

Lund BARNACLE

Winter 2018

\$2.00

The Voice of Lund

Proceeds to the Lund Community Society

Telling Our Stories

Tai Uhlmann



Tai Uhlmann and interviewer Andrew Muir
Photo by Steven Marx, courtesy of Andrew Muir

Before I moved home to Lund from New York City with my family in 2011, I applied for a job with StoryCorps. Many of you may not know about StoryCorps but you will want to. Their mission is *to preserve and share humanity's stories in order to build connections between people and create a more just and compassionate world. We do this to remind one another of our shared humanity, to strengthen and build the connections between people, to teach the value of listening, and to weave into the fabric of our culture the understanding that everyone's story matters. At the same time, we are creating an invaluable archive for future generations.*

The first StoryCorps recording booth was in Grand Central Station, and everyday people started recording their stories, listening, and asking questions. These stories can be intensely emotional and unexpected and I highly recommend you spend some time on the StoryCorps

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...and so much more!



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

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Lund Post Office, Lund Store, Nancy's Bakery, and Ecosystems.

It is also available online at the Lund Community Society website: <http://lundcommunity.ca/barnacle/html>

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 Community Society, a non-profit organization providing 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

Hello and welcome to the winter issue! It was suggested to me a while back that random stories could be more interesting than those hung on a theme such as had become the pattern over the last couple of years. So, for this issue, we asked Lundies to *tell us a story from your life*, on any topic suitable for Barnacle readers and from any time period. Writers seemed to love the idea and we filled up quickly. The stories are amazing and wonderful and I hope you think so too. I can see this storytelling theme being repeated every winter issue. It makes a nice read by the fire on these dark and blustery nights.

In this issue, we have had the graphic art services of Nicole Narbonne to help us with our ads. We were going for sharp, not slick, and we think they look pretty great. Our huge thanks goes out to Nicole for her generous volunteer contribution.

We also have a new column. The Barnacle has a long-standing policy not to run political ads. Then we were asked to consider having contributions that pertained to Lund from our area's other elected representatives. Patrick Brabazon, our Regional District Director, has long been with us. Now we also have something from the office of Rachel Blaney, our Member of Parliament.

Hope you find a cozy place to enjoy this issue while the storms blow outside!

-- Sandy

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

****We invoice annually for advertising, unless alternate arrangements are made. Invoices will be sent out after the fall issue 2018.****

Advertising Rates

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Double Business Card Size: \$20.00

Quarter Page: \$30.00

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Send to: barnacleadvertising@twincomm.ca


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Lund Barnacle Printer

Lund Community Society Update

Emily Jenkins

Greetings Hibernators!

By the time this reaches you, the festivities of the season will have passed and the Lund Christmas Craft Fair will seem a distant memory. Let us remind you of its greatness! It is the Community Society's biggest fundraiser, requiring many volunteers from the community to keep it running smoothly. Activities behind the scenes include coordinating and telephoning volunteers, set-up and tear-down, collecting donations and preparing food, advertising, and a few million other details. So impressed with this community effort! For full details on how the day unfolded, please see Rosie's article on page 4.

The most exciting news from the LCS these days is that the Gazebo grounds are now officially a Regional District park! A recent walk-about was completed between the LCS and the RD and a detailed list of all the needed and potential upgrades was compiled. If the rough 2018 budget is any indication, our beloved Gazebo is going to get some love! Stay tuned for details.

The NCRC, aka the community centre, is also supposed to get some attention this year. A building assessment is part of the RD's 2018 budget plan. From this assessment we will know what needs replacing or fixing and the overall "health" of the building. This is the first step towards the new hall! The details of the future hall are a ways off, but the LCS is committed to keeping the ball rolling and asserting our wishes and concerns with the RD.

The LCS is looking for volunteers to take on the position of being the "Goodwill Committee", which exists to help create a sense of community in Lund with the knowledge that people here care about each other. The job requires 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. Ideally this position would be filled by several people of different ages and social circles so as to cast a broader community net. Let us know if you're interested and pass on the word.

The LCS AGM is coming up on Friday, March 2 at the NCRC on Larson Road. Please come out and support your community. Better yet, become an active member and volunteer some of your time. You can give a little or a lot, whatever time you got, guaranteed to hit that heartfelt spot!

By the time this edition hits the streets, we hope to have a new improved website! Check it out: <http://lundcommunity.ca>

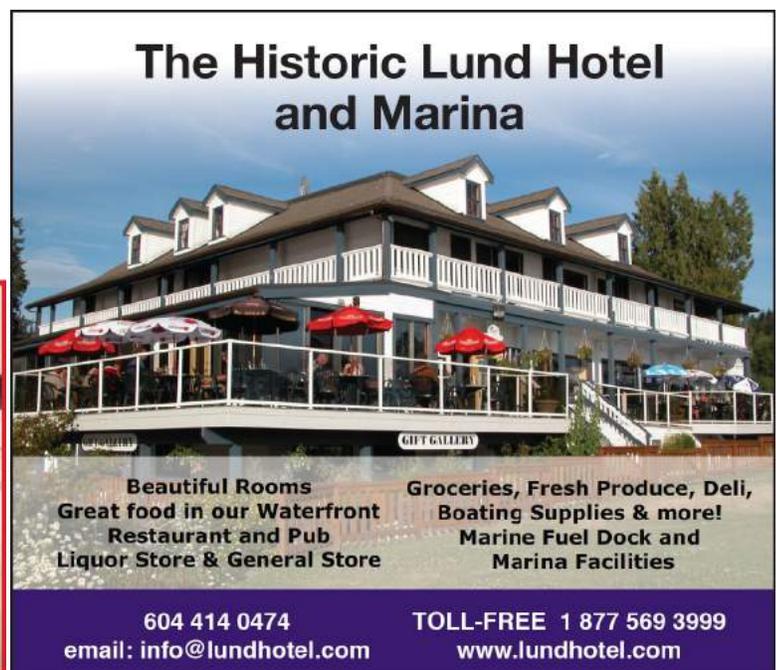


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What's Happening at the NCRC? (Northside Community Recreation Centre)

- Kids Playgroup - Mondays 10 am - 12 pm or Orca bus every fifth Monday
- Yoga - Tuesdays 4:30 pm - 5:45 pm
- Tai Chi - Thursdays 5 pm - 7 pm
- Kundalini - Fridays 5 pm - 6:30 pm
- Games Night - 6:30 pm - 8:30 pm last Friday of the month
- Parenting Workshops - third Sunday of the month - potluck 4 pm, workshop 5 pm - 7 pm
- Lund Flea Market - Sunday, February 4, 10 am - 2 pm - new seasonal event; next one in April
- Winterfest - Puddle Jumpers dinner theatre fundraiser - end of February date TBA

LCS HoHoHo-ing Over Craft Fair

Rosie O'Neill



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

We did it again! Another successful Lund Christmas Craft Fair was enjoyed by all at the Italian Hall in Wildwood on Saturday, November 21. This annual event is the Lund Community Society's biggest fundraiser, and we are very pleased to have brought in more than ever before - \$3350.00 - money that will be well-used for community programming. Vendors, too, reported larger than usual sales. The kitchen sure saw a lot of happy faces at the window!

We so need to thank all those who helped make it such a success, including all our volunteers and those who baked their little hearts out. We couldn't even think of doing our craft fair without everyone's help through their donations and high energy. The volunteers are too numerous to mention individually, and so here is a big, blanket *thank you!*

Continued on page 5...

Take the bus

Only \$2.50 takes you right to the Town Centre Mall where you can do all your shopping, have lunch, meet friends, or get to your appointments. Then for \$2.50 you can catch the bus back. Cheaper than driving!

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



Continued from page 4...

And here's a list of all the businesses who helped make us successful; without them and their donations, we wouldn't be able to do this totally special and unique fair every year. Many thanks to Court Cressy for his signs, and to River City Coffee, Quality Foods, The Chopping Block, Shoppers Drug Mart, Canadian Tire, Save On Foods, Starbucks, and Safeway.

Maybe some day when we have our own hall again we can host the craft fair in Lund, like we used to. ☺



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

eCouture 2018
Wearable Art Fashion Show
 April 21st 2018
 Dwight Hall, Powell River
Call to Artists!!
Deadline March 15th

For details go to:
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Lund Community Society Financial Summary

Martha Allen and Tasha Gee

If someone was to ask me what the Community Society is, my short answer would be: it's the volunteer organization whose mission is to facilitate other volunteer endeavours for the benefit and enjoyment of the extended Lund community.

Facilitate is a big word, kind of like the word *just* can be. How "big" gets driven home every year when I sit down to write this summary for the paper because, as I look at LCS statements and assorted reports, I am blown away by what these numbers represent. Each number speaks volumes about time committed and effort expended by volunteers. Each one tells a story of facilitation – a story of community.

The numbers for 2017 were tracked by Tasha Gee, the Society's new treasurer. Despite a crazy day job and two young children, Tasha stepped up to take over from Judy Hicks, who, after nearly 20 years of volunteering to keep the books, decided to take a break.

As I write in early January, Tasha is keying in numbers to generate computerised statements for the LCS annual general meeting coming up on March 2. Her entries will confirm what she has already calculated, estimating the final bits of data she awaits.

I had to go to Craig Road on Barnacle busy-ness anyway, so I suggested I could drop by her house to collect what she had for me. "Second house in", she replied. "You can't see it from the road. I'll put it in the black mailbox by the door."

I turned into the driveway, noting her Newport van parked on the side of Craig Road, happy I wasn't lost. The driveway wound around the first house, then the road started to climb, and climb...through the trees up into a clearing, and I was looking up at the house *still* above me.

Tasha was just leaving, returning to Craig Road and her vehicle, obviously juggling all the commitments of her busy life. "The door's at the top", she said as she passed. I continued up to the end of the drive.

As I reached into the mailbox at the door, I was greeted by three dogs – one, *really* big, for sure – all three jockeying
Continued on page 7...

Photos courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool



Continued from page 6...

for the opportunity to display their smiles. I was kind of glad they were on the other side of the glass.

But, I digress...Sandy told me the theme of this issue was "tell a story", and I have. So, to keep everything in balance I will honour the title of this article and keep the financial part brief – a summary, if you will.

The annual Christmas Craft Fair, the main fundraiser of the year, earned over \$3,300.00, financially the best year ever (see Rosie's story on page 4)! The *Lund Barnacle*, now starting its fifth year with Sandy at the helm, netted \$1,500.00. Earnings from these kinds of volunteer pursuits help pay the operating costs of the NCRC and the newly named End of the Road Regional Park, both gathering spots enjoyed by many. In addition, the LCS supports events initiated by other community-inspired groups including the annual Shellfish Festival. A net outlay of \$500 was disbursed for Festival costs in 2017. A deficit of \$1100.00 incurred by the self-funded Puddle Jumpers Preschool was drawn from accrued PJPS surpluses of previous years. Long story short: the Society's net earnings (revenue less expenses) for 2017 are estimated at \$7,500.00.

I think about the upcoming AGM and hope that when Tasha presents her numbers – those digits in a ledger, those blips on a screen – people will reflect on all the activity, all the commitment that can be traced back through them – a numerical history of working together.

Oh, and one more thing...lest anyone get the impression that Judy has retired (that would be a *tall* story!): she no longer sits as treasurer, but she continues with "other duties as assigned", willingly jumping in wherever she is needed along with offering her knowledge and expertise gained through years of dedication. 🍷

Regional District Update

Patrick Brabazon, Director, Area A
Regional Board Chairman

First of all, Happy New Year! Regional districts don't make New Year's resolutions but they do make plans for the future and for Area A in general, and Lund in particular, we have to accept that Fire Hall #2 on Larson Road is well past its best before date. Simply put, it is structurally unsound and beyond renovation. Not only that, it is so small that we can't squeeze a modern fire truck into it. So, Northside Volunteer Fire Department needs a new hall and we need to talk about it. The conversation will begin on Saturday, January 20th with an open house at Larson Road with volunteer firefighters and regional district staff on hand from noon to 4:00 pm.

Fire halls aren't cheap and even this relatively small replacement will run around \$500,000 or so. There is, however, a possible silver lining in this cloud. Moving to a new location could bring more properties into the optimum coverage of eight kilometres or less from hall to fire. A new site is under discussion.

I had hoped that this update would also announce that the name change of the Regional District had gone through. Unfortunately, I have no news. The application went to the Ministry of Municipal Affairs and Housing in October and there it sits. We had been advised that a decision would be made early in January but . . .

So onward and ever upward! Also ever hopeful. qathet = working together and together we make progress. 🍷



**POWELL RIVER
REGIONAL DISTRICT**

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

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

#202-4675 Marine Avenue
Powell River, BC V8A 2L2
PRRD Tel 604 485-2260
Home Tel 604-483-4310
www.powellriverrd.bc.ca

A New Home for Used Oil

PRRD Media Release

In the summer of 2017, the only used oil repository service in Powell River was discontinued. The retailer that had previously provided a depot for used oil and antifreeze products opted out of the *BC Used Oil Management Association (BCUOMA) Extended Producers Responsibility Program*. This left residents of the Powell River region without free disposal for their used oil products and antifreeze, even though they continued to pay eco fees when purchasing new oil and antifreeze.

Since the depot's closure, Regional District staff has worked diligently to facilitate a new partnership between BCUOMA and another local area business to bring back this vital service to our region. Sunshine Disposal & Recycling, one of our existing local recycling businesses, agreed to engage with BCUOMA on this initiative. BCUOMA will provide the infrastructure required to carry out the program, meeting environmental requirements.

Sunshine Disposal & Recycling is targeting January 17, 2018 as the first day of business for this service. Customers can drop off used oil, oil filters, the containers in which oil was purchased and antifreeze at Sunshine Disposal's Franklin Street depot on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays from 10 am to 4 pm.

This program is strictly for residential purposes as other programs exist to service commercial service stations.

Please contact Mike Wall or Dale McCormack for further information.

CONTACTS:

Mike Wall, Manager of Asset Management & Strategic Initiatives
Powell River Regional District
#202 - 4675 Marine Avenue
Powell River, BC
Phone: (604) 485-2260
Email: mike.wall@powellriverrd.bc.ca

Dale McCormack, Operations Manager
Sunshine Disposal & Recycling
4484 Franklin Avenue
Powell River, BC
Phone: (604) 485-0167



RECYCLING DEPOT
(BEHIND LUND HOTEL)

September-June: **Wednesday-Saturday 10:00am-4:30pm**
July-Labour Day : **Thursday-Monday 9:00am-5:00pm**



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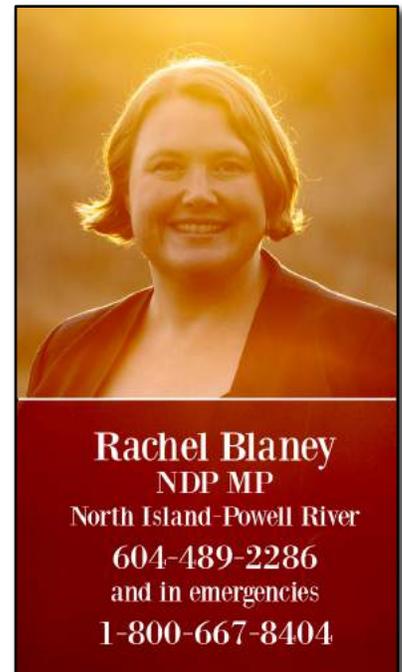
www.aerodesign.ca

From the Office of our Member of Parliament

Drewen Young, Constituency Assistant
Powell River Community Office

As your Member of Parliament (MP) - Rachel Blaney wants to represent and help you - whether she's in Ottawa or at home on the coast. With permanent Community Offices in Campbell River and Powell River and pop-up offices serving the Comox Valley and the northern communities of Vancouver Island, Rachel works hard to represent constituents of the third largest riding in the province. While in Ottawa raising our concerns with Ministers and in the House of Commons, Rachel depends on Constituency Assistants at local Community Offices to do the groundwork. The job of a Constituency Assistant is to liaise with the public and interface on their behalf with the federal government. Following are some situations in which Rachel and her team can provide help and information:

- I've applied for my monthly CPP (Canadian Pension Plan) and Old Age Security (OAS) but I am only receiving my CPP.
- How do I apply for my Guaranteed Income Supplement (GIS)?
- I have applied to Canadian Immigration to sponsor my girlfriend to visit from Indonesia but she has been refused entry twice now. What do I do next?
- My husband and I separated last year and since then neither of us has received the Canada Child Benefits (CCB) for our two children.
- I can't afford to pay my Canada Student Loan this month.
- I am receiving payments of Canada Child Benefits from two provinces and I don't know how to stop it. I am worried about possible tax implications with tax season approaching.
- I am worried about overharvesting of shellfish, what can I do?
- We have been chosen "randomly" by Canada Revenue Agency (CRA) for an audit for expenses we claimed under a GST rebate program six years ago.
- I lost my passport and all of my personal ID. Where do I start applying?
- I am interested in the Disability Tax Credit; how do I find out if I qualify?
- My father is turning 100 this year; could you send him a special greeting card?



These are just a few examples of problems local constituents worked through with help from our office. If you find yourself in need of assistance, please contact the Powell River Community Office by calling or stopping in at our office at 4697 Marine Avenue, Powell River. We are here to help you. 📞

<p>Joel Ulmer Construction</p> <p>(604) 483-1480 lundcarpentry@gmail.com</p>	<p>Red Seal Carpenter Extensive local experience from site preparation to finish. Tools from scaffolding, crew boat, 1/4 yard concrete mixer & more.</p> <p>Core values: Efficiency • Functional design • High quality work Minimal material waste • Local tradesmen & employees Clear communication</p> 
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Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Alanna Graham

Here is the fall/winter update on some of the littlest Lundies at our Puddle Jumpers Preschool. The kids had some great weather this fall and were outside loving it; there was fort building, bike riding, and salmon spawning! A field trip to Tla'amin to learn all about salmon and about Tla'amin culture. Ahoy! Pirate week included making ships, sailing the seas, and following treasure maps. It was a swashbuckling success! All the moves were on display at the Halloween dance party- and, yes, we did the monster mash.

November is a big month for Puddle Jumpers parents who gear up to sell raffle tickets at the annual Lund Community Society's Christmas Craft Fair. There are outstanding prizes to be won this year - the draw is on February 2 - good luck! Also up for raffle at the Craft Fair was an incredible gingerbread house taken home by a lucky winner. The Preschool also hosted a popular Kids' Zone at the Craft Fair. Well done, volunteers!

In December the children had fun learning about many different holiday and cultural traditions.



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

We have two new students starting in January. Welcome to Parker and Talia! We are so pleased to have you and your families join us.

Our first Lund Flea Market will take place on February 4 from 10:00 to 2:00 with proceeds going to the Preschool. Come on out or dust off some old treasures to sell at this new seasonal community garage sale. Also be on the look out for Winter Fest scheduled to happen at the end of February. The kids and community usually put on some terrific performances and there's great food to boot!

This is the eighth year our Parent Cooperative Preschool has been running and it is a pleasure to be able to watch it grow to what it is today. Puddle Jumpers would like to send out some BIG thank yous: first, to Ron Robb and Jan Lovewell for the generously donated/replaced plasma cars - the kids just love them!, to Naomi Salmund for making the awesome gingerbread house, to Sandy for passing on a felt board set up - the kids are thrilled and it is used daily, to all the

Continued on page 12...

Continued from page 1...

website to experience what can come from a question and a listening ear: strangers changing each other's lives, misunderstandings healed, rumours put to rest, an overdue apology, love and pride revealed.

Now there are recording booths in several major US cities, an app online, and a converted Airstream trailer travelling recording studio (MobileBooth) which crosses the US each year, visiting cities and towns across the country to record the stories of the people who live there.

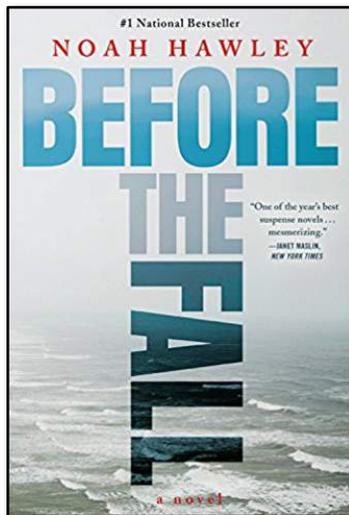
The reason I am drawn to documentary film is that when you are interviewing someone and allowing the space for them to tell their story, anything can be revealed (even to themselves) and it can be a cathartic experience. You may think you know someone or what they have lived through and then you ask them a question and the answer expands your understanding of who they are. Maybe in the sharing of a memory with another person, bringing it back to life for that moment helps make sense of the past. We all have stories to tell and if we don't tell our own stories, who will tell them for us, and will they get them right? ●

Lund Reads

Ev Pollen

Hello book lovers!

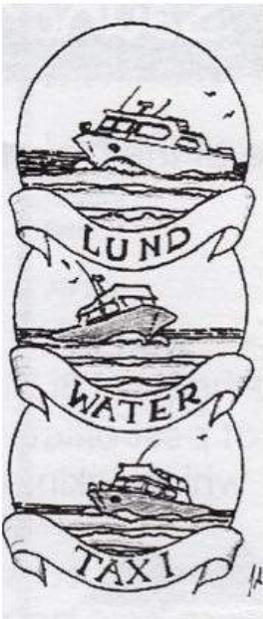
The one I recommend this time is *BEFORE THE FALL*, by Noah Hawley. He's the writer of the TV series *FARGO*, among other things. This novel has everything we look for in a good read: great characters, a compelling mystery, an absorbing examination of media culture, a longing for truth and justice, even a potential romance. We are barely introduced to the main characters when their plane plunges into the ocean between Martha's Vineyard and New York City. The only survivors are an



apparently unremarkable middle-aged painter and the four-year-old son of the very wealthy media mogul who died in the crash. At this point the painter's background story, which we have only glimpsed, is important, sustaining our hopes for the man and the boy. They have to survive not only the ocean, but the unwanted celebrity storm that results from their circumstances. The child is an orphaned billionaire. The painter seems an unlikely addition to the passenger manifest of the

flight. The crash itself is inexplicable. These are great ingredients for a media circus led by the news network owned by the deceased father of the boy. The host running that circus is much more driven by sensationalism than by finding the truth, pandering to an audience lusting for stories of evil. At the other end of the truth spectrum is the search for the wreckage and the answer to "Why did the plane crash?"

Other questions keep the reader in thrall. What will become of the painter? Will he see the boy again? What will become of the fortune? What will become of the story of the crash? I couldn't put this book down. I hope you enjoy it. ●



How to Get to Paradise

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Operating Year Round
604-483-9749

- Discover beautiful Savary Island
- Drop offs at Sarah Point, start of the Sunshine Coast Trail, or at various local coastal destinations

Reservations Recommended

Continued from page 10...



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

local businesses that donated prizes for our raffle, and to our wonderful teacher Alisha. We've got a great community that supports our kids and we appreciate it!

For more information about our Preschool, you can contact us at the NCRC at (604) 483-9000 or visit our website at lundcommunity.ca/PuddleJumpers. For registration or volunteer opportunities, call Kristi at (604) 414-0628.

Growing Healthy Families – Parenting workshops facilitated by Cathy Slizak and sponsored by the preschool parents are being held at the NCRC on the third Sunday of the upcoming months: Feb. 18, Mar. 18, Apr. 15, May 20. The potluck is at 4:00, workshop 5:00-7:00. For more info, contact Cynthia at irielove.cyn@gmail.com or visit the Puddle Jumpers facebook page.



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool



Winter Hours

4 - 8 pm Fridays

Noon - 8 pm Saturdays and Sundays

"If these hours don't work for you - call us!
We'll make it happen."

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Pith and Vinegar

The Way Home, a memoir by Terry Faubert
an excerpt from chapter 6: *Saved By Frost*

...short stories, poetry, and such

Winter came early in 1984. It snowed on Halloween, Jody shivering in the red tights of his devil costume. There was still snow on the ground a week into November. The old cabin in the forest had no electricity, no running water, no telephone, and no insulation in the bare plywood walls. The winter morning was cold and frosty, both outside and in. I had scrambled shivering down the ladder from the sleeping loft, my breath visible in the frigid air, my teeth clamped against the numbing temperature. There was ice on the cats' water dish. Jody was still asleep in the loft. I hurried to start the wood stove, talking quietly with the neighbour's two little girls, Terra and Shanti, who had slept over. They complained they were cold. Then we all felt the warmth relax us as we stretched our hands out to the welcome heat. Suddenly a startling light came from upstairs, where no light could possibly exist.

The stove pipe passed through the floor upstairs and on out of the bare plywood roof to become our chimney. In the dim early morning, the sudden bright light streamed down the opening, gleaming on the dull black of the wood stove, exactly as if someone had flicked a switch. Our conversation faltered and we all looked up. I stood and peered through the opening, confused, but could see nothing unusual.

"I think he just turned on the light" Terra said hopefully.

"There is no light" was my terse reply. And there was no response to my questioning call to my son. "Stay here" I added on my way to the ladder.

Poking my head into the loft, I took in Jody's still sleeping form at one end and a flickering flame burning through the ceiling at the other. Fear clutched at me and I fought it down, remembering the kettle. There was water in the kettle and lots more in the barrel. I raced down for the kettle and tried to splash water up on the visible flame. The fire hissed at my efforts and continued undeterred.

"What are you doing?" came the tremulous voice of my son.



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Ron Robb and
Jan Lovewell

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My mind swirled. This wasn't going to work. The fire was on the topside of the roof. I couldn't put it out from inside.

I shooed Jody down the ladder in front of me and ordered the children to go outside and stay there. One look around back confirmed my predicament. Tall trees crowded the cabin, but none I could climb. I tried throwing water at the roof, but it was a useless waste of a precious commodity. I needed help. My only close neighbour, Dan Mooney, lived just down the hill. Tearing back around the cabin, I noticed the children standing obediently outside, the girls coatless and shivering, their bare feet on the frosted ground. I instructed them to grab their coats and boots from just inside the door, then to wait in the van

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parked across the small road.

The trees beside the road were a blur as I ran down the steep incline faster than I had thought possible, screaming Dan's name over and over.

His cabin looked deserted; my yells only amplified the stillness that greeted me. No! I bounded up his steps still screaming his name and pounded with both my fists on his door, my heart refusing to accept what my mind had already grasped. Silence. Despair threatened to engulf me. As I turned away, he finally called out, "What is it? What's wrong?"

Relief washed over me. "My cabin – the roof's on fire!" And I tore back up the hill, my breath ragged and a pain stabbing my side.

I checked on the children, then waited impatiently for my reclusive neighbour to arrive, while fearfully monitoring the fire's ominous progress. After several anxious moments, I was relieved to see him hurrying up the hill with two huge pots of water from his pond. I took him around the back to show him the stubborn flame creeping along the frosty plywood.

"It doesn't look bad", he reassured me, "but we need a ladder. Do you have one?"

No, I didn't own a ladder – but wait, there was one up to the loft, a massive wooden one that I feared was nailed in place. I ran for it and giving a mighty jerk, pulled it free. Had it just been leaning there? I grabbed the middle of it and ran back to Dan, who placed it firmly against the house. I handed up pots of water and he poured them on the flame until, with much hissing, steam, and smoke, the fire was defeated, the crisis averted.

Afterward, we talked about it all, decompressing. We figured something burning must have landed on the roof from the chimney.

"Your chimney should be higher," he advised, "and not just made of stovepipe."

It was hard to explain why the fire had not engulfed the roof. Saved by the heavy frost, we conjectured. Strangely enough, I had to ask my invaluable neighbour to carry the wooden ladder and place it back in its spot. That ladder, that I had heaved aside and run around the house with, I now found too heavy to even lift. Amazing what adrenalin can do!

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How in the World Did You End Up in Lund?

Audrey Hill

Our story starts on Dec 31, 1979 in Britain, where we lived. We were just leaving for a New Year's Eve party when the phone rang. It was my sister Joyce calling from Winnipeg inviting us to go for a holiday there. We were used to beaches and sunny vacations in Spain so the prospect of a big, cold city did not seem over-inviting! We reluctantly agreed to go. Needless to say we had a blast and discovered sun, sand, lakes, beaches, and mosquitos!

Returning home, Martin filled in the application to emigrate. He was convinced our two girls would have a better life in Canada. After an interview and an extremely tough medical we were approved. We chickened out of settling in Winnipeg and picked Medicine Hat. We arrived on July 4, 1980.

Our first culture shock was being ordered to put our dog in the guards van! In the UK he rode in the train with us. After a three hour train ride, we were ensconced in the duplex the realtor had rented for us.

On Sunday morning an event happened that changed our lives radically. Our girls saw a cat walking down the street that was the biggest mess we had ever seen. I have seen and handled thousands of cats since but not one that looked this desperate. Needless to say we rushed out and rescued him.

The realtor arrived the following day and we asked "Where is the SPCA?". She said, "Don't worry; there is a 'pound'". This was a completely foreign usage of that word and I had never heard it before. We were horrified to arrive at a shack where an old man came shambling out. When I asked what was going to happen to the cat he said, "I'm gonna kill it, lady". Complete culture shock!!! I was ready to get back on the plane.

A few days later, I saw a sign that said "SPCA Meeting" to be held in the library at 7:30 and, of course, I went.

Strange how one phone call and one cat can change the course of one's life. We lived there for nearly four years with me getting more and more involved in animal rescue. There was no functioning SPCA for 180 miles!

The west coast was beckoning and, even though Martin had a good job, the plus 37 and minus 37 temperatures were getting to us! So we made the move in 1984 to Nanaimo.

There were no jobs for an industrial chemist on Vancouver Island so we bought ourselves a restaurant to provide employment. Martin has always liked cooking so he became the temperamental chef! I was conned into becoming the volunteer manager of the Nanaimo SPCA. The guy was retiring and assured me I would only be needed one hour a day. Guess what? The one hour turned into eight or nine, six days a week. To describe my life there as stressful is the understatement of the year: way too many animals euthanised every week. Basically a nightmare. Things are better in the animal world now but it's been a long, painful journey.

Martin thought it would be a good idea to move me to some quiet place where I could not be involved with SPCA. We discovered Savary Island in a magazine and flew there one rainy February day. We went home, put in an offer on an estate sale house and Martin spent two years travelling back and forth renovating it. I was very reluctant to leave my shelter so I put off the move to Savary for two years, but in 1994 we made the move.

Of course Martin's idea of moving me away from SPCAs didn't work as I became heavily involved with the Powell River SPCA. I was the volunteer branch manager for 19 years until our shelter opened four years ago. I averaged 40 to 45 phone calls a day, which were answered in between taxi runs.

Living on Savary was a great experience. I drove land taxi for 13 years, which, of course gets one to meet all the folks, kids, and pets. Wouldn't have missed it for the world. Lots of good times!

Although it was fun living on Savary, there are times when the weather's bad, one would like to see a movie, go out for supper, etc. We considered moving to Texada but decided we'd had enough of boat travel, especially as I'm a bad boat traveler. One of my taxi clients, Doug Turner, told me his dad's summer cabin was coming up for sale, and so we ended up buying his dad's cabin on Krompocker Road.

Thanks to Ken Brown and his team for a great reno, we moved our dogs, cats, chickens, and goats to our new piece of paradise in Lund ten years ago, and, for sure, we won't be leaving any time soon! 🍷

Music and Arts

Finger Paint

Monique Labusch

Finger paint! Colourful, tempting, marvellous, amazing, creamy delight! That's what my childhood dreams were made of and with that, my passion for colours and painting began, never looking back. I was around six and it was love at first sight: the bright colours came in clear glass jars with white lids. I had seen them in the window of a little stationery place, not far from where we lived, and had been dreaming about them ever since...

As long as I can remember, being creative for me was always delightful and these moments were just pure happiness when I would forget everything around me.

Paper was always accessible, having a writer and correspondent as a father who (before computers) wrote on paper and was very generous with it. I call myself lucky that both my parents supported my need to create in so many ways, giving me supplies, doing crafts with me, or bringing me to places where I could be creative.

All these memories came back the other day when I listened again to a tape recording of me talking to both of my grandfathers. One of them would give me ten cents and when he asked me what I intended to buy with the money, I can hear myself answering with this little girl's voice and repeating myself politely five



Photo courtesy of Monique Labusch

times because he couldn't hear so well and I guess didn't really know what I was talking about: "I am saving up to buy finger paint..." "What?" "Finger paint!" "What?" "Finger paint." "What?" "FINGER PAINT Opi !!!!!"

And then the day finally came when I could walk to the store, having counted my money at least ten times making sure I had enough, and loudly emptying all my *so many coins* on the glass counter and beaming with delight! Bringing my treasure home I can't recall, but I remember getting my smock on, my mom helping me to put newspaper down to protect the table, and placing a blank paper in front of me.

I opened all six jars like during a ceremony, one by one, and then came the moment, the VERY moment I had waited so long for! My right index finger reached out and almost disappeared into the colour...the first time touching the paint and applying it onto the paper was like coming home and, like I said before, I have never looked back since.

One last thing: even today, I sometimes use my fingers to paint and so the paint you might see around my finger nails won't be nail polish! 🍷

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Health and Healing

Some Ruminations About Health

John Adcock

The Bird of Time has but a little way to fly, and Lo! The bird is on the wing. Omar Khayyam.

When I was a child, I was frail and sickly. At seven years old I got polio. It was a "big deal" and a significant event in the Essex village where I spent my childhood. The house was fumigated by the local authorities. I was given a "lumbar puncture" and fluid was sucked out of my bony little spine with a very large needle.

Twenty years earlier, a bacteriologist named Alexander Fleming had returned to his lab after being away on holiday and found that his Petri dishes had been contaminated with a stray mold. He experimented and discovered the antibiotic Penicillin. Apparently, it saved me from paralysis. After my stay in hospital, it appeared that I was completely cured, although 65 years later it seems that the polio may have killed off a lot of my motor-neurons.

After the polio, I seemed to cast off my sickly history. I was strong and healthy and had some athletic prowess, as well as a love of the British countryside and outdoor pursuits. As a young man, I loved to run and I loved my hot-blooded masculinity. Later, I fathered two beautiful children. Thank you, Alexander Fleming. My health and exuberant vitality were just a fact of life. They were ever-present, like air, and did not seem to need to be appreciated or acknowledged.

Later, I hitch-hiked from England to South Africa via Morocco, Egypt, and East Africa, often sleeping in the bush in quite dangerous situations. I traveled with no fear and little money. I worked for a while on Rhodesia Railways, then quit my job and spent a month fishing the magical Zambezi River, sleeping alone in my tent. There were wild animals, scorpions, and solitude, but I trusted the universe. I was fine.

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As I got older, my trust continued. Then, one day, three years ago, I discovered that I had colon cancer. I had radiation, surgery, and chemotherapy (in that order). My trust in the universe began to recede a little, like the ebbing tide. I recovered, however, and my life returned to normal. Then it was discovered a few months ago that I had an aggressive prostate cancer and so I recently had my prostate removed. Just before that I was feeling healthy and vital; now I feel not as good, to say the least.

My decisions about how to proceed have been complicated by a voice in my head that says, "Your body can heal itself by the power of your thoughts, beliefs, and attitudes. Thousands of people with cancer have decided to forego allopathic medicine and have

opted for alternative solutions. There are hundreds of alternative paths. Their proponents are passionate about the efficacy of their chosen regimen". Yet I chose surgery, again.

People's relationship with cancer is often described as a battle. In addition to a battle with cancer, there seems to be another opponent: fear. It has many moods and faces. A wise man suggested to me, today, that we fear because we love. We love our family and friends and fear leaving them. We love nature and the seasons. We love sunlight reflected on rippled water. We love LIFE.

When I was in Vancouver at the BC Cancer Agency,

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Plants From Here

Trish Keays



Photo courtesy of Trish Keays

In 1951, my parents Effie and John Keays Sr. bought *Qəpek*¹ - the first name of Keays Bay - from a logger, George Munson. In the 1970s, Effie, two of my siblings, and I moved to the property and raised our own families. Effie grew hundreds of kinds of herbs, heathers, garden and native plants, as well as supported herb classes and garden tours. The newspaper clipping below is from an article about herb classes that Effie and friends organized. (See past issues of *The Barnacle* for her articles on heather).

A typical summer day at Effie's might sound like this: A child's scream cuts the air, "Ow!! They're stinging me!!" Wasps rise from the stepped-on nest. Grandma reaches over and

pulls him up, moving quickly away as she brushes the insects off. Then she rapidly picks leaves from rosettes growing around them. She chews up a mouthful and slaps a patch of wet green on each reddened bite. That sweet smile, "There now, that'll be fine!" And it is. The plants could have been Round-leaved or



Herbal medicine

Mixing some herbs during a weekend workshop in Powell River were herbalists (far left) Colleen Hamilton and Don Ollsin (second from left). Looking on are local workshop organizers Effie Keays (second from right) and Denise Yirka (far right). The two-day session included lectures on making medicine with herbs.

Photo courtesy of Trish Keays

Narrow-leaved Plantain (*Plantago major* and *Plantago lanceolata*), with leaves that soothe, help healing and prevent infection.



Narrow-leaved Plantain, Photo courtesy of Emily Jenkins

Effie loved knowing and using scientific names of plants as well as common names. What does a child know about what's obscure or unusual, and what's "normal", when it comes from someone they love? We went for a walk together one spring, near Dinner Rock, with the kids and a visiting friend of Effie's. The friend pointed and said in a somewhat patronizing tone, "That's flowering currant." A grandchild, not more than eight, responded quickly and precisely: "No, it's not - that's *Ribes sanguinem*!"

Talk about triggering memories. Thirty years before, she and I on a walk passed a street lined with trees in full pink bloom. She almost sang, "Look! *Prunus pissardi atropurpurea*! It was a purple-leaf flowering plum tree, but it could have been a reunion with an old friend. Mom liked the musicality of the Latin names, as well as

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Rosemary, Photo courtesy of Trish Keays

feeling they helped her know the plants better.

All her life, her love of plants and learning was alive and growing. When she was in her eighties, we joined naturalists on field trips to Dinner Rock, Texada, and Savary Islands. We made new discoveries each time: a unique golden fern under a boulder at Dinner Rock; on Savary Island, Twayblade (*Listera ovata*), a terrestrial orchid; and the rare sand dune forest ecosystem.

Effie's legacy lives on in her gardens, in her grandchildren who absorbed that love of plants, and in friends' gardens around Lund and Powell River. Last year, I got some Woolly Thyme and Alpine Strawberry from Margaret Ducharme, plants Effie had given her decades ago. (Thanks, Marg!) And she lives on in memories of people who love her still. Raise a plant to Effie – Rosemary for remembrance! 🍷

¹Spelling is from Betty Wilson, Tla'amin language specialist, replacing the spelling Kohkjooseu noted in an article in *Neh Motl* April 2015. The traditional name is associated with transformation.

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someone there asked me if I had yet received "cancer's gift". My unspoken response was "You must be insane". As time passed and I thought about my own mortality, I noticed that I was paying closer attention to life's beauty and small pleasures. I became a little more tolerant. Perhaps this is the gift that cancer can offer?

When I was young, my own death was like an enemy that lived in a distant country. Now, it lives with me in my house but I no longer see it as an enemy. I thank Dr. Gary Schwartz's books for being instrumental in changing some of my beliefs about death.

Notwithstanding our beliefs about life after death or reincarnation, there can be no doubt that the *Bird of Time* is flying toward us all! It cannot be swatted down. Resisting the inevitability of our mortality detracts from the quality of our remaining moments. So, what attitudes, if we have the courage, can optimize this precious time? Personally, I like what Ram Dass said in the sixties: *Be Here Now*; but it ain't easy.

Going back to Omar Khayyam; *Awake my little ones and fill the Cup, Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry!* Perhaps there's tequila in the cup, or perhaps it's chemo? DRINK UP! 🍷



Photo courtesy of Emily Jenkins

Conversing With Birds

Court Cressy
as told to Wendy Featherling

Recently, I had the delightful opportunity to spend the afternoon with my neighbour Court Cressy. Anyone who knows Court can guess that I heard a story or two while sitting on his porch overlooking the activity of the various birds in his yard. Court is a man who values his relationship with all of nature, but his connection to birds in particular has brought, on more than one occasion, a smile and a good laugh to Court's life.

"I've been feeding birds here since I moved in back in 1975. We used to have tons of blackbirds, big flocks of them. They used to hang around down by the garage; they didn't go down to the harbour much because the pigeons were in charge down there. There was a family that lived up in Rasmussen Bay with two girls and two boys, and their little fella used to come by here. One day he came with a blackbird and he said to me, 'I got this little blackbird; it was laying on the road.' He says, 'I can't take it home. My dad will kill it. He hates blackbirds'. The blackbird had fallen out of the nest and couldn't fly yet; she hadn't fledged. I had a budgie cage and I put the bird in it then thought: what the heck am I going to feed it? I used to put wheat germ on my porridge and so I mixed a little cod liver oil in that and made a paste and fed that to her and she just loved it!"

That was early in the summer and as time wore on so did the novelty of the bird and the little boy wasn't coming anymore. "There came a point in the fall, the bird can fly now and this porch used to be all open and she could see everything going on, all the other birds, but no blackbirds, they never came up here for some reason. Anyway, I thought one day that if she flies away, fine, and I let her go. She'd fly around the yard and go to the feeder and up in the trees and all over the place. When I went to the birdcage, she'd come to see if I had anything for her like crumbs from a cookie, and she'd come down and land on my shoulder. I'd go to her cage and she'd hop in and I'd close it at night. In the morning I'd let her go and she'd fly around. It got so when I went out to the yard I'd just whistle to her and put my finger up and she'd come down from the tree and land on it and jump on my shoulder and peck around my ear, almost affectionately. Eventually, she ventured further and further away and I imagine she joined the flock down below and mated, she was at that age, but I had a good six to eight months with her

before she never came back."

"I really like birds. I try to protect them as much as I can, and I like being with them and taming them more or less and conversing with them. There was a pair of ravens here, an old male and female. They'd come over and he would see me in the yard. He'd see me in other places too; they're a lot smarter than we give them credit for being. I would yell up at him and say, 'How you doing old timer?' and he'd caw caw and keep on flying and looking around. Not her; she'd never answer me, but he would. One day, there was a lady, Neela, she had a nice dog, Trooper, and I had Rambo, my beagle, and Suzan had Buddy and Gus, and we would take our dogs for walks. We were up in Manzanita Bluffs. We used to pack a lunch and take our dogs and have fun. The girls liked me to go because they were a little nervous about bears and I've had lots of encounters with bears and never had a problem. So anyway, we were sitting up there on the bluff having our lunch and here comes the two ravens. I know they're the pair because this is their territory. As they flew by almost level with me, I said, just for fun, 'How's it going old timer?' Well you know that bloody bird, it was so funny. He's flying like this, the girls are looking at me like I'm nuts, and he turned his wings to me and stopped, pretty near fell right out of the sky! He countered his balance again and the female looked around and wondered what the hell is going on. She kind of circled around and he got flying again and gave me a couple of caws and joined her and away they went. Neela and Suzan and I had a good laugh about it! I explained that I talk to them all the time but they're not going to talk to you if you're not going to start the conversation." 🐦



Tough Cat

Feather Mills

As fall turned into winter and temperatures dropped, I have found myself having conversations with friends about the seasonal preparations each of us was making: draining garden hoses and weather-stripping doors, digging out tire chains for the car. The conversations were accompanied by much imitation-shivering, and dire predictions for the anticipated severity of winter. I did a mental inventory of my woodshed, and decided we would survive the long dark of winter, but beneath it all is an awareness of how soft I've become. Of how mild and easy a west coast winter really is, compared to my childhood in northern Ontario.

Winters on the north shore of Lake Superior started early and ended late, and often reached temperatures of minus 30 C, minus 40 C, and once minus 58 C in a record-breaking event which has now become legend. The poorly insulated houses creaked and groaned in the cold, and shuddered in the winds off the big lake. We children went out to play for hours in the dark and cold, building snow forts with blocks of hard snow churned up by the plows, and excavating networks of tunnels through the deep snow drifts crossing the yard. I can't count the number of times I suffered frostbite as a child on toes, fingers, nose, and cheeks. We learned to thaw the frozen bits slowly, with cool water, and didn't complain. We were raised to be tough. Our hands were tough, our attitudes were tough. Even our cats were tough.

Tigger was a stray that turned up one day, little more than a sodden scrap of grey fur, sheltering from the rain under the car. He was allowed onto the back porch, but no farther, and given a box of rags to sleep in. He lived a semi-domestic existence alongside us kids, and like us, spent more time outside than in, regardless of the weather.

In winter we would spend weekends at my

grandfather's log cabin on Loonskin Lake, 15 kms from town. We would travel to "camp" by car part of the way, then on foot, by ski, or on snowshoes for the last few kilometers, carrying packsacks and pulling sleds piled with supplies. The cat came with us, trotting along on a leash, eager as any dog. We made socks and booties for him, so he wouldn't freeze his paws; on especially cold days he would ride in a packsack, or tucked into the front of someone's coat.

One year my father acquired an elderly snowmobile, and a sled to pull behind it. I well remember the bouncy, spine-jarring rides across frozen lake ice, fine snow crystals churned up by the ski-doo settling on my hood, freezing my eyelashes shut, and collecting on Tigger's whiskers where his face protruded from the top of my coat. He loved the ski-doo, and would come running when he heard it start up, jumping up onto the seat, not wanting to be left behind.



Photo courtesy of Feather Mills

The main purpose of these weekend forays to Loonskin was to fish. Ice fishing requires live minnows as bait, so my Dad kept a tank of minnows in the basement of our house. During the long winter evenings Dad would sometimes quietly disappear to the basement, leaving the door open for the cat to follow him. He would sit there, quietly chuckling as he

watched Tigger fishing for minnows in the tank. The cat would teeter along the edge pawing at the water, trying to catch a meal without getting wet. He was allowed to eat what he caught, and so developed an unfortunate passion for raw minnows.

When the weekend came, a bucket of minnows would be carefully transported with the rest of the gear, and tucked into a corner of the cabin where it wouldn't freeze. For those of you unfamiliar with this primitive northern sport, the lid of a minnow bucket has a small ventilated hatch, perhaps four inches in diameter, set in the centre, and closed with a simple clasp of bent tin. It's

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just big enough for one minnow at a time to be extracted with a little net when baiting the ice fishing lines.

One night at Loonskin we were awakened by a terrific clattering. We all dove for flashlights or candles to light, and discovered Tigger with his head and one front leg stuck in the minnow pail hatch. He'd worked out how to open it, and, fishing for minnows, had gotten stuck, very nearly drowning himself in the process. When we extracted him from the lid, he was still gripping a

wriggling minnow in his claws.

He was hilarious. I really miss that cat. I hope to find another like him one day. I can't say that I miss the harsh northern winters tho'. I prefer this wet green semi-winter and will just have to live with the knowledge that I'm not as tough as I used to be. 🐾



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Recyclers at Heart

Michel Gauthier

You know me as your friend at the Lund Recycling Depot. I was born in St. Anne, Manitoba, (east of Winnipeg) on October 1, 1959 to Ed and Marcelle Gauthier (née André). I was the eighth of nine children. My only living grandmother was mom's mother, Angela, who was born in France and married at thirteen years old to Rémi Lorteaault. In 1902, they moved to St. Labre, Manitoba and gave birth to thirteen daughters and one son. My mom was the tenth child. Grandpa Rémi died in 1950 at fifty years of age, leaving grandma to raise all these children on her own. Somehow, she managed to do this in addition to raising cattle, milking cows, and a two-acre garden.

At the age of 23, my mom married my dad on May 3, 1940. Soon after, WWII broke out, sending Ed to the Aleutian Islands as an army sniper. Returning home after the war, he and my mom gave birth to nine children (Gilbert in '48, Gilles in '49, Barnard in '48, Fernand in '50, Norbert in '52, Marie in '56, Francois in '58, me in '59, and Ghislane in '65). We lived on a ninety acre farm for which dad paid \$5000.00 near Lake of the Woods, raised six milking cows, two meat cows, two bulls, and twelve pigs, and grew a big food garden.

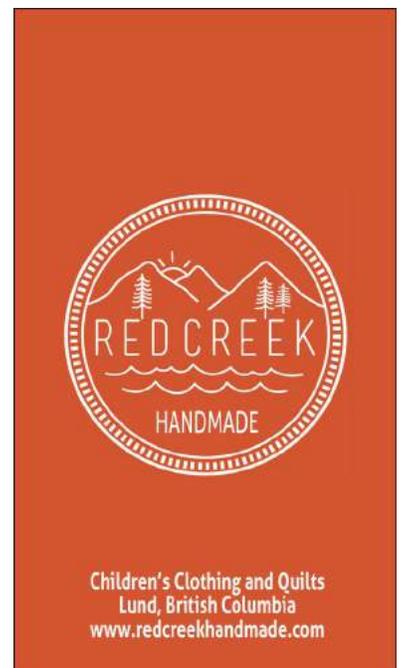
One of the bulls was a mean one, so dad used to tie it in the barn. My brother and I would climb up in the top hay loft and throw things at him. This upset the bull very much and, one day, when we left to go build sand castles about 500 feet from the barn, he broke his rope and smashed through the barn door, heading for us. We ran so fast for the house! Francois headed for the front door and I went to the back. It was locked. I panicked and froze. Francois screamed at mom that I was in danger. Mom ran to the back door, unlocked it, grabbed and pulled me in, and slammed the door just in time. The bull's horns were seconds from me. She saved my life that day, and we never bugged that bull again. We learned our lesson.

In June of 1965, I was just under six years old when we moved from the farm to a French district suburb of Winnipeg called St. Boniface. Dad thought this would give his children a better future. During our journey, Lucille Star was being played on the radio. She was a big star in those days, singing *Quand le Soleil*. *Translated*: "Now when the Sun and Dominique, nique, nique..." I knew all the words by heart and sang along with joy. She was an inspiring French artist and I loved her!

Arriving at our destination, 163 Kitson Street, we moved into the big three-story house on an L-shaped lot. Huge maple trees with beautiful tops covered the splendid street. My little sister, Ghislane, was born just days after our arrival. When September arrived, the older siblings and I were sent to a French private school called Precious Blood.

A year later, 1966, to my surprise my mom decided to take the front lawn out and plant a potato field in its place. We were the laughing stock of the community, especially the kids from school. They called us "dumb farmers". My mom said, "Let them laugh; I have to feed my children". I worked to convince my mom to plant flowers in the front yard and move the potatoes to the long south side of the house. To my happiness, she took heed. She got my older brother, a welder, to make her an iron umbrella from iron cylinders, which looked artistically unique. She then planted the front yard in all kinds of beautiful flowers and hung flower baskets made from Javex bottles on her welded "sputnik" umbrella. It was a real spectacular show. Now everyone heading back from church would stop to admire Mrs. Gauthier's beautiful flower garden. All changed for us children from that moment on as everyone began to accept us. My mom was a recycler at heart and ahead of her time. She is now 92 years old, living in a 24-hour care home in St. Boniface, and suffering from dementia. We love her so much.

P.S.: Thank you all for recycling. Love you. 🌱



Fishing with Captain Klutz

Wendy Larson

I'm not quite sure when it started, but it seems now that I'm in my 60s, my own mortality is my new reality (no, this is not a poem). Increasingly, I find myself looking back to when I was younger and thinking about all the good times I had, and about the people who were such a big part of those days when the lines between work and play were blurred. We were young, energetic, and enjoying every minute!

The summer I was 28 was my introduction to commercial trolling out of Port Hardy. I was working at the Lund store and had begun dating Chris Lidstone who was spending the year deckhanding for Chris Taylor (aka Captain Klutz, pronounced Klewtz).

I suppose I must have seen Klutz around before, but I didn't get to know him until that summer. Chris

Lidstone had just moved to B.C. from Maine, and learning to troll on the BC coast was a perfect fit for a deer hunting, sailboating, east coaster. They both loved to party as much as they loved to fish and they invited me to go fishing with them for a few days out of Port Hardy. This was the beginning of the many years I fished off and on with the Chrises.



Fish and Chrises
Photo courtesy of Wendy Larson

That summer I would take four days off in a row, leave my daughter with my mom, hop in my two-tone Datsun station wagon, take the ferry to Comox, and make the three to four drive to Port Hardy. Hoyt Axton's "Road Songs" were blasting, the windows were down, and the highway was lined with fireweed and lupines. I was off to adventure!

I would arrive in Hardy late afternoon. Chris and Klutz would have off-loaded the catch from the last three or four days, scrubbed down the boat, and grubbed up to go back out. It was party time! There were always other boats in unloading at the same time and we would all go out for Chinese food together, then carry on to the Port Hardy Inn for a night of drinking and dancing. Everybody danced. We would invent dances like "the humpy shuffle", a humpy being a humpback salmon (pink). All our hand and arm motions mimicked the process of hauling in the lines, flipping the fish into the checkers, bonking them on the head...we would entertain each other with more and more elaborate moves.

At closing time, we would walk back down to the docks (I remember riding in a shopping cart), catch a few hours sleep, and head out at the crack of dawn for the fishing grounds. Once Klutz partied all night, stumbled down to the boat, fired up and headed out to the grounds while Chris and I were sleeping in our bunks. An hour later we woke up to a crash - Klutz had passed out and ran us up on the rocks! We floated off on the incoming tide, but the boat hull was zebra striped as the force of the blow caused the paint on the seams between the planks to flake off and reveal the red lead putty beneath. From then on, Chris hid the boat keys if he went to bed first.

Klutz was a great guy to fish with. He could catch fish and he knew enough about engines and mechanics that he could keep things running. He was always as occupied with having fun as he was with making money. Many times we would head into port before our hold was full because the lure of the pub was calling. The eggs we had stored on the roof in the sun to rot

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Darlene Denholm
Harbour Manager

Continued from page 25...

would be barely starting to go off and we would pull up the gear and head in. That summer a new game was afoot in the fleet. Slingshots made of surgical tubing and funnels padded with paper towels were mounted in the rigging. Upon entering the harbour, the rotten eggs on the roof were launched onto the decks of other boats in the harbour. Kind of like a mechanized food fight. My sister's troller, the "Eggum", leased out to David House that year, was perhaps the inspiration.

After that summer, I married Chris and became best friends with Klutz. Over the next ten years we fished our own boats, fished each other's boats, and even bought a boat together for a while. We fished prawns up Knights Inlet, fished sockeye in Johnstone Strait, springs and pinks out of Hardy, and partied all over the coast. It was a time my life I will never forget!

Klutz was the ringleader of us fishermen friends. He would organize trips to Vancouver (Jimmy Buffet concert), Victoria (eating, drinking, and dancing), or San Diego (golfing). During prawn season up Knights Inlet, he finagled a couple of like-minded friends to buy an old float house on a big log deck that was once part of a logging camp. We all pitched in to fix it up and make it usable. It had a kitchen and a couple of bedrooms. Now we had brought the party to work and there was no need to run into Hardy until we were either out of groceries, booze, or the hold was full.

Not only did Klutz like to party, he liked to buy things. Really didn't matter if he could afford them or not, he was a master at getting credit cards and bank loans. He believed in himself, and when he turned on the charm with those big guileless brown eyes, loan officers signed him up. I remember him writing one of his creditors a letter. He read it aloud to me: *Dear So and so, I deeply regret I cannot make my payment this month...* and so it went. Back then, interest rates were over 16% and everyone had a hard time making their boat payments. Problem was Klutz would spend the money as soon as he got paid and not put any away for bill payments. He was also generous to a fault. If you couldn't afford dinner out at the Keg and Cleaver drinking, no worries, Klutz would pick up the tab.

Yes he partied hard, but he was also a really good fisherman. Consistently one of the high boats in the fleet, you knew if you went out deckhanding for him you would not only get Caesars served to you while pulling gear in the cockpit, you would go home with a good pay cheque at the end of the trip. His talent for

catching fish was how he always managed to lease a boat every year after the banks got wise to him and stopped loaning him money to buy boats.

Not only could he fish, he could cook. Roast beef with Yorkshire puds was one of his specialties. He would crank up the oil stove on the boat until the cabin was 400 degrees, put the greased filled pans in the oven until smoke was pouring out the windows, and 10



Captain Klutz landing a smiley, photo courtesy of Wendy Larson

minutes later serve up a full blown roast beef dinner. On the back deck of course, as the cabin was uninhabitable for an hour.

Klutz's love of partying was his demise. He'd been working all night on boat repairs in Lund, had a few shots of White Lightnin', then jumped in his speed boat heading for the Rendezvous Islands where some friends were waiting. He hit the rocky shore of Cortez Island going full speed, asleep at the wheel. He was 39 years old.

After Klutz died, our little group of fishermen got together less and less; no one seemed to be able to fill his shoes. Whenever I run into one of the old gang we always tell stories of the escapades we had back in the 80s, and always the star of these stories is Captain Klutz, our brave and fearless leader. 🍷

When I Worked for the Secret Service

Jeff MacFronton

I was scared. An armed US Marine had just ushered us into this room and locked the door behind us. My heart was racing with the unknown of what lie ahead and the excitement of the adventure. I looked at Harry. He seemed to be taking this a little more calmly. For me that was a little comforting. Harry was a couple of years older than me, home from university for the summer, while I was a recent high school graduate waiting anxiously for my freshman year to begin. We had never really known each other but had been united by today's events partly because Harry's younger brother was in my class.

It had all begun earlier that day in August 1964 when a bus snaking its way to Atlantic City had stopped in Lakewood, New Jersey and picked up Harry and me as well as a couple of others I no longer recall. We were on our way to the Democratic National Convention at Boardwalk Hall in Atlantic City. Spirits were high. The New Jersey Democratic Party was hosting young campaign volunteers for the day as a show of thanks. They promised a concert performance by Peter Paul and Mary, lots of free food, and boardwalk perks. We'd be in Atlantic City by 9 AM and back by 6 PM.

I wasn't really a political person. Earlier that summer, I had accompanied my friend Steve to a National Invitational track meet he was dying to go to at Rutgers University. I was excited to go because Rutgers is where I would soon be living. Our one problem was that we had no transportation. When Steve's parents announced they would be out of town all week, Steve resolved to use their car for the trip. Unfortunately, the collision we were in on the way there had not only kept us from attending the track meet, but had thrown me through the windshield and injured me to the extent that I was unable to be employed that summer. In order to keep from going stir crazy at home, I volunteered to work the phones at the Johnson campaign in my home town.

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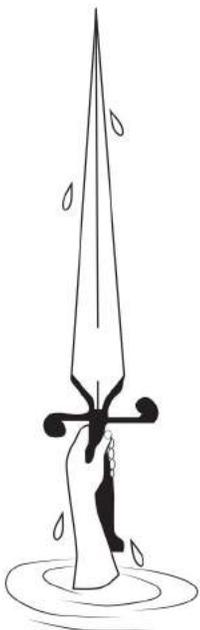
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Continued from page 27...

At the time Lyndon Johnson was the clear choice. Not only was he Kennedy's Vice President, but the Republican candidate, senator Barry Goldwater, was running on the platform of bombing Hanoi and seriously stepping up the war in Vietnam. Johnson was the "peace" candidate. Ironically, Johnson both won the election AND bombed Hanoi.

So here I was in Atlantic City. Things had run pretty smoothly. They took good care of us and several state democrats spoke to us appreciatively, trying to sell the idea of a future in politics. By late afternoon, we were slowly being shuffled out of the space which needed to be secured for that evening's session and back onto the bus. It was around that time that Harry approached me and said "Hey, let's stick around and see if we can get into the convention tonight. I know a couple of bigwigs in the New Jersey delegation who can get us tickets".

Well, being a naïve 17 year old maybe contributed to this seeming like an attractive and adventurous idea; probably it was just ignorance. Had I been paying attention to the news, I would have known about the events of the previous evening at the convention. Having claimed to be the rightful occupants of the seats of the Mississippi and Alabama delegations, the integrated Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (MFDP) had gone on to say that they were going to occupy those seats this coming evening. Right then there was a lot of back room dealing going on. Harry's connection got us nothing; all guest passes had been cancelled.

We regrouped and decided to check out the hall and security. On a side street we noticed some workers carrying things through a door and speculated about getting in that way. Just then a man walking past stopped and asked under his breath "Are you guys one of the fifty?" I had no idea what he was talking about but replied "Yeah" immediately, the way you might giggle to cover your nervousness, or just at the absurdity of the situation. He just turned and said "Follow me!".

He led us through that same door showing his ID to sentries as required and to the Marine who let us into this room. There were about twenty others in the room and a table at one end with refreshments. We decided to circulate and try to find out what was happening. Every so often the door would open and one or two others would enter and start mingling. After twenty minutes or so I knew no more than when I had arrived, so I was a little

alarmed when a man stood on a chair and said to a quickly hushed room. "Thank you for coming. I'm Bob xxx of the Secret Service. You've all been hand-picked and know why you're here. If anyone, for any reason does not want to be here, now is the time to leave. No questions asked."

I would have left in a flash if even one person had made a move to do so. The moment passed. Harry and I exchanged excited, frightened glances while Bob thanked us all for our commitment. He then went on to explain our "mission" in detail.

It seems that in addition to the previous evening's events involving the MFDP, several delegates from Mississippi and Alabama had been threatened and were afraid to occupy their seats. As a result, the optical

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integrity of the process was in jeopardy because the Democratic Party constitution required a certain number of delegates to be present on the floor at the time the nominations were accepted. That would be tonight when Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey would accept the Democratic party's nomination for president and vice-president. Our job was to occupy those seats and be prepared to defend them. He explained how we should react to any attempts on our seats by linking our arms together while security in the aisles dealt with the intruders, how we would be fed, be seated well before the convention began, speak to no-one, never stand not even for the flag or national anthem, and remain seated until the hall had emptied. And so in about 45 min I found myself sitting in the Mississippi delegation several seats from the aisle (big guys on the aisle) eating a sandwich and drinking a pop.

That evening's events were truly astounding for me. The enormous crowd was alive with excitement akin to a soccer championship. The scheduled speakers were incredible. Bobby Kennedy opened by saying "My brother John..." and the hall erupted in pandemonium for five minutes. A woman danced topless in the aisle, a pep band played "Happy Days", and delegates stood on their chairs yelling and screaming. The scene repeated twice more before Bobby could get past those first three words. Hubert Humphrey, known for being a consummate public speaker, detailed a list of measures Barry Goldwater had voted against in the senate. After the first couple of items he would say dramatically "And everyone in congress voted for the..." and the entire hall would shout "BUT NOT BARRY GOLDWATER". The energy was electric. Through it all we remained seated and on guard. At one point we were warned about a group of black men gathering in the aisle just behind us. There appeared to be about eight men looking in our direction. They approached. Bob spoke with one of them and then backed away. The men then held hands forming a circle in the aisle. They bowed their heads and appeared to pray.

As the evening wound down it became clear that things would end peaceably. History tells us that a deal had been struck (see Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party). As the hall cleared we were reminded to stay seated and very strongly admonished not to speak with reporters. Bob said the Secret Service had interfaced with the news stations and they had been cooperating for the most part. Nonetheless there were questions being asked and we were advised to answer "No comment" to all inquiries. At that point I was fairly tired and had begun to relax. It was then that President Johnson's press secretary stood before us.

He said that the president wanted to personally thank us and had asked him to invite us all to the president's birthday party commencing now in a nearby hotel. Up till then I had no idea it was Lyndon Johnson's birthday or that I could conceivably ever be invited to his party. Yet here I was forty-five minutes later having dodged a couple of reporters with my mumbled "No comment", seated at a large table near the back of a large room awash with the light of national and state political bigwigs. A couple of lesser Washington luminaries whose names I recognized were seated at our table. The rest were partners in our recent adventure. At some point after having our fill of eat and drink, and finding the talk (political) and the company (older) boring, Harry and I left the hotel. Around 4 AM we arrived at the motel where the New Jersey delegation was staying. They had booked the entire motel. The lobby had a self-serve bar set up and a number of young women had been hired to create a party atmosphere. Even at this hour several delegates (?) and women were swimming naked in the pool; spilled drinks and broken glasses were everywhere. We managed to find an empty room. Just before we crashed I called my mother to let her know I was OK. The first thing she said was "I saw you on television!".

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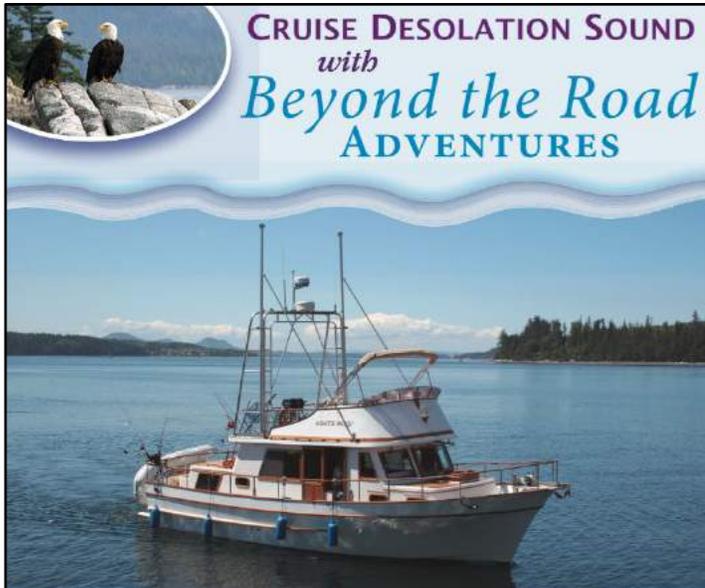
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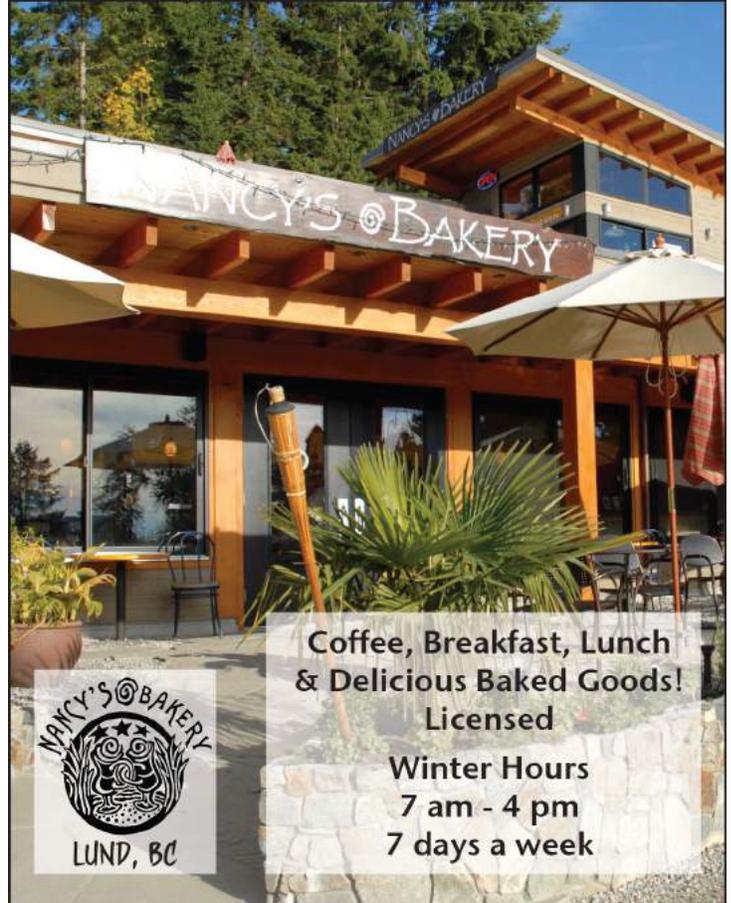


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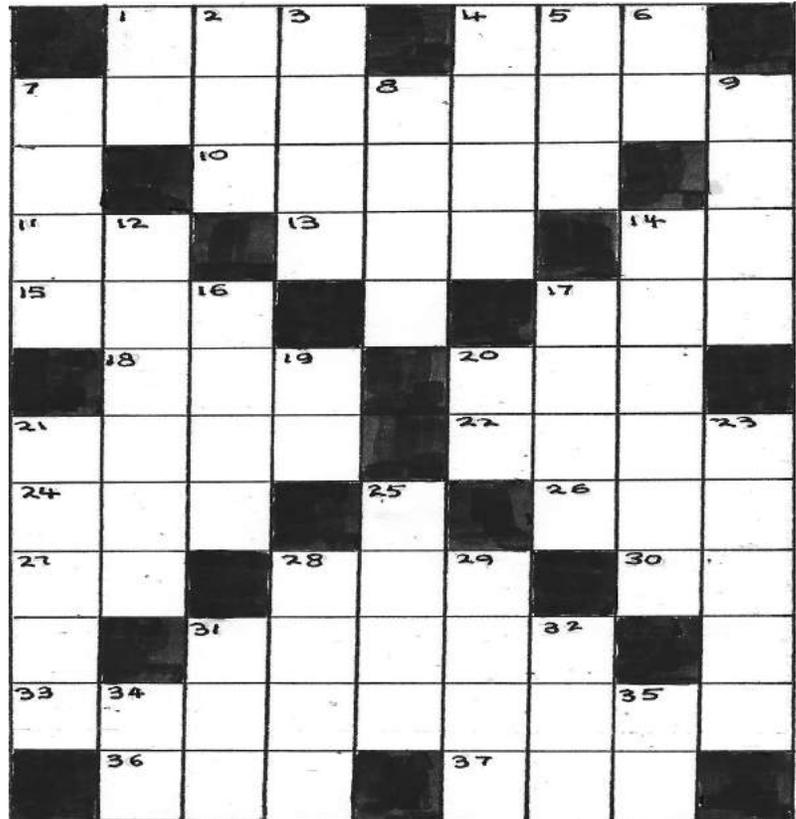
Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

Crossword #46 by C.Cressy - Stories

Edited by S. Dunlop

ACROSS:

- 1 a fuel
- 4 equal level
- 7 don't be fooled by
- 10 jump in, rudely
- 11 Hollywood's city (abbr.)
- 13 compete
- 14 yes (Sp.)
- 15 shade tree
- 17 good (Fr.)
- 18 Russian jet
- 20 play on words
- 21 story set to music
- 22 crooked stories
- 24 harmonized tax (abbr.)
- 26 up 'til now
- 27 late work (abbr.)
- 28 public house
- 30 as far as
- 31 volumes of dull works
- 33 the best kind of tale
- 36 border of cloth
- 37 fuss



DOWN:

- 1 southern US state (abbr.)
- 2 priestly garment
- 3 an eastern European (some)
- 4 part of a book
- 5 malt brew
- 6 do again (prefix)
- 7 anecdote
- 8 to stumble or a journey
- 9 every story has one
- 12 a little less than
- 14 fourteen line poem
- 16 unmarred
- 17 to keep afloat
- 19 code for Guernsey (abbr.)
- 20 personal computer (abbr.)
- 21 brief
- 23 fairy tale
- 25 aid for indigestion
- 28 story in rhyme
- 29 second Greek letter
- 31 third day (abbr.)
- 32 it's grass
- 34 opposite of LH (abbr.)
- 35 artificial language (abbr.)

Answer Key for #45



Community Page

Sandy Dunlop

Birth Announcements

Chelsea Keays and Chris Lightfoot welcomed the birth of their baby son, Lou Zephyr Lightfoot, on November 15. Big sister Isabel is proud. The family lives in Prince Rupert, but Chelsea is a born and bred Lundie.

Braden Oakley Logan Mackee, first grandchild of Elaine and Brian Mackee, born December 8th, to their son Aaron and his new wife, Elora. Braden was 9lbs 8 ounces. So beautiful!

Sympathy and Condolences

Since the last Barnacle, we have heard of no deaths of people from Lund. Please let us know if we have missed one.

Thinking of You

Healing thoughts and much love to all of the Lundies who are struggling with wellness: **John Adcock, Sally Keays, Tony Watty, John Keays, Warren and Barbara Chapman** and all the others we didn't hear about.

Help Wanted!

The Lund Community Society and thus the Barnacle are looking for volunteers to take on the position of being the Goodwill Committee. Adrian Redford, who has done the job for quite a while, would still like to contribute, but the job should ideally be filled by several people - it's a committee, right? - of different ages and social circles so as to cast a broader community net.

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 with 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. 🌟



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

Music and Chocolate: Legacies of My Mother

Sandy Dunlop

The smell of fudge bubbling away in the kitchen some evenings is one of my best childhood memories. It was dark chocolate and it set a tone that has lasted my whole life. My mother may have once been a good cook of other things besides chocolate, but she had seriously lost interest by my time. She was wickedly good with chocolate though. The tone that was set for me has to do with that common thread that runs between dark chocolate, coffee, and potent fancy drinks: all things my mother made seem special. My dietary outlook includes an appreciation for intensity. Maybe my whole outlook. Hmmm....

Mom's Fudge won me first prize in an elementary school hobby fair; cooking with chocolate is certainly one of my hobbies. My mom made a mean chocolate cake too, my go-to recipe which I usually layer with white sponge cake, fruit, and a drizzle of liquor of some kind, then cover in dark chocolate icing, of course.

I sold one of those at a fundraiser for \$200 once (thanks Nancy). I have a bit of a reputation. My visiting step grandsons have asked, right after "hello", did I "bring dessert?" Though I certainly took the theme and ran with it, it started with my mother.

Her fudge recipe is as easy as 1-2-3: one can of evaporated milk, two cups of sugar, and three ounces of

unsweetened chocolate. I remember her dumping all three of these into the pot and, without any stirring or lid, slowly simmering them until they passed the "soft

lump" test. Then she added a gob of butter and some vanilla and mixed well. If I snuck a taste at this point, I burned my mouth something fierce. She poured it into a buttered dish over chopped nuts and allowed it to harden. Whether it hardened or not (it didn't if the weather was humid) some was soon devoured, even if it was just before bed!

My parents were both fond of music, though had different tastes. My mother had a very large record collection of her preferred styles. Her music was the soundtrack of my early life and it taught me to sing. I am lucky, I think, to have been born in 1950 because of the incredible music that played in the decades to follow, and it seems my life has always had a great soundtrack. My mother's collection covered a vast range and

included 45s, 78s, and the standard 33s. I began collecting 45s of my own in about 1962 with *Chains* released by The Cookies but written by Carole King.

I remember the record player like a babysitter. As a child, I listened to Sterling Holloway on "storybook records" in which he brought nursery stories to life,



Photo courtesy of Sandy Dunlop

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padding the tales with songs I could sing along with. *Peter and the Wolf* was a regular, and although I don't remember the storyteller, I sure remember the individual instruments that accompanied each character. There were Disney movie soundtracks of *Peter Pan*, *Cinderella*, *Snow White*, and all the rest. My mother also had lots of soundtracks from Broadway shows with tunes to which I still know all the words; shows like *Bye Bye Birdie*, *My Fair Lady*, *West Side Story*, *Oklahoma*, *Subways Are For Sleeping*. When my teenage sleep time went on too long, she would put the speakers outside my bedroom door and crank up the volume to *Soul of Spain* or the *William Tell Overture* or *Man With a Golden Arm* or *Rachmaninoff's II Piano Concerto* to blast me awake. She played Thelonius Monk, Billie Holliday, Elvis Presley, Fats Domino. The Christmas music collection was massive and ranged from Bing Crosby to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Later, in trying to maintain some currency, she bought Iron Butterfly's *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida*, though I don't remember her playing it.

I don't remember her ever singing and that seems odd to me. I remember her whistling and she was a very good whistler (my ear learned about bent notes), but she had once been a singer. I have a newspaper clipping of my mother from the May 17, 1935 Philadelphia Daily News where she is shown receiving a week-long contract from popular nightclub owner Frank Palumbo. She's said to be a "pretty brunette blues singer". She's

only 18 years old in that photo and probably scared to death, but looks way happier than I ever saw her be. She apparently sang and did well in similar contests before that, but a week at the famous Palumbo's would have been a big deal. The entertainment business was a tough trade and those were tough times; talented or not, she was not that tough. Her lack of self-confidence was crippling and she had no resources. She married my rock-steady father in 1936 and that was the end of that.

I have always loved to sing. In some other reality, I became an accomplished singer/song-writer/musician, saying "thanks Mom" from some podium. In this reality, I have had a lot of fun singing and playing with friends over the years in various group configurations. There were real gigs. Some years ago, I wrote some songs and made a CD. I've dabbled. I've aspired. When it comes right down to it, though, I know I'm not good enough as a singer or musician to follow that path. It takes a lot of self-confidence and hard work to prove that voice wrong. In the meantime, I have a huge appreciation for music and I teach the love of music to children under five; I sing and play (with gusto!) whenever I can. Thanks Mom. 🎵



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

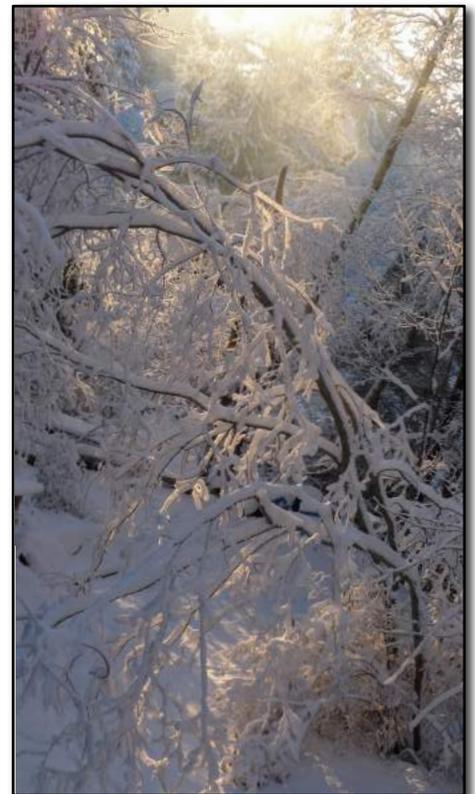


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Winter Scapes



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



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