

Lund BARNACLE

Winter 2019

\$2.00

The Voice of Lund

Proceeds to the Lund Community Society

(The) Truth About Stories

Janet Newbury



Layered Account by Meghan Hildebrand -
meghanhildebrand.com

Stories are so important for us in this moment in history. As our world becomes increasingly polarized and we surround ourselves with likeminded people in response, it can be useful to consider ways to connect with others across seemingly vast divides.

Stories tend to evoke a particular respect and can build bridges in unlikely places: When someone forms an argument, we often immediately compose a counter-argument and positions can rigidify. But when someone shares a story, we find ourselves

opening up to listen. It doesn't make sense to counter someone's story - it is their truth.

Which is not to say that it is *the* truth ... And this is something I particularly love about stories.

When asked if I would consider writing something for this issue of the *Barnacle* about the mercurial nature of 'truth' when it comes to our stories, I was immediately intrigued. The first thing I thought of was a research project I once did, for which I interviewed my mother and two of her brothers about their multiple familial losses in childhood.

As my mind turned back to that project, I recalled some of the distinctly different recollections my mother and uncles had about the exact same childhood events. These were the most transformational moments of their lives - and yet, the details differed pretty significantly, depending on who was doing the story-telling. The stories

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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

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

Welcome to the second annual *Stories* issue! Once again, this winter's offering is of tales from the writers' lives on a topic and time period of their choosing. I only asked that it be true. I asked for that last year too, but this year I found the words *true story* brought up a wide range of thoughts. What the heck is a true story anyway? Isn't the truth just a collection of people's stories, what they say and others believe? Especially today...maybe. Or maybe that truth is just coming at us from so many directions we spend a lot of time just shaking our heads. Boggles the mind, eh?

Our articles and stories will not boggle your mind, however. Find a cozy place to read some interesting news and updates on what's happening here these days and a variety of stories ranging from the extreme cuteness of the Puddle Jumpers Preschool kids, to a Lundie's scary brush with death, to predicaments and situations that taught lessons, and more.

The *Barnacle* is particularly eye-catching this time with our beautiful cover art by Meghan Hildebrand.

I hope you enjoy the read. Check out the entire collection of all the Barnacles ever published by going to our website www.lundcommunity.com/barnacle.

-- 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 2019.****

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Continued from page 1...

surrounding the events had evolved uniquely for each of them over the decades that followed. But the fact that their versions differed from one another was not a problem. In fact, there was never any discussion about whose story was more accurate.

It just seemed clear that *all the stories were true* ... and when they came together in all their diversity, a greater truth could finally be understood.

As my mother said of the process afterwards: "It gave me a sense of relief and release to talk about it. But more importantly, reading it gave me an insight into my brothers' reactions. And now we have talked about those things together, and we had never done that before. And I don't think it would have happened otherwise. There's more openness now."

I have a deep respect for anyone who is willing to share their stories for the purposes of learning. But having such intimate personal relationships with my first ever research participants has impacted every project I have been part of since that time. It has supported me to enter those conversations with a profound appreciation for the complexities of stories that I might not otherwise have cultivated. It showed me how stories can at once be personal and collective, individual and cultural – and that they hold great and varied meaning.

And so now with this experience behind me and the current invitation to consider the relationship between truth and story in this issue of the *Barnacle* featuring true stories, I find myself coming to this place:

It's not always easy but witnessing someone share their truth through story can be a gift in itself. And while someone else's story may differ dramatically from mine, it will undoubtedly add a fold to the tidy narrative I may have previously held onto. This may not lead to a conclusion, but it will surely lead to a more textured understanding than I could ever manufacture on my own. 🌱

Lund Community Society Update

Emily Jenkins

New Year's greetings to you all from the LCS Board of Directors! Hopefully you made it through the darkest days with the support of your wood stove, mugs of warm beverages (spiked or not), and the smiles and laughter of your community, friends, and family. As of this writing it's been a fairly mild season, but the wind storms have sure given us a run for our money, phew!

The LCS takes a break from monthly meetings in December so we've only had a couple since the last Barnacle. Let's take a look at the news...

The LCS's biggest fundraiser, the annual Lund Christmas Craft Fair, held in November at the Italian Hall, was attended by many of you. Some of you volunteered to help put the event on while others of you filled vendor booths and even more of you shopped and ate lunch and goodies! Thanks for your ongoing support. Please read Rosie's detailed report on page 7.

The LCS has made a final decision to step away from organizing and executing the Lund Shellfish Festival. After operating with inadequate numbers of volunteers and turning no profit for several years running, we have decided to turn our attention to other events and activities. Stay tuned!

There is a new sign and a split rail fence to indicate that you're at the "Klah ah men Lund Gazebo Regional Park". Hopefully there will be more infrastructure improvements coming this year.

While the LCS is still looking for people to volunteer to be one of the goodwill ambassadors for Lund, we're happy

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to announce that Martha Allen has volunteered to put together the "welcome packages" that are given out to new Lund residents with a V0N 2G0 postal code. Adrian Redford is still sending out cards of congratulations, sympathy, get well soon, thinking of you, etc. to those people she hears about. The feedback we get from people who have received a card is that it meant a great deal to them. We still need people to write the Community Page of the Barnacle four times a year, giving birth and death info and maybe a tribute or two. If you'd like to help out, please email the lundcommunity@gmail.com.

The LCS meets at 7:00 pm on the third Tuesday of each month (except July, August, and December) at the Northside Community Recreation Centre (old Lund School) at Larson Road and Hwy 101. Our meetings are usually under two hours and you are more than welcome to come check it all out. The next general meeting is February 19 and there will be an Annual General Meeting on Friday evening, February 22, with a potluck at 6:00 and the meeting at 7:00. Everyone is welcome!

As stated in the last issue of the Barnacle, we're in serious need of more volunteers to fill positions on the Board and members at large. Our current secretary will be stepping down at the AGM and our treasurer position still needs to be filled. Volunteering for the LCS is a great way to stay up to date and "in the know" of what's happening in your community. These are not hugely time-consuming positions and are somewhat flexible in their responsibilities. Without volunteers to steer and direct the Lund Community Society, there would be a lot less community in these here parts. Please join us! 🍀



Winter Hours

5 - 8 pm Friday

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Reservations or pick-up orders are welcome
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www.boardwalkrestaurantpowellriverlund.com



TIDAL
art centre

Currently in the middle of setting up workshops, classes and artists in residence AND... We will FINALLY be getting the website up and running this month.

Call ahead if you'd like to drop by. We'd love to see you but we are not always in the studio.

604 414 5954 • 9971 Finn Bay Road

What's Happening in Lund?

The **Lund Hotel** is open throughout the winter. Guest rooms are available, with front desk hours from 9:00 am to 5:00 pm. The fuel dock is open as well from 9:00 am to 4:00 pm. The laundromat and the general store are open 9:00 am to 6:00 pm 7 days a week. The pub is also open throughout the winter, though on limited hours. Pub hours are Sunday, Monday, and Thursday from 12:00 noon to 5:00 pm, Friday 12:00 noon to 7:00 pm, Saturday 12:00 noon to 6:00 pm, and closed on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Hours will lengthen as we get more daylight and when spring arrives and brings out all the fair-weather folk.

Starting February 1, the Hotel will start charging for bags at the general store, and come spring, they will be monitoring and enforcing the parking lots more closely to try and ensure that everyone has access to parking.

The **Boardwalk Restaurant** reno's will be completed by January 25. Their winter hours are Fridays 5:00 pm to 8:00 pm, Saturday, Sunday, and holidays 12:00 noon to 8:00 pm. They will open for you if their hours don't work. Just call (604) 483-2201.

Special upcoming events at the Boardwalk include:

- Robbie Burns Night - Friday and Saturday, January 25 and 26
- BC Family Day - Monday, February 12
- Valentine's Day - Thursday, February 14
- Open extended hours during spring break - March 17 to 31

Nancy's Bakery is open 7:00 am to 3:00 pm every day except Friday, Saturday, and Sunday when it's open 7:00 to 4:00. These hours will extend as we move into spring.

Pollen Sweaters (above Nancy's) is open every day from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm in January and 11:00 to 4:00 in February, March, and April.

Tug-Ghum Gallery and Studio (behind the Hotel) is open 10:00 am to 4:30 pm every day except closed Tuesday.

Tidal Art Centre (on Finn Bay Road) has a few things lined up:

- January 25 - 27. Artist Jamie Evrard is coming to set up the beautiful press that Tidal bought from her. You can Google image search her amazing paintings.
- February 23 (likely). Jackie Frioud will be doing a salt glaze firing in the kiln shed. She was awarded one of only two 2018 Awards of Excellence from the North-West Ceramics Foundation.
- April (dates TBA). Heather Aston, printmaker, will be presenting four 1/2 day printmaking workshops covering several techniques.

ORCA Bus with StrongStart on board for kids 0 - 5 years old at the NCRC (Northside Community Recreation Centre) on Mondays January 28, February 25, April 1, and April 29.
10:00 am - 2:00 pm. Free.

Family Movie Nights at the NCRC on Fridays, February 15 and March 15 - 6:00 pm. Admission by donation; Puddle Jumpers will have popcorn and treats for sale. Wear your PJ's, bring your pillow and favorite stuffy.

Spring Flea Market - Date TBA when enough folks let Alanna know they want to sell some stuff. Call her at (604) 483-4008.

Ongoing at the NCRC

Tuesdays	Hatha Yoga - all levels	4:30 pm - 5:45 pm
Thursdays	Tai Chi	5:00 pm - 7:00 pm

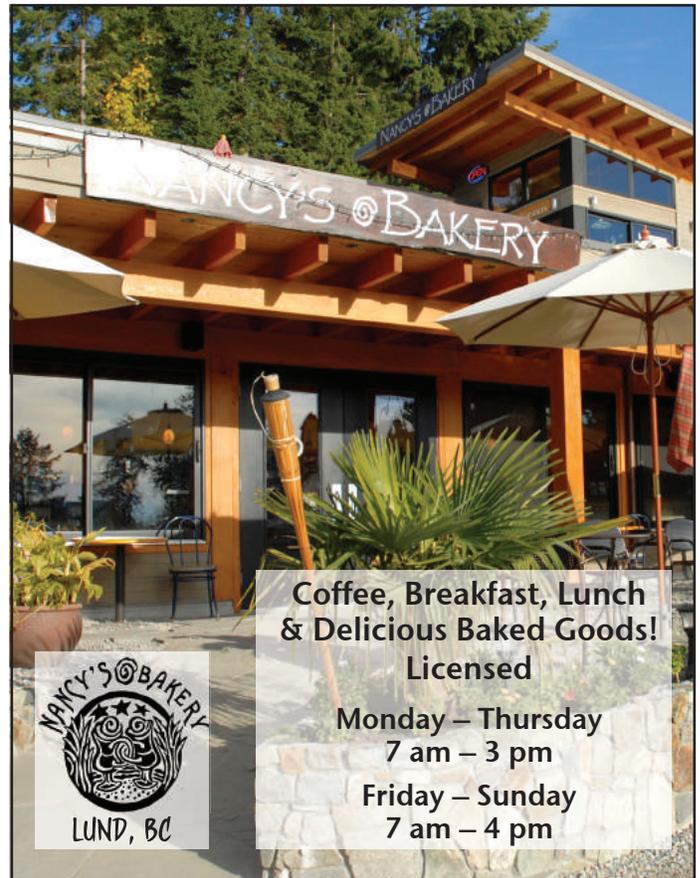


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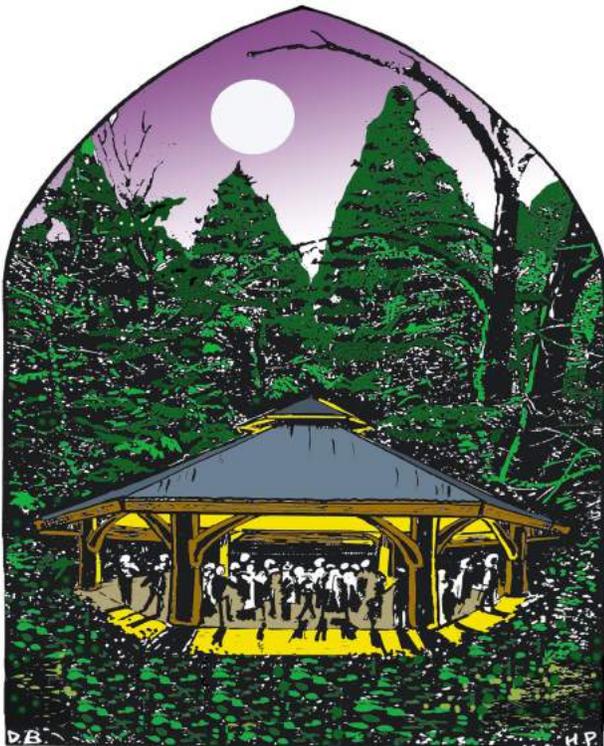
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To book events at the Northside Community Recreation Centre, contact Kristi at 604-414-0628. For events at the Klah Ah Men Lund Gazebo Regional Park, call RD Operational Services Clerk Caroline Visser at (604) 487-1380.



RECYCLING DEPOT
(BEHIND LUND HOTEL)

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

Take the Bus!

CURRENT SCHEDULE

Only \$2.25 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 \$2.25 you can catch the bus back. Cheaper than driving!

January - April : Tuesday and Friday
Leave Lund: (Mile 0 marker)
Leave Town Centre Mall (north end)

11:00 am 4:50 pm
10:05 am 4:05 pm



Lund Christmas Craft Fair 2018 – the best!

Rosie O'Neill

This year's Christmas Craft Fair on November 24 was, perhaps, the best one we have ever put on. It is our annual biggest fundraiser and this year, we did better than ever before. In speaking with the vendors, they had even better sales than expected and a few have already spoken to me about next year. We were able to add a couple extra tables on the day of the sale and they did really good as well.

For several years now, we have had our Craft Fair at the Italian Hall in Wildwood. We used to have it in Lund and miss that. We look forward to the day we have a new Community Centre in Lund and I hope we'll be able to not only bring our Craft Fair home but also have room for many more vendors.



Although I'm not sure how many wonderful volunteers we had in all because so many people just step up to help but I would guess twice as many as a few years ago. We couldn't even start to organize this event without our volunteers. Their help is the only way we carry out this great tradition every year.

We would really like to thank all our contributors who donated the supplies we needed to make this event such a success, as without their help it wouldn't be such a success.



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 Lund Store
 Chopping Block
 Tla'amin Convenience Store
 Nancy's Bakery
 Starbucks
 River City Coffee
 Rocket Fuel Coffee
 Base Camp
 Canadian Tire
 Percy Redford

Thanks to everyone for their support. See you next year! 🍷

Photos courtesy of Brian Voth



Regional District Update

Patrick Brabazon, Director, Area A
Regional Board Chairman

A new year, a new beginning? Well, in part. As always, our future is built on the foundation of our past. So, as we stride out into 2019, we should be very conscious of the legacy of 2018. The Regional District record of the past year is a mixture of success, maybes, and ongoing concerns.

For a success, we can score a new local park and a renaming in accordance with local desires. A maybe might be the role of the Gazebo in that park and how that will be managed. There is a place for local participation in that discussion. One ongoing concern is the need for good public transportation between Lund and Powell River. The lack of this is a sore point that has no simple remedy, what with the need to include the provincial government in the funding and the need to reconcile the wants of other areas of the regional district.

So, we have a win and I quite expect that we will resolve the Gazebo issue. Discussions around transit will continue and I hope to build on our past success; it wasn't that long ago that we had no bus service at all.



qathet
REGIONAL DISTRICT

Patrick Brabazon
Director, Area "A"
pbrabazon@qathet.ca

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

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Now for the future and its uncertainties. The decrepit fire hall #2 will have to be replaced and the Lund Community Centre needs a reno. To complicate these funding questions the recent referendum on financial support for the Powell River recreation complex carried and will appear as one more drain on our tax bills. Ouch! There will be no easy answers here but there will be discussions and I expect to hear from you. Local government is very much about listening as well as leading. Let's work together in 2019. 🌟

Solid Waste Management & Resource Recovery Plan

qRD Media Release

The qathet Regional District (qRD) is pleased to announce provincial approval of the Solid Waste Management Plan (*Plan*). Regional Districts are required to develop these *Plans* under the provincial Environmental Management Act. This *Plan*, an update of the one prepared in 2013, provides a long-term vision of how qRD would like to manage its solid wastes and will serve to guide the solid waste management related activities and policy development in the qRD for the next 10 years.

The long-term vision for the qRD is to have zero waste requiring disposal. The path to *Zero Waste* will be incremental. It is a long-term goal that will not be achieved during the timeline of this *Plan*, and perhaps not the next one. However, it is the intention of the qRD to continually reduce the amount of waste sent to disposal. *Zero Waste* is both a goal and a process. For this *Plan*, the issues to be addressed are:

1. Determining how best to continue moving towards *Zero Waste*, including:
 - a) How to increase participation in available residential recycling services
 - b) How best to collect and divert the organic portion of the waste stream
 - c) How to increase participation in diversion by the Industrial Commercial and Institutional (ICI) and residential sectors.

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2. Determining how best to manage residual solid waste (the waste requiring disposal), and what should the role of the qRD be.
3. Determining how to pay for historic and future solid waste management services and infrastructure.

The *Plan* provides strategies, actions and a budget to address these issues.

Upon full implementation, it is estimated that the qRD can reach the *Plan's* target of 325 kg per year or less of residual waste per person destined for landfill.

In 2016, the qRD, with the support of the City of Powell River (City) and Tla'amin Nation, submitted an application for a grant to clean up and close the Marine Avenue incinerator site and to use the materials remaining on the site (ash, glass, asphalt) to develop a Resource Recovery Centre (RRC). The proposed waste management facility would provide the community with opportunities to reuse, upcycle, and recycle the majority of their waste, while providing an option to dispose of those portions of the waste stream that could not be diverted.

The grant application was successful and the Regional District was awarded a \$6 million grant for clean-up and closure of the site but did require the RRC to be built. Essentially accessing the funding tied the site clean-up and the centre together.

The old incinerator site, located on Marine Avenue in the City, was where the garbage was burned in an incinerator operated by the City from 1971 to 1994. In 1994, the Ministry of Environment (MOE) ordered the City to close the incinerator air emissions. Following the closure a decision was made to transfer all solid waste out of the region and a transfer site was set up at the Marine Avenue site and operated by the City until 2004. The waste transfer station did not meet provincial guidelines for a transfer station and consequently, in 2004 the MOE ordered the City to cease operations at the Marine Avenue transfer site to allow for the closure and remediation of the old incinerator and associated ash landfill.

The RRC will include a commercial waste transfer station and is expected to use less than half of the land available on this property. The remainder of the land, approximately 3 hectares, could then be used as a community amenity identified in the closure plan such as: overflow parking, trails, and botanical garden.

An advisory committee that combined public, technical, and political interests was established for the planning process. This approach was selected to ensure that the process to develop recommendations was collaborative and reflected the broader community interests and needs.

The *Plan* development included in depth public engagement to meet the requirements in Section 27 of the Environmental Management Act. Public engagement was executed through the various steps of the planning process. In addition to the advisory committee meetings, a community survey was undertaken to gain insights into the community's likes and dislikes regarding the current system and what they would like to see in the future, and a detailed community engagement program was enacted to obtain input on the *Plan*.

The community engagement program associated with the *Plan* consisted of:

- Open house at the Marine Avenue site to facilitate site tours and information boards
- Community open houses in Electoral Area A, B, C and D, the City of Powell River, and Tla'amin Nation
- Presentations to community organizations
- Presentations to City Council and Tla'amin Nation

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- Newsletter mailed to all homes
- A video that explained the proposed clean-up and RRC - <https://youtu.be/oSRVsqk4Ags>
- Online and hard copy survey with a draw prize offered as an incentive
- qRD website updates with links on the City and Tla'amin sites
- Information Boards at Blackberry Festival, Fall Fair, Sunshine Music Festival, Health & Wellness Fair, and Tla'amin Land Management Open House

For Further Information:

Mike Wall, Manager of Asset Management & Strategic Initiatives

qathet Regional District
#202 - 4675 Marine Avenue

Powell River, BC

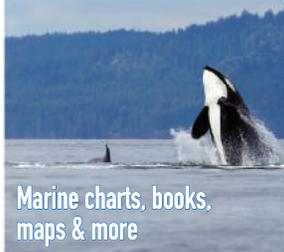
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Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



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Northside Volunteer Fire Department Update

Ryan Thoms
 Manager of Emergency Services
 qathet Regional District

You may have noticed the recent land clearing on a property on the south edge of the village centre on the east side of Highway 101. This is the property upon which the Northside Volunteer Fire Department (NVFD) is intending to build a replacement for the Lund fire hall. This 2.5 acre property, 700 metres south of the current Lund fire hall, was generously donated to the NVFD by a group of local residents this past year. The current Lund fire hall, built in the early 1970s, is in dire need of replacement: the foundation is collapsing, the structure itself is in need of repairs, and the truck bays aren't large enough to hold the current modern fire trucks that the NVFD needs in order to maintain its service to the community. By moving from the current 0.1 acre property on Larson Road, the NVFD will have a more appropriate space for the coming century. The Fire Chief and qathet Regional District staff intend to bring plans and a budget to the qRD Board for consideration for the 2019 NVFD budget.

The intent is for the new Lund fire hall to remain as a satellite in support of the #1 fire hall on Craig Road, but with larger truck bays and more space for fire and medical first responder equipment storage. The larger property will mean ample parking space for volunteers

as well as an opportunity for outdoor training right at the Lund fire hall, something that has not been possible in the past. As part of the budgeting process, the NVFD intends to hold a public open house, a follow-up to the open house held back in January 2018, to show preliminary sketches of the new Lund fire hall and to hear public input. No date has been chosen yet for the upcoming open house though it is anticipated it will occur in late winter or early spring so stay tuned for that announcement.

Did you know the NVFD responded to 81 emergency incidents in 2018? This is a small increase over the 2017 number of incidents. A little over half the incidents were in response to medical emergencies but 14 responses were to fires in forest, brush, structures, garbage, and vehicles. Other incident responses included rescues and motor vehicle accidents. The NVFD is continually training to maintain their skills in order to keep our community safe. New volunteers are always welcome. 🌟

Monique Labusch - Painter

Influenced by the beautiful colours of nature around her.

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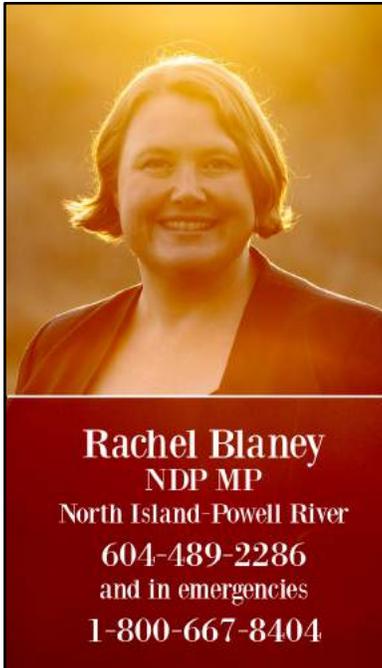
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From the Office of our Member of Parliament

Drewen Young, Constituency Assistant
Powell River Community Office



The recent announcement of a farm-free corridor for migrating wild salmon in Broughton Archipelago spells a win for future wild salmon stocks as well as a portentous victory for future relationships between government, First Nations, and industry.

According to the announcement made in early December, governments and industry came together to create a “farm-free migration corridor” for wild salmon in Queen Charlotte Strait at the northeastern tip of Vancouver Island.

“I am pleased that the Indigenous communities were rightfully a part of a government-to-government discussion and at the decision-making table,” MP Rachel Blaney said. “This outlines a process that levels of government and industry can use to address concerns in the future.”

The agreement was forged in early December between the federal and provincial governments, three First Nations communities (Namgis, the Kwikwasut’inuxw Haxwa’mis, and Mamalilikulla), and the aquaculture industry. It follows months of contentious discussion. First Nations protesters occupied fish farm sites in the Broughton Archipelago contending the fish farms spread viruses and promote disease and sea lice which harm the wild stock that for millennium have used these migratory paths. First Nations have an important stake in this debate as

salmon have always played a vital role in coastal First Nations culture and their communities depend on salmon as a staple food source and for jobs.

The new agreement calls for 17 fish farms owned by Marine Harvest Canada and Cermaq Canada to be closed, phased out or moved onto land starting immediately. Four farms will close in 2019, two in 2020, and four more within the next two years. It is expected the decommissioning of the farms will take several years. In order to continue operating in Broughton Archipelago, the last seven fish farms must have First Nations approval and licences from the Department of Fisheries and Oceans in order to operate.

This condition is due to guidelines set in June 2018 by the provincial government. The new guidelines require fish farm operators to obtain approval and permission from First Nations to operate in their territories. As well, the guidelines indicate operators need to satisfy the DFO (Department of Fisheries) that their operations don’t have an adverse impact on wild stock in the area.

Another important contributing factor in bringing this agreement to fruition was acceptance of a recommendation that a First Nations-led monitoring program be put into place to oversee operations of the fish farms during the transition period, according to the provincial government. According to aquaculture industry spokespeople, jobs will not be lost during the transition period.

MP Rachel Blaney is pleased and encouraged by the cooperation shown between all parties. “I think the important thing to focus on right now is the good work done between all levels of government,” she said. “This format has delivered its first test: an agreement that everyone can get behind and is the beginning of the acknowledgement of aboriginal rights and title. This is an agreement that respects the First People and maintains jobs. My role now is to continue to follow up with the DFO Minister to fulfill his part of the agreement and to ensure there are resources to do the appropriate testing of aquaculture facilities and practices that the Environment Commissioner measured so poorly in 2018 and to ensure there is funding for salmon enhancement programs.”

Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Aleicia Vincent and Alisha Van Belle

Happy New Year from the Puddle Jumpers!

This fall leading into winter was busy and exciting for our preschoolers. Alisha continued to provide enriching activities in and out of the classroom including several excursions into the community. The students visited the Tla'amin Salmon Hatchery where they toured the facility, watched salmon in the river window, learned about their life cycle, and made salmon prints. Closer to Christmas, they also wrote letters to Santa and delivered them to Ruth in the Booth (aka the post office).

The themes of winter, animals, hibernation, and holiday traditions threaded through the curriculum, bringing a great deal of festive joy. The kids created bird treats and decorated a tree in the playground for the birds to have a winter feast; they baked gingerbread and muffins, and were surprised with a visit from Sinterklaas from Holland and the gifts he left in their shoes! As the winter break approached, they made gifts of bath bombs, soap, and tree decorations to give to their families.

Guests in the classroom continue to be a welcome addition with Sosan Blaney visiting for drumming, Sheila helping out, and Sandy's music offerings.



Upcoming are Ria teaching preschool gymnastics to the kids for a few weeks and a field trip is planned to play with clay with potters Ron and Jan at their Rare Earth Studio. We regularly have Nahila come into the class as our favourite "big kid helper". The kids look forward to having visitors and special events, and it is wonderful to see the community support the Preschool. If you would like to volunteer or share a skill or activity, please let us know! We have also been lucky enough to welcome some new friends and families to the Preschool classroom.



The Craft Fair in November was successful and Puddle Jumpers would like to thank the community for their support. We hosted a table at the Fair with items that are available to be won through our raffle. Tickets are still available with the draw date being on February 5. If you would like to purchase tickets or see a full list of AMAZING prizes and support our most important fundraiser of the year, visit the Lund Puddle Jumpers website and send us an email. Or call Alisha at (604) 414-0091.

Once again, Puddle Jumpers would like to extend thanks to the community for your ongoing support of our school and our program - by enrolling your children, volunteering, and

Photos courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

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supporting our fundraising efforts. Another way to show support for the school is through donations of in-need items. The Preschool maintains a "wish list" which currently includes child-size wheelbarrows, a good quality trike for our youngest kids, Playmobil figures and pirate ship, small ladders, light saw horses that small kids could move around, "spare parts" items such as PVC pipe to build with, an old steering wheel, good quality plastic exotic and sea-type animals (e.g. Schleich), and milk crates. If you have any of these items lying around unused, we would gratefully accept any donations!

Wishing you all the best for 2019! 🍀



Photos courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Puddle Jumpers Kids Tell a Story

Twyla – age 4, Talia – age 3, George – age 5,
Eden – age 3, Caleb – age 3, and Bear – age 3

It was a cold, wintery day when...

A puppy was barking. The cats went meow and hiss. Snowflakes were falling from the sky.

There was a toboggan guy. He brought a toboggan for everybody but his brother. They all rolled down the hill. And there was a bear. Grrrr.

The bear tried to catch snowflakes. And then he pounced on people and even a deer. And then the people pulled the bear and the deer and ate them. The bear and the people and the deer all fell and fight with each other. It was a **huge** snowball fight!

Afterwards they be friends. They played together all day and had hot chocolate and chocolate milk and chips and everything. And two kitties climbed up a tree and down and climbed around and the puppy tried to get them down the tree.

The End 🌟



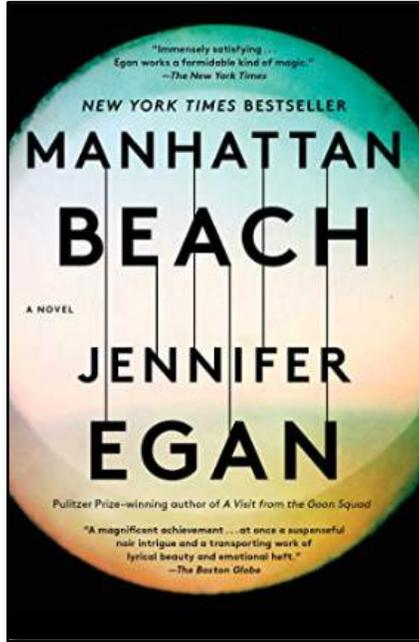
Photos courtesy of Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Lund Reads

Ev Pollen

Hello Lundies!

The new novel MANHATTAN BEACH, by Jennifer Egan, delivers what good literature should, immersing the reader in other places, times, and lives. In this case the place is the US Navy shipyard in New York City, the time is the early 1930s, and the main characters are Ed Kerrigan, his daughter Anna, and a gangster named Dexter Stiles. The Great

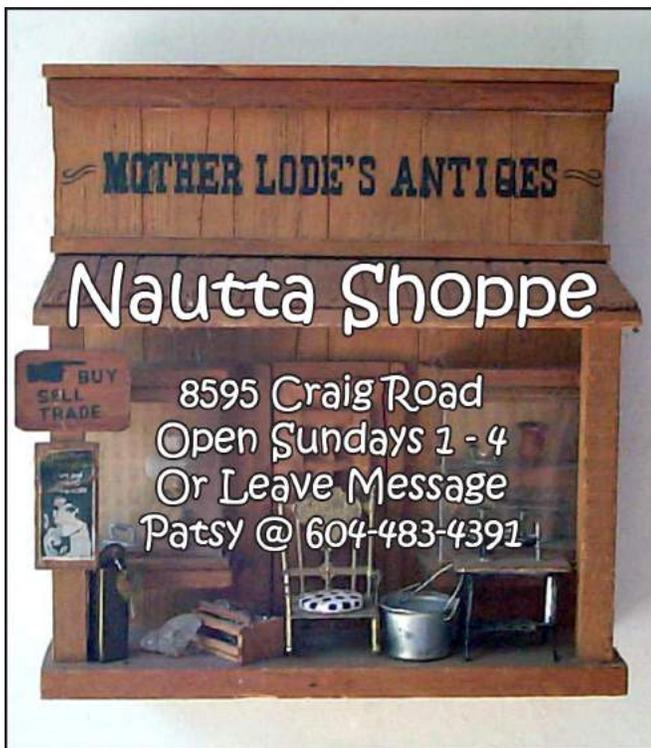


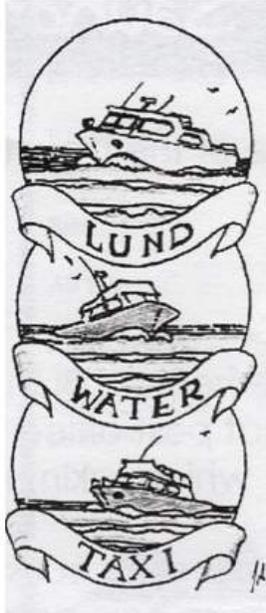
Depression is on and Ed, a dock worker, is longing to see ships enter the harbour as he struggles to

provide for his wife and two daughters, one severely disabled. In desperation he approaches Stiles in hopes of finding employment and brings young Anna to play with Stiles' children while the men talk. It becomes obvious that Anna is intelligent and engaging, and Stiles takes brief notice of her. The action resumes a few years later, as America is fully engaged in the war and women are working in jobs previously held by men. Anna is employed in a tedious job at the Manhattan Beach shipyard and her father has disappeared, leaving Anna and her mother feeling mystified and furious. Anna's mother takes the handicapped sister and returns to her family in the Midwest, and through Anna's eyes we see America as it was in that era. We see the hierarchy of the gangsters and the casual violence perpetrated. We learn how a diver in a 200-pound costume including a spherical brass helmet can conduct a midnight search of the ocean floor while tethered by air hose to a barge on the surface. We learn how a convoy of warships navigates enemy waters. We feel optimism and despair for the various characters. All of this is conveyed without judgment or allusion to the present, but as a well-told story of how individuals coped and thrived within their circumstances.

I hope you enjoy MANHATTAN BEACH. 🌟

I hope you enjoy MANHATTAN BEACH. 🌟





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... short stories, poetry, and such

A Poem by Brian Voth

I wrote this in 1978, when we in the forest industry were doing a lot of thinning of young forests. The principle was similar to that of thinning carrots in a garden. On the day I wrote about, I had decided to survey some of these young forests for possible thinning in a large area where the roads were no longer drivable. I have always loved snow, possibly partly because I grew up in Vancouver where for a young boy like me, the rare snowfalls were highly anticipated and brought pure joy. So although that day was hard work, I was also revelling in this awesome snowfall.

Second Growth

Twenty years
since the loggers were here,
the ancient stems
laid flat and hauled away.

But now,
in a relentless and mindless race,
the young hemlock
are slowly jostling for space.

A breathless day,
silent and gray,
the snow floats down,
and softly builds.

For hours,
I push and scramble
through dense and tangled growth;
the snow,
perched on every twig,
darts and swirls as I move.

Arms and legs
part the way,
my breath comes hard,
and fogs the air.

I break through
to an abandoned road,
a brief respite
from my snowy swim,
my racing heart calms down.

Surrounded by stillness,
and a vastness
of cold unfeeling earth,
I feel my smallness,
and I feel my warmth. ❄️



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

How in the World Did You End Up in Lund?

Ron Bignell

For me, how I ended up here is greatly a story about my wife Gillian and her family as I followed them here. Not in a weird stalker kind of way but with hopes of becoming one of the family. For me, it started like this:

I first saw Lund in 1995. It was one of those perfect summer days that we are all yearning for this time of year. We had driven up from the city and were bound for Hernando Island where the Richards family had a lovely cabin since 1980. Gillian and I had loaded up with groceries and liquor (a 50/50 split in those days), the final leg of the trip in sight. We had left the city about 7 hours earlier and were grabbing lunch at Nancy's, taking time to enjoy the harbour view and those lovely tunes that made you think you were in some tropical port...which I guess we were.

In our crazy early years, with Gill producing TV commercials in the film industry and me art directing in advertising, the contrast between Friday at work and Saturday arriving in Lund was as great as one can imagine. Our layers of stress evaporated as the journey from city to fishing village unwound. On the dock in the Lund harbour soaking up the sun and scenery set us up for the other life, escape to the beauty of a place and a simpler life.

We came as often as we could. Even tried spending Christmas at Hernando with Gill's parents Bertie and Pamela once - boy what a mistake that was. Minus 2 with a dense sea fog for 5 days in a lovely high ceiling glass house designed for summer living. We had Xmas dinner in front of the fireplace dressed as if snowmobiling. We stoked three fires 24 hours a day so we could be cold not frozen. Even our dog welcomed a sleeping bag. Despite the festive frostbite it remains a story we all fondly recall.

In May 1997 at Gillian's suggestion I resigned from my

job in advertising to go freelance. Those 10 years in advertising were the most enjoyable I ever had making a living...advertising Kokanee beer back when it was funny...not a bad gig. The summer of '97 was our summer of Hernando, Lund, and Powell River. We spent 3 glorious months up here and I wished it could have been longer...it took 20 more years for that day to come.



Photo courtesy of Gillian Richards

We arrived on Hernando May 9 and quickly developed a routine. Every week or so we'd jump in the boat and head to town for a game of golf, groceries, liquid supplies, and dinner, then back by dark. We walked every day and I painted nearly every day. The summer was beautiful and I was on a bit of a personal mission. I had always wanted to be a real artist, a fine artist. But I had chosen the commercial art path and thus tried to squeeze in 'fine art time' whenever I could. Three months on a quiet, beautiful island with a supportive partner was the best thing I could have asked for. Prolific, experimental, and hungry to improve, I toiled away at my art. My fondest memories are of packing easel and art supplies across the island to paint for the day, then having Gillian arrive by bike or dingy with lunch

in hand. Oh my, what a glorious time.

About half way through our island sabbatical I realized that this was the woman I had to spend the rest of my life with. Lacking the material conveniences of life in the city to make the spectacular proposal (the way a romantic dinner at a fancy restaurant or front row seats at a Yankee's game always seem to work for Hollywood), I painted a wedding proposal for Gillian's birthday. It was a hit, meaning she said YES! We enjoyed our remaining time there even more until reality (we were broke) pulled us back to the city and into our careers.

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Gillian was back to making TV commercials and I had stumbled into a long career in video games thanks to meeting the right person at the right time as a freelancer. The more we worked in those creative and exciting but somewhat life-sucking industries, the more we sought freedom, nature, peace, and a shitload less traffic. We kept coming back to Hernando and the Lund area; it was like our recharge station. By the early 2000s, however, we were spending less time up here; work and the city were winning.

So this tradition of city escapes through Lund continued until recent years. In September 2013 we snuck away for a rare two weeks and it was on our last day with the car loaded, boat moored, and dog tied to a chair it shouldn't be tied to on Nancy's patio, when Gill said, "I really think we should go look at that house that's for sale in Lund." Me the pessimistic perfectionist replied, "But those photos were terrible and we might miss the ferry." Yes we did miss the ferry and yes went to see her house. The place the locals called Coyote Cove. We snuck down the driveway to take a peek. The Coyote place was holy shit amazing. The house was no peach but the location was a gem. Inside a minute we were talking crazy shit, "We should buy this! We could rent it in summer! We could rebuild? We could...MISS THE FERRY!" I interrupted.

We jumped in the car and raced off, managing to catch the Saltery boat but knowing we'd miss the next. A highspeed drive half way to Gibsons got us a room for the night and the last dinner served over which the dialogue was frantic; we were like two excited kids talking about the prom, not that I've been to one but they do seem exciting. It was the fastest smart decision we ever made; we were going to buy "the coyote house" in Lund.

Next Saturday we made the trip back up to meet the realtor with our parents in tow as they had to see what all the excitement was about. A month later we came up as owners. It was like going to Hernando but so much easier. And the best part was we were about to be a part of Lund. We got to know people and understand what a special community this is. We already knew what astonishing beauty it offered but this new layer was a rich discovery.

Back home the video game biz still had me in a pretty good choke hold; I wasn't going anywhere fast. Visits to Lund were infrequent and visits to Hernando even less so. Hence we decided to rent The Cove during the

summers. It was popular but in the third year I got a chance to leave work early; Freedom 55 I called it though that was just a happy coincidence. Life in the city was changing for the worse; we had a front row seat to rapid changes that did not sit well with us. It was hard to get anywhere. Communities were changing fast as the charming old was replaced with the glitzy new and the tacky grand. It doesn't matter how much you love your home; if your neighbourhood changes for the worse you will want to move on.

So we had the big chat about life: stay in the city and find work or move to Lund and say good bye to "the man". I never met "the man" but it seems a lot of people want to say adios to him lately. Thankfully Gillian's parents were up for a new start; they moved full time to PowTown and us to Lund in 2016.

The house had sunk into the ground on both ends and was infested with rats so we hired our friend Colin Mallery and his boys to pull off the renovation extraordinaire. I didn't think it was possible to have it come out this pretty but he managed to do it. An 8-month renovation turned our Lund shack into a charming little house. Two Labrador pups made it a happier home. Life is good. Lund is lovely. Life is here now so pop over for a beer. 🍷



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Plants From Here

Trish Keays

We know plants give food, medicine, shade, wood, fibers, and wonderful smells. They also give dye across an amazing range of natural colours.

I have experimented with natural dyes made from plants from here; what an adventure! My mom and I collected and processed the natural plant materials over a couple of months, then a couple of years, learning to know the plants better.

The plant material combines with different fixatives, also known as mordants, to give different tones and sometimes even different colours. Different inorganic oxides serve as mordants – iron (which saddens colour), alum (which brightens it), and others. Combining chemical and vegetative material to yield a lasting beautiful colour is like alchemy.

The same dye bath and mordant can also result in a different colour with a different fibre or different weights of cotton, silk, linen, and wool. Natural fibers are so fascinating.

In one project, I dyed a fine, tight-crimped natural coloured wool that a friend sent me from Greece with these plants, in different dye baths:

- **Red Alder** – chips
- **Red Cedar** – chips and some bark
- **Oregon Grape** – roots
- **Red Elderberry** - berries
- **Blackberries** – invasive kind
- **Lichen** – two types (the Scottish tartans were originally dyed with lichens, with urine yielding bright greens and blues)
- **Onion** - skins (not exactly a native plant, but skins are usually available in quantity)

The bright orange **Red Alder** chips yielded a somewhat dull brown dye (almost more like the purple of the tree before it breaks out in the spring than the orange of the chipped wood or grey of the bark).

Red Cedar bark and chips gave the same warm, cinnamon brown colour that older cedar wood can take on – with an undertone of almost purple.

Oregon Grape gave a fabulous yellow colour; bright clear yellow with alum, and dull yellow/tan with iron. The *Berberis* genus has a number of plant species that yield the unique range of clarity and brightness. I think all three of the Oregon grape species native to BC yield dye from the roots.

Red Elderberries – ahghg! I wouldn't recommend this to anyone. The colour wasn't much (washed out tan, as I recall) but the rank, unpleasant smell of the berries was so memorable; it permeated the house for days. Black and blue elderberries, which are found in the interior, might be better, at least worth a try.

Blackberries gave a lightly purplish tan/brown – nothing like the rich red/purple colour of the juice. These were the fat invasive (Himalayan) blackberry, not the smaller Pacific blackberry. *Who wants to waste blackberries on dyes, when we can enjoy them in so many edible ways?*

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Lichen – collecting enough of these was a challenge, and identifying lichens was another. It was fun, though. One type is scraped off rocks; the other collected from downed trees. I wasn't able to figure out which native lichen species might yield the lovely colours of Scottish tartans – I did get a good dark grey out of one, though.

Onion skins yield a beautiful orange, also clear with an alum mordant and muddier with iron.

The amazing thing about the wool dyed with these native plants is that the different colours blended so beautifully. I knit a sweater, combining the different colours; they blend together so each one complements the others.

I'm sure there is a full palette of beautiful colours and tones in native plants waiting to be discovered as natural dye sources, just as a promising cancer cure was discovered in the native Yew tree.

But who has the time to research, harvest, prepare, experiment, test these historical processes and technologies? Hmm: citizen



Photo courtesy of Trish Keays

scientists, students, retired people with time on their hands, fabric artists, interpretive scientists in anthropology, linguistics, First Nations culture, maybe readers of the *Barnacle!*



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My First Christmas in Mexico

Wendy Larson

This story is dredged from my memory bank, circa 1992. It was my first Christmas in Mexico. Things were different then: no internet cafes, no cell phones, no bank machines. If you wanted to call home you would line up at a payphone with your handful of pesos, struggle with your bad Spanish to communicate with an operator, and hope someone was home to take your call. When you were in Mexico you could be incommunicado for weeks. I miss those days!

That first year I went solo to Barra de Navidad. I was befriended by a local Mexican lady in the tianges (outdoor gift market). Through her, I got to know all the vendors and I hung out a lot with two silver jewelry vendors, Johnny and Raul. They had both been selling silver in various beach town resorts up and down the Pacific coast and spoke a fair amount of English.

I would go with them to their soccer games in nearby towns and to Johnny's family's house for meals in nearby Santiago. When Christmas rolled around (I arrived there in late November), Johnny and Raul decided to go to Raul's grandma's place, almost 300 miles down the coast in Petatlan. They invited me to go with them to have a real Mexican Christmas.

This sounded like a great adventure to me so I stuffed my backpack for a weekend stay and headed out with them to catch a bus to Petatlan. Travelling by bus in Mexico over the Christmas holidays is not for the claustrophobic. Of course we were not travelling on the first class bus; ours was standing room only. This may not sound so bad but the bus ride took two days.

Although not recommended for tourists, this bus travelled through the dangerous state of Guerrero. I guess the reasoning is no one would rob a bus full of impoverished Mexicans.

I remember that in the middle of the night, out in the middle of nowhere, our bus driver pulled over for a nap. No one, except me, found this unusual. Everybody tried to get comfortable. People were sitting in the aisles trying to have a nap. After a couple of hours, the bus driver felt refreshed enough to carry on.

We arrived at Grandma's house the next afternoon. Well, not really a house. A little bar with a courtyard in the back with four cabins. Drinks were served at the bar, and if the patrons saw a barmaid who appealed to them, they took her out back to a cabin. Yes, Grandma owned a brothel!

Johnny, Raul, and I had our own cabin. An uncle seemed to be a permanent fixture in the courtyard, keeping an eye on things. Johnny, Raul, and Grandma spent the first night, all night, cooking a feast for the next day. I was tired from my sleepless bus ride and turned in early. The next day was Christmas and the whole family was going to the beach with the massive feast my friends had spent the night preparing.

An old VW van pulled up at the door and we were shoe-horned in to the overstuffed space. We were a total of 13 people and, of course, all the food which featured a humungous cast iron pot of mole. It was about a 1/2 hour to the beach but we made it. Once there we set up the food under a giant communal palapa, joining all the other Mexican families for a Christmas feast.

We spent two more days at the brothel before returning to Barra; it was a Christmas I'll never forget! 🍷

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Home is Where the Story Begins

(a common quote and my current living truth)

Bobbie-Jo Harris

Hello new neighbors! It will be a pleasure to meet you. Recently I was invited to a local birthday potlatch. Loving to cook, socialize and having just moved to Lund weeks prior, I jumped at the chance. What a great evening amongst my actual neighbors. (*homes in hills above me, nowhere seen, but comforting nonetheless to know they're there*) One lively woman straight away asked "Do you write?" Yes. I do. Daily. (*in my journal*) Again invited - to write a story under 600 words and true.

This challenges me as I love chatter, plus the latter requirement seems ambiguous. I have a belief that stories told are, in most ways, true to the teller. I feel that inside one's sharing are aspects of variety and perception. So I'll tell my story.

Travelling the Gulf Islands and being a new face in small communities had got me used to ALL kinds of questions; hearing tales from other's lives is often quite interesting and inspiring. Then comes the moment where the conversation turns toward me and questions begin. "Who are you? Where are you from? Where do you live? Why did you come here? What do you do? What are you doing here? Are you moving?..." People are not shy. Neither am I; it's just at that time I didn't have many interesting or inspiring answers.

I lost who I had been on many levels; I didn't live anywhere exactly. House sitting logistically requires privacy, "out of my jeep" brought more questions and to say "at my parents" at 46 was kind of funny, but sort of NOT. I was in a physical state unable to do much really. Why then was I hopping forty-six ferries in a

year? Big hope was to see a whale (*would've settled for those racing porpoises I kept hearing about. Nothing!*); second was finding a next place to live/work nearby the ocean, and lastly was to come back home. I was born and raised in Powell River, my family lives here, and traversing water is a given in my life.

December 2017, I arrived again for Christmas and decided (*somewhere between a wicked flu and a Hallmark movie marathon*) that there's no place like home. So, upon recovery (*from both*) the search began. Looking to set new roots, get grounded, reconnect, and find my Soul Space.

In July, I viewed this house in Finn Bay but wasn't quite sure. For weeks my head spun, doubtful thoughts ruminated through lingering good feelings. I went to Emmonds Beach to NOT think on it, taking a mental time out. Hours later, staring towards the calming blue horizon line, I saw a break in the stillness. One swift black and white arch. It was a FIN!!! That was it! My nudge, the push...well, I leaped. Yes, the connotation is off, but it was the SIGN to Finn Bay!

The very concept of home itself is my passion; I love to be home and designing them was my livelihood in multiple cities for 24 years. I've co-created with countless people expressing themselves through spaces and places. The stories that homes tell, truths or versions thereof, are my never-ending interest. Energies live within structures, neighborhoods, and lore. Having a penchant for heritage and character you can just imagine... and that's the point. Create beautiful visions

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for your home. Follow them. The feeling of HOME resides within your heart. Mine lead me to this charming cabin in the woods and my inspiration is to create another story for her and myself to share.



Photo courtesy of Bobbie-Jo Harris

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In a Heartbeat ... My summer of life changing events

Malerie Meeker

Write about these personal events? "Absolutely no". However, weeks later I realize sharing my story helps normalize it – a type of therapy, if you will. It allows me to thank people whose expertise was essential through challenging times. Finally, I'm hoping others learn from my experience. Keep you and your loved ones safe – take every insect sting seriously. Take messaging about sensitivities and allergies seriously. You could – literally – save lives.

"John – I think I'm having a bad reaction to that sting." That was how it all started. I was playing with our granddaughter, Anika, and my leg rolled over a yellow jacket. No big deal; I've been stung dozens of times before. A few minutes later, I realized that something was wrong, very wrong, and I called out to John. Miracle 1 – John was in the house and not on his tractor or in the greenhouse. He walked in wearing his housecoat, took one look at me, and said "Get into the car." I hesitated, sputtered something about him getting dressed. "Get Into The Car!!" As I got to the car I was stumbling and knew I couldn't get Ani into her car seat. I set her on my lap and said "Just drive."

Seconds later I realized Anika was holding my phone. What?!! Miracle 2 – Ani has my phone! Having the phone gets full miracle status, regardless of the categorically unhelpful 911 call. But that's another story. As the dispatcher's voice came through the Bluetooth system, I lost consciousness. By then John was well into his heroic drive to the hospital: holding Anika against me with his right hand, driving while overtaking cars and sounding the horn with his left hand. The entire time he was watching me. First, deep, loud rattily breaths. Then sweat pouring off me. Then the breathing getting slower and shallower and then imperceptible. Then the colour in my face going chalk white.

John made record time to the hospital. Miracle 3 – an ambulance and paramedics were at the emergency doors. They pulled me out of the car and got me into the trauma room. Code Blue – full-on anaphylactic shock: no breath, organs shutting down except my heart, which was in fibrillation. Later that day John was told had he been a minute or so later, they wouldn't have been able to save me. Miracle 4 – John did it, he got me there in time. Miracles 5 and 6 – Dr. Sasha Uhlmann and Dr. Chris Morwood are in emergency. I regained consciousness for a few reassuring seconds: I saw Sasha's face as he shone a flashlight into my eyes and heard his voice – "She's a family friend; I know her well."

I regained consciousness some 30 minutes later ... starring in my own ER drama. Intubation and crash board equipment were at the side of the bed. Tubes were coming out both arms and my body. Blood on the sheets. Blood? Apparently it is difficult to get IV needles in collapsed veins; speed was imperative. My clothes were cut off and laying in shreds. Dr. Uhlmann and Dr. Morwood were conferring quietly; nurses were checking equipment. The tension in the room was, as they say, palpable. Then the shaking started: so much epinephrine and other life-saving drugs in my body that every muscle was reacting, shaking so hard I felt like I might bounce off the bed. John, Brooke, Andrew, Talia, Anika, Maureen – all hovering around the bed – scared. Sometime later I realized it was almost noon and I had a lunch date. I needed to contact my friend – of course! – so I asked in a loud voice "Has anybody seen my phone? I need my phone." No one laughed, but the tension in the room dissipated significantly and someone said wryly "I think she's going to be okay".

I went home the next day equipped with two EpiPens: "If you get stung again, you might need two to get the

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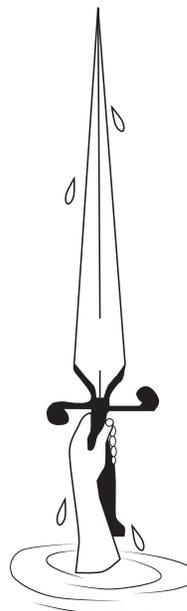
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Continued from page 26...

reaction under control", and instructions not to be further away than 20 minutes from a hospital. What? 20 minutes from a hospital? We live 25 minutes away! Really? Yes, really. The reality sinks in: no Savary, no visits to the Nahatlatch, no hiking. And then the deeper reality: I can't be left alone at home; I can't look after the little girls alone. So we switched gears: John built new screens for all the windows and we became fanatic about keeping doors closed; I bought a bee suit and did my best to curtail my fears, occasionally working in the garden; we figured out new schedules for the grandkids' care and for town trips. We worked on falling in with a "new normal". But unfortunately, it didn't stop there ...

Two weeks later I was awakened by a mosquito bite, turned over and tried to go back to sleep. Then, unbelievably, realized it was starting again: hard to breathe, nausea, light-headedness. No! I tried to ignore it, but when I was close to losing consciousness I woke John up, he gave me epinephrine, and we flew to the hospital. A few days later I was driving the girls to town; as we went down the Wildwood hill the sunlight was flickering through the trees. Again - it all started again. I pulled over, used my EpiPen, called an ambulance. Several days later I walked into a very cold air-conditioned store and seconds later was on the floor. Another Epi, another ambulance call. Then a bite from a no-see-um set off the symptoms, as did eating prawns, as did drinking ice water. In the ensuing weeks I was at the hospital with anaphylaxis nine times. I also weathered dozens of reactions on the couch - monitoring my blood pressure to make sure it didn't go below 80. I had anaphylactic reactions to food and drink that never caused me problems before, to soap smells, essential oils, gasoline, to high pitched sound, to flashing lights and bright sunlight. It was a crazy time. Miracle 7 & 8: Weekly acupuncture with Edward Sanderson and intermittent neuro-feedback sessions with Sandy Dow helped mitigate symptoms and calm me, because with each episode I felt more vulnerable, more anxious, more fearful. Actually, "terrified" was just too small a word.



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Finally, an answer. Miracle 9 - Dr. Gina Tsai, allergy specialist, had ordered blood work for venom immunotherapy (allergy shots). The results indicated I have a very rare and very complex blood disorder: systemic mastocytosis. "Don't go on the internet! Don't read about it! I have referred you to a hematologist; wait, talk with her." As if. I soon understood why: Google *systemic mastocytosis* and *fatal within 4 years of*

Continued on page 29...

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Continued from page 28...

diagnosis pops up. Luckily, my calm daughter Brooke quickly did her own research and found that applied to the severest form of the disease; there are other forms.

Miracle 10 – amazing Dr. Danielle Marentette. I emailed Dr. Marentette; she responded immediately, booking me for the next morning. As John and I walked into her office she said “I’m sure you have the indolent form [...least nasty...] and I think you’ve had it for years.” My brilliant doctor had spent her night researching – overnight she’d become an expert. There wasn’t a question we had she couldn’t answer. We reviewed my health history and many weird health events suddenly made sense – anaphylaxis! Now it’s clearly in full swing. She prescribed antihistamines to block or mitigate anaphylactic responses. Bone loss is a side effect; she ordered a bone density scan and I started on calcium. And I began doing my homework; there was so much to learn.

Systemic mastocytosis (SM) is a mast cell disease; mast cells are a type of white blood cell, integral in the body’s immune response and healing. My body produces too many mast cells ... way too many. So, when something triggers a mast cell release, meaning the mast cells spit out their chemicals, my body has copious amounts of those chemicals to deal with and thinks it’s under attack. The result is anaphylaxis. And if not treated well and in time, that results in anaphylactic shock. People with SM don’t have shortened life spans – as long as they don’t get careless. I’m not careless.

The difficult thing is, there are many mast cell triggers. Lots of food and drink trigger mast cell release; or certain foods and drinks which are very high in histamine can exacerbate a reaction when you have one. Right now my diet excludes alcohol, coffee, tea, chocolate, curry and spicy foods, beans, peas, spinach, tomatoes, citrus fruit, most berries, bananas, avocados, soy, most nuts and seeds, fish, shellfish, hard cheeses, cultured foods, processed meats, pickled foods, fermented food and drink, and no leftovers as histamine builds in foods after they are cooked. Lots of environmental circumstances trigger mast cell releases: abrupt changes in temperature, all kinds of smells, high frequency noise, flashing/bright lights, insect and animal venoms. Research demonstrates the most common triggers are anxiety and pain. What this all means is I can “be allergic” – respond with anaphylaxis – to almost anything at any point in time. That thing about people living in a bubble? Not so far off.

The remainder of the summer was challenging; I mostly stayed in the house. I went to Haywire Bay twice (17 minutes from the hospital), completely ignored my garden, and filled my days playing with grandchildren.

Now it is December; life is decidedly better. I have monthly allergy injections for yellow jacket stings. If I get stung I may need to use an EpiPen and go to the hospital for monitoring, but it is unlikely that I will be taken out by an insect! My hematologist, Dr. Chantal Leger – Miracle 11 – added a mast cell stabilizer to the list and I had my last big anaphylactic reaction six weeks ago. When I have reactions now they are milder and easier to manage. As I understood the disease better and relaxed, I realized the toll the ongoing stress was taking. Enter Miracle 12 – Chris Drummond, registered clinical counsellor. I’m working with Chris to address post-traumatic stress. It’s my kind of therapy – somatic healing – active therapy with EFT tapping and movement exercises. I’m slowly starting to reintroduce specific foods and drinks, with some success. I’m driving, I’ve been alone with and without my grandkids, we visited family out of town. The “new normal” is here.

Through the holidays I experienced gratitude like never before. I came so close to not having that joyful

Continued on page 30...

Continued from page 29...

experience. I am so grateful ... grateful for the same things as before: family, friends, community and its helpers, my home, this beautiful place. But I am grateful in a fully awake and aware way, surrounded by love. That is the grand lesson – and Miracle 13 – Gratitude.

Afterward – December 31: I've just returned from hospital visit number 10. More lessons. Acceptance: even with vigilance, I can't control everything. Trust: I know what to do, my body knows what to do, I will be fine. Lots to learn ... I'm getting there. 🌱

The Lagoon

A Tale from the Broughton Archipelago

feather Mills

Preparation is the key to success. That's been my motto for many years. I think I picked it up from a NordicTrack commercial when I was a teenager, but hey, you take your wisdom where you find it. And yet, in spite of this, I'm not always prepared. In the remote waters of the Pacific Northwest, a lack of preparedness can lead to problems.

Such was the case at Broughton Island, on our way back from a trip north of Cape Caution on our sailboat, *Freyja A*, last summer. We were anchored near the entrance to Broughton Lagoon and early one morning, on a whim, I said to my husband "It's nearly low tide; I'm just going to paddle over to the channel to check out the lagoon." I quickly slid over the back of the sailboat into the little blue kayak, without my hat or my water bottle, calling to Simon "I won't be long..." Famous last words.

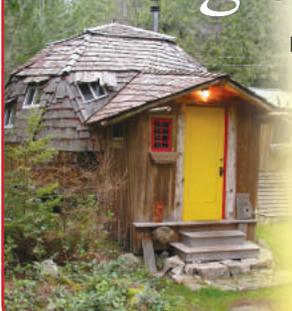
It's not like I had any excuse. After the better part of the summer spent exploring the Central Coast from Desolation Sound to near Klemtu, I had had some experience with tidal lagoons. Roaring Hole Rapids near Turnbull Cove was one of the more memorable locations. With a name like that how could it be otherwise? I'd watched that passage turn from glassy calm to a roaring hole in a matter of twenty minutes.

Broughton Lagoon is connected to Greenway Sound by two channels, one wide and straight recommended for dinghy access. The other is narrow, perhaps less than twenty feet wide. It was through this tiny slot that the ebb current had sent a focused jet of water into our anchorage overnight, making *Freyja* slew about uncomfortably. I paddled into this narrow defile, into the shade of the trees, against the last weak swirls of the ebbing current. The passage was very shallow with rocky shelves only a foot below my kayak. But what took my breath away were the starfish. Often, in the still water among the islands there are no starfish at all, so I was amazed to see a proliferation of them, all heaped and piled on top of each other, thousands upon thousands. It was like coastal areas used to be, before the starfish blight of the last decade destroyed them.

I had seen evidence elsewhere that starfish like strong currents. At the head of Grappler Sound, where the aptly named Overflow Basin drains over a shallow stone shelf, one can scramble over the slippery rocks, and see the narrow passage choked with starfish, climbing over each other in piled profusion.

But here at Broughton Lagoon, the sheer numbers were mind boggling. Curious to see how far up the channel the starfish invasion extended, I continued toward the lagoon. I assumed the incoming tide wouldn't start with a rush, it would build slowly, giving me time to explore a little farther. Starfish coated the sides of the channel, only

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thinning in density as the passage widened out into the lagoon.

Thinking the northern passage into the lagoon would be wider still as well as deeper, I decided I had time to paddle around the island and out the other entrance. If I was quick, that is.

I set off at a sprint. The island was much larger than I had thought; my shoulders soon began to burn. I rounded the inside point of the island and saw a maelstrom of swirling currents. I paddled up, up, almost through the narrow bit when I just stopped making headway and no matter how much I strained, slowly I was pushed back into the lagoon. "Shit, shit, shit" I muttered under my breath, as I quickly turned the kayak and bolted back the way I had come. Breathing deeply, concentrating on the most efficient paddle strokes, shoulders on fire, I sped back towards the starfish. The water looked odd, like a smooth ramp over the rocks of the channel. Paddling up hill, it just wasn't possible and I was flushed back into the lagoon.



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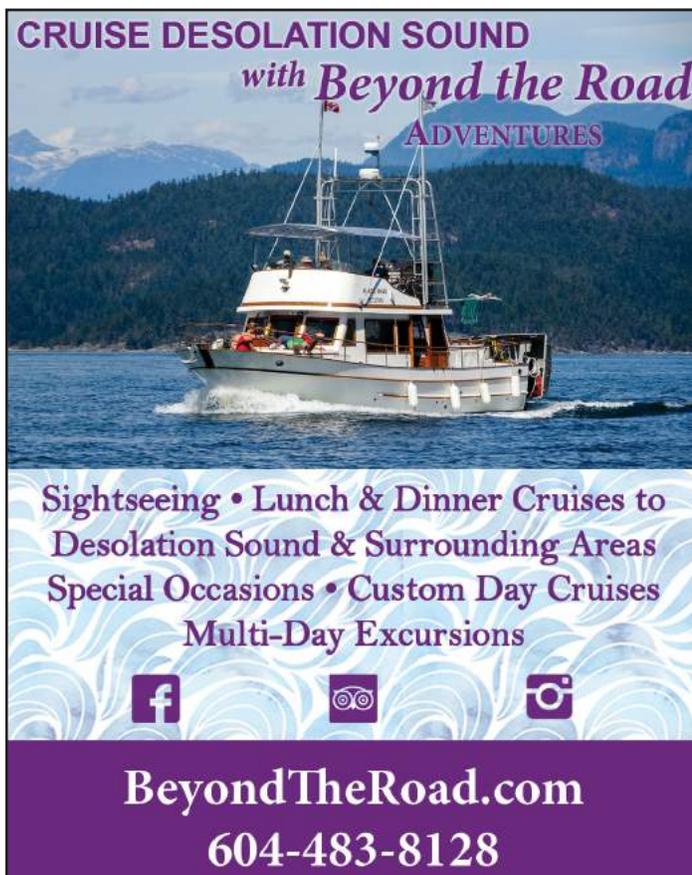
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I gave up and drifted, despairing. A seal surfaced near me, looked at me sadly. "Oh, you're trapped in here too, are you?" It exhaled gustily and slid out of sight. I found a spot near the channel entrance to pull the kayak out of the water, up above high-water mark, and tied it to a tree. Then I thrashed off through the underbrush (in the WRONG SHOES.... see bit on preparation again), up a steep drainage, climbing over fallen trees, slipping in mud, until I crested the rise and crashed downhill again, emerging onto the shore outside the lagoon, thinking mostly, "there is no way I'm dragging the kayak through that!" But I had reached the beach and could see our sailboat moored a short distance away. I sat on a rock in the sun and looked at it...longingly? Sheepishly? I could see my husband come on deck and look towards the shore. He waved; I waved back. He went below and fetched binoculars. I sat on the rock and waited.

Six hours. It's going to be six hours before I can get the kayak through the passage again. Simon waved again and then disappeared below decks, going back to whatever he had been doing. I sighed and wished I'd brought some water to drink. See previous...you know. Preparation. Sitting in the hot sun was clearly not a good idea so I scrambled back along the passage to where I had seen the most starfish. I pulled myself up onto a shady rock shelf and settled to watch the changing current, avoiding deposits of bird poop. As the water level on the outside of the lagoon rose, the passage I had so recently paddled through turned into a waterfall, with water surging over a three foot drop to form a haystack, or standing wave, at the bottom. You could have surfed on it, it was so big. I spotted a starfish, come loose from the rock, spinning past in the current. (Wheeee!) A kingfisher flashed through the branches, heading for a perch just above my head. At the last second it saw me and turned, landing across

Continued on page 32...



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Continued from page 31...

the channel. It sat and scolded. I spoke to it: "Oh those are your droppings are they? I guess I'm in your spot." Chastised by the bird, I pushed my way through the undergrowth and onto...a path. Long neglected and a bit overgrown, for sure, it was nevertheless a fairly level path that when followed, emerged onto the lagoon a short distance from my tethered kayak. I walked back and forth, moving fallen branches and bending back the blackberries. After an hour or so I had it sufficiently cleared to carefully carry the little boat on one shoulder through the bushes, depositing it on the shore. Then I went back for the rest of my gear and suddenly I was free. A mere three hours after setting off for a twenty minute trip, I was able to slide back into my boat and paddle thankfully back to *Freyja*.

I clambered back on board, sweaty, thirsty, sunburned, scratched, and with blisters on my feet, desperate for that first big mouthful of water. And determined that in future, I would listen to my own advice, and be prepared. 🌱

Speaking in the Barnacular

Ted Durnin

I'm in a play again. It's a pantomime, which is something like a real play, except less serious and funnier and with more audience participation. Everybody gets to dress up in ridiculous costumes and sing and dance and tell jokes and occasionally remember the plot. And it's an all-ages show for everyone with no one left out.

It's not a play to win. It's a play to keep playing. The distinction between these two types of play is a useful one, so thank you to Andrew Dow of Elements Movement yoga studio for that. He wasn't talking about this kind of play. He was talking about playing with a stick. It's more fun than you might think. I'll show you sometime if you like. All you need is a stick, and a willingness to play without thinking about winning.

I'd say this is a win-win thing except that it's not. How could it be? I mean, let's say you have a stick and a dog. You can throw the stick and he goes to get it and drops it for you to throw again. That's playing to play. Or you can throw the stick and he can bring it back and then not give it back, and you can have a big tug-of-war which is kind of fun, and then when he wins he takes his stick and goes off somewhere like a kid taking his ball and going home. And then it's not so fun and he played to win.

Can play to play apply in other places? Can I work to work? That doesn't sound right. Sleep to sleep? Mmm...not really. Swim to swim? Yeah, that might work. How about read to read? I used to be like that. I wonder...

Can this be used to define what is play and what is not? I mean, I play music. I can certainly play to play with that, and it's not something you win or lose. Going to the park with my kids is often, well, to tire them out so they won't run around yelling at 10 pm. But it is certainly not playing to win, so I guess it's play to play. Singing? Writing? Skipping? All play to play.

What about hockey? Soccer? Judo? You can certainly play those to win. Can you also play them to keep playing? Yup. I think that's why I used to get to the end of a hockey game and my five-year-old self would ask, "Who won?".

So from now on I'm going to walk the walk and talk the talk and know whether I'm playing to play or playing to win and by extension be able to figure out if I'm having fun or not. And if you can't figure it out, really have no idea, well, bring me a stick and we'll find out together. Play day here we come. 🌱

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WELL, IT'S WINTER & YEA SAD & WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

STEP 1: GET MORE SAD ABOUT IT

MAN, I'M REALLY WASTING MY LIFE

MAN *HICCUP* I SUCK, MY SIDINGSON MY *HICCUP* HOUSE IS STILL TAR *HICCUP* PAPERS, I SMELLS BAD, I DON'T *HICCUP* EVEN STOP TO SMELLS THE FLOWERS, *HIC* I DON'T *UP* DO ANYTHINGS RIGHT *BARF*

STEP 2: GET DRUNK & MORE SAD

STEP 3: ISOLATE YERSELF

STEVE, IF I GO OUTSIDE THEN 'PEOPLE WILL KNOW I'M A FAILURE WILL YOU STAY HERE WITH ME?

HEY LOSER

MEOW

POOP HEAD LOSER
YOU'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO A
JERK
FAILURE ASSHOLE
LAZY SON OF A BITCH!

SCREW YOU MEAN THOUGHTS. I'M GONNA TALK TO SOMEONE ELSE!

STEP 4: REBEL!

STEP 5: STOP ISOLATING YERSELF

MAN I FEEL LIKE I'M JUST NOT LIVING UP TO MY POTENTIAL

NO WAY, ME TOO, I'M JUST SAD ALL THE TIME & IT SUCKS

MAN, FEELS BETTER THAT IT'S NOT JUST ME ATLEAST. WANNA START A BAND?

ROCK ME MOMMA LIKE A WAGON WHEEL..

MEOWD

STEP 6: DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT

HAPPY BUMMER SEASON, SEE YOU IN THE SPRING. WE'LL MAKE IT THRU... YEAH... RIGHT?...

♥ JET

Playin' Around Puppet Theatre in Lund

Sandy Dunlop

On all of the Sundays of last November, I had the privilege of bringing my little theatre back to life and being a puppeteer for a series of shows. Each week was a new play.



Photo courtesy of Monique Labusch



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

Tidal Art Centre owners, Nancy Jeakins and Gordon Kitaura, had granted a long-standing wish of mine to have a place where I could set up and leave my stage safely. Their lovely

building was perfect: spacious, well-lit, and easy to find, with ample parking, washrooms, and even heated floors.

In an area adjoining the stage, Puddle Jumpers Preschool sold delicious baked goods and drinks as a fundraiser. Alisha Van Belle and Cynthia Soucy (wo) manned the table.

Continued on page 36...



Photos courtesy of Monique Labusch



Photos courtesy of Monique Labusch



Continued from page 35...

Admission to the shows was by donation.

To help me get the puppets on and off quickly, change the sets, and play the giant in *Jack and the Beanstalk* was my fellow puppeteer, Kristi McCrae. Each show had 30-50 people, young and old, in attendance. An all-around success and a lot of fun. Maybe we'll be playin' around again next November. 🍷

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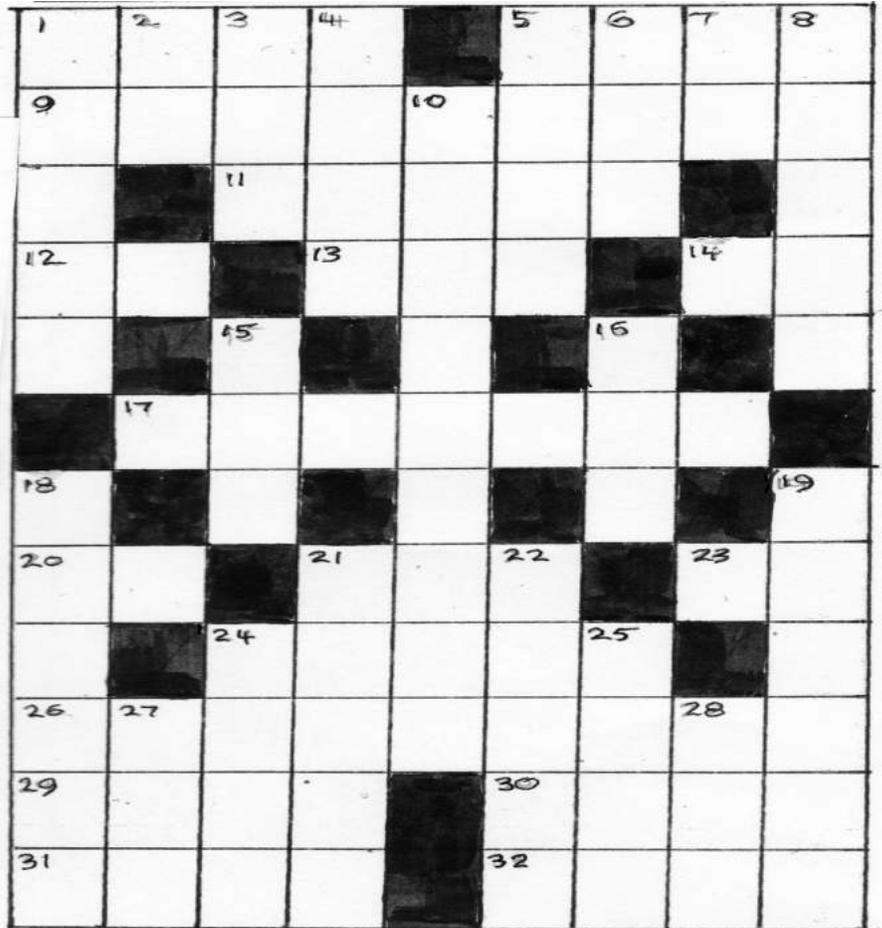



Crossword #49 by C.Cressy

Edited by S. Dunlop

ACROSS:

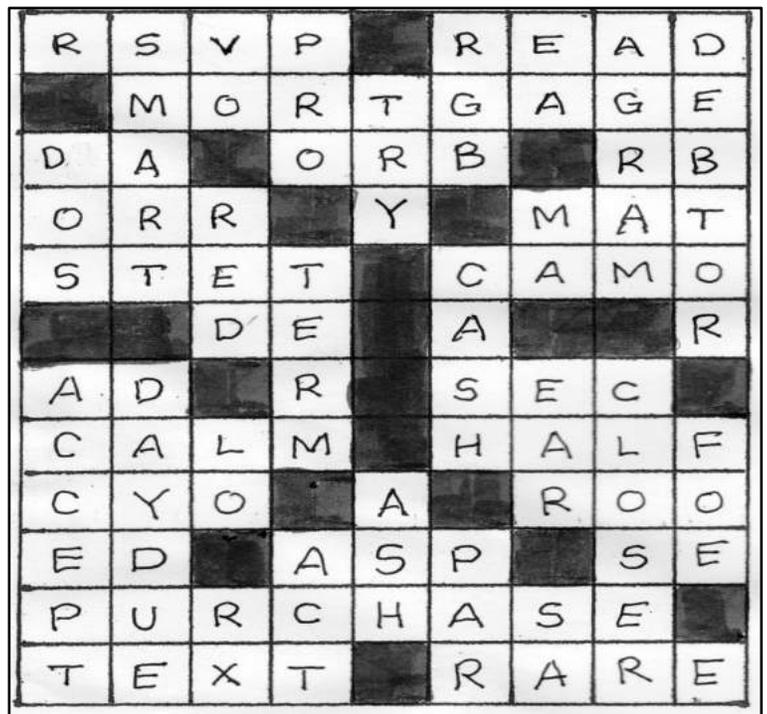
- 1 Polynesian demon
- 5 minerals
- 9 a foundation
- 11 temptress
- 12 Span. article
- 13 help on a US road (abbr.)
- 14 Fr. pronoun
- 17 framework under an 8D
- 20 once more (prefix)
- 21 coxcomb
- 23 help when needed (abbr.)
- 24 damsels
- 26 preserves an 8D
- 29 margin
- 30 street car
- 31 the back
- 32 they make up a tennis match



DOWN:

- 1 property
- 2 thou, to Pierre
- 3 Vancouver university (abbr.)
- 4 a continent
- 5 blackfish
- 6 sail yard (Scot.)
- 7 famous alien (abbr.)
- 8 four door car
- 10 to take or carry
- 15 timid
- 16 by way of
- 18 carpenter
- 19 geometric figures
- 21 more detailed
- 22 levels (Fr.)
- 24 binary system (comp.)
- 25 procreate
- 27 a sweet drink
- 28 a state or territory (abbr.)

Answer Key for #48 Crossword



Steve Lawn

Dymph Vander Maeden

Our friend and neighbour, Stephen Lawn, passed away at his home in the evening hours of January 2, 2019.

Steve, as he was called, was born in Kingston, Ontario on November 16, 1949. At some point in his adult life, he moved to the west coast of Canada as many adventurous people did at the time. He settled in Yellow Point, just out of Nanaimo, going to work in the local mill. At that time his future was set in motion when he met his future wife, Diane, who also lived in Yellow Point where she was teaching school. They moved to Powell River where Steve went to work in the local pulp and paper mill. Soon enough they had two boys come into their lives: Jamie and Michael, and they settled on a nice piece of rough land near Craig Road on the highway. They built a lovely house as well as a small farm with barn and fences where they raised sheep, chickens, and rabbits, and grew a bountiful garden.

The area they chose to live was made up of many families with young children so there was always lots of interaction, whether going to Savary Island or sharing potlucks or the ever-popular men's softball games (the Pink Flamingos) at Craig Park. Steve was a member of the Flamingos as well as being a Craig Park executive. Diane was a librarian and teacher at the old Lund school where she was loved very much by her many students who lived in the area.

During this time, Steve built an extension onto his house to hold his new regulation pool table. He then started an ongoing tradition over the years of hosting pool tournaments. It was a great way of breaking up the winter blues and doldrums, getting people out of their warm snuggly houses to play pool and interact with their neighbours. My late partner really enjoyed playing in those tournaments at Steve's and I know there are many who feel the same way.

When Diane passed over, it left Steve devastated but he became a grandfather at this time. Jamie and his wife Jessica presented him with grandchildren Malachi and Diana. Michael and his wife Kailey presented him with a grandson this past year named Barrett. This, he said, really helped him deal with life on a daily basis. Steve kept himself busy with his little farm, pool tournaments, tai chi, and enjoying visits with the family and his companion Ruth Bohmsalk.

Goodbye Steve. Your community in paradise will remember you.

A memorial celebration of Steve's life will take place at a future date and place TBA. 🍷



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Community Page

Sandy Dunlop

Birth Announcements

New parents Jasmine Brown (aka Sassy) and Mackenzie Adamson (aka Mack) welcomed the birth of their baby daughter, Natasi Morrigan Brown, on December 6. The grandparents are all thrilled. Jasmine's parents are Lundies Eric Renken and Gaby Schaub. Mack's mums are Lyn Adamson and Kathie Mack. Welcome to Lund little one! We suspect you'll be scooping ice cream in no time, even if it's with your hands and straight into your little mouth.

Sympathy and Condolences

We sadly announce the passing of Steve Lawn, on January 2, 2019, of a heart attack at his home. Our deepest sympathy to sons James and Mike and companion Ruth and to Steve's closest friends. See previous page for a tribute.

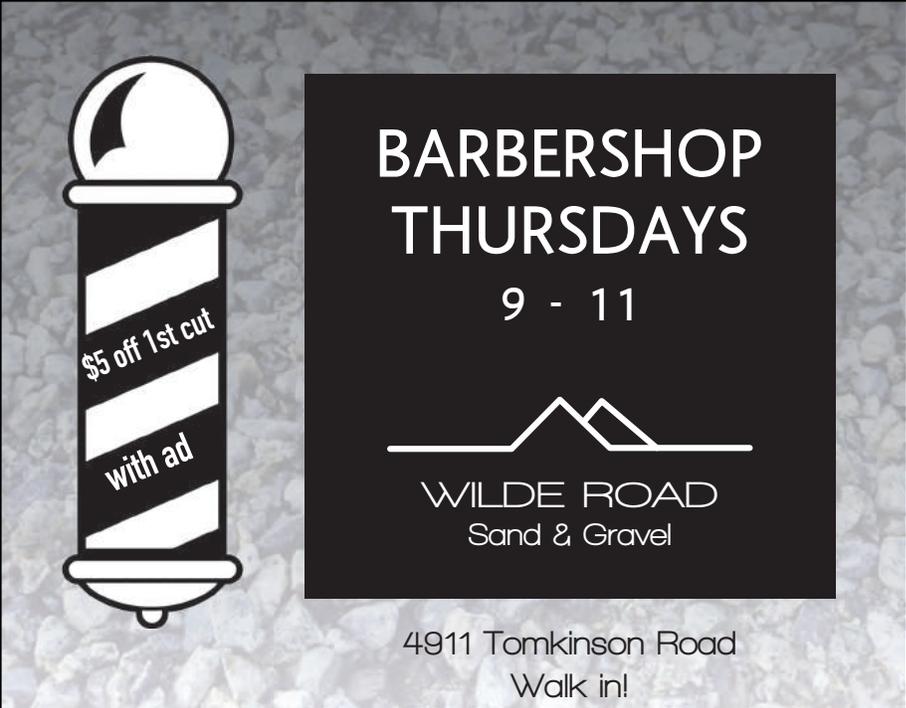
Millie Ford, longtime companion of Neil Gustafson, mother, grandmother, and friend to many, died on December 22, 2018. A tribute will appear in the spring issue of the Barnacle because we heard too late for this one.

Thinking of You

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

The Lund Community Society and thus the Barnacle are still looking for volunteers to help out on the Goodwill Committee. We especially need a Lundie with community savvy who can oversee this committee and write the Community Page for the Barnacle four times a year giving birth, death, etc. info and maybe writing or collecting from others a tribute or two.

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



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