbr.)



Answer Key for #46





A Life Lived: Anthony John Watty
December 16, 1935 – February 16, 2018

With his early roots in the Philippines, Australia, Portugal, and the UK, Tony immigrated to Canada at age 20. He worked as a timber cruiser to support his studies at UBC, attaining a Masters in Architecture. Although he established a successful career in Vancouver, Tony tired of the city lifestyle. He accepted an opportunity to build a home for a client in Lund in the early 70's, swapped his neckties for overalls, and decided to stay.

Tony's hand-drawn architectural designs and plans for homes and public spaces are characteristically artistic and meticulous. However, architectural work around Lund/Powell River was sporadic. To make ends meet, Tony worked at a variety of jobs. One of his first jobs, for the Regional District, was scouting and mapping eagles' nests along the District coast. He was also a deckhand on a fishing boat. His favourite "job" was designing and making authentic floating toy wooden boats and selling his bathtub fleet at craft fairs locally, in Courtenay, and Victoria.

The early days settling in Lund were preoccupied with building (a home, chicken coop, fences, bird and bat houses, workshop/boathouse, storage sheds, greenhouse, and more); getting to know the local flora and fauna; going to Lund for morning coffee and for dances in the old Lund Hall.

Tony was passionate about all things maritime. His life was intertwined with boats from an early age, making his first floating craft at age 9. He restored old boats (The Beyond, The Return, The Brooklyn Belle), built a rowboat, and eventually drew plans for and began building his masterpiece: a 34-foot junk rig sailboat (made largely from local wood) to which he devoted more than 2 decades.

Tony was a DIYer, the ultimate Mr. Fix-it, an exceptional craftsman, and backyard mechanic. He was creative and multi-talented. He read widely, both fiction and non-fiction. Learning and sharing his knowledge with others was a favourite pastime. He had ingenuity and integrity, and was a raconteur and a gentle man. He appreciated and respected all living things. Birding was a hobby from childhood. Of all birds, Tony most admired the acrobatic and soaring swallows and imagined how it would feel to fly like one.

Left to remember Tony are son Mark, daughter Sappho, sisters Heather and Margaret, and their respective families.

I met Tony, my soul-mate, on the Vancouver ferry; a year later we started sharing our lives together. That was 45 years ago.

Tony tried to tread lightly on the earth and left the world richer for his presence.

Margaret Leitner

Photo Key

(A) Tony sailing 'The Return', batik sails by John and Kathleen Richards; (B) Tony and Margaret on 'The Brooklyn Belle', Okeover Inlet, c. 1995; (C) Tony, 1973; (D) Home, c. 1975; (E) Home (watercolour rendition by Mark Watty), 2015; (F) Tony's bathtub fleet of hand-made wooden boats; (G) Tony and Margaret, 1980's; (H) Tony and son Mark, 1967; (I) Tony and daughter Sappho, c. 2015; (J) Tony, age 9, with first home-made boat: a canoe with pontoons, Australia; (K) Tony, parents Teresa and Lewis, baby sister Margaret, older sister Heather, c. 1950; (L) Margaret, Tony, Mark, 2010; (M) 3 amigos: Harry Calnek, Mike Foss, Tony.

(Photos courtesy Margaret Leitner and Mark Watty)

Community Page

Sandy Dunlop, Alan and Silvana Hernandez,
Margaret Leitner, Adrian Redford,
Jennie Marshman, Chelsea Keays

Birth Announcements

Shanti MacFronton and Jamie Thind welcomed the birth of their baby son, Cameron Markus, on January 26. He weighed 9 lbs. 12 ozs. and was delivered in just under three hours. (Ouch!) Big sister Emery is loving her new role. The family lives in Toronto, but Shanti is a born and bred Lundie. Congrats to grandparents Jeff and Darcie and auntie Terra too.

Sympathy and Condolences

Vince Hernandez - June 19, 1929 - January 30, 2018

Vince passed away in Parksville at the age of 88. He lived in many places on the coast in his career with the BC Forest Service and Lund was one of them.

Vince first lived in Lund in 1955 when he was Assistant Ranger at the Lund Forestry station in Finn Bay. He stayed with the other bachelors on one of the Forestry Services boats. In the summer of 1956 after a night of revelry at a dance in Squirrel Cove, Vince fell asleep at the helm and ran the FS launch "Dogwood" up on the rocks. He lost his job over that but was fortunately hired back with the FS in 1959.

In the years 1966 - 68 Vince was stationed in Lund as Deputy Ranger. He, his wife Evelyn and five children - Stephen, Marian, Alan, Brent, and Janice lived in the first forestry house on the left as you drive down into Finn Bay.

From 1978 - 1980 Vince again returned to Lund, this time as the Ranger in the District, and the family lived in that same house in Finn Bay. Vince was well liked in his job and believed in getting things done. When possible, he hired local Lundies for forestry jobs. Vince was also instrumental in establishing Dinner Rock as a forest service campsite.

His life was celebrated at the Cranberry Seniors Center in early March. He will be remembered as a hardworking, fun loving, family man.

Tony Watty - December 16, 1935 - February 16, 2018

See page 34 - 35

Betty June Bond - July 1, 1941 - March 10, 2018

It is with great sadness that we learned of the passing of Betty, who was a beloved wife, mother, sister, aunt, cousin, grandmother, great grandmother, and friend.

Betty was a long time resident of Lund before moving several years ago to Powell River. She lived in Finn Bay with her family: husband Harold, daughter Carlene, and son Russell. She was always very active in the community. She was a wonderful gardener, and could always be relied upon to bring beautiful flowers to any community event to grace the dinner tables. If you needed cheering up, you needed only to visit Betty, always cheerful, and you would be offered coffee and cookies, and laughter would abound. Betty was a wonderful person and will be missed by all who knew her.

There will be no service at her request.

Continued on page 37...

Continued from page 36...**Mike Jensen - May 1, 1950 - March 23, 2018**

It is with extreme sadness we announce the passing of Michael Jensen: tradesman, businessman, skipper, deckhand, father, lover, and friend. His laughter, wit, and humorous stories will live on in our hearts forever. Mike exuded kindness, love, and laughter. We believe the angels are rejoicing because one of their own has rejoined them. A celebration of his life will take place on July 14 at Craig Road Park, 2:30 - 4:30 p.m., potluck.

John Keays - June 14, 1946 - April 12, 2018

John Keays died at home on April 12th, surrounded by his family. Dad chose to have a medically-assisted death, and one of the things this meant was that for two weeks or so before he died he knew when he was going to die. He was mostly in bed and he had a lot of time to think. On the morning of his death day he told me what had been happening in his mind when he woke. Later I went back into his room and asked him to repeat it and I recorded. I will write a more obituary-like obituary for the next issue, but in this one I wanted to include dad's own words about the process of dying. Dad was a poet-philosopher-scientist, and sometimes he came out with remarkable lines. I asked, Dad, tell me again what was happening in your mind this morning with words? And he said, "Well, I got up and I was wondering if the process of making things was tactually the opposite of taking them apart. So I - in my mind - picked up a tomato. And it was! The outer skin slipped off over the inner skin. And then it happened with a snake. And then it happened with a - I think a - just a word." (Paul entered the room here and said "Well, and then you thought, that's what I'm going to be doing"). "And then I thought, that's what I'm going to be doing. And I tried it with as close as I could get to what I'm going to be doing and lo and behold, there was the slimy inbuilding and then the slimy outbuilding and they were just layers of things, like a snake skin. Just take it off."

Dad had a stroke about a year and a half ago, and since then one of his oft-quoted lines was a W.H. Auden one: 'Let your last thinks all be thanks'. He was grateful for his family, for the care he received from doctors and nurses here in Powell River and at the Holy Family rehabilitation hospital in Vancouver, for all of the care and time Paul and Kristi have given him since his stroke, for all the people of Lund who have stopped in over these last few months, and also all of you who sent your love by e.s.peepers, as he liked to call it. And more than once he expressed his heartfelt thanks to Dr. Jonathan Reggler, who helped him end his life on his own terms.

Thinking of You

Healing thoughts and much love to all of the Lundies, wherever you are, who are struggling with wellness.

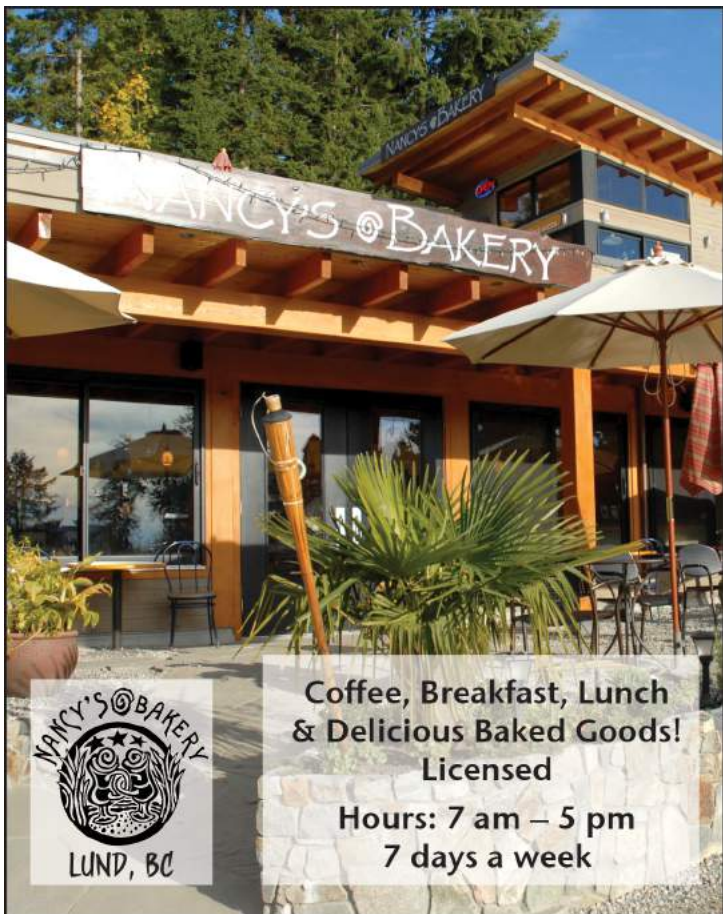
The Lund Community Society and thus the Barnacle are looking for volunteers to help out on the Goodwill Committee. We especially need an overseer for this committee and someone to write the article for the Barnacle.

The job requires, either individually or collectively, a broad social network in Lund so as to keep you in the know about births, deaths, and major events in the lives of people here. Duties include: (1) Sending mailed cards of congratulations, sympathy, get well soon, thinking of you, etc. (2) Organizing the "welcome packages" for pickup at the post office by new Lund residents. (3) Creating the Community Page in the Barnacle four times a year that gives birth, death, etc. info and maybe includes a tribute or two.

This Committee exists to help create and bolster a sense of community in Lund and the knowledge that people here care about each other. Please let us know if you're interested and pass on the word! And call Adrian Redford at 604-483-4766 with any news you think should be acknowledged. 🍀



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



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Living in the Light

Sandy Dunlop

One of the best things about spring is the return of the light. At this latitude, when it's dark before 5:00 p.m. at the end of December, it is more noticeable when the length of the day increases in January, albeit gradually. By February end, you might be eating dinner in natural light and by the end of March, you can almost forget it was ever pitch black at 7:00 p.m. To some degree, it seems, we all have a bit of Seasonal Affective Disorder...or maybe it's just being alive that makes us crave the sunlight.

The spring equinox, also called the vernal equinox ("vernal" being the Latin word for spring and "equinox" literally meaning "equal night"), happens on or about March 20 when the length of the day is equal to that of the night. It is a day worth celebrating. A number of festivals take place at this time all over the world and such has been the case by numerous cultures and countries for centuries. The equinox precedes the first day of spring in the northern hemisphere (it precedes the first day of fall in the southern hemisphere), and is traditionally seen as a time for fresh starts and rebirth. The flora sure love it. Everyone has seen seedlings emerge from the soil of both plants we love and those we call weeds as they crane their little stems toward the sun. Flowers begin appearing. The wild critters we share this land with can find more growing things to eat.

And then it just gets better. With the help of Daylight Saving Time, the length of the day increases by about an hour per month. By summer solstice on June 21, after a sunny day you can still read outside at 10:00 p.m. How great is that!

Living off-grid, as I do, creates a greater tendency to love natural light because you become very aware of the fuel consumption necessary to do anything that requires power after the sun goes

down. Most lights don't take much electricity but it all adds up when your aim is cushy camping: living luxuriously with as small a footprint on the planet's resources as possible. The sun is a gigantic lamp that lights our activities, for free, making it easier to do just about everything. Waking up and starting our day without having to turn on the lights, shedding the headlamp, not fishing for the flashlight to get from the car to the front door, being able to stay outside and do things later and later: living in the light is so much easier than in the dark. It is also a wonderful thing to generate the power to run household appliances and lights from what the sun bestowed on the solar panels that day to be stored in the large batteries that run the house.

It's easy to love the light, don't you think? After June 21, we all know the dark is coming and that the days shorten at the same rate that they lengthened, but it's not until the fall equinox on or about September 23 that we really begin to brace ourselves for the short, cold days. There are very nice things about that time of year too, and yet one of them is that it will last until our longing for the light is once again rewarded. ●



Photo courtesy of Emily Jenkins

Spring Things



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Emily Jenkins