

BARNACLE

Lund

Summer 2015

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The Voice of Lund

Proceeds to the Lund Community Society

Hot and Dry, Smoky Sky

Margaret Leitner and
Sandy Dunlop



Photo by Brian Voth

People love to talk about the weather, and Lundies are no exception, especially recently. Whether it's due to climate change or another phenomenon, local weather has been unusual: a warm and relatively dry winter (in Nov. 121 mm of rain fell compared to 172 mm last year; in Jan. we had 121 mm compared to 146 mm) with extreme rainfall (252 mm compared to 147 norm) in December, followed by an early, warm and sunny spring, followed by an early start to summer with record-breaking temperatures and lack of precipitation.

According to stats from the Powell River Airport weather

station for the month of May, the high temperatures were almost 4 degrees warmer than normal; the maximum mean temperature for the month was 20.1 degrees C, or 3.7 degrees warmer than the 30-year average. For the month of June, the average maximum was 23.9, compared to the previous average maximum of 19.4. The average temperature was 17.8, compared to the previous 14.9.

Less than one-fifth of the normal rain fell in May. Only 14 mm were recorded for the month compared to a 78 mm average. In June, only 17 mm of rain fell, compared to the average of 68 mm. Almost

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Photo by Wendy Drummond

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The Lund Community Society

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Check out the Lund Community Society website!
<http://lundcommunity.ca>

The Lund Barnacle is published quarterly and is available for distribution at the following businesses: **Lund Post Office, Lund General Store, Nancy's Bakery, and Ecosystems**. All proceeds go to the Lund Community Society, a non-profit organization providing community services to Lund and region. Signed submissions are welcome in the form of articles, news items, letters to the Editor, graphics and photographs. We reserve the right to edit for clarity, length, and sensitivity. To submit articles and photos for the Barnacle, send to: barnacle.articles@gmail.com

Editorial Policy

The Barnacle is a forum for ideas in the Lund community. Editorial policy is to print what people submit in their own voices as much as possible, respecting the paper's purpose in providing a forum for the community on things that matter to its members.

The Lund Community Society is comprised of community volunteers. No member of the Board of Directors receives a salary or wages.

Editorial

Hello everyone! I hope you are all enjoying this incredible summer weather. If it wasn't for the drought and concern about fires and dropping water levels, the summer so far has been perfect for anything outdoors, especially on the water.

This issue has a lot of articles about being next to or on the water, mostly here on our beautiful coast, but we also have a dispatch from a roving correspondent on the North Atlantic. Once again, my request for articles brought a bounty of long, wonderful stories and information. Thanks to all those writers, we have another fat issue for your reading enjoyment, an astounding 36 pages! Thanks to our advertisers without whose support we could not afford this luxury.

The Barnacle Digitization Project is moving right along. In the Spring issue, I said we would be finished by now, but I had clearly underestimated the time it takes for

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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 2015.****

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Next edition is October 2015.

Deadline for submissions is October 10, 2015



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Lund Community Society Report

Roy Blackwell, President

The summer is here and everyone is busy with guests and gardens, celebrations, and enjoying long sunny days.

The Society thanks all the many volunteers who brought us an amazing Shellfish Festival, and planning is going on as you read this for Lund Shellfish Festival 2016, May 27, 28, and 29.

The resurrection of Lund's historic Community Garden is moving along. Signage announcing the Garden's return, and that it was first established circa 1930, will be put at its entrance to create a buzz and to keep vehicles from blocking that path when serious work begins there.

The playground at the Community Centre is funded and planned and work should happen before the school year starts. A commemoration plaque for Steve Ervington is in the works, and a restoration of the old waterwheel on the boardwalk is planned.

Ria Curtis is working to keep the Gazebo and Community Centre ready, safe and clean for all the events of summer. If you catch her flying around, please thank her.

As is our tradition when we are all so busy hosting guests, fishing, gardening and the like, the next meeting of the Lund Community Society is Tuesday, September 22, at 7 pm at the Community Centre.

The Lund Community Society is a band of merry volunteers who operate and maintain the Lund Community Centre and Gazebo, operate the Puddle Jumpers Preschool, put on the Lund Shellfish Festival, Lund Dayz and Christmas Craft Fair, and whatever else we can do to have fun with our community.

We meet at the Community Centre at 7 pm on the 4th Tuesday of the month, except July, August, and December, and all are welcome to attend, to choose or propose a project, or to just sit back and watch the fun.

In the meantime, for anything community-related, come see me at The Boardwalk Restaurant.

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50% more hours of sunshine were recorded in May: there were 338 hours of sun, or 110 hours more than usual. In June, there were 344 hours of sunshine, compared to the previous 224.

It's quite the opposite of the "June-uary" of the past couple of years. This year, gardeners are trying to keep pace with fruits and veggies ripening 2-4 weeks earlier in the season, whereas harvest was slow and uncertain last year.

Then, in early July, we went to bed with a red moon rising and awoke to an eerie red sun in an increasingly smoky sky. Surrounded by forest fires on Sechart Peninsula, on Vancouver Island,

and in the interior, the sky was hazy and air quality was poor for days. However, the air temperature dropped and evaporation in gardens slowed a bit as the hot sun was blocked, but only for those few days. The heat returned, and just when we thought we might spontaneously combust, it rained, a little, over several days, saving some of our gardens and yards.

It's anyone's guess what the next few months will bring: a longer summer? an early fall? extraordinary precipitation or on-going drought? One thing is for certain: we'll continue talking about the weather!

Regional District Update

Patrick Brabazon, Director, Area A

This weather is something else. We have now had weeks of abnormally high temperatures and low rainfall. Over the past week we have endured overcast smoke becoming smoke in our homes due to coastal fires. British Columbia has issued a complete ban on fires throughout the Province, except for the “fog zone” which refers to the outer coast of Vancouver Island, although that may have changed by the time you read this. Interestingly, some forest companies on Vancouver Island are restricting recreational activity on their lands; I have yet to hear of similar concerns in our area. What I have heard is that people enjoying our regional parks and hiking our local trails, such as our beach accesses, Sunshine Coast Trail, etc., are finding discarded cigarette butts! The fire hazard this month runs from high to extreme; **please do not endanger our community with irresponsible acts**, whether by smoking, use of chainsaws or other spark-producing machines, or whatever. Please, if you see somebody endangering us, try to suggest nicely that they think about the consequences of their actions. I don’t suggest a confrontation; just a word to the wise.

I want to offer a personal note. In my previous life I flew aircraft on forest fire attack. One year

we were called out early [April] to northeast Alberta where the humidity was down around 15% and the temperature was already hitting 30 degrees. When I reported to the office of the forestry fire control officer, I noted the broken pop bottle on his desk. He told me that the previous week they had fought a fire that they traced back to the point of origin: the broken bottle in the ditch beside the road. The sun shining through the glass started the fire.

A note: I had written an article on parking in Lund. I pulled it in favour of this since not all get my Green Sheet newsletter and I thought this to be more important.



POWELL RIVER REGIONAL DISTRICT

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

Questions?
Comments?
Give me a call!

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Powell River, BC V8A 2L2
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bureaucratic wheels to move and get us the grant money we had been awarded by the Irving K. Barber Learning Centre at UBC Library. Finally, the cheque arrived, and all of the Barnacles from 1988 to the present will soon be on our website for you to view. Please do; the early ones, especially, are priceless! Just google Barnacle.

Enjoy!

Sandy



Lund Harbour Authority



PO BOX 78
Lund BC
V0N 2G0

VHF Radio Channel 73
Tel: 604 483-4711
Email: lundharbour-wharfinger@twincomm.ca

Darlene Denholm
Harbour Manager

Official Community Plan (OCP) Update

Laura Roddan, Manager of Planning Services
Powell River Regional District

The Draft Electoral Area A OCP was presented to the community at the 3rd Community Meeting held on June 8th at the Lund Community Centre. The purpose of the meeting was to present the Draft OCP, answer questions and gather feedback on the draft plan. Participants were asked to fill out a feedback form intended to gauge their support. For those unable to attend the meeting, feedback forms were available at the Lund Post Office and online through the month of June. Good news - a large majority of the respondents support the Draft OCP. Further feedback results will be available in the near future. After making some minor tweaks to the plan based on the feedback received, Regional District Planning staff will present the revised Draft OCP to the OCP Planning Advisory Committee at their meeting to be held at the Lund Community Centre on Monday, July 27th at 7pm. It is anticipated that the Draft Plan will then be forwarded to the Regional Board for the public hearing and bylaw adoption phase of this process.

For further information on the planning process, please visit the Area A OCP website at <http://www.powellriverrd.bc.ca/area-a-official-community-plan/> or contact the Planning Services department by phone 604-485-2260 or email planning@powellriverrd.bc.ca.

Northside Fire Department Association

Ann Snow

announces: Locals unShellfishly Dole out Dollars for Prize Winning Chowders

This year, the Association managed the Lund Shellfish Festival's Chowder Challenge for the first time. It was well attended and the profit from the event will be used by the Association to help the Fire Department purchase needed equipment, build the planned training facility, and hold public events like . . .

. . . the October 31st Community Halloween Party which is held every year at Craig Park. Again there will be fireworks, free hot dogs and juice, trick-or-treats for the little ones, and a bon fire. Also, adults and kids can test their skills at using a real fire hose, sound the fire truck sirens, and turn the flashing lights on and off. Watch for details in the next edition of the Barnacle and

follow us on Facebook (Northside-Volunteer-Fire-Department).

If you would like to support the Fire Department but don't want to become a fire fighter, consider joining the Association. Membership is free and includes invitations to private social events, member newsletters, and perhaps other treats as they arise. Membership forms are at the Lund Post Office. We encourage you to show your support!



Amazing Facts About the Lund Water Taxi

Sandy Dunlop

Unusual things they have transported:

- goats (when Audrey and Martin Hill lived on Savary, two baby boys were sent by a breeder who knew the Hills would not eat them; one later died and, since goats can't stand solitude, first the mother and then the granny were also sent)
- elk (the Giderdun three times transported elk from Sechelt to Ramsey Arm to restock the area: first six male and female, then six ladies, then one bull)
- baby seal (in a cooler to Pacific Coastal Airlines, bound for Stanley Park Zoo)
- eagles (injured and sent to the hospital)

Most extravagant request:

- guy called from a tug heading to Vancouver and asked for delivery of a pack of cigarettes, which became a carton of low-grade quality, and cost him \$325.00

Farthest points:

- Toba and Bute Inlets

Weight carried in busy season:

- three boats carry an average of thirty people over to Savary and thirty back
- each person is allowed three totes, not counting bicycles
- the average tote weighs twenty pounds, though many weigh more
- on one Friday in July 2014, for example, they transported 375 people, and at least 1125 totes, or 22,500 pounds, were loaded onto the water taxis in Lund and unloaded on the Savary dock by the water taxi drivers

Grocery transport:

- on Thursday mornings, Mitchell Bros and Chopping Block fill orders to Savary and send about 110 totes of groceries per week on the Water Taxi, and the Land Taxi then delivers the totes to the door
- some people have expected the groceries to be put away in the 'fridge!



How to Get to Paradise

Lund Water Taxi

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

Reservations Recommended

Take the bus



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

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

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8th Annual Lund Shellfish Festival 2015

Ann Snow

The weather was awesome for this year's Shellfish Festival, making it one of the best yet. Once again it was well attended, and more food tickets were sold than ever before - clearly word is spreading that it's a great event. It truly is amazing that our tiny little village can put on such an outstanding festival - two days of music, food, shopping, art, cooking demos, touring, and fun. Many thanks to the volunteer coordinators who donated their time and energy.

In keeping with the Festival's zero-waste policy, people this year were encouraged to bring their own plates or purchase a compostable plate. Parchment paper was placed on the plates to keep them clean, then food was served onto the parchment paper. The system worked fairly well, but suggestions for improvement were noted for next year. The few food vendors who produced non-compostable waste (plastic wrap, plastic forks, etc) had their waste returned to them. Many thanks to the Zero Waste Team for enforcing the Zero Waste Policy!

For the first time, the Northside Fire Department hosted Friday evening's Chowder Challenge. Many people volunteered to help with the event and it was a huge success. Diners were seated outdoors and were treated to local musicians Marius O'Keefe-Blitz and Roger Langmaid, great salads, nine chowders to choose from, and a variety of desserts. Congratulations to the Sli City Grill at Tla'Amin Store for becoming the 2015 Chowder Challenge Champs, and to the Royal Zayka and Lund Hotel Restaurants in second and third place. Honourable mentions to Boardwalk Restaurant, Julie's Airport Market,

Base Camp, Laughing Oyster, Nancy's Bakery, and Little Wing Farm.

Many thanks to the following businesses and individuals who contributed so generously in support of the Chowder Challenge's Silent Auction for the benefit of the Northside Fire Department: Armitage Men's Wear, Rare Earth

Pottery, Tug Guhm Gallery, Pollen Sweaters, Powell River Sea Kayak, Beyond The Road Adventures, Nancy's Bakery, SunLund By-The-Sea, Lund Hotel, Lund Water Taxi, Pauline DeCloedt, Great Balls of Wool, The Laughing Oyster, Mother Nature, Wilde Road Sand & Gravel, EcoTerra



Photo by Brian Voth

Developers, EcoTerra Septic, Lund Auto & Outboard, Little Wing Farm, Terracentric Outdoor Adventures, Marine Traders, the Boardwalk Restaurant, Jack's Boat Yard, Footprint Nature Explorations, Save-On-Foods, Safeway, Mitchell Brothers, Putters Mini Golf, Tourism Powell River, The Source, Inspire Incentives/TAWS, Suzanne's, Rona, Powell River Outdoors, Paperworks, Mark's Work Warehouse, Quality Foods, Subway, Image One, Wind Spirit Gallery, River City Coffee, Canadian Tire, Breakwater Books, and Colleen Cox.

The Shellfish Festival Committee would also like to thank the Lund Hotel, Lund Harbour Authority, the Boardwalk Restaurant, Nancy's Bakery, Dave's Custom Parking, Lund Water Taxi, and E & J Levy for providing the venues.

Thanks to the Active Malaspina Mariculture Assoc (A.M.M.A.) for providing the shellfish, BC Transit for providing bus service, Northside Fire Department for the

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Chowder Challenge and Pancake Breakfast, Let's Talk Trash for their recycling centre, Peak Publishing for promotion.

A special thanks to The Music Room and sound technician Cam Twyford, and the musicians, cooks, vendors, committees and others who volunteered their time and skills to make this event so much fun.

Music and Arts

Mike Robinson on Music

The diverse and talented showcase of local musicians offered to Lund Shellfish Festival goes this year was extraordinary. It began on Saturday, May 23rd, with the rich and resonant voice of Ti Ap Thoht/Eric Blaney ringing out across the harbour as he sang Salish songs of welcome to Khla-a-min/Lund. Next George Huber and Colleen Cox played a solid set of country ballads. No one does it better 'round here! Nancy Tyler followed with her soulful, emotional and melodic songs with their Ani Di Franco edge. Her bouzouki compositions hint of Metallica and Ireland, a very effective combination!



Photo by Mike Robinson

Lukah Bouchard mesmerized us with his evocative set. Both his guitar playing and his voice are versatile and compelling. Sky's the limit for this kid. Phil Williams was at the top of his game regaling the assembled congregation with salty songs tinged with melancholy and heroism. Our next musical treat was Lotus and the Wildflower, an entertaining acoustic and percussion trio who played pretty, soulful songs filled with clever, meaningful lyrics. Saturday afternoon ended with a bagpipe march through Lund by the Clansman Pipe Band.

Sunday the 24th began with The Prawns, which I can best describe as engaging and whimsical Acadian flute rock, from Al Dicken and Marc Dupuis. The jazzy flute version of a Chopin Nocturne was especially surprising and added a nice touch. Theo Angell played a great set of his

unique psyche-folk rock, sort of beat poetry set to electro-acoustic guitar; shades of Dylan



Photo by Brian Voth

and Hunter S. Thompson and Beck. Next Roger Langmaid shared with us his sensitive, impeccably played original songs and guitar compositions. Very nice on this lovely afternoon!

Following Roger, Sheila Butts and The Long-Haired Rhythm Posse played a rousing set of



Photo by Mike Robinson

authentic, home-grown originals and positive world/R&B/Folk anthems. They had me dancing on the beach! The last set belonged to Cris Greenwell, Susan Dixon and friends, including Sandy Dunlop (Festival music coordinator and MC) and drummer Chris Weekes, with a fun set of popular and original songs.

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I would be remiss if I didn't mention the sound technician, Cam Twyford. For both days, he masterfully orchestrated the sound and gear, along with fatherly responsibilities. Great job Cam.

Looking out over the harbour after such a musical (and seafood) feast, I thought how wonderful it would be if something like this could happen every weekend in the summer. We certainly have the talent to pull it off!

Music and Arts

Elaine Mackee on Arts

*The work of my heart is the work of the world's heart.
There is no other art. ~ Alison Luterman*

A record number of artists and craftspeople brought their creative bounty for our enjoyment at this year's Shellfish Festival. In interviewing these artists, I found several common themes: care for the earth, love of nature (particularly this amazing place in which we live), attention to detail, and immense creative capacities brought to materials as diverse as humanity: glass, clay, wood, natural fibres of all descriptions, as well as traditional paint and canvas. You can find many of these artists at Artique, Tug-Guhm Gallery in Lund, at Ecosentials, or at the Wednesday and Weekend markets and the summer events that so enrich life in Powell River. They include:



Photo by Brian Voth

Paia Elliot of Paia's Upcycled Design came from Quebec and was deeply shocked to discover SO much knitted clothing going into the dump; one tiny hole, one tiny stain, and gone! She decided to do something about it. She got a mannequin, a pair of very sharp scissors, and proceeded to create the most amazing works of art from garbage! Her work is edgy, intricate, meticulously executed, and gorgeous.

Charlie Dickson of Charlie's Creations is a creative spirit who came to her present design work through what could have been a tragedy. After chemo treatments, she found she could no longer follow the patterns for the knitting she did, so she gathered her courage and creativity

and began to work free-form, letting the needles guide her rich imagination to create one-of-a-kind shawls, capes, wraps, and a new line of beaded capes that are both casual and elegant.

Patricia Luaifoa was born here, left for many years, and returned after hip surgery; again, she turned what could have been a disaster into creative initiative. She took up the traditional cedar bark weaving of her people, and has mastered the rose form, which she creates into refined bouquets or single flowers for all kinds of celebrations.

Alisha Van Belle of Jo 'Momma Design felt strongly that clothing had become soul-less through distant sweatshop production. She wanted a local, responsible,

creative alternative. Her designs are heart-felt, artfully designed and meticulously crafted works of art that are cozy and comfortable, with NO BINDING! Alisha uses fabrics that are ultimately sustainable, soft, organic, and comfortable; that is, bamboo, hemp, and some cotton.

Amber Friedman of Live Ta Dye creates one of a kind, fun clothing using fabric from California and both local and natural dyes. She creates patterns with meaning: sky/stars/fairies/swirls/hearts and rainbows...the world of imagination and of dreaming, whimsical, colourful, joyous creations! Amber creates for all ages and all sizes.

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Isabelle Morganstern came to her present art form through home-schooling her children, who she feels have a courage to experiment that inspires her own creative process. She loves colour! She works with an ancient art of tie-dye, and her work is vibrant, rich and happy.

Nicole Daem comes to us from Belgium, re-uniting with her childhood sweetheart after 39 years, many spent as a sewing teacher. She works with a lovely range of fine printed fabrics from Belgium and Norway. In her studio here 'in paradise', she creates refined, beautifully crafted bags, pouches, and gift bags of meticulous craftsmanship.

Ed Oldfield is a retired high school art teacher who now dedicates himself full time to expressing his love for the sea, the natural beauty of a rugged coast line, aboriginal history, and deep concern for ecologically sustainable living. He creates Raku, and his work is a 'dance with fire'. It includes magnificent salmon and rockfish murals, often mounted on unique pieces of driftwood, and a series of bowls that reference the bark work of First Nations peoples.

Ron Robb and Jan Lovewell's Rare Earth Pottery has been a part of the Lund scene for about 25

years, their work an ongoing process of experimentation and a striving for beauty. They use both raku and wood firing techniques, creating an elegant range of products, including sculptural vessels, urns, jars, bowls, and (music) shakers.



Photo by Brian Voth

Dee Light of Earth Inspirations Pottery. There is a singing quality to the forms and colours that Dee creates. She is inspired by the earth and the wonder of our land, making use of natural pigments to create rich, luscious colours in her cups, glasses, and vessels of many shapes and sizes. She also shows the fine craftsmanship of her mother, Marybelle Soprovich's, Cowichan-inspired sweaters, toques, and mittens from size 2 to adult 46.

Chloe and Valentin Geoffray of Woodpeckers Toys create a fabulous range of imaginative children's toys, the perfect antidote to the dumbing down of technology! There are magical crowns, swords and shields, with matching capes and costumes, as well as ladybug swings and delightful stuffed toys. They use only the best materials sourced within Canada, non-toxic beeswax from Saltspring, Canadian-made felt, and natural, non-toxic finishes.

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Powell River (and area!) Studio Tour



The Powell River Studio Tour will take place Aug 22- 23th 10 am - 5 pm. This free, self-guided tour gives participants the opportunity to experience the diverse talents of Powell River's vibrant artistic community and meet many of the artists in their working environments. This year the tour will include 30 individual artists in 20 locations plus the 28 artists represented at Artique Artists' Co-operative. The tour brochure is available at Artique and the Tourism Powell River's Visitors Centre as well as at participating artists in Lund. Artist bios and maps can also be found online at www.powellriverartists.com. You can also follow the tour on Facebook at www.facebook.com/powellriverstudiotour

How in the World Did You End Up in Lund?

Carsten Huber

In my teens I was quite into cars and thought I would apprentice as a car mechanic and then study car engineering. During my apprenticeship, however, I noticed things that disturbed me. Cars were becoming more complicated for no apparent reason. The war in Iraq seemed to be fought because of oil and money. Though I had heard of recent inventions which could reduce fuel consumption or use different sources of energy, they never seemed to come on the market.

I was confused towards the end of that apprenticeship, and a bit disgusted. I was also turning towards nature, and craving more of it. During a lonely walk in the Bavarian forests, it came to me: I could use the two months between apprenticeship and university to travel to Canada. Why Canada? I still have no clue, but it was clear and beyond question. It was Canada where I wanted to go. For all the people around me, co-workers, friends and family members, this was quite an unusual thing to do. I was just twenty years old and wanted to go hiking in the

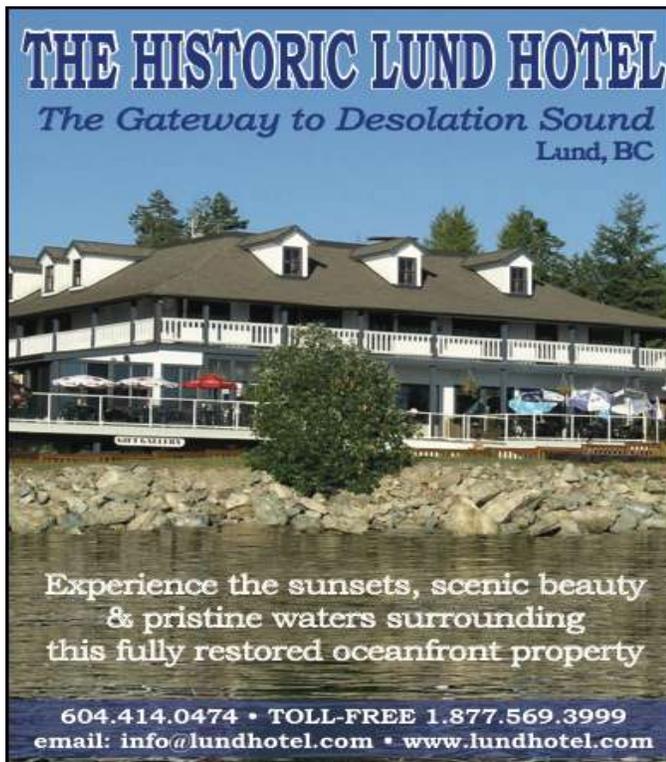
Canadian Rockies all on my own. "Are you not afraid of the bears?" many asked. "I am afraid you are turning crazy", my dad told me. But I was not afraid and booked a flight.

It was on this trip and due to a series of "coincidences" that I ended up paddling the canoe route in Powell River with a guy from Switzerland, whom I just met a couple of days earlier. I was impressed by the big trees, the clear waters, and the lack of people. I feel I matured a lot in those two months, and then I flew back to Germany.

While waiting for my flight, I was gripped by fearful thoughts. Cold sweat ran down my back while I lit yet another cigarette. There were decisions to be made. Would I believe what parents, teachers and society had always told me, or would I be strong enough to trust my feelings, even if this would bring me into uncharted territory, and there would be nobody I could blame for anything that could go wrong? It took me two weeks to admit to myself I just could not follow the old plan anymore. A new period in my life started, one in which I was usually on my own, and life sent great mentors and opportunities to support me on my new path.

Thirteen years later, at the age of 34, I had become a carpenter, done my apprenticeship, become a journeyman, and gotten my Master ticket. I was self-employed with one or two employees. My life had settled, or at least it looked like it. Then I met a woman who introduced me to something she called "body work after Wilhelm Reich". I had sessions with Gundula two or three times a month. After maybe eight months, I was lying on the mat and "deep in my body", and she asked me, "what are you going to do with your life now?" and, to my total surprise, I answered: "I want to go to Powell River and become an artist," and immediately felt a great rush of joy. A week or so later, I dared approach this topic on my own in meditation at home.

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Again there was this joy and clear instructions what to do. I booked a flight to Vancouver for Dec 31 of 2005. A four week trip to "visit" Powell River again, after fourteen years.

A couple of days later, I drove up the coast in a rental car. It was raining, of course, and as I reached Sechelt it was already dark. I considered staying the night there, but felt I had to keep going. I kept driving through the darkness and the rain, calling myself crazy every once in a while. Maybe my dad was right? And just what would I do for almost four weeks at this place at the end of the highway? More doubts pestered me on my drive. When I reached the Marine Inn, my energy suddenly changed. I parked in the lot in front of what is now Marine Traders. Yes, it felt good here. I got out of the car, and walked over to the Inn to ask for a room. The receptionist looked at me and directed me to the Hostel across the parking lot. I stayed there for almost four weeks. I met lots of people and with some of them I clicked right away, which is not at all normal for me. Yes, I felt totally right here and I wanted to be here longer. Derrek, who ran the Hostel at the time, offered me a work-for-rent exchange of finishing work on the not-

quite-finished Hostel and more offers of a little work here and there. When I left, I had tears in my eyes. I never had tears in my eyes when I left my home village, I thought to myself.

Back in Germany, I prepared for a six-month test run in Powell River, and during that wonderful summer, it became more and more clear that I wanted to move here. This was not an easy decision for me, coming from a family who lived in the same village for many generations, but in all these years I have never regretted leaving. In fact, I am very glad and grateful to be here, despite the fact that I sometimes miss the land of my ancestors, and my mom and some friends are missing me.

And did I become an artist? This was, at first, not clear at all. An artist is somebody who creates art, and I am just a carpenter, I thought. Years later and now married to Alisha, I had built already several creative structures. Three lady friends of my Alisha came for a visit. I was in my shop as they got out of the car and looked around. I heard one of them saying: "Wow, this guy is a shelter artist." I realized I had done it: come to Powell River and become an artist.

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Bruce Thurston lives on Texada, where he moved 23 years ago. His glass creations, including windows, shimmer with colour. The yellow cedar framed hooks are delightful, from exquisitely detailed trains to frogs and bugs and trucks (inspiring a child to hang up a coat?). His hot pads and coasters are made with hundreds of pieces of glass set with infinite patience and precision.

Elaine Mackee and Sarah Dickson each paint the land

and the creatures of the land that they love. Working in pastel, acrylic, water colour and mixed media, their work ranges from sea life and shells to eagles, owls and cormorants. Colour, texture and the essence of each being is what inspires them.

Emily Jenkins cannot remember when she was not in a garden, or at a craft fair with her mom. She has always had her own garden, and is inspired by the possibility that we could become self-sustaining global

citizens. She brought young plants for our gardens, jewelled crafts for our decorative moments, and a huge knowledge of gardening, including permaculture.

Fran Cudworth raises Babydoll Southdown sheep, known for their short, very soft wool, which she has shorn; then she washes, dyes, cards, and either sells as super-soft wool for other artists to spin, or spins herself. She uses a range of

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dyes, depending on the effect she is looking for. Her wool is a riot of colour, inviting us to take up fibre arts, maybe felting or weaving.

Shaunalee Yates of Sows Ear and Silk Purse began weaving on a simple backstrap loom and has now advanced to a very sophisticated felting on silk, offering a painterly approach to felting. She aims for an elegant, deconstructed look that is stable but full of movement. Inspired by colour, she finds seaweed an inspiration for scarves of wool felted onto silk that seem to flow like seaweed.

Wendy Drummond of Three Stone Soup has a very tactile, warm and nurturing love affair with fibre! She once read that only the human being comes into this world with no ability to survive the elements without creating his own covering, and so the very nature of working with natural fibres, cloth and textiles is a joyous exploration into a very necessary commodity.



Photo by Brian Voth

Gerry Chabot is an accomplished nature photographer. His work captures the essence of our coastal living: heron, eagle, raven, and other wild creatures fill his beautifully framed images.

Anne and Dave Rees travel Canada, with Anne writing RV travel books, and Dave finding inspiration for his luminous glass jewelry. Anne's books include local history, the characters of place, and travel hits. A must for travellers!

Lindi Grise creates Pine Tar soaps, a niche substance that can take out stains nothing else can touch, even the heavy grease from the hands of a mechanic! She works with the medicinal properties of soap, creating ones that can heal many skin problems, or just leave our skin soft and smooth.

Eve Stegenga and Marie-Eve Barnes offer creative body work in Reiki and massage. They work with a range of energy and massage techniques to bring harmony to body and mind, aiming for overall wellness. They have magical hands!

Art makes us smarter, makes us more compassionate, makes us more social, as well as giving us joy. For me, there is no one who is not an artist in some form, though contemporary education may squelch it, it is NEVER too late to take up something that you love to do!

Find your way to support the arts in our community!

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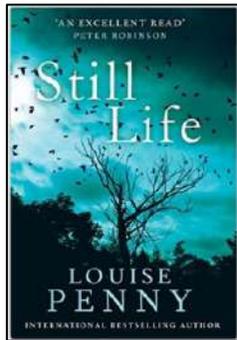
Lund Reads

Ev Pollen

Hello Lund! I've managed to do quite a bit of reading lately, and I'm excited to share with you! The first, **THE MARTIAN**, by Andy Weir, is science fiction at its finest. The science is real, based on NASA's procedures and abilities, and the characters and plot are believable and suspenseful. There are no Martian creatures, only the abandoned Earthling Mark Watley, who is resourceful, innovative and very funny. The science is complicated, such as extracting the oxygen from carbon dioxide, but very accessible due to the clarity of the writing. After reading Chris Hadfield's book last summer, I was interested in the realities of space missions



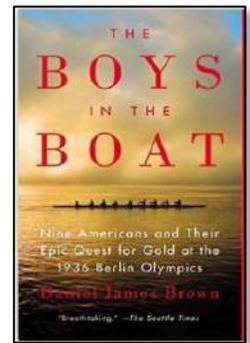
and found this book very satisfying.



A friend recommended Louise Penny's mysteries, so I picked up **STILL LIFE**, the first of her Chief Inspector Gamache series. Set in rural Quebec, this murder mystery is

peppered with insights into human nature and the requirements of police work, and the skill of bow-hunting. It also features interesting characters and flashes of raunchy humour. The murder plot will challenge the most cunning mystery solver. I'm a new fan of Louise Penny.

I'm just a few chapters into **THE BOYS IN THE BOAT**, by Daniel James Brown, and already hooked. It's non-fiction about the University of Washington's rowing team, who shocked Hitler by winning gold at the 1936 Olympics. The background tells of the year 1903, when mechanical innovation was likened to a gold rush, with the Wright Brothers' first flight, Henry Ford's first Model A, and Bill Harley and Arthur Davidson's first motorcycle. When a writer can convey a full grasp of history by telling individual people's life story, you know you're into a good book; I will confidently recommend this one, too.



Happy reading!

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Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Alanna Graham

Wrapping up another year with Lund's own Puddle Jumpers Preschoolers, and what an awesome year it was!



Photo by Nikki Tebbutt

The children had a great spring, and in May learned about farm life. For their field trip, they returned to Antabaka Farm to visit the animals and see what's growing. They were excited to take cucumber starts to plant at home. Thank you Pat and Harry; the kids love to visit your farm.

Shellfish Fest was a blast, and the Preschool, once again, hosted the kids activity tent. We encouraged everyone to gamble like a preschooler with Chicken Bingo! The chickens pooped and we raised

some funds for our program.

The kids had lots of fun at their year-end field trip to Okeover campsite. Preschool teacher extraordinaire, Sheila, planned another wonderful graduation for the last day of school as a send-off for the kids entering

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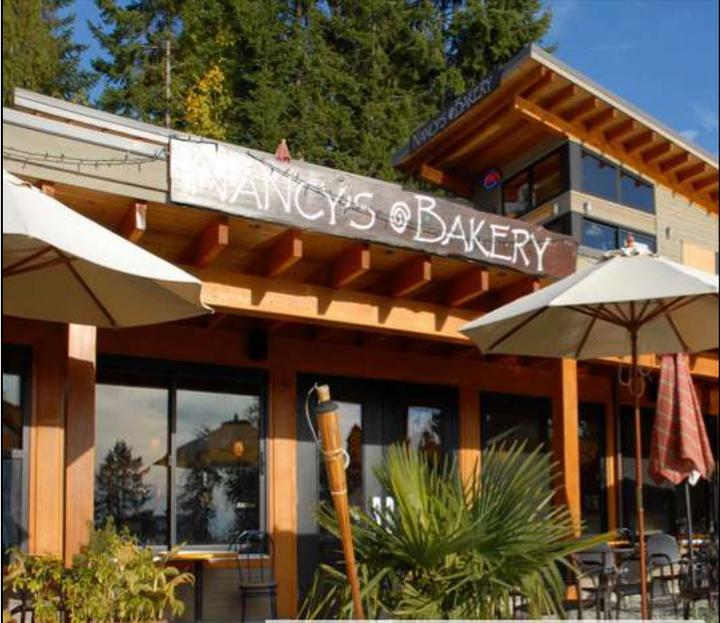
Tony Graham
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kindergarten in the fall. Bon chance, kids!

Puddle Jumpers Preschool as a program continues to grow and thrive, learning as we go. We are a cooperative, nature-based Preschool. We have a parent, grandparent or community member helping everyday, and we get the kids outside, in the garden, or into the community. Each year, new families bring new energy and skills. We work together to make our children's first school experience something really special.

We want to thank Amanda who has had a very important role at the Preschool from the very beginning. Our trusted treasurer all these years, thank you for all your countless hours and dedication to the program! You have been integral to it's success....and existence!



Photo by Nikki Tebbutt

And of course, thanks to our teacher, Sheila. Thank you for the kindness, patience and love you bestow upon our kids. It is for sure, Sheila Butts ROCKS!

Oh, there's more! Chris is running a summer program at the Lund school again this year. It is an art-based day program for 6-12 year olds and takes place on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Lund Playgroup will return in the fall on Fridays 10-12. Sandy's MusicPlay classes will also return in September on Thursday mornings, 10-11.

If you are interested in enrolling your child for the 2015/16 school year, please contact Francine at 604-414-0154

For more information see our website lundcommunity.ca/PuddleJumpers.html

Have a great Summer!



Photo by Nikki Tebbutt

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Health and Healing

What is Tai Chi? by Bill McKee
and Taiji Basics by Patrick Kelly

Tai Chi is an internal style of martial art, stressing the principles of relaxation and yielding, both in application and in daily life. Tai Chi training develops inner strength and harmony through the co-ordination and relaxation of mind and body. Externally, Tai Chi is the art of movement for health and self-defence. Internally, Tai Chi is Raja Yoga, the science of mind and internal energy.

Tai Chi is said to have been created over 700 years ago by the Taoist sage Chan San-Feng, as a practical method for attaining immortality or enlightenment through the cultivation of internal energy, or Chi. Its principles were formulated 2,500 years ago by Lao Tzu, the founder of Taoism, in his book, Tao Te Jing, and expressed a thousand years before that, in the book of the I-Ching. There exists a small but concise set of writings known as the Tai Chi Classics. In these are preserved a complete outline of the ideas behind the Tai Chi method. Taoism provides the philosophy while Tai Chi provides a practical method for putting it into practice.

Tai Chi has evolved into a set of soft, slow, gentle movements co-ordinated with the concentration of the mind and the breath. Initial practice in Tai Chi consists of learning to relax the body and quiet the mind. All movements are circular; on reaching one extreme they return without stopping. This is achieved by using the will, not muscular strength. Consciousness produces the will, which moves the Chi. When Chi moves, the joints extend like blowing into a rubber tube. So the Chi moves the body.

The internal organs receive a gentle massage and the blood flow, ligaments, tendons, sinews, and bones are strengthened. The Chi accumulates and circulates freely throughout the body. Time brings a depth of refinement from which the Spirit emerges, manifesting spring-steel strength and profound peace of mind.

The application of Tai Chi for self-defence is practiced with a partner. Here the aim is to relax completely, yielding before the partner's force. The entire body is so light that a fly cannot land without setting it in motion. This is not weakness. The feet are rooted to the ground and the centre is kept stable. Using the sense of touch, one yields at the opponent's slightest pressure and follows him at his slightest retreat, responding quickly to fast action and slowly to slow action. At every place, the empty and solid – or Yin and Yang – must be distinguished. Advancing, the partner feels the distance to be incredibly long; retreating, they feel it to be exasperatingly short. Then, when the moment is right, internal energy is released, throwing the partner through the air.

People of all ages and degrees of health are

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equally able to practice Tai Chi. It leads people from their everyday state to a position of inner knowledge, inner calmness, and inner power. Practicing inner calmness is most effective in dealing with emotional problems. Quiet concentration relieves mental problems, while practicing relaxation and energy circulation deals well with physical problems.

Success in practice requires an attitude of genuine enquiry, patience and perseverance, an openness to practice according to the teaching, and willingness to constantly examine and refine our motives according to inner conscience. Once begun, Tai Chi should be

thought of as a lifetime practice.

There are few people who have devoted their life to the study of Tai Chi. In 1987, Master Henry Wang moved from Taiwan to Powell River and then to Comox, to continue his Tai Chi life. He has lived and taught here for the last 28 years, working tirelessly to refine, perfect and share his wondrous art.

Tai Chi classes in the style of Master Wang are usually held at the Community Centre on Thursday evenings, from 6:00-7:00 and 7:00-8:00, although not at present as there is a summer break. Classes will resume in September, after Labour Day.



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WildSafeBC

Francine Ulmer

As our society has evolved, we have come to understand that humans and wildlife are sharing a larger and larger interface. With that increased interaction, it is important that we learn how to adapt our behavior, and at times manage the behavior of wildlife, so that we can live with minimal conflict. The goal of WildSafeBC is to provide communities, individuals, and businesses with the information needed to aid them in making decisions that will lead to this more harmonious co-existence. Our mission statement is to keep wildlife wild and communities safe.

Human-Wildlife conflicts are considerable, and are monitored by calls to the Conservation Officer Services' provincial reporting line. Each year the call center records about 25,000 calls where people are concerned about large predators within an urban setting, or about wildlife conflict. Experience has taught us that many of these conflicts are avoidable if people modify their behaviors to account for the fact that they are living within a human/wildlife interface.

Call 1-877-925-7277 to report a wildlife conflict. For more information on reducing human-wildlife conflict, or if you have a wildlife story to share for educational purposes, please contact local WildSafeBC District of Powell River Community Coordinator, Francine Ulmer, at prrd@wildsafebc.com. For more information about our program go to <https://wildsafebc.com/> Like us on Facebook at <https://facebook.com/pages/WildSafeBC-District-of-Powell-River/> to follow local wildlife stories.

Dispatch From the North Atlantic

Pete Tebbutt

We're returning to the boat from a pizza house, and even though we're dressed as warmly as we can, the icy north wind is cutting through to the bone. We were treated not only to delicious wood-fired pizza, but also to a small, open fire to warm our toes and to some magic tricks, courtesy of the owner. These treats were laid on because he knew this would be our last visit to his premises. Tomorrow we're heading to sea.

The past month was filled with necessary preparations, literally taking the boat, a Nautor Swan 46, apart and putting it back together again. Searching for problems and rectifying them when discovered. The boat had just been purchased by the owner, my skipper, and was 25 years old. All its systems were of the same age and it had never sailed further than the IJsselmeer, Holland's inland sea.

Departure day dawned clear and cool, the weather systems looking favourable to get us across the lower North Sea and through the English Channel. The boat was provisioned, all systems were checked, and after numerous delays, we left the North Sea Canal at IJmuiden at 7 pm in the gathering dusk and headed out to sea.

This was my first adventure into the open ocean, so apart from some thoughts about open expanses of water, very wide horizons, the colour blue and the sensation of wet and motion, I was not sure what to expect. Oh, and ships. I thought about them quite a lot since we were about to traverse the English Channel, some of the busiest shipping lanes to be found anywhere.

We were fifty miles offshore when I came on watch that night, and I was surprised to see lights everywhere. Ships all over the place and once in a while an oil rig platform. Light intensities bright enough that it was often difficult to discern the navigation lights, indicating the course and potential hazard of

these behemoths. It turned out that about three quarters of them were anchored, waiting for permission to enter into one of Holland's two main shipping canals. The lower end of the North Sea has become an enormous parking lot!

Another surprise was what we discovered in the air. Each day we would wash down the decks and each day we would find black soot, fibres and other fine particles in the places where these things collect, a product of the intense shipping and oil exploration as well as the density of European population. This continued until we were crossing the Bay of Biscay!

With the weather holding favourably for us to cross this Bay, we pushed on. I had the extreme pleasure of standing watch from 4 am under a clear sky and full moon. The wind blew to about 30 knots, the sea rose to a steep 4 metres with the tops often breaking while the boat charged on at 9 knots, with the occasional 15 to 20 gallons of water landing in the cockpit just for good measure.

Off the Spanish coast, we were visited daily by groups of dolphins who came and played around the boat, highlighting the depth of ocean blue as their colour changed when they dove. Oh, that blue: jewel-like and unfathomable! This impression was reinforced while diving into its depths when we were becalmed.

Once away from the Canary Islands, we encountered flotillas of Portuguese Man O War Jellyfish in numbers that would preclude such a swim! Then somewhere near the middle of the ocean, jellyfish gave way to rafts and mats of seaweed which often fouled the rudder and collected on the propeller, slowing us down until we started the engine and kicked it off. This lasted the rest of the way across to the Caribbean!

Pelagic birds singly and in squadrons soaring and diving, turtles

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and migrating birds stopping off to rest, sometimes for days. Wonders everywhere if one cares to look, and fish that fly. Who knew! Just bring your vitamins, some stamina and patience, and a few good books and you too can have a ringside seat!



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Pith and Vinegar

Hands of the Act,

...a column for writers

a short story by Kali Thurber

Distance yourself. Imagine you are anywhere but here. Anywhere but this kitchen, holding this knife, heavy with its own sordid tales, the handle with rust between the wood and blade.

The salmon's milky eyeball, sticky with salt and staring with the surprise of death, holds its glare. It is limp and lifeless as any dead fish but I can't bring myself to put the knife to the damn thing.

"Is it still frozen?", she calls from the kitchen table.

She's been watching, though she can't imagine what the problem could be.

"No. I can't cut it."

Quickly she's beside me, peering over the counter with uncertainty visible in the way her lips part, then come together only to part again. Normally she would turn managerial on me and direct the motion of the knife, tell me how to be her hands. She's had decades to learn how to vocalize the messages between her brain and the separate bodies that do her bidding. She senses the frustration and settles into her kind silence.

"I can't make myself do it. I can't feel the flesh through the knife."

Her father owned a slaughterhouse, which was located behind the farmhouse where she grew up. Her first job was collecting the bloody scraps of tongue, gristle and organs from the slaughterhouse floor for sausages; her second was cutting the heads off live chickens. She cocks her head and gives a small cautious smile.

"I just hold it in my hands and feel wrong. I shouldn't be allowed to eat meat. I buy boxes of breaded chicken breasts and pre-seasoned fillets. They don't have eyeballs."

We're all in the skiff on our way back from town and we see this thing floating in the ocean. But it's not floating. We see as we get closer that it's swimming. Antlers like a small bare tree growing out of its head, fur golden in the twilight.

I expect her to laugh at this sensitivity, but she is thoughtful and listening, hands in a soft fold on her lap. The brakes aren't on her wheelchair and

the tilt of the house allows for a gentle rocking to and fro. An ebb and flow. A woman of the ocean, my mother.

"You know," she says quietly, "you've experienced a trauma."

What could she mean? I'm searching a kaleidoscope of images, distorted by memory.

"It's part of the history that I've never told you, but it's yours."

Hooves slip through the water, trapping air in fur, generating a musical murmur as they reach back to the surface. Its magnificence is intoxicating, even the kids are hushed. The smallest one wriggles in her bucket, packed tight with blankets. Eyes black and glossy stare straight at the four of us as the swishing of its swim draws nearer. She's swimming to the boat, as if the last light of day shimmering off the waves has made her fearless or blind, or both.

"We were in the skiff on the way back to the farm. It had been a long day and we were tired. Tired of the parts of our lives we thought we would love before we moved out there, to the middle of nowhere. We were broke. Poor enough to be hungry."

I listen but quickly feel the old impatience of my teenage self-creeping in. "Is this going somewhere, because I think I should just put it in the oven whole. It's probably going bad right now."

"We made our own cooler out of a box and some shade!" She is exasperated suddenly, barking short sentences at me. "It won't go bad in ten minutes out of the fridge. As a baby, you ate oysters straight from the beach—you would swallow them alive, before we even cut the muscle out. At three years old, you stood face-to-face with a black bear."

My mother turns on her back wheels and pivots, leaving the kitchen in a rush and me bewildered. I watch as she rolls down the ramp toward the patio in her backyard. She is angry and reckless. Going too fast down the last turn so she has to grab the wheels abruptly at the end, briefly tipping onto two wheels. I cringe involuntarily.

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continued from page 22...

Most of the time her strong spirit makes it easy to forget her vulnerability. The fact is forced back at me in flashes and other people's wary eyes when she appears overly venturesome for someone in a wheelchair. And then I want to hold her tight, throw fists at anything that comes in our way. I was once part of her and the separateness of our adult bodies generates anxiety when I imagine possible dangers to her safety. Mothers are protective, but children are like little soldiers, acting forever in defence of their original homeland.

Up close, the deer looks like she's prancing through the water. She's proud, her chest puffed out high in the wake around her. So near that the girls want to reach out and touch her, their pink fingers stretching and grasping for her fur. I tell them no and he says, should I get 'er?

I watch her from the back window. She's relaxed now, going around the trails in her garden, picking flowers and herbs, pulling weeds. The afternoon sun rests on her hair and shines. I have waited for her to calm down but am craving the confrontation. I want her to say what I sometimes imagine she thinks of me. Just a silly city girl. The success that I pursue seems insignificant, vain and dull to her. She has lived off the land. The way it was meant to be.

"The knife was dull", she says when I go out to her. I confuse the knives in the stories.

"It's not the knife," I say, "it's me."

She doesn't correct me, but goes on instead. "I told him to get the deer because we needed the meat, but I didn't know the knife was dull."

And I start to see where the story I interrupted was going.

"He could be so careless about these things. We never talked of it again. I never forgot the sound of that animal, her neck gouged halfway. It was terrible."

The rest of the ride home was deafening with the roar of the motor, low on gas. He had the body laid out in the rear but the water had grown choppy and with each plunge the skiff took, some of the deer's blood would run toward the centre where the three of us sat, huddled together. I realized the next day that he must have still had the blood on his hands as he drove the boat. The steering wheel was caked with its muddy texture. We were distant for a few days after that, afraid of the experience we saw in each other's eyes. He bore the brunt, being the hands of the act.

I lay my hands, soft and slack from pen-pushing and dinners out, over her shoulders and speak those empty words we use when there are none for the bursting in our hearts.

"I'm sorry, mom."

She takes my hands, her own beautiful with time-worn grooves like rivers and creeks breaking and joining across her skin. She holds them to her chest, her eyes looking up at me, bright blue oceans tinged with grey and rich with story.

"You are good," she says, her voice breaking partway. "I never worry that you will do the right thing—I never did, even when you were a child running barefoot on the barnacled rocks—because you are careful."

Her words. We stay like that, our fingers intertwined, our blood flowing. We listen to this shared silence, from that earlier time before we had language, when we shared blood instead of words.

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Lund Reunion

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Steven Marx

Call them hippies, back-to-the-landers, political refugees or utopian idealists, a flock of young people descended upon the Lund area from all over Canada, the USA, and Europe during the 1970's intending to build a new life at the end of the road. Some stayed and some left, but many of them, their children and grandchildren will be getting together at the old Lund School, on Savary, and at the Gazebo for celebration, recollection, and participation in Tai Uhlmann's feature-length film project about that time and place. The Sunday night dance at the Gazebo is open to the public and all community members are very welcome.

For more info, see <https://sites.google.com/site/lundreunion2015>

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Tallahassee Boys

Roisin Sheehy-Culhane and Phil Russell
owners of the Magical Dome

November is often the time of year for heading south to the sun and away, far away, from the gray, wet, windy West Coast of B.C. Winter guests at our Magical Dome in Lund (end of Hwy 101 on the Sunshine Coast) have not, in general, come from afar. They're either city folk escaping harried lives for a few days, a group retreat, or, a couple having a romantic weekend. Occasionally, a birthday or anniversary celebration. Having been in business almost ten years, we've become used to expecting the unusual, but four years ago, even we were surprised!

Five young men from Tallahassee, Florida chose our Magical Dome for their destination holiday in November. From the sunshine to gray skies! After many e-mail exchanges, dates were set, deposits made, and airline travel scheduled. Their designated e-mailer already seemed interesting, his southern drawl sounding through his flowery writing. They were hoping for some 'serious weather' during their stay. We were intrigued, wondering about these five people (at this point we didn't know they were all young men) who would take the chance to fly across the U.S., rent a vehicle in Vancouver and travel a further six hours, off and on ferries, to the end of Hwy 101 and our sight unseen Magical Dome, deep in the forest wilderness of B.C.

The day of their arrival, the weather was suitably windy, wet and miserable, with a threat of snow. We got a nice, warm fire going for them and waited. It was dusk when they arrived, five bewildered-looking young men hopped out of their 4-wheel drive vehicle complete with Canadian Tire axes they had bought en-route. They were obviously disoriented and tired after their travels. We showed them how the sauna operated and left them to rest, promising to drop by early the next day.

Not wanting to wake them, we left our visit to

mid-morning. By that time they had already been busy chopping and stacking firewood with their brand new axes. Their first question was, Where was the closest river to go spear-fishing? as they had also brought spear-fishing gear with them. Being November, the dog salmon were running so we were able to direct them to the Sliammon First Nations fish hatchery, where they could observe the salmon being netted, but not spear-fished. Directions were given for hiking trails, foods available from local farms, beaches for storm-watching, etc. Since fishing was not possible for them, we gave them a whole salmon from our freezer, but it would require gutting once defrosted. Did any of them know how to gut a fish? Oh, yes, one of them had received instructions in fish gutting, but

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would appreciate supervision. This was arranged and the volunteer fish-gutter did a state-of-the-art job.

We usually check in on our guests the last evening of their stay to see how everything went. During the course of our visit, we asked what had inspired them to make this trip. They told us it was a stag party for one of their group and they had wanted to do something completely original. Also, during our conversation, they confessed to being absolutely terrified the first night at our Magical Dome. It was sooo dark, they felt totally isolated, fearful of the unfamiliar night noises of the forest. They expected a Sasquatch to break in the door at any minute and gobble them up. However, by the end of the week they were seasoned "wet" coast settlers who continue to make the long trek back here every November, 'serious weather' permitting.

Tied to the Tides

Ria Curtis

Living and working with the rhythm of nature has its own trials and rewards. It has been nearly 15 years now since we left the interior of BC and our small silviculture forestry business for an oyster farm and life on the coast. Our whole family is now ruled by the whims of the ocean, whether it be harvesting in the low tides late at night during winter or monitoring algae blooms and PSP (paralytic shellfish poisoning) or *Vibrio* in the warmer months. The ocean and the needs of the farm dictate the lives of the whole family - "Shhhh, papa's sleeping; he worked the tide last night."

While they might not always agree, our boys were lucky to grow up relatively free in nature, exploring beaches, swimming, fishing. It was a lifestyle that made them amazingly fleet of foot, independent, hard working, able to sleep anywhere, and to swim like fish. It also gave them a keen interest in the natural world of the intertidal and subtidal zones. Many a crab and sculpin were held captive temporarily, and we still have festively decorated starfish, urchins and sand dollars on the fridge. Possibly the most surprising finds

were those creatures found in the subtidal zones, the artificial kelp colonies that grow along the long anchor lines of the farm, or on tray stacks and floating bags that float just beneath the surface, close to shore.



Photo by Little Wing Farm

It is a diverse ecosystem with creatures found nowhere else. The furry looking Sea Mouse was one of the kid's favorites, looking somewhat like a shaggy slug with an iridescent stripe down the middle of the back. Sea lemons, opalescent nudibranch, yellow-edged cadlina and sea clown nudibranch are close cousins in the nudibranch family and commonly found. Chitons of every colour, size and shape bring to mind prehistoric creatures and can be found slowly grazing over rocks, kelp and other shellfish, stuck there by their large sucking

foot. The varied and colourful anemones were an endless source of entertainment, so beautiful with their pink, white, orange or green tentacles waving in the water, so fun to poke with your finger to make them squirt water at you when they were closed and out of the water.

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Possibly the weirdest and creepiest of all the “line critters” was the smooth skeleton shrimp - a tiny being whose back legs clamp onto the kelp while the upper body and top legs grope around in the water for tinier bits of floating edibles. These things look like they belong in an alien horror show and are so profuse; you can find hundreds of them in a single



Photo courtesy of Google images

handful of seaweed. Other candidates for the weird and wonderful category are: the many coloured sea sponges which latch onto shellfish and digest their way through the shell; bryozoans that stick to and feed on kelp, looking like round snowflakes or branching growths; and, finally, scuttling amongst them all, Vosnesensky’s isopod, looking like a many sectioned cockroach.

Those are the creatures you can see with the naked eye. At the microscopic level there is a whole host of teeny tiny things floating in the nutrient rich surface water. These include: algae, phyto-planktons and larvae from barnacles and other shellfish. If you ever have access to a microscope, take a drop of sea water and look at it on a slide. You will be amazed at what you’ve been swimming with! From the largest orca to the tiniest microscopic



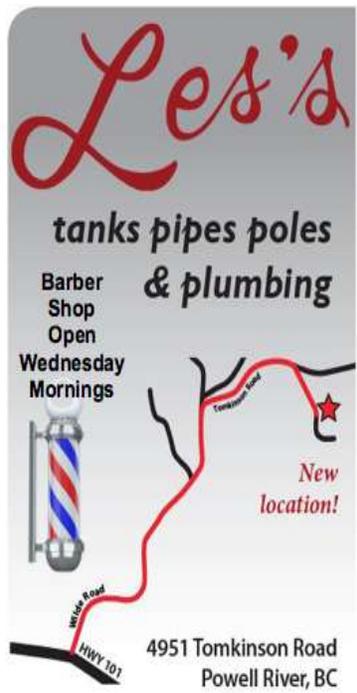
Photo by Little Wing Farm

critters, the ocean is alive; full of life depending on each other for food and habitat. You only have to look. Enjoy.



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Lund's Larson Girls and the Spindrift

Wendy Larson

I thought I might write a little article about boats I have had throughout my life as there've been a few. I grew up in Lund, part of a fishing family. My grandfather homesteaded in Larson's Bay (renamed Chapman's Bay). He had three sons and two daughters. The family had a sawmill in the Bay and they built several boats there as well. My grandma raised chinchillas for their fur.

Fast forward to my mom, June, born and raised in Vancouver. She became a teacher, and landed her first job working at the Lund School (the old schoolhouse that was behind and to the left of where Levy's house is now). June picked my future dad, Elmer, out of the eligible Lund bachelors, married him, and within a couple of years they had a daughter and moved to Stuart Island.

My dad and his brother, Alver, ran assist tugs in the rapids. The tugs back then didn't have enough power to get their booms through the Yucultas, so my dad and Alver worked the tides at all hours of the day and night, all year round. These boats were named the Cub and the Turmoil. Of course my mom, being a city girl, was horrified by the constant danger, especially as she proceeded to have two more daughters within two years. Out of necessity, we all learned to walk boom sticks, which served me well in burling contests at Lund Dayz later in life.

The partnership between the brothers wore thin; apparently my uncle was a bit of a hothead. Us girls loved the story of my uncle trying to start an outboard. With each strenuous, fruitless haul on the pull cord, his temper rose until he unclamped it and threw it overboard, hollering, "If you won't run, you won't ride".

My mom and dad moved back to Lund and built a shack on the point at my grandpa's place. Within a year, they bought the house in Finn Bay, dragged the shack across the water and hauled it up on the point where it remains until this day. Five of us lived in that tiny shack while my dad rebuilt the old house on the property. At that point, I was four, Marilyn five, and Val seven. Okay, finally I will talk about boats. Sort of...

The Spindrift was a 28' double ender. It had an Acer Crown gas engine. When the battery was low as it often was, you could start it with a hand crank at the front of the engine. We were told a horror story of some woman in Herriot Bay who had gotten her hair caught in the fly wheel and was snatched bald. We were always sure to tie our hair back before slotting the handle into the flywheel at the front of the engine, and with both

hands spinning the engine over as fast as we could.

Of course, I wasn't crank-starting the engine at four years old, but we had that boat until I was a teenager. If the engine was feeling cranky, it would kick back and jar your arm when you gave it a spin. You shifted gears with your foot on a big lever that

stuck up through the plywood floor. I can still remember the feel of the gear humping up and down through my foot when I held it in reverse.

My dad would take us out fishing after dinner to catch high water slack. He would push back from the table and ask, "Who wants to go fishing?" You would be a fool to stay home and get stuck doing dishes, so generally us three sisters would go. For fishing salmon, we used a pair of belt-driven Easthope gurdies. Val still remembers the time dad told her to throw a bucket of water on the



Photo courtesy of Wendy Larson

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gurdies, and instead of throwing it on the brass shaft where the line spools were to cool the friction, she threw it on the belt which caused it to slip. She was so embarrassed!

When we were log salvagers (think beachcombers), the gurdies would come off, and a big timber would get strapped on just aft of amidships. Around this timber, the tow rope was attached. We had a spot in the Raggeds where we would make our boom. My mom and dad said some old hermit had buried money ashore there, so we would spend hours looking for the loot while my mom and dad stamped the logs. I think they made the story up to keep us occupied. My mom didn't like us girls within earshot when my dad was running around on the boom sticks. He swore like crazy and we learned some good strings of double-barreled swear words that we could entertain our friends with later.

My mom and dad believed strongly in child labour. My sisters and I were log scouts. Mom would row us ashore on some beach, Savary or Hernando. She would row back out to the boat and us three would walk the beach. When we ran across a good fir or cedar, we would mark it with a pole propped straight up and down. The Spindrift would follow along. After we had found a few good logs, dad would get in as close as possible to the beach and mom would row the towline ashore.

Meanwhile, we would have dug a hole in the sand

or put pebbles under the log to pass the rope through. We would put a few wraps around the log so it would spin it instead of just a direct pull. This would pop it up out of any wallow it had created. We would lay driftwood lengthwise in front of the log to help skid it down the beach. When all the preparations were in place, on the count of three we would holler, "Give 'er shit!" Dad would have coiled about twenty feet of spare line on the deck. He would take a run at it and when the line snapped tight, it would hopefully pull the log down the beach. Mom would row back out, and we would proceed on down the beach.

Sounds like fun, right? It was fun! I still love the challenge of scrounging something off the beach.

Well I think that's enough about me, er, I mean the Spindrift, for this issue. Maybe next time I'll tell you about the Truls, my dad's 36' troller....



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Scientists "cautiously optimistic" About Return of Sea Stars This Year

Even before we set off in kayaks, Terracentric guide Krista Cawley picked an ochre star out of the water. Dripping, it clung to four tiny rocks as she held it with two fingers.

"Touch it – it's hard." As my finger neared it, the white spiny bumps protecting the arms seemed to rise as the purple flesh receded. Hard and wet. She gently placed it back in the water and we climbed in the boats to look for more.

If you explore the rocky tidal zone of the Lund Harbour this summer, you'll notice something different. Nestled among the rocks, clams and mussels, there are sea stars by the dozens. What's different is that last year, according to Cawley, there were none.

Beginning in 2013 and still continuing today, millions of sea stars, like the common purple ochre, the sunflower and sunstar, have disappeared with no clear reason why.

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Although sea stars have suffered plagues in the past, this episode is considered the most widespread die-off of marine life ever recorded. Scientists have observed sea star wasting disease from Baja California up to the cool waters of Sitka, Alaska. Previously spared, in the past few months B.C.'s central coast has been hit hard. The disease is quick and messy. Within 72 hours, a healthy adult may develop lesions, lose an arm or two, and shortly after, disintegrate completely.

Cawley, a fourth-year environmental science student at UBC and a third-year guide at Terracentric, often takes boaters by rocky Sevilla Island, a five-minute paddle from the harbour. She ends up talking about sea stars on almost every tour. They stop, pick them up, and discuss how they eat and move.

"The general consensus is that there are more, but I'm not sure if science has backed that up," she said.

In late 2014, scientists discovered a virus deemed the best guess for the coast's loss of several varieties, including the ochre and sunflower stars, keystone species that keep the tidal ecology in check. Sea star associated densovirus has been detected as a link, however, active research carries on.

Warming ocean temps matter too, says Chris Harley, a marine biologist at UBC. The number of sick sea stars slowed over the winter and as the water warmed in the spring, increased again.

"It's likely a combination of various stressors," he said. The virus could come in after the sea star is already sick and vulnerable. Fresh water is a suspect too.

"We accidentally dumped fresh water into a lab tank years ago," he said. "They looked fine after four days, but in 10, they got symptoms of sea star wasting syndrome."

Harley has research sites around Vancouver and Calvert Island. Before the disease hit, his team counted about a thousand stars in a 50 metre stretch off Stanley Park. After the disease swept through there was one—today, that number is close to 70.

A cause for optimism is that juvenile sea stars have been spotted in higher numbers around Calvert Island this spring and summer, as well as on the Oregon and California coast.

"I haven't seen [a juvenile] that's sick," he said. "However, I'm worried that the little ones will grow up and die before they can reproduce. I'm cautiously optimistic."

When asked whether there was a chance the sea stars could become extinct, Harley said he wasn't worried.

"It would be hard to completely eliminate a species," he said, "diseases gotta live too—it's possible, but doesn't seem likely."

Scientists are actively researching how viruses, like the sea star associated densovirus, spread in the water. A colony of sea stars can be decimated in one area, yet find a healthy population a few kilometres away. So little is known about ocean life, he said.

"The thing that worries me is that we don't fully understand the causes, so is this something that's going to become more common with global change, or is this some freak event? That's what I'm concerned about is these surprises around the corner."

Cawley and I found a dozen ochre stars within 10 minutes in the harbour and around Sevilla Island before I tipped my kayak and had to retreat to shore.

"If you're interested," she said, "educate yourself, ask those questions and seek to understand. There's direct things I'm sure we can do, but we're not sure until we start looking for them."



Healthy *Pisaster ochraceus* or ochre sea stars as seen under water in the Lund harbour June 25, 2015, photo by Krista Cawley

It's Wet, Wild and Wonderful Out There!

Emily Jenkins

If you go down to the shore today you're in for a big surprise! For every creature that ever there was will gather there for certain because it's the best place to be, you see, you see!

The sea, the sand, the rocks, and mud are all alive with invertebrates that will excite, disgust and impress you! As many of us will be spending more time by the ocean during the summer, it's good to get acquainted with some of our interesting neighbours. I have chosen a couple of creatures that you might see and a couple of my favorites.

Found in sandy and muddy environments, Lewis's Moonsnail (*Polinices lewisii*) is not to be missed! This snail is epically huge, so big that it is challenged to pull its big "foot" fully into its shell! What neat things does the moon snail do? Have you ever found a shell (usually clam) with a perfectly drilled hole near the top and wondered how it was done? It's the moon snail! It uses its specialized tongue, called a radula, and shell-softening secretions to drill the hole and consume the contents. Have you ever found something that looked like a rubber gasket and thought it was garbage in the intertidal zone?



Photo courtesy of Google images

Guess again! It's the moon snail's egg case! A layer of eggs is sandwiched between layers of sand and held together with special snail mucus.



Photo courtesy of Google images

Jellies are prolific this year, so they shouldn't be hard to miss. The Lion's Mane (*Cyanea capillata*) is the world's largest jelly, reaching up to 6ft in diameter with tentacles trailing to 30ft.!!! The ones around here are typically much smaller, but regardless of size, watch out for the



Photo courtesy of Google images

stinging tentacles! Do not touch them, even if they are stranded or dead. The Moon Jelly (*Aurelia labiata*) is distinguished by the four horseshoe-shaped gonads in the top of the bell. These jellies often form in large spawning groups in sheltered areas.

The Giant or California Sea Cucumber (*Parastycopus californicus*) is a super-cool creature that appears intimidating by colours and spines, but really it is just a slippery, squishy sack of mostly water. It contracts the five muscles running the length of its body to escape predators (mainly the Sunflower Star) which results in a cross between galloping like a horse and the break-dancing move "the worm" ...its amazing! If things are really looking bad, the Cucumber does something very extreme to survive. It eviscerates all its internal organs, which look like spaghetti and tomato sauce, and hopefully interests the predator long enough for the Cucumber to escape, wherein it will regrow its organs within two months!



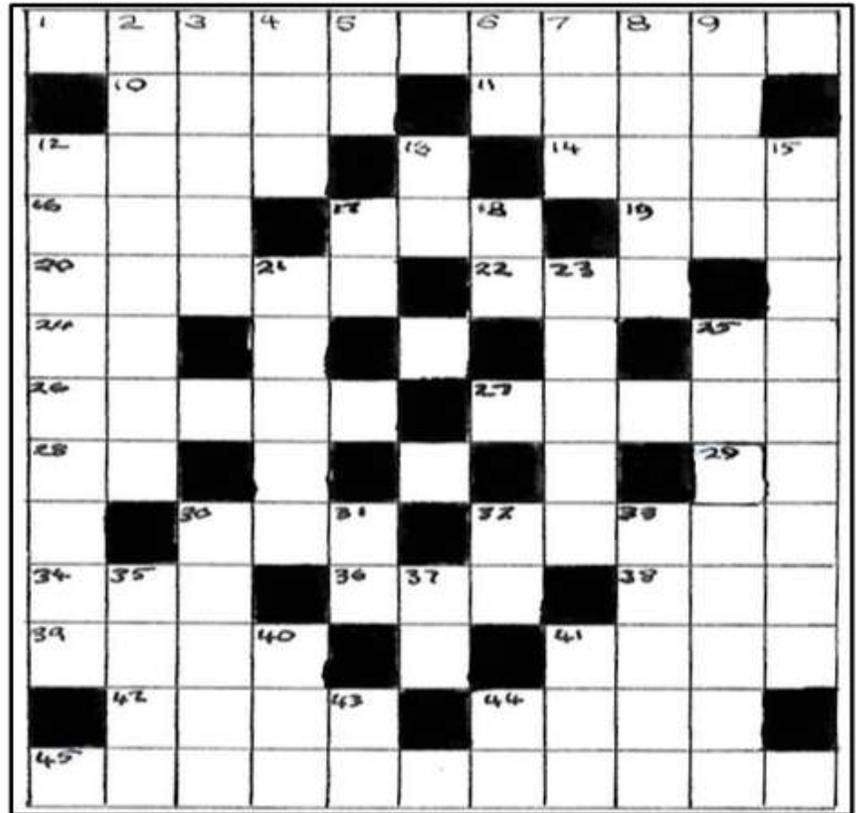
Photo courtesy of Google images

Are you as excited as I am to get down to the intertidal zone and start exploring?! Our area is full of fantastic sea creatures so get out there and check them out! It is best to use your eyes to observe and your camera to preserve and to go at a low tide! But if you can't resist... remember to have wet hands, handle gently and put them back where you found them. If in doubt, do not touch and don't take anyone home with you! Have fun!

Crossword #36 by C. Cressy
On the Water

ACROSS:

- 1 WATER DEPTH GAUGES
- 10 NAÏVE (Fr)
- 11 GRAIN STORAGE PLACE
- 12 DOES IT
- 14 SMALL BAY
- 16 COUNTER-CLOCK THREAD (abbr)
- 17 SMALL VIPER
- 19 FENCING DUMMY
- 20 BOWSWAIN (contr)
- 22 COMP. DIR.
- 24 SOUTHERN STATE (abbr)
- 25 WORK ORDER (abbr)
- 26 INSTRUCT
- 27 BEGIN AGAIN
- 28 DRIVING SURFACE (abbr)
- 29 IRISH (abbr)
- 30 UNLOCKS
- 32 INSECT STAGE
- 34 SALT WATER
- 36 ROWER'S TOOL
- 38 GR. NUMBER 100
- 39 WATCHES ON OTHERS
- 41 REDUCE THE SAIL
- 42 LIKE COD
- 44 PAST TENSE OF BE
- 45 LOSING INCHES (3 words)



DOWN:

- 2 MOORED TO THE BOTTOM
- 3 KNOTS LACE
- 4 HE OWNS IT
- 5 COMING FROM
- 6 PLURAL ENDING
- 7 SPASM
- 8 RUN AWAY
- 9 PAST TENSE OF REEVE
- 12 OPEN-SEAS BIRD
- 13 OBJECTIVE CASE OF WE
- 15 SMALL BOATS LACK IT
- 17 ANGLO-NORMAN (abbr)
- 18 ADD-ON ENDING (abbr)
- 21 PAWN BROKER (slang)
- 23 POWER OR ENERGY
- 25 RAISING #2 DOWN
- 30 CANOE-LIKE BOAT
- 31 SLANG HELLO
- 32 CHEM. SYMB.
- 33 STOP (Fr)
- 35 HEBREW MEASURE
- 37 SOUTHERN STATE (abbr)
- 40 NARROW SNOWSHOE
- 41 NOT COFFEE
- 43 PRINTING UNIT
- 44 BLOODY FOOL (abbr)

Answer Key #35



Community Page

Adrian Redford

Birth Announcements

Since the last Barnacle, we heard of no births to parents from Lund. If we missed one, please let us know.

Sympathy and Condolences

Lawrence Randal Nazar – July 27, 1953 – May 2, 2015

Lawrence died in his home on Saturday, May 2 from cancer. He is survived by his daughter Rekha (Sister Mary Gianna), his brother Steven (Margaret Calder) Nazar and niece Holly. He was predeceased by his parents Steve and Edna Nazar.

Born in Edmonton, Alberta, Lawrence travelled to BC with his family on holidays and, as a teen, he left home to work in the interior. His family moved to Okeover Inlet in the early 1970's when they retired. He and his brother regularly visited and Lawrence built a small cabin on the land. Over the years, he spent time at the Himalayan Institute in Pennsylvania, studied Karate and taught English in Japan, and worked in the trades throughout Alberta, BC, and New Jersey before settling in Okeover with his family. Lawrence was a hard worker, a kind and generous man who was well known for helping his friends in time of need, and was often spotted at Nancy's Bakery and in the community of Lund. He will be missed by many friends.

The Goodwill Committee of the Lund Community Society sends cards expressing thank you, get well, thinking of you, baby 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 or Colleen Cox at 604-483-9752 with any news you think should be acknowledged.

Remembering Lawrence

Adrian Redford

It was the fall of 1981 when Percy and I moved into our new home in Finn Bay. I was full of excitement with a new resolve to get fit. It was then that Lawrence Nazar offered a karate course in the old community hall. This was perfect. He held one class in Lund and another in Sliammon. I believe he received his training in Japan, and he was a very good instructor and a serious task master. At the end of every session he had us goose step on our haunches twice around the hall. (I was younger then!) Even so, I was sure I would die before I finished. But two weeks down the road I could have run home in the dark, I had so much energy. Gradually he began teaching us the 'kata', which is the form and footwork required in the practice of the martial art.

In December of that year, Lawrence and I decided to put on a Japanese sushi dinner for the students in both classes. We set up a sheet of plywood in the middle of my living room with tatami mats on the floor. We had a fun afternoon making all the food, each of us making what we knew. We also had some warm sake, which we had to test for quality control! It all happened many sakes ago, but I think we all had a good time at the dinner getting to know each other a little better.

Lawrence did some traveling shortly after that and I didn't see him for some time, but have always remembered him fondly since that fall of 1981.

The Beauty of Dying Within Community

Emily Jenkins

As part of the Lund community, I am proud to recognize, honour and celebrate the dedication of Lawrence Nazar's caregivers during a very important time of his life. I witnessed friends and neighbours coming together to fulfill Lawrence's end-of-life wishes. This was demonstrated as people reorganized their lives to accommodate Lawrence's requirements, bringing an understanding of each other's needs and desires to create a balance of care for all. Sacrifices were made in order to be with Lawrence during his time of need. It was touching to witness folks coming together to assist a member of their community to live out his life in his own home. The beauty of this network of support is that it created new friendships, deepened existing ones, and ultimately strengthened community ties.

Lawrence, in turn, gave this group a huge gift. Much was learned through caring for him; more than was anticipated and some yet to be recognized. Caregivers learned about themselves, their friendships, their partners and of course about Lawrence himself. Lawrence shed light, without intending to, on personal strengths and struggles, and this gave rise to opportunities for growth and reflection.

People were willing to provide end-of-life care and thus experience, first hand, the sacredness of this time, the fragility and extreme strength of the human mind, body, and spirit. The real desire to honour and celebrate Lawrence gave his caregivers an opportunity to experience death and dying first hand.

Often our society is apprehensive to broach this topic. In many ways it is still taboo and most of us haven't had many experiences to change this. The beauty of an experience such as this one is that it teaches as much or more about life than it does of death. How would we live our lives differently if we had a better understanding of the end of life?

I am grateful to my friends for sharing their experiences of caring for Lawrence, for their honesty, openness and loving hearts. I will not forget the overwhelming care, commitment, patience, growth, support, love, sadness, frustrations and insights they shared with me. This experience has helped me to see death as part of the cycle of life. To all things there is an end, yet there is no end, for there is always a beginning - an infinite circle. Lawrence's passing was, and continues to be, the beginning of many wonderful connections and reflections.

Jack's Boat Yard

Sandy Dunlop

To the owner of any boat up to 60 tons that can't be trailered, Jack's Boat Yard in Finn Bay is a marvel. It provides an important service that can't be found anywhere else on our coast: haul-out, parking, and, if necessary, long-term storage "on the hard" for boat maintenance and repair, and access to services and supplies at the Boat Yard, in Lund and Powell River.



Photo courtesy of Jack's Boat Yard

The boat yard that Jack built is a wonder of what a determined vision, creativity and many skills, money, and big machines can do. Sitting on mostly now developed 12.5 acres of waterfront, it was blasted out of the rock bluff and its trees logged. The rock was then drilled, crushed, and screened, to become rock walls and a spacious "hard" on which over 200 boats a year can park overnight or for a month or more. There's a small marine store, an office, boat sheds, and washrooms with showers and laundry. As Gerry Elsworth says, "It's not fancy, but it's functional".

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Jack converted a yellow Ross Stradle Carrier, a lifter for large containers, into the original boat lift. Over the course of two and a half years of cutting and welding, he widened and lengthened it, and redesigned the chain lifting cylinders to lift with cable, adding a holding cable to increase the lifting range. He moved the steering system from the upper cab to ground level, and beefed up the brakes.

The Boat Yard opened in 2001 and five boats were hauled. The next years saw the number of boats wanting to use the Yard rapidly increase: 30 to 60 to 100 to 150 to over 200 now. About 60 boats over-winter there, and there are about ten annual repeat clients. There are also a few live-aboards, who come and go during the year.

Jack's Boat Yard is primarily a family business, with five Elsworth family members working there: Jack, Gerry, Cindy, Dean, and Roy. It also has two full-time employees, and a number of skilled tradespeople, including shipwright Bill McKee, are available nearby.

In the summer of 2013, the Boat Yard began a major expansion, with blasting/drilling/crushing/screening rock work to create more boat parking, storage sheds, and lifting ramps. A 60-ton Dale Harris travel lift was bought in 2012 to be used exclusively, while the original lift became the machine that pulls the boats up the hill and to their spot. Boats could now be hauled at any time since there was no longer a dependency on the tides. Aware of the possible disruption to the neighbourhood, there was a push-on to get the job done and over with as quickly as possible, so a schedule of long hours seven days a week was the norm.

Many of the neighbours, however, had had enough. Not everyone loves Jack's Boat Yard, and the noise created by all the development can be intense. Noise transmission varies a lot, depending on where you are, among other things. Some people in the Bay are affected way more than others. For 15 years, the residents of Finn Bay had mostly kept their cool, the local respect for boat industry being a tradition here. In the summer of 2013, however, some of them



Photo courtesy of Jack's Boat Yard

went wild. A petition was circulated, signed by almost 20 nearby property owners, and sent to the Boat Yard with a letter asking for reduced hours (5 days a week, 8 hours a day). Phone calls to the Yard from residents beside themselves with upset were frequent. Neighbours reported their houses shaking during the blasting, that all conversations outside had to be yelled, that they could no longer use their front deck or keep their windows open in the summer heat, that their rental units could not be rented, and that their property values had plummeted. They say that the sound of the lift hauling out boats several times a day or in the early morning is like a plane landing in the yard, that the oscillating pressure washer that runs an hour per boat and whose sound ricochets off the rocks and all over the Bay is hard to bear, and that, in general, all this noise is relentless!

Some say they just want the expansion to be over. Others say the noise is unlikely to ever stop. Some think a bigger muffler on the lift could silence it and would be a huge improvement. The Boat Yard now operates six days a week; no boats are hauled or rock work done on Sundays, and they try to keep the hours to 8 am - 4 or 5 pm. Neighbours would like quiet Saturdays as well.

How this will work out in the future remains to be seen. Fact is, all of the people in this drama are really nice folks. The desire to be tolerant, good neighbours, supportive of this important service, is strong, as is the wish to more often enjoy a low-key, relatively quiet Finn Bay.

A Sizzling Summer!



Photo by Nikki Tebbutt



Photo by Brian Voth

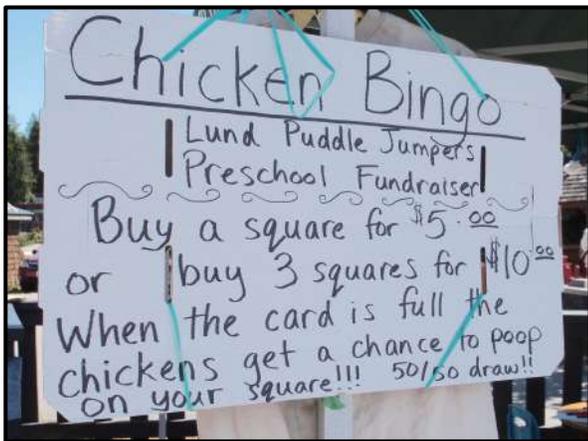


Photo by Brian Voth



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