

A Measure of Happiness

Trish Keays



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

How do you know when you're happy? Really happy, not just having a particularly good day. What can you base it on that isn't totally subjective? The consumer world we live in assumes happiness comes from buying and having things; but we all know more material stuff doesn't sustain happiness. Above a certain level of income, more money doesn't make people happier. Can happiness be defined beyond dollars, and measured?

For Greek philosophers, being happy meant living a good, ethical life.

According to the Dalai Lama, happiness is a meaningful life; giving, not taking; and inner peace in the context of our relationships with others. Contentment, life satisfaction, and well-being are enduring kinds of happiness, balancing life's ups and downs over days and years.

The country of Bhutan was the first to develop a Gross National Happiness Index (GNH), to make this more lasting type of happiness part of public policy and governance. Bhutan measures national prosperity through citizens' levels of happiness, rather than Gross Domestic Product (GDP).

The GNH is not a recipe for a nation of happy people. It is "a set of guiding principles through which we are navigating our path towards a sustainable and equitable society," covering equitable social development, cultural preservation, preservation of the environment, and promotion of good governance. (1)GNH principles are integrated into everything from education to tourism.

As the main person behind the concept, Bhutan's Dasho Karma Ura is a global expert on happiness:

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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

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Editorial

In this issue, the Barnacle sings its way through a theme of "Is This All We Need?" Actually, only four of the articles involve songs but it is very fun to include music in our paper. We're exploring happiness, the kind that endures, and what it takes to create a feeling of satisfaction and contentment. We look at where our personal "enough" place might be. How sometimes it seems the only appropriate response to life is gratitude and awareness of the consequences of our choices. How living within our means and still accomplishing our dreams is a very satisfying experience. And how hard it is to stop wanting and just be with what's in front of you. It's a colourful range of contributions and I hope you find it interesting.

Of course, we have all our regular columns, newsy bits, reports and updates, and lots of great photos. We also slimmed down for this issue to a mere 36 pages.

We are now working with a new software for our layout and you may notice some differences in the appearance. Some are temporary and will be corrected over the next few issues. The good news is that software is behaving!

Winter is coming, but not yet. It still has to rain a lot. And then a lot more. Stay warm and dry and don't float your car in the Finn Bay Road puddle.

Hope you enjoy this issue!

-- Sandy

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Lund Community Society Update

Ria Curtis

Summer is winding down, food is being put up for later enjoyment, and every living thing quiets down for a winter snooze after the summer fervor – myself included. Perhaps there is time for the community to look around at what has been happening at the Northside Community Recreation Centre (NCRC).

For starters, the Lund Community Society (LCS) now has a **new meeting night**. Due to popular demand, we have moved to the third Tuesday of the month. **The next meeting will be Tuesday, Nov 21 at 7pm.** Everyone is welcome to attend and your participation is appreciated. A **new website** is in the works and will be launched soon and we have started a **Facebook page** (<https://www.facebook.com/lundcommunitysociety/>) to share news of upcoming events, programs, and activities.

NCRC Building- The building got a little bit of a face lift with new paint in the hall and bathrooms, as well as a new light fixture in the hall, making it brighter and feel warmer. More painting will happen in bits and pieces as time and programs allow. With the new floors we put in last spring, the place is really looking quite spiffy!

New Activity – Ping-pong tables were introduced over the summer and seemed to be a big hit with many in the community. There were regular scheduled games but I also saw small groups of all ages drift through over the summer to play a few games. For the most part, the tables and equipment were well respected and cared for in the undercover area outside. Tables and equipment will be moving inside for the winter months so the fun can continue. Thanks to those who donated the equipment.

Gazebo – It is official: the Regional District is now responsible for the Gazebo and surrounding land. There will be a short adjustment period as the Lund Community Society works out a contract. We're hoping for something similar to what we have going now with the administration of the NCRC. Fingers are crossed that there will be water and toilets available on site in the not-too-distant future as well.

Christmas Craft Fair – It is again on the horizon and will be held on November 25 at the Italian Hall. Volunteers are always needed and welcome. Go to our current website **lundcommunity.ca** or our new FB page for more information.

New Building – The building committee and other community members have been busy developing a plan for a new community recreation building that would include a gym/performance/dance space, more storage, and wheelchair accessible washrooms and entranceway. This new building would be adjacent to and eventually linked with the old school. Hopefully, you found time to go to the meeting on October 1 to see the most excellent scale model that Carsten Huber made for us.

Programs – Family game night started



Continued on page 4...

Continued from page 3...

last spring and was a big hit with all sorts of folks. On the first Friday of the month, come on down and check it out. There's lots of games available or bring a favourite to share. Yoga and Tai Chi are still running on Tuesday and Thursday evenings respectively; Playgroup is on Fridays and Puddle Jumpers Preschool is on Tuesday and Thursday

mornings. If you have an idea for a program or would like to organize one, let the LCS know. Let's use this shiny new space!

Winter is a nice time for community to get together, share food, share stories, share music. I'm looking forward to potlucks and other gatherings. Maybe we'll see you there? ☺



Regional District Update

Patrick Brabazon, Director, Area A
Regional Board Chairman

The Regional District (RD) has a very comprehensive policy on public engagement. This process kicks in when we have a review and proposals of some major service, or when we put forward a proposal that is considered to be of significant interest to the public. This summer the Regional District embarked on two such engagements.

We began with a tour presenting the proposal to change the name of the Regional District to qathet Regional District. In the previous Barnacle I explained the rationale and process we had to follow. That engagement is now complete and the directors are waiting for staff to submit a report on their analysis of the over 500 comments received. While the majority appear to be favourable to the change, I have to stress that this is not a numbers game. That report is now public on the RD website. The full document is several hundred pages as it includes all of the written submissions. However, you can sample it at <https://powellriverregionaldistrict.civicweb.net/filepro/documents/57438?preview=68994>

The second engagement was to present the recommendations of the Solid Waste Management Advisory Plan Committee (SWMAPC) and solicit feedback. Solid waste?

That's garbage to most of us and management of garbage was one of the required services imposed by the Province when it created regional districts fifty years ago. These plans should be reviewed every ten years and ours is way out of date. Members of the SWMAPC, supported by staff and directors like me, toured the electoral areas and the city in late September and finished up here in Lund this month. So, who's interested in garbage? Not many it appears, as the turnout was minimal. However, once again public engagement is not a numbers game and those who did attend provided us with a good check on our assumptions and a lot of very positive comments. "That's a no-brainer" was overheard in Lund. If you missed all of the action and wonder just what's so good, have a look at <http://www.powellriverrd.bc.ca/community-services-2/regional-solid-waste-recycling/swmp/>



Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Alisha Van Belle

We've gotten off to a great start with fine sunny weather most of our days! We have eight students this year; one of them is brand new to the community and the preschool. We have an opening for one more child, if anyone is interested.

It has been so great to see these kids grow and change from last year. We have started out the year talking about family and community. The kids have been making posters to introduce themselves, their family, and their pets to the rest of the group. We are getting back into art projects, messy play, stories and songs, and exploration of our natural world. Okeover



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Provincial Park was so much fun at the end of last year, we decided to make another visit to collect little crabs, take a hike, and look for starfish. I think that was our only rainy preschool day. The caretaker commented on what a hearty bunch of kids we had to play in the rain. Of course we are, because we are Puddle Jumpers!

We also went for a trip to visit the Northside Fire Hall on Craig Road. Some children were a little anxious about the sirens but all had a great time with the big water hose. The firefighters made their day by allowing them to use the hand-pumped water to try and get



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

them wet. Of course, we had to play in beautiful Craig Park afterwards... and it was an amazing day where the dads came out to help (I think they might like fire trucks too?).

October brings in an exploration of all things fall... leaves, seeds, animal hibernation, and salmon. We will be going to see the salmon spawning at the Tla'amin hatchery again at the end of the month. Some of the

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People feel happy when they see something ethical. When you think you have done something right, brave and courageous, when you can constantly recharge yourself as a meaningful actor. And something which makes you pause and think, 'Ah, this is beautiful.' Beautiful, meaningful, ethical.(2)

Bhutan first developed ideas about Gross National Happiness in the 1970s. The king at that time, Jigme Singye Wangchuck, said "We do not believe in Gross National Product. Gross National Happiness is more important". The country championed a new approach to development by establishing formal principles of Gross National Happiness and measuring the spiritual, physical, social, and environmental health of its citizens and the natural environment. For a long time, the international community largely ignored this seemingly utopian ideal. By 2008, however, the idea had evolved to the point where it was made part of Bhutan's constitution. In that year, an index was developed to measure GNH and, in 2010, a happiness survey was launched. Once GNH could be measured and quantified, it was taken more seriously.

Happiness is recognized now to be both personal and social. What makes one person happy may leave another cold, but the same factors influence peoples' general sense of well-being and life satisfaction. Six are key to this kind of happiness, across countries and people:

- **enough income** – "middle-class" level of income, wherever you live
- **healthy life expectancy** – and health care, for mental (3) and physical health
- **having someone to count on in times of trouble** – family, friends, community
- **generosity** – to others, which makes us feel good, and to ourselves
- **freedom** – real freedoms, protected by law and in fact
- **trust** – measured by absence of corruption in business and government.

The United Nations has an annual International Day of Happiness (March 20), and produces a World Happiness Report. The 2017 report ranks countries on the happiness levels of citizens. Canada ranks 7th on the happiness index, of 155 countries.

Michael Pennock, an epidemiologist, brought the concept of a happiness index home to Victoria, B.C., initiating the Greater Victoria Happiness Index

Partnership. The survey Pennock designed asks: On a scale of 1 to 10, do you consider yourself a happy person? How satisfied are you with your life, on the whole? The first survey in 2008 found that Victoria residents were pretty happy – 7.6 on a 10 point scale. (Several reports and a *Happiness Booklet* were produced – see link at the end of the article).

Lund, Area A, Powell River, Sunshine Coast, British Columbia, Canada: we are so fortunate to live here, and we have so much of what promotes life satisfaction, happiness, and well-being. If we were to come up with a list of criteria to detail and measure our happiness, what would be on the list? Especially with the world in such accelerating craziness, perhaps the power we need to change comes from looking at what makes us truly happy, including contributing to the happiness of others. Could Lund be known not only as a tourist destination but as a champion in the quest for human happiness and sustainable economics – our own pursuit of Gross National Happiness 101? ☺

FOR MORE

- World Happiness Report: <http://worldhappiness.report/ed/2017/>
- Victoria Happiness Index Partnership: http://victoriafoundation.bc.ca/wp-content/uploads/2017/01/HI_booklet_FINAL.pdf
- Orion Magazine: January/February 2014, The Value of Happiness, pp. 38-46.

END NOTES

1. Thakur Singh Powdyel, Bhutan's Minister of Education, in The Guardian article, <https://www.theguardian.com/world/2012/dec/01/bhutan-wealth-happiness-counts>
2. <https://www.nytimes.com/2017/01/17/world/asia/bhutan-gross-national-happiness-indicator-.html?mcubz=0>
3. Mental illness is identified as more important to happiness than income, employment, or physical illness. Eliminating depression and anxiety disorders, main forms of mental illness, is the least costly and most powerful way to reduce misery and increase happiness. Chapter 5, World



Continued from page 5...



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

children and their families have also been supportive of the canoe building project at Willingdon Beach so we will be cooking and bringing a lunch to the carvers and exploring the canoe. Sandy is also back, bringing her special puppets and songs for the children twice a month. We also will try out a musical instrument exploration and jam hour, which sounds like very noisy fun. Last, but certainly not least, Halloween falls on a preschool day. This sounds like a reason to have a little dance party, don't you think?

We are now collecting donations for our raffle fundraiser. If you have any goods or services to donate for this, please contact us. We will again be at the Lund Christmas Craft fair with our kids' corner, gingerbread house, and raffle tickets. Soon we will host parent education workshops for our Puddle Jumper parents and any parents in the community... see end of article for dates.

We also are asking the community's help to locate Puddle Jumpers' two plasma cars. One is red and one is blue. They were last seen in



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

the late summer and are sorely missed, especially now that the weather is getting colder and we want to burn off energy inside. Contact Alisha at 604-414-0091 if you have any information, or if you want to donate something for the raffle.

I am really looking forward to learning, growing, and playing with the children this year! 🌟

Growing Healthy Families - Parenting workshops facilitated by Cathy Sliziak and sponsored by the preschool parents will be held at the NCRC on the last Sunday of the upcoming months: Nov. 26, Dec. 17, Jan. 28, Feb. 25, March 18, April 29, May 27

For more info contact Cynthia at irielove.cyn@gmail.com



Photo courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

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Northside Fire Department News

Jim Brown, Chief



Northside Volunteer Fire Department is pleased to announce that on Saturday, October 14th, we achieved certification for the Superior Tender Shuttle, which is granted by Fire Underwriters to fire departments capable of supplying 200 gallons per minute of water for two consecutive hours.

This is the minimum standard for fire hydrants, and the water must be moved from a certified water source to a site 5km away and delivered to a pumper, all within five minutes of arriving on scene. This means that if you are 8km away from a fire hall, and five km away from a certified source, you can contact your insurance provider for a possible reduction in your insurance policy.

Over the next few years, your volunteer department will continue to practice this water supply technique and be able to, perhaps, extend the service area and even further lower insurance rates.



Photo courtesy of Ryan Thoms



Photo courtesy of Ryan Thoms

If We Only Had a Hall

Malerie Meeker and Sandy Dunlop
thanks to E.Y. Harburg for the original lyrics
and to Harold Arlen for the original music
The Wizard of Oz (1939)

Oh, my head I've been a'scratchin'
'cause I think there's somethin' lackin'
'fore we can have it all --
It's a place to come together
In all kinds of Lund-ish weather
If we only had a hall !

Besides tai chi and yoga,
Greek theatre in a toga?
Gymnasium for ball,
We'd do art; we'd share a meal
These ideas, they have appeal
If we only had a hall !

Oh, we could tell you how
The old Lund Hall did wow
We have memories that always make us grin
And we sure want to do it ag'in !

There'd be weddings, birthday parties,
And classrooms for the smarties,
A kitchen upgrade, y'all.
We could dance and be merry
Life would be a ding-a-derry
If we only had a hall !



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Emily Jenkins

Music and Arts

Nicole Narbonne
President, Theatre Now! and Improv Now!

Improv for fun and sport

Interested in doing some theatre sports? We are always open to new players joining in the fun. Our troupe historically began in Lund with a mix of Lundies and Powell River players as well. For years, we have been playing at improvisational theatre in friends' living rooms, as well as performing at the Lund Gazebo for Earth Day and Shellfish Fest, and at other festivals, and forming troupes that come and go with the players in them. We have been known as the *Lund Players*, *Defrosted Flakes*, and then *Improv Now!* We play and learn and grow, then we take a step onto the stage with nothing but our wits and many happy hours of practice to amuse and entertain ourselves and others.

What is Improv? It is a theatre performance without a script. The players make up the scene while they are performing it. It is something like jazz music that way. Although it can be very funny, Improv is not just about telling jokes. If you want to really understand the genre, Improv is about acceptance, about listening to what is being offered and then adding to it. It's about making trouble, and resolving the trouble. It's about cooperation, trust, communication, acting out, and laughing out loud with friends.

The skills you work to master in Improv and theatre are similar to the ones you need in many aspects of life. For instance, many people fear public speaking, thinking their mind could go blank, that they will look silly, that everyone's looking at them. Improv training can help you think on your feet, to find the confidence to speak out at meetings, to answer questions easily, and to be comfortable in new situations.

I do a lot of live theatre and find that Improv skills are fabulous when things go wrong on stage, like when we lose our place or someone forgets a line. Being able to find the right words to say and carry on seamlessly without the audience being aware is very exciting.

An important life lesson is learning how to fail. You know, it's ok to make mistakes. Doing Improv exercises teaches you to adapt, be flexible, and take

risks. It teaches you to laugh at your mistakes and feel comfortable in your own self.

Improv really teaches you mindfulness. To practice Improv, you have to be present, pay attention, and truly listen to other people before you speak. In life and in Improv it is important to hone your listening skills.

Laughing until your face hurts, celebrating the differences in the group, getting off the chair, and turning off the computer. Improv works your social skills, your mind, and your body!

Improv looks so easy when you watch the pros and it can be, but like any skill it takes time, practice, and building of trust with your team to really make the performances sparkle.

We will be performing at a festival or event near you soon! Look for us on posters or on our Theatre Now! FB page (<https://www.facebook.com/theatrenowpowellriver/>). 🌟

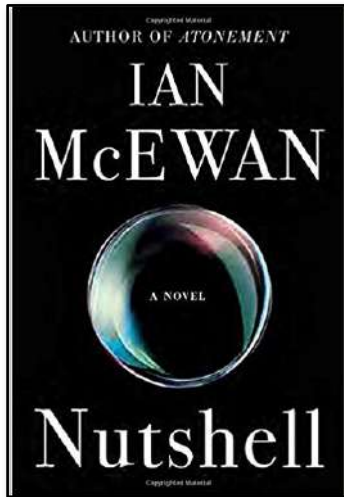


Photo courtesy of Nicole Narbonne

Lund Reads

Ev Pollen

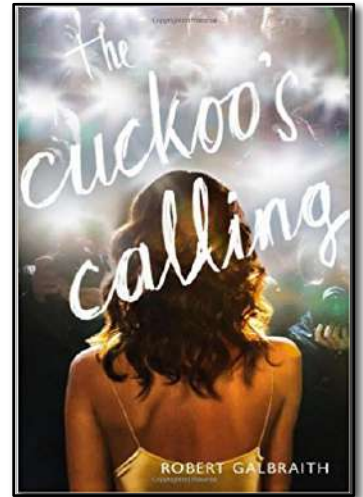
Ian McEwan's new book, *NUTSHELL*, is the story of a wife's conspiracy to murder her husband, and is brilliantly told by the most intimate and unsuspected witness, the foetus in her womb. He is the son of the intended victim and soon learns that he is the nephew of his mother's co-conspirator, a shallow, greedy man. From his confined space (wearing his mother's pelvis like a hat) he overhears their plan and understands his



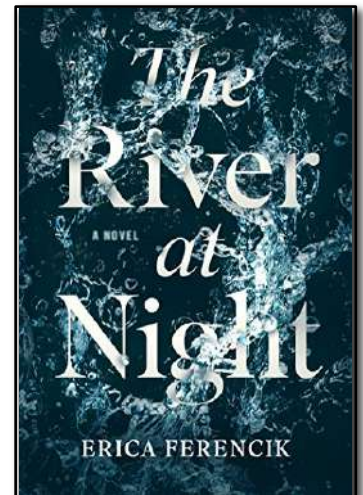
own perilous position. He reports wryly on the sexual encounters between them. This unborn child is an intellectual. He loves his mother but recognizes, even while enjoying her increasing wine consumption, that it is evidence of her decreasing concern for him. He wants to save his father, but he dreads spending his infancy in a prison cell. He, like the

reader, is in suspense. Will the slovenly lovers pull off their plot? Will they get away with it? What can the occupant of the womb possibly do? As the pace quickens the author's mastery of detail and his subtle scattering of clues will keep the reader enthralled. Footnote: A better student than I am of Shakespeare will realize early on that *NUTSHELL* is a clever retelling of Hamlet. That doesn't make it any less impressive. If you haven't yet read McEwan's *SATURDAY* or his *ATONEMENT*, I recommend both. *NUTSHELL* is a gem.

I have two other riveting reads to recommend: *THE CUCKOO'S CALLING*, by Robert Galbraith (you know who that is, don't you? No wizards in this book, other than the talented author), and *THE RIVER AT NIGHT*, by Erica Ferencik. *CUCKOO* is a smart murder mystery with an engaging private detective named Cormoran Strike and his temporary assistant Robin. Set in London and featuring the world of super-models and clothing designers, the story is well told and a real page-turner.



THE RIVER AT NIGHT starts off seeming like a feminist memoir but soon turns into an adventure-turned-nightmare for four women totally unprepared for their circumstances. Like a wild river, this book carries you faster and faster towards an unpredictable conclusion.



Good fiction. 🌊



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Pith and Vinegar

Cabin in the Sky

part five of a short story by Paul Zuurbier

Sarah rushed away from the party and into the dark forest. Her feet stumbled over roots and rocks as she dashed down the long driveway leading away from the house. She ran past parked cars angled here and there into small openings between giant trees and past a line of trucks moored between the bush and the edge of the road so other vehicles could drive by. The last in line was an old Westphalia Volkswagen van. It looked like a trim houseboat on wheels, complete with tiny curtains and a metal ladder leading up to the roof. Sarah leaned against its side to catch her breath. She held the door handle as she turned to gaze up at the full moon. From here the forest was quiet. The music and house lights had faded, along with the glow of the wine on her cheeks and the feeling of falling in love. The soft moonlight was all around her as her breath drew in the cool-cold night air.

Had she been too dramatic? Should she go back and ask Aunt Molly to finish what it was she was trying to tell her?

...short stories, poetry, and such

Out of curiosity, Sarah pulled on the van door to see if it would open. It did. *Of course it did*, she thought, *no one locks their vehicles in the middle of a forest*. As the door swung open, a tiny light came on above the dash. Without quite knowing why, Sarah stepped into the van and sat in the passenger seat. In front of her in the moonlight, large rocks shone like the heads of curious seals, popping up from a murky sea to look around. Sarah wondered how the round rocks got here, so far from the water and waves.

She then turned and climbed into the back seat. *Roomy*. She had never thought of owning a van, but it felt kind of nice to sit back here with all the windows and the little curtains hanging down. She pulled the side door open and looked out at the moonlit rocks until a cool breeze blew in and made her shiver. She wasn't dressed to be outside. She tugged the van door closed, turned

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around, and rummaged behind the back seat, hoping to find a blanket. She felt something... a heavy wool sweater. It smelled like cut wood and lavender. She lifted the sweater and slid her arms through the long sleeves. Sarah turned around again and found a soft wool toque, a single work glove, a large plastic jug half full of water, a flashlight, and some jumper cables. Keeping the toque and flashlight, Sarah moved back to the front seat and pulled the toque on her head. She then twisted the rear-view mirror so she could take a look at herself. Her long hair flowed down from weaves of orange and grey. The toque along with the chunky blue sweater made her look woodsy and cute. *I could be on the cover of 'Cottage Life' magazine, only I don't know what 'cottage life' really means... all I know is city life.*

What am I doing here?, Sarah asked herself. Maybe it's time to go. Maybe it's time to go back where I belong.

Sarah opened the glove box and found a small pencil and an old ferry receipt. She wrote a note along the side.

Hi, I really like your van. I've borrowed your sweater, flashlight, and toque. I'll wash them and get them back to you, I promise. Thank you. Sarah.

Sarah got out of the van and stuck the note under the

wiper on the driver's side. Then she turned on the flashlight, stepped around the rocks, and continued down the driveway.

At some point, the dirt road came to another dirt road. Without knowing which way to go, Sarah decided the best way to proceed was to alternate between going left and right. Because she was left-handed, she began with going left. Eventually, the road came up to a larger gravel road, then the gravel road came upon a paved road. In some small unimportant way, Sarah felt she was making progress. The roads were getting larger. Soon she found herself back on Porpoise Bay Road and knew where she needed to go. A few cars passed her in the opposite direction as she turned right on the 101 and started walking away from Alison Bay. *Just keep walking, she told herself. Just keep one foot in front of the other and it will be okay. Soon I'll get a ride and catch a ferry and before my feet get too tired, I'll be back in the city and all this... Aunt Molly will stay Aunt Molly and Ayden will just be some really cute guy I met once. It will be like this cool TV show, these past few months, but only a pilot, with no second season.*

Meanwhile, Molly was driving so slowly she could have walked faster, but she was scared she'd miss something if she went too fast. *Sarah may have fallen. She may be injured and need to get to the hospital.* She told

Ayden to go the other way, up towards Kiss Landing, just in case Sarah had wandered that way. *Molly cursed herself for not rushing after Sarah sooner, but she needed to calm down. Martha was right about that. She needed to calm Ayden down too, once he found out Sarah had suddenly run off. Still, she should have rushed after Sarah sooner. What kind of mom was she? Who knows where Sarah was now or what condition she might be in. She ran out without a coat on.*

When Molly reached the turn-off to the 101, she didn't know whether to go left or right. *Which way would Sarah have gone? Did she actually get this far, or did she wander down a different road? Damn it! Damn stupid girl! What was she so afraid of?*

A few minutes later Molly stormed into the hotel and screamed for someone to come to the front desk. The girl who showed up looked alarmed and scattered, but was smart enough to keep her answers short and to the point. Sarah wasn't here

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or in the pub. Molly then raced down to the harbour and called Sarah's name a few times. Nothing. Then, for some reason, she ran past the bakery over to the boardwalk. *Sarah had mentioned she thought the waterwheel was cool so maybe she'd be here... but of course she wasn't... what was she thinking?* Molly raced back to her car and sped up the hill and away from the harbour. She couldn't stand going slow anymore. *Who knows where Sarah could be.* Just as Molly was about to bury the gas pedal, she eased up and pushed on the brakes instead.

A beautiful, large Spotted Owl was perched on top of the Community Centre sign. It calmly looked at Molly as she slowed down and pulled the car over. Tears welled up in Molly's eyes. She hadn't seen a Spotted Owl in Alison Bay since Joe's funeral, all those years ago. She got out of the car and slowly walked towards the owl, stopping only a few feet away. "This can't be a coincidence. You're here to show me something", Molly said in a quiet, but sure voice. "If it's about Sarah, just show me she's okay. Show me she's okay. Please."

The owl's large eyes blinked, then it spread its wings and sprang up from the sign. With a few powerful strokes, it turned and flew directly over the Community Centre. Without hesitating, Molly followed as fast as she could. She didn't think or try to understand, she just followed. She rounded the front of the old school, marched down the kids' soccer field, and was heading up towards the little hill when she saw a small figure on her left. It was Sarah.

Sarah was sitting cross-legged in the middle of a wooden stage. A flashlight was shining on the stage in front of her. With its light, Sarah was making something with a pile of wooden stir sticks and a bottle of white glue.

Molly walked up and said hello as she rubbed the tears away from her eyes.

"Did you see the owl?", Sarah asked as she saw Aunt Molly approach.

"Yes. I sure did. Are you okay?"

"Yeah. I was trying to catch a ride to the ferry, when I saw the owl perched on a sign. I've never seen a real

owl up close before. It was beautiful! As I was looking at it, it sprang up and flew this way, so I followed. Then I saw this. Can you believe it? It's like an outdoor school... it's just left out here in the open for the kids to use. You'd never see this in the city. See all the little butterflies the children made? It's pretty amazing."

Molly sat down beside Sarah and took her hand. "I was really worried about you. We all were. I didn't mean to make you so upset."

"I know." Sarah stared at what she was making, then glanced back at Aunt Molly for a moment, then squeezed Molly's hand. "Is Ayden okay?"

"He's looking for you too. He went one way. I went the other."

"I'm glad. I mean it's nice that he's trying to find me. We should let him know I'm okay."

"Sure. I can go —"

"No...umm...not just yet." Sarah stood up and turned as Aunt Molly stood to face her. She looked closely at Molly before speaking. "You're not my real aunt, are you?"

Molly took a breath to steady herself, but kept her eyes on Sarah. "No, Sarah. I'm not your real aunt."

Sarah looked down at her feet and nodded to herself. "You're my real mom", she said plainly, without looking up.

Molly gently lifted Sarah's chin with her hand until their eyes met again. "Yes, Sarah. I am. I'm your mom. I'm sorry I ever let you go. I'm sorry I never told you. You deserve better than me."

"Maybe you deserve better than me."

"I couldn't do better than you. It's not possible." Molly wanted to say more, but couldn't find words, so instead she asked, "How did you know?"

"As I was walking, things started to make sense. The way you've always been so kind to me. The way I feel when I'm around you. I'm glad you wanted to tell me.

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It must have been a hard decision after all this time."


"It was. It shouldn't have been, but it was."

Sarah sat back down on the stage. She felt defeated and exhausted and awkward. Molly searched for something helpful to say. "What are you making?", she asked.

"It's a cabin. There were these wooden sticks and glue with some of the craft supplies, so I thought it would be fun to make a little cabin. I used to dream of one, when I was a kid... a little cabin in the sky.

"Well... maybe I can help you with that. Let's see what we can do together."

Several hours later the sky lightened and dawn arrived. A sleepy sun was slow to rise above pillowed clouds gathered along the horizon. Beneath its early rays, two women ran laughing in the morning light. The younger pulling a handmade kite as it lifted into the air. The older woman cheering by her side. Beneath the kite, a tiny cabin, held tight by some thread, floated softly in the sky. ☁



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How in the World Did You End Up in Lund?

Kirsten Clarkson (aka KC)

So, how did I end up in Lund? I'll start at birth. Not mine but births in this area. My stepdaughter was looking for a place to set up a midwifery practice and we came to Powell River with her for a little vacation. She fell in love with Powell River and we fell in love with an acreage outside of Lund. Then we fell in love with Lund.

When you fall in love later in life, you have been in love before and that colours the way you see your new love. I used to love Vancouver. I had a torrid affair with New York for awhile (another story) but I loved Vancouver.

I fell for Vancouver in the 90s when the city felt like a punk rock girl with a potty mouth, a big heart, and a really pretty face. The city was alive for me then.

I tried to be a rock star for a while. I was in a band I have great memories of, sitting under the Granville Street Bridge singing Bob Marley's "No Woman No Cry". I was in my early 20s and living with five friends in a one bedroom apartment. We were all working toward our dreams and were almost never home so it worked out fine, most of the time...

I switched out of singing (to no one's dismay) and went to acting school. I started directing plays, short films, and finally a feature. At the same time I was coaching the actors I was in class with on their auditions and they were booking roles -- all the time! Everything was working out for me. I kept pushing forward and eventually I found myself owning a monstrosity of a private post secondary acting school. I had changed and so had the city. Neither of us was punk rock anymore. Neither of us had such a pretty face.

Vancouver is now relentlessly aspirational. Everything is about status. I was grinding to keep up and I hated it. I no longer loved my work. I made choices that were not about doing good work but survival. I began to hate the city.

When we came to Lund the shock of authenticity was so moving I felt as though I was experiencing Nirvana (excuse the accidental allusion to the 90s band). Everything is real. The beauty astounds. People are generous and friendly. People are sincere - sincerity, up until moving to Lund, seemed like an emotional antiquity. Something found in a museum under glass next to an agreed upon definition of facts. Lund has something the world needs. There is little artifice here and ambition is for improvement not for its own sake.

We have had more people drop by in the months we've been here than I had in more than 20 years in Vancouver. After watching Tai Uhlmann's love letter to Lund, "The End of The Road", I understood the place in a much deeper way. Our son went to Puddle Jumpers and we were welcomed into families. We went to the restaurants and stores and we were welcomed by the community. We've been invited to parties. To events. We've been included.

We've gotten to know the people and places that make this area so special. It's been so good that we don't know how to talk about it. We are just overwhelmed by the beauty of the



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people and the land. We left a place where we had made a life that was good to some degree and there was a lot we loved but much of what we loved is dying or dead.

I used to own an acting school in Vancouver. I had a fairly large staff of teachers and support workers and hundreds of students. Now I have none of that. Now, I teach a dozen or so students, via Skype, from the comfort of my beautiful Lund area acreage. I'm the boss of me (and maybe some chickens) and I consider it an upgrade.

In Vancouver we lived on a beautiful street with well-groomed lawns and clean sidewalks. Here we live on a farm. There is dirt beneath our feet. You have to go a long way to find dirt in Vancouver.

We have 50 or so chickens, a dog, two kittens, a farm, and a bunch of new friends who really care about people, the environment and life. There is a lot of work to do to keep up the farm. There are scary things like bears and cougars. It's not just paradise. There are challenges. Like any relationship, the challenges are what build the bonds. Covalent bonds.

I don't think I ever really loved Vancouver. It was a crush, I was young, and I rushed the relationship. I stayed way longer than I should have. Now, I'm betting on Lund. It seems like the real thing. It feels authentic.

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Plants From Here

White Berries in Winter Landscapes

Thin-leaved Snowberry, Symphoricarpos albus

Trish Keays



Photo courtesy of Google Images

Usually we think of red berries for winter colour, bright against a duller landscape. But the native *snowberry* plant gives some winter impact of its own, with waxy white berries clustered on bare branches of this twiggy shrub. Watch for it when the leaves are gone and winter is with us.

The shrub belongs to the honeysuckle family, with about 15 different deciduous shrubs in the genus. Most grow in North and Central America. Some are used as ornamental shrubs. Our native one is also called common snowberry and white coralberry.

A stiff main stem of Thin-leaved Snowberry produces several smaller shoots that interlace to become a thicket. Snowberry is low to medium size, height 30 to 120 cm, and often grows in thickets of loose branches. It is native through much of Canada.

In spring, the new leaves are an appealing lime-green colour, settling to blue-green foliage through summer. The leaves are small, roundish, 1 to 1.5 cm, opposite each other on stems. The foliage ornaments the summer, and berries fall and winter.

The flowers are also small, pinkish and white, attractive but not showy. They seem brighter pink when the buds are about to open. The racemes or flower clusters can have up to 15 flowers. I don't recall the flowers having a scent, but one resource describes them as fragrant and another as having a slightly unpleasant odour. The bell-shaped flowers cluster at branch nodes. They transform into "bright white spongy berrylike drupes, with a dark spot at the free end". (<https://nativeplants.evergreen.ca/search/view-plant.php?ID=00684>)

Information on Canadian poisonous plants includes a warning: the berries contain alkaloids that cause mild symptoms of vomiting, dizziness, and slight sedation in children. Advice is to discourage children from eating the berries. These alkaloids don't seem to bother the animals for which the shrub is noted as an important food source – bighorn sheep, white tailed deer, and grizzly bears.

Snowberry is an indicator shrub in the Western Red Snowberry / Common Snowberry forest ecosystem, important for conservation. The ecosystem is rich and diverse, concentrated on flood plains with silt-bearing rivers. Snowberry and salmonberry are dominant in the shrub layer.



Photo courtesy of Google Images

But you'll also see snowberry growing in less fully forested areas, sometimes on open slopes. It can handle many different habitats. One resource describes it as liking well drained talus slopes and ridges, another as having a favorite habitat of open woods.

Its ecological role also includes being used in erosion control, especially on creek and stream sides, and in projects to restore disturbed sites such as abandoned mines. Native plant businesses on Vancouver Island have it for sale, for

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native plant, wildlife gardening, or ecosystem restoration. Usually it spreads by rhizomes, not by seed. 🌱

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Health and Healing

The Healing Power of Connections

Alisha Van Belle and Carsten Huber

When asked to write an article about “why we live the way we live”... well, we had to sit and think and talk about this for a while. We realized that this is a topic we talk about often and a question we ask frequently. It is so complex, multi-faceted, and definitely not defined by logic! If we just use the “economic lens”, we would think we were absolutely crazy to live the way we do. When Carsten puts on his “accountant hat” to figure out how profitable our goat project is... it is laughable the wage we work for...it makes no economic sense. If money is not the motive to live the way we live, then what is?

From different parts of the world, Carsten and I seem to come to some of the same conclusions: that the systems of the world appeared to be breaking down, were not sustainable, and did not reflect the values that we held dear to our hearts. The economic/political system did not seem to care about or support the natural world, environmental health, open-hearted connection, and positive families and communities. In fact, it seemed to be leading the other way. This understanding led Carsten away from university, army service, and eventually the village he was rooted in. As for me, I can remember being in university and being very successful but realizing that I did not know how to DO anything in a world that seemed less than certain. In university, I had a profound environmental awakening which made it so hard to accept the answers I was being given. To the great disappointment of my parents, I did not go on to graduate school but spent many years exploring alternative ways of employment, living arrangements, and ideologies, and eventually ended up here in Lund... like so many of us!

So... why DO we live the way we live? We live on five acres of very diverse landscapes, with goats, chickens, bees, and gardens, and a pretty amazing community of friends around us. We live in a house that Carsten built from the materials available around us. We try to live without debt. We grow some

of our own food. It does not make economic sense when you count all the hours it takes to do that; you could buy it all cheaper, but it makes sense to the soul. We are connected to the seasons, the cycles of living and dying, the dirt, the trees, the wildlife around us, and our ancestors who were farmers and craftspeople. The food we get from around us is fresh, more nutritious, and in tune with our bodies. The relationship we have with our land is an attempt at cooperation with all its many features.

We also live in a community where we give our time and receive help. We have a community where we share ideas about how we can shape the world around us to be a healthier place to be. We work. We work A LOT. We work at things that are meaningful to us. We hone our skills as craftspeople making things. We try to make as little garbage as we can doing this. We hone our skills as human beings caring about and for others. We try to make a balance between the time we spend making money and the time we spend doing other really important things. We make music, eat together, go dancing, collaborate at meetings, walk in the woods,



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play with children, sit quietly, read books, grow and store food, make art, have tea together...you know...the IMPORTANT stuff...not measurable by any measuring stick... just known by the heart. Everything that fosters connections are what we are interested in. Connections with the big questions in life, with the stillness within, with the natural world around us, with the ancestors, and with each other. We live in a way that gives us

opportunities and situations to explore these connections. It is not always easy. It is not easy to choose the animals that live or die, or figure out why you lost another hive of bees, or to dig a mountain of dirt, or understand why what you said was not well received by a friend. The labour involved is intense and the money is not so very much, but it is what we feel is worth doing. ●

When Gratitude Becomes More Than a Feeling

Barbara Hill and Brian Liddle

Brian and I had been talking about having a party in mid-August. August parties are always a good idea, and I had been thinking for some time about how there could be a different kind of party. The word "housewarming" just didn't seem to cover what I was imagining.

A feeling of gratitude often comes to mind for me as caretaker of this property and how without so many parts of the puzzle lovingly coming together, it wouldn't have happened. As this idea evolved over time in my mind, gratitude became for me an action verb that needed to be honoured and celebrated and not just a deep feeling.

We were trying to think of how we could have such a celebration. I said, "Let's have it be for everybody and share all our blessings together, a gathering where we can all acknowledge our gratitude." And so it began.



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



I began inviting those to whom I felt gratitude and everyone who I thought might enjoy such a day... basically everyone. Then, at some point, the sheer immensity of the project hit

Brian said, "Don't worry; it will all be fine!"

He began visiting thrift shops and friends' overstock, and amassing the cutlery, dishes, lighting, music... everything needed to run a big party with live music and lighting in the bush in an off-grid house with limited water. So I left all such details to him. I took care of other areas that needed smoothing: the potluck food area with boardwalk for better wheelchair accessibility, the dishwashing station, the driveway and parking and signage, the seating here-there-and-everywhere.

It was fine. We accomplished what we set out to do and it was out of this world! We'd like to host it again and trust the gratitude party will travel to other places to be honoured and celebrated. ●

me and I began to get "wet feet". There were so many details.

Editor's note: This is the current incarnation of the house that Terry built in Friends and Neighbours, page 27.

What I Need

Desiree Dawson is from Vancouver and played in Powell River at the recent Sunshine Music Fest. Her lyrics spoke to this issue's theme:

What I need is all I have
 All I have is what I need
 Embrace the journey
 Quiet endless searching

For three ways to download her latest album, Wild Heart, on which these lyrics are the intro, go to her website at <https://www.desireedawsonmusic.com>

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Sufficient to Suffice

Ria Curtis and Yves Perreault

Sufficient to Suffice: An adequate amount to meet the needs of a person. – Oxford Dictionary

The comedian George Carlin did a hilarious riff on “stuff”, the basic premise being that we collect too much stuff so we need a bigger place to keep our stuff and then we get more stuff to fill up the space, etc. When we moved here we did it in reverse. Our family of four had lived in a 1600 square foot house and we moved into a 400 square foot cabin. Most of our “stuff” went into long-term storage and we learned what we could live without. Instead of everyone having a dresser for their clothes, we each had a single shelf. The kids had to clean their toys off the floor because the floor space became our bed. We had no cable or television so we played a lot of games around the kitchen table. We did this for ten years. We were dead poor, starting a new business, and trying to live within our means which were few.

It was a difficult time but we made do with less and became a very close family in the process. We found we didn’t really miss all of our stuff in storage and got rid of most of it over the years. Now we’ve built our dream home, have satellite TV and Netflix, and we never see each other, often with everyone in their own room watching some kind of screen. And yes, we are acquiring more stuff to fill up that big space, though probably not as much as if we had never lived in our tiny cabin.

In my husband’s francophone family, there is an expression at the end of a meal which roughly translates to “have you had enough?”, not, “would you like more?” or “eat some more”.

It seems to me that we humans in the so-called developed nations have lost the idea of “enough”. Our economy is built on the concept of seemingly unlimited growth. A country is deemed to be doing well as measured by how many new houses are being built and how much “stuff” is produced, bought, and sold. What if we measured success not by how much more some people or countries have but by how many people have “enough”?

What if the most successful country in the world was one where everyone had enough to eat, a warm place to sleep, a “happy” life, a good education, and rewarding work, and an efficient way to get there? It is human nature to strive, to overcome obstacles and if we don’t have those goals we stagnate. What if we just changed the way we think of those goals? What if we changed the goals? What if the goal was balance?

A soap bubble can only grow so large before the surface tension weakens and it bursts. Basing our success only on growth, growth, and more growth is pure folly. The bubble is going to burst and we are going to be left with nothing but a soapy puddle. Disparity between the very rich and very poor is growing exponentially along with our economic growth as measured by consumption and spending. The very definition of consumption (to use up; destroy) should tell us to be wary of the concept, let alone base our economic model on it.

So let us come into this time of harvest and bounty searching for balance. Save some seed for planting next year and put away some food for the long winter. Maybe celebrate the coming holiday season not with acquiring more stuff, but finding joy in each other, in experiences and in sharing. Step out into the community to connect with others and step lightly on our earth. As The Be Good Tanyas say: “keep it light enough to travel”. 🌱



Is an Article Coming?

Coco Hess and Martin Mitchinson

Hi Sandy - Thanks for the gentle reminder email and no, I'm sorry no article is coming from us, yet we thank you for continuing to ask each season. Please know that we love and support the theme of this issue.

In Martin's words this weekend when asked if we could come up with something... "We're so minimalist, we don't even have anything to say" (or something to that effect).

I suppose that you could reference seeing us at the recent Sunshine Music Fest heading off in our little 18' Sixareen, a wooden open boat schooner with supplies and food for more than a month as an example of our aspiration to learn how to live and travel simply: but I fear we just don't feel capable of coming up with more to say on this point. I appreciate that you were saving room in the Barnacle for us to talk about our lifestyle when on land of living off-the-grid in a simple cabin.

I have to tell you how much I thoroughly enjoyed reading the last issue on the trip! I also realized how much I have not been, and have missed being, a part of the greater Lund community. It was so great to read and connect with names that I haven't seen or heard in

awhile. I hope this issue is just as great or better than the rest and I look forward to reading it. All the best and we look forward to our paths crossing again soon...

P.S. Our trip was fabulous! We sailed around Nelson Island, up Jervis Inlet, stayed on Jedidiah and Lasquetti before transiting across the strait and exploring northern gulf islands, then wrapping up in Silva Bay on Gabriola. So much fun and more wonderful new sailing memories together.



The Quinque

Photo courtesy of Coco Hess

Take good care and hope we talk soon...Coco and Marty



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Friends and Neighbours and a Sprinkling of Determination

Terry Faubert

What does it take to achieve a life's goal, to follow a precious dream through to reality? Money? Influential connections? Knowledge or skills? In the summer of 1984, I arrived in Lund with very little of any of those.

A naive big city girl, small and slight, I had bought a chunk of coastal forest in a Tenancy-In-Common up Baggi Road. Longing to raise my six-year-old son, Jody, to be wise to the ways of nature rather than streetwise, I planned to somehow make a life for us in the wilds north of Lund. I would need to build a house, but had never built anything before, and had no idea how to go about doing it.

Martin McGuinty surprised me with the use of an old barn-roofed cabin on his section of my Tenancy-In-Common, as long as I promised to get rid of it after. Contrary to his suggestion that I "burn it down", I resolved to take it apart and reassemble it on my land.

The old camperized Ford van we had arrived in served us well. I removed its tiny propane stove and set it up inside Martin's old cabin to cook our food. I pried loose one of the bench seats and hauled it up the ladder to the loft, a perfect wee bed for Jody. The icebox became our cupboard. I dug a pit by the front stairs and sunk our metal Coleman cooler. The finish would be scratched and the hinges rusted, but I was proud to have devised our own little root cellar, where perishables stayed cool in summer and unfrozen in winter.

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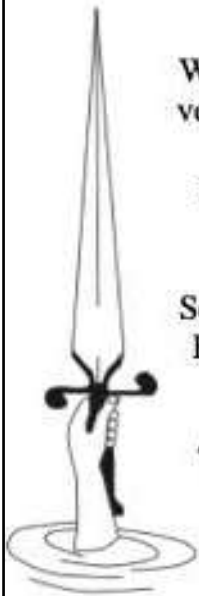
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events!

Continued from page 27...



The house-raising June 1985

Photo courtesy of Terry Faubert

Paul Knepperes, Maggie Knepperes, Margaret Behr with baby Emma, Oscar Vandermeer

A friend dropped off an old woodstove he wasn't using and neighbours delivered an unasked-for load of firewood. And just when I needed strong arms to fit the stovepipe into the stove, three lost strangers happened by and stopped to help. When Doug Wilson sold me a one-room cabin he had built to come apart in panels, my plans coalesced. I would live in the old cabin while taking apart Doug's house. I would put it back together on my land, but leave off one wall. Then I would move into that while dismantling the old cabin and reassemble it, also missing one wall, joining them together to make a two-room cabin with a sleeping loft.

I don't think I could have survived that first bitter cold winter without the help and support of friends and neighbours:

from Jeff MacFronton calming our fears of the strange animal noises (which turned out to be the honking of geese heading south) to Dan Mooney running up the hill carrying pots of water when my cabin roof caught fire.

In the warm spring I took apart the homemade pre-fab while Jody played below, finding any dropped nails so they could be re-used. I marked the panels and boards with letters so it could be rebuilt like one of Jody's models: A fits into B. I held a house-raising to start reassembling it. The ringing tones of half a dozen hammers filled my house site that day, interspersed with laughter and happy chatter. A rain squall put a premature end to the party, leaving only the floor completed. The next day, Jeffrey Chernove and I together raised the panels one after the other 'til the walls stood tall and straight. On a sweltering afternoon when I couldn't manage to raise alone the beam to replace the missing wall, Dan Mooney happened to pass by. Together we lifted the heavy beam and nailed it firmly in place. Heinz Becker had seen the house-raising signs and came over with his son, Hans, to build the roof.

With the advice, skills, strength, and tools of so many helpers, the first half of our house was complete. With one wall missing, it reminded me of a doll's house I had as a child. I stapled blankets along the opening to keep out mosquitoes and excitedly moved in, exactly a year after our arrival in Lund.

The old cabin was much more difficult to take apart. It had aged and settled over the course of decades, its nails rusting in place and its recesses hiding insect damage and rot. I again labelled each board, reusing as many as I could.

The two halves became one when I triumphantly nailed together the two floor beams along the open edge, the plywood flooring abutting with barely a crack. The walls had to be rebuilt piece by piece, like fitting together a giant 3D jigsaw puzzle. To my delight, friends, acquaintances, and even strangers occasionally dropped in on me to lend a hand. Six strong fellows carried my new woodstove from the van up over thirty feet of rocks to the house, with much back-slapping and congratulations among them and hugs and thanks from me.

I sure needed a lot of help on the towering barn-shaped roof! I never could have raised the rafters or covered them

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in plywood and shakes without the aid of the amazing fellows who braved the steep ladder to put on the finishing touches. The house was completed barely before the frost of October 1985. The dream I had set out to accomplish, the dream that had seemed so impossible and had met so many obstacles, had been achieved. What had it taken? The help of wonderful friends and neighbours. Oh yes, and a generous sprinkling of determination.

Editor's note: Terry is working on a book about moving to Lund and building her house. Stay tuned! 🍷

A Path to Reconciliation

Paul Mercs

We are all on our own unique journeys. There are, however, special times when our paths come together with others and we feel the joy and strength in making our journey together.

The Hehewsin' Reconciliation Project is one such time. I write this upon witnessing how I have seen a group of people from the Tla'Amin Nation, other First Nations, and non-indigenous communities choose to come together to journey upon a reconciliation path.

I was first made aware of this initiative in April of this year when Phil Russell, whose vision initiated this project, told me his idea. A cedar log would be carved into a canoe at

Willingdon Beach, by anyone and everyone from our indigenous and non-indigenous communities who wanted to participate, under the direction of a master First Nation carver, assisted by local First Nation carvers. Upon completion, the canoe would be presented to the Tla'Amin people. That is what I heard and it seemed a very positive and straightforward project.

I welcomed this opportunity as part of my journey. When I moved two years ago to Lund, I was very aware that I would be living in the Tla'Amin peoples' territory. I would be living on land that had been walked on for thousands of years by the Tla'Amin people. I was also as aware as I was capable of being at the time of the effect of colonialism on the Tla'Amin people. On my journey, I hoped I could find a way in this place to begin to find a place of reconciliation.

What I did not understand when Phil told me about the Hehewsin' Reconciliation Project was that as part of it, the Tla'Amin people would open the door to their protocols and teachings to the non-indigenous community. This has been led by two individuals whose hearts are

always open to those in the non-indigenous community: John Louie and Cyndi Pallen.

Phil Russell opened the way for all interested folks in the non-indigenous community to participate in this project. There are weekly meetings with those who are able to attend to talk about the steps as the project



The carvers: Sherman Pallen (Homalco), Master Carver Joe Martin (Tla-o-quaht), Phil Russell (Ireland), Alvin Wilson (Tla'amin), Ivan Rosypsky (Heiltsuk). Not present in photo Denis St. Pierre (Quebec)

Photo courtesy of Phil Russell

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proceeds. This project is truly individually driven and the number of participants continues to grow.

Work had been done to bring this project before Hegus Clint Williams and the Tla'amin Executive in consultation with John Louie and Cyndi Pallen, and then Phil suggested to our group that it would be appropriate to host a lunch on Tla'amin lands where the project idea would be presented to the Tla'amin people as a whole. This took place on June 25.

The most extraordinary part of this project so far became clear to me. This work would be done according to the protocols of the Tla'amin people and we would try to learn these protocols. John Louie and Cyndi Pallen were very generous in spending time with us to that end.

We began to see many aspects of Tla'amin teachings, including ways to show respect and gifting to those doing the work and to the elders. We were introduced to the teachings of welcoming the sun in the morning and thankfulness for the new day and the idea of walking the land with a light footstep. On the morning of the lunch, we were given the opportunity to experience a Spiritual Bath in Powell Lake and the mindfulness of the cleansing power of the water and the strength of the earth around us. Following that day, the search continued for the cedar log (called Grandfather by First Nations). As was meant to happen, one was found and delivered to Willingdon


Continued on page 31....



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Continued from page 30...

Beach on August 24. John Louie was there to bless the arrival of Grandfather.

On August 27, a special meeting was held at the Powell River Library. Phil Russell and John Louie spoke of an invitation from Hegus Clint Williams to the non-indigenous group to work with Tla'amin's bid to host the 2020 Tribal Journey. This is a tremendous affirmation of the work being done by all as our journey continues.

On September 21, a Blessing Ceremony was held for Grandfather at Willingdon Beach. Several hundred people bore witness to this event. The ceremony was led by John Louie and Cyndi Pallen, and a number of people, including several youths, cedar-brushed Grandfather. The Tla'amin singers sang and, in addition to John Louie and Cyndi Pallen, Hegus Clint Williams spoke as did the carvers: Joe Martin, Sherman Pallen, Ivan Rosypsky, Alvin Wilson, Matthew Louie, and Phil Russell. Matthew, along with John Dominic and Dakota Gustafson, are three young Tla'amin youth who are also carving on the Canoes. The carving began the next day.

Since that day, many individuals have made their own journey to Willingdon Beach to participate in the carving or just to observe. As of this writing, the first canoe's carving is being completed and readied for steaming.

All of our journeys continue. Today, thanks to the work of so many mentioned above, there are many on the path together. The theme of this Barnacle is "Is This All We Need?". From my view, this project alone is clearly not all we need to bring about reconciliation, which is solely the responsibility of the non-indigenous community. However, in this community, the path is now open for us and, as is often said, with correct intentions and perseverance, in seven generations it may be realized. 🌱



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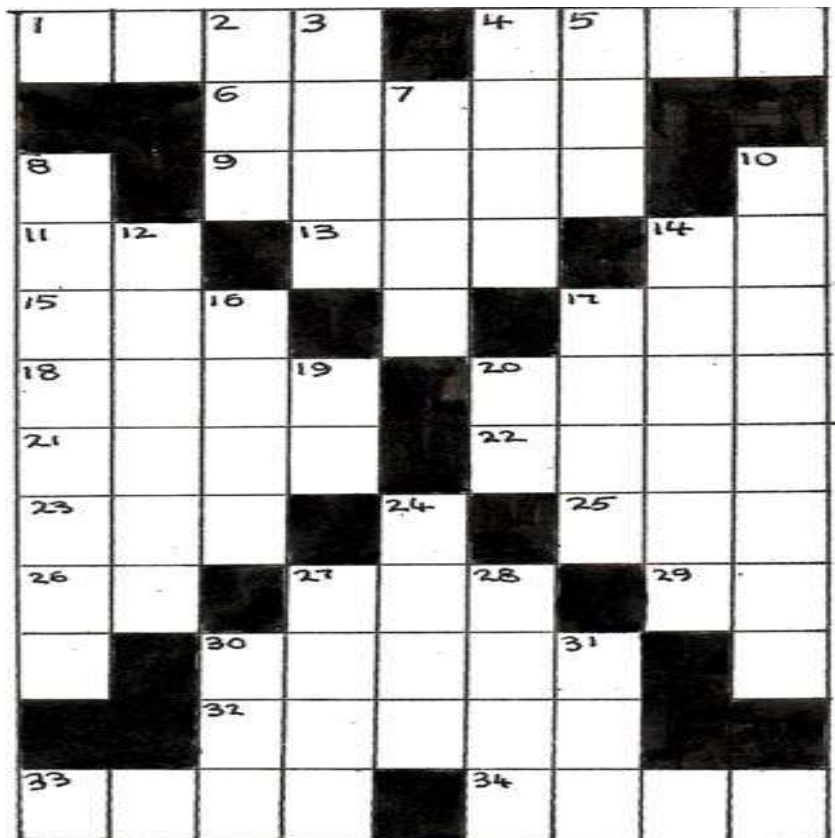
**All proceeds go to the Lund Community
Society**

Crossword #45 by C.Cressy

Edited by S. Dunlop

ACROSS:

- 1 envelop
 4 delight in
 6 happen again
 9 illegal act
 11 popular pasta (abbr.)
 13 baseball cop
 14 accomplish
 15 wrath
 17 semi-solid
 18 minimal tide change
 20 want
 21 information
 22 Israeli flyer (abbr.)
 23 express mail service (abbr.)
 25 Atlantic Multidecadal Oscillation (abbr.)
 26 extra-terrestrial (abbr.)
 27 average
 29 public relations (abbr.)
 30 fable fellow
 32 outcome
 33 written note
 34 a hard journey

DOWN:

- 2 an arch
 3 Lima is the capital
 4 shapeless mass
 5 miners' goal
 7 summit (Span.)
 8 beauty is only ____ (2 wds.)
 10 popular beliefs
 12 imagined
 14 leave suddenly
 16 dines
 17 festive event
 19 old dad
 20 (French) article
 24 lowest voice in the choir
 27 Mexican cash
 28 overwhelming defeat
 30 intend
 31 for each

Answer Key for #44



Community Page

Krystle Goddard and Francois Mathieu

Sympathy and Condolences

Warren Andrew Bellham – September 18, 1960 - August 18, 2017

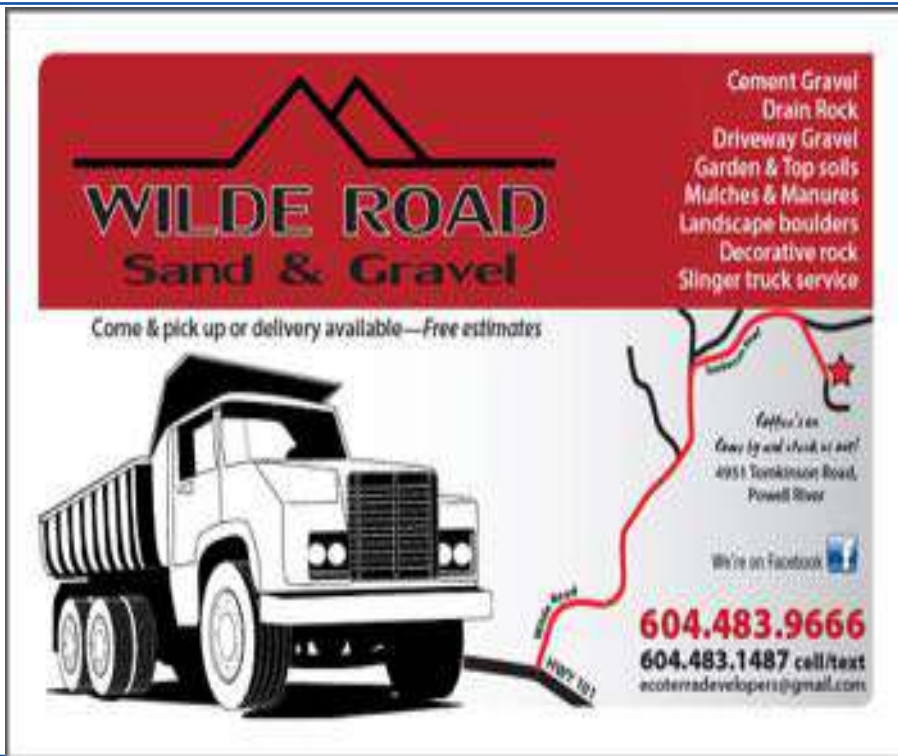
In the dusk of the night comes a boat...
 Dripping in mist from the fog, the Albi shines a light!
 A Viking!!! Warren has arrived!
 He throws his tie line with a grunt!! I catch the line and fasten it to the dock.
 He invites me into the wheelhouse.
 The smell of diesel, stale beer, and tobacco fills my nose
 I am happy for that in my solitude I now have company: my friend.
 We sit, have a few beer (20 to be precise), and play some crib
 In the moonlit, fog-laden night, we share stories and laughter of the kind that I will truly miss.
 RIP Warren... love you old son!!!

Left behind are many family and friends, including:

Son - Ryan (Brittany)
 Mom and Dad - Adrian and Percy Redford
 Sisters - Wendy (John), Cynthia (Bob), Melody (Jordan)
 Pre-deceased brother - Wayne
 And many nieces and nephews

Nancy Bouchard - Healing thoughts and much love to Nancy Bouchard. We're thinking of you!" 🌟

The Goodwill Committee of the Lund Community Society sends cards expressing thank you, get well, thinking of you, baby and wedding congrats, and sympathy. The Committee also sources a package to welcome new residents to Lund, available at the post office. Call Adrian Redford at 604-483-4766 with any news you think should be acknowledged.



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If We Could Just Stop Wanting....

Sandy Dunlop

A friend and I had a sort of game we played with each other for a time wherein an expression of longing for anything was met with the words "and then you'd be happy". Aside from its obviously annoying qualities, it was a great reminder of how often we do that: want something we don't have.

Perhaps our inability to be satisfied is just the way human beings are wired. It seems like such a waste, though, of who and where we are; it seems rather ungrateful. Yet it is a habit embedded into the very core of our lives. That fact provides a glimmer of hope, however, as habits can be broken and new ways of viewing life can be nurtured.

If we even just noticed when we are wanting something else to feel satisfied and spent a moment reflecting on that, it would probably be a moment well spent. Many of the things we want are actually harmful to ourselves, the other life forms with whom we share this planet, and the planet itself. There is a myriad of wondrous experiences, free and harmless, right in front of our noses at any given moment if we choose to notice them.

It's not easy to stop wanting something else or something more to feel content, though. I wrote a song about this once, called it Full-Bodied Whine, and the words, sometimes, still ring true. I wonder if we stopped wanting if then we'd be happy?

Full-Bodied Whine

Seeing life as a fixer-upper
Pushing for a dream
And when I get the things I want
There's something next I need.

Breathing out...tomorrow
Got my ducks all in a row
Push to make it happen
Showing I can so!

Focused on the outcome
Miss signs along the way...say
This road that I am running down
Will run me right into the ground.

Waking up in paradise
Isn't it a bore?
If only things were such and such
I wouldn't long for more.

I must be crazy
This thinking's crazy.

Seldom seeing just what's right
Hard to stay unwound
But even that is just complaint
And it goes round and round.

I say I want a lover
And help with what I do
I'm 'fraid that finding endless fault
Will keep this from coming true.

'Cause if I only love you
For what I hope you'll be...see
The road that we'll be running down
Will run us right into the ground.

Waking up in paradise
Isn't it a bore?
If only things were such and such
I wouldn't long for more.

I must be crazy
This thinking's crazy.
I must be crazy
This thinking's crazy! 🐥



Fall For All



Photo courtesy of Emily Jenkins

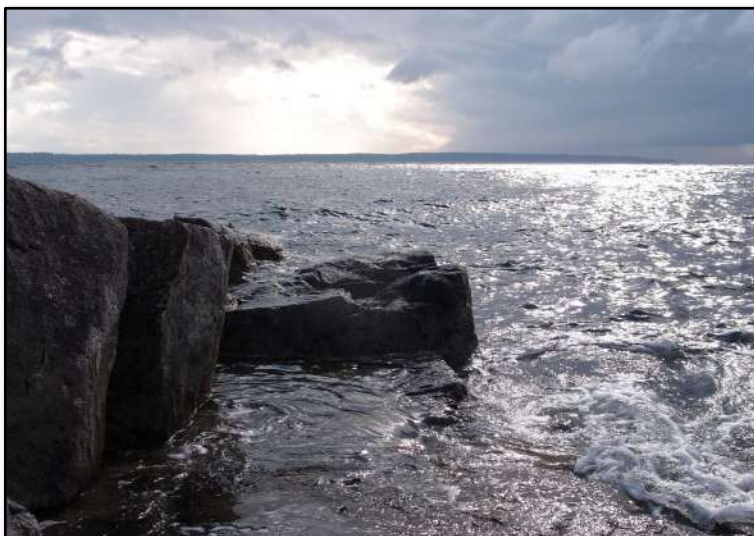


Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Photo courtesy of Wendy Drummond



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