

The Voice of Lund

Proceeds to the Lund Community Society

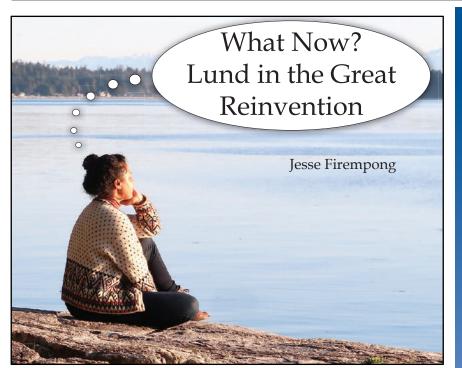


Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

Everyone's pandemic story is different. I've been lucky to work from home, even if respecting lockdown and travel rules means I haven't hugged my parents in over a year. I've watched friends with children struggle with daycare and school closures, while others in my life have found the space they needed in the stillness of lockdown.

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But we also have a collective story, with poll after poll showing that the majority of us don't want society to go back to normal – we want to make it better. Crises have a way of distilling what matters most with perfect clarity. It's when we can turn big dreams and high hopes into reality (like after the Spanish flu of 1918, when women's liberation took off).

Our societies — big cities or tiny hamlets — are always evolving, like nature. So, after a year of working on a national campaign calling on our politicians to "build back better" from COVID-19, I find myself thinking about what that looks like here at home. How do I want to shape positive change in our seaside village? Looking back ten years from now, what seeds will we have watered and nurtured? What will the memories we've made in the new Lund Community Centre be?

Change doesn't have to mean development. Forget neoliberal determinism about what progress looks like. We don't Continued on page 3... **Publisher:** The Lund Community Society

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Publication Schedule and Distribution

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https://www.lundcommunity.com/barnacle

Editorial Policy

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

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

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

Editorial

Hello and welcome to the spring 2021 issue. It's a maddening time of anticipation, eh? It seems like what we're all waiting for is just around the corner. Then it seems there is no way this will happen soon. All of us are in this limbo-land in some way. I'm reminded of the '60s song which I've here altered: "Limbo longer now; how long can you go?"

This issue of the *Barnacle* invites further speculation on what happens now that everything has been turned on its head. How do we create a new way of living together? It was suggested to me recently that instead of trying to create a vision of what we want, we could pay very close attention to the vision that is just waiting for us to receive it.

We also have stories that thrill and delight, enabling vicarious pleasure reading about other people's adventures. It's amazing but true that some people like climbing to very high places and others like the seas best when they are heaving – the seas that is. Then there's the thrill of getting your driver's license – remember that? And a myriad of other tales to fill these *Barnacle* pages.

I hope you enjoy this issue.

-- Sandy

In respect and gratitude, we recognize that this publication was created on the traditional homelands of the Tla'amin Nation and Coast Salish People.

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 2021.

Advertising Rates Business Card Size: \$10.00 Double Business Card & 1/6 Page Size : \$20.00 Quarter Page: \$30.00 Send to: **barnacleadvertising@twincomm.ca**

Next edition is July 2021 Deadline for submissions is July 10, 2021; but reservations for article space are needed in advance and ads need to be submitted by the fifth of the month.



Lund Barnacle Printer

Continued from page 1...

need to be beholden to tourist dollars, economists' regression analyses, or realtors' speculation. As one friend said to me, we need to preserve Lund's "paradisiacal" essence. Sometimes this means doing less. One silver lining of 2020? Fewer cruise ships swarming the inside passage, for example. A reprieve for the cetaceans and Lundies, alike.

We can change the paradigm. We can co-create our own community plan, as my land-mate recently reminded me. We don't need more clear cuts or streetlights or landfills. We need more frequent transportation to Powell River, a healthy water system, and fairly priced housing for everyone who needs it. Being able to obtain most if not all of our good, sustainable food needs in Lund. Recreational programs for youth. A Green New Deal that expands quality jobs in clean energy, regenerating nature, the arts, and health care. Finding ways to talk about the wealth inequality in our region and to pool our resources, skills, and equipment so that we rely on each other, not markets.

With respect to Lund, or Klah ah men - meaning "place of refuge", I'm also curious about what the future of reconciliation looks like, and how we share this little corner of the planet that belongs to the Tla'amin people — with one another and people from outside the area who don't usually have access to the refuge of nature that we do.

For me, positive change means running towards justice, connection, and joy. The Great Reinvention, as we could call it, would preserve the best parts of our community while harnessing this moment of transformational change happening all over the world.

Stories are social DNA and often at the foundation of culture. As the spring re-energizes me to get more involved in this community, I find myself thinking that the Great Reinvention is about deciding what our story is today, what it will be tomorrow, and then leaping into the future to bring that story to life, together.

Are you thriving, or surviving?

As part of a vision to make qathet a region where everyone thrives, the City of Powell River, qathet Regional District, Tla'amin Nation, Lift Community Services, and First Credit Union, together with many other organizations and citizens, are working to develop a Regional Poverty Reduction Strategy. People are not poor; rather poverty is an experience that anyone can encounter in their life. Poverty denies people the resources and opportunities they need to fully participate in all aspects of community life.

If you would like to learn more about this project, get involved, and be part of the movement to eliminate poverty, please sign up for our newsletter at http://eepurl.com/hsUR7v.

You can also call or text April at: 604-578-8948.



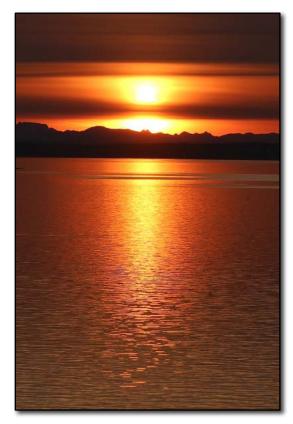


Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

Lund Community Society Update

Sandy Dunlop

On April 20, the Lund Community Society (LCS) had our first in-person general meeting since last October – six months! I don't believe that long of a pause has ever happened in the whole ninety-year history of the LCS.

There was quite a backlog of things to discuss, but first we heard from guest Ryan Thoms, the emergency preparedness coordinator for the qathet Regional District, regarding the storage container that now sits on the edge of the Northside Community Recreation Centre property and contains supplies able to be used by our community in an emergency.

We decided at this meeting that we would keep our monthly meeting date and time the same for the time being: the third Tuesday of the month at 7:00 p.m. except July, August, and December. If things with pandemic restrictions ease, we'll have another general meeting on May 18 and a final one before summer break on June 15. For those who cannot make that meeting time, other options could be made to work. Contact us.

We were hoping to set a date for our annual general meeting, which we usually hold in January, but COVID-19 restrictions on gatherings have pushed it to probably September. The date will be announced and well publicized as we get closer to that month. We have at least one important seat to fill on the Board at the AGM and more help in general would be hugely welcome. One area in which we could use help and support is in getting the monthly e-mail newsletter out. There are many areas in which help would be appreciated. Please contact us if you can help.

Because COVID restrictions eliminated all those events at which we usually seek new members and collect fees, we have not been able to collect any membership money. We discussed having a 2021 LCS online membership drive.

Check out our website at <u>lundcommunity.com</u> or our Facebook page or the sign on the highway at Larson Road for updates on what we're doing. If you join our email list, we send out monthly updates (or try to). If you wish to be included on that list, let us know at <u>lundcommunity@gmail.com</u>.



Photo courtesy Brian Voth



This is a difficult time for everyone. When it comes time to bring some beauty into your life, please consider supporting local artists. Stay safe my friends.

Tug-Guhm Gallery & Studio open 10:00 am - 4:30 pm (daily)

1436 101 Hwy, In the Historic Lund Hotel 604.414.0474 ext 302 • aartcreations@shaw.ca "A unique stop at the end of the road"

Foodie B&B Retreat in Nature Help Fulfill a Dream

Amazing northwest views, enjoying the sunset from the deck. A retreat: get away from it all to connect with nature. Kayaks to explore by water, trails to hike. Soak up nature's beauty all around. A great kitchen to share delicious feasts. Cozy, rustic, big fireplace. Comfortable beds. Hearty breakfasts. Even a separate production kitchen to share good local food. Possibly a studio, workshop, creation space. Ideally room for guest cabins and treehouses, a soaker tub too. Gardens to grow fresh food and beautiful flowers. Room for friends and family to stay. Space to heal, relax, rejuvenate, create, connect, be at peace. Conversations that affect change and make a difference. Does this space exist? Might you know someone with a vacant home or room to create this dream vision? Is this possible? My experience as a foodie in the hospitality world, now two years in Lund, looking to create this here on our coast. Happy to do the work creating and running the B&B sharing rewards with partners in the land. Open to a profit share equation. Is there a property in need of TLC, care taking, and using to help the outside world connect to nature, taking the experience home aware of our fragile planet, wild places, nature's glory and their own nature stirring deep within. If you see possibility in this, please call or text, and feel free to leave a message with your name & number, so I can call you back. Thank you. Cheers John 6043183745



Rare Earth Pottery

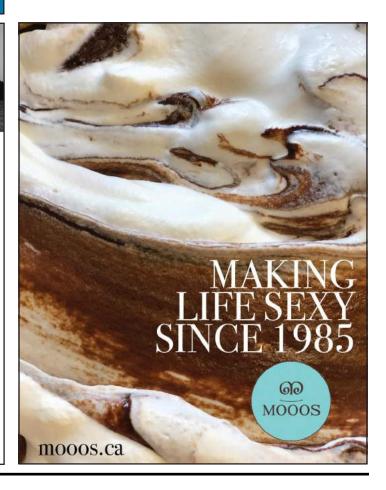
Hand Made Wood-Fired and Raku Pottery

Ron Robb and Jan Lovewell

Covid-willing we will open our gallery this summer.

Also, see our work at Tug-Guhm Gallery in Lund

604-483-4806 rareearthpottery.ca







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We're still practicing safe shopping at the farm store so... Wear a mask on your face & give people their space.

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8556A Plummer Creek Road 604-483-3700 cell 604-483-1965



Spring Hours:

Friday: 5 pm - 8 pm Saturdays, Sundays & holidays: noon - 8pm

Reservations recommended for holiday dining!

Reservations or pick-up orders: 604-483-2201

Follow us on Facebook for special events

www.boardwalkrestaurantpowellriverlund.com

What's Happening in Lund?

Most Lund businesses are open! although not the Lund Resort Hotel due to the ongoing COVID-19 pandemic. The Stockpile Market is open however - 7 days a week from 7:00 am to 6:00 pm. Check all the business ads in this issue and their websites for more info.

Tidal Art Centre - Go to tidalartcentre.com or call Nancy at (604) 414-5954

- May and June: Tessa Reed ceramic artist in residence
- May 7 18: Barbara Langmaid and Donna Lytle present *Goodbye/Hello a meditation on death, chaos, and rebirth*
- June 26: floral show opens
- July: Liliana Kleimer artist in residence

At the Northside Community Recreation Centre (NCRC)

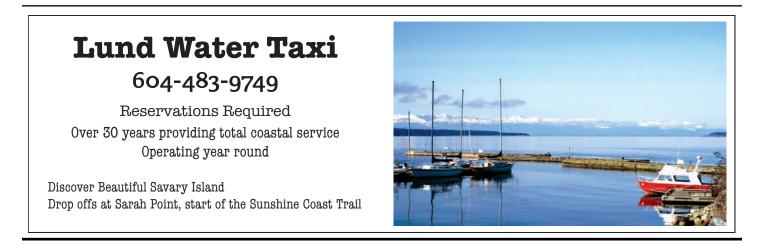
Playgroup - Mondays 10:00 am - noon

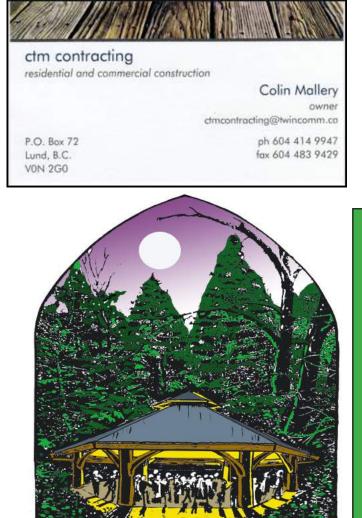
A great way to get out, meet other parents, and let your babies and toddlers play together. We meet outside and there is extra hand and toy washing, and sanitation in line with current COVID guidelines. We ask \$1.00 donation as drop-in fee to cover costs and supplies. Call Ria at (604) 414-0383 for info.

- **Puddle Jumpers Preschool** Tuesdays and Thursdays 9:00 am 1:00 pm See page 17 for more information.
- Tai Chi Saturdays 9:30 11:00 am outside in the covered area out back or the playing field.
- **Lund Community Society General Meetings –** Assuming we begin to gather again, our meetings are at 7:00 pm on the third Tuesday of every month except July, August, and December. Everyone is welcome. Whatever COVID protocols are necessary at the time will be in place.

Lund Community Society Annual General Meeting - Date TBA

If you have an event that you would like to announce, please contact the Barnacle at barnacle.articles@gmail.com 💿





To book events at the Northside Community Recreation Centre, contact Niki at (604) 483-2353. For events at the Klah Ah Men Lund Gazebo Regional Park, call qRD Operational Services Clerk Caroline Visser at (604) 487-1380.

Lund Bus Schedule (Route 14)

Tuesday and Friday (SUMMER: Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat & Sun for July & August)

Leave Lund: (Mile 0 Marker)

Leave Town Centre Mall (North End)

Face masks are now mandatory.

Fare: \$2.25 (Children under four ride free with an adult.)

For trips to and from Powell River, the Lund Bus continues to operate using the current schedule. Please see bctransit.com for updates.

11:00 am

10:05 am



for pets in low-income households

Donations of clean refundable bottles & cans can be left at 2309 Hwy 101 in support of the SPCA spay/neuter program.

Call or e-mail Audrey:

604-483-3506 or spaytoday@xplornet.ca

Lund Recycling Depot (Next to the Lund Fire Hall Larson Road)

Regular hours (September - June) Wednesday - Saturday 10:00 am - 4:30 pm Summer hours (Canada Day - Labour Day) Thursday - Monday 9:00 am - 5:00 pm Closed Statutory Holidays Thank you for recycling!



4:50 pm

4:05 pm



Charlie Latimer

Bike Lund

Spring is back! What does this mean for Bike Lund? Well, like most, because we have had to avoid gathering inside during the pandemic, the fair weather is allowing us to get back to work.

Last you heard from us (in the fall), we had just received a grant from the Powell River Community Response Fund and had completed a very successful bicycle donation drive. The grant allowed us to purchase many tools and parts in the hopes to refurbish bicycles to give away to those who need transportation but cannot afford it. The program these bikes are destined for is called "Spokes for qathet" and it is open for anyone in our region. We actually expect most bicycles to go to people that are living in Powell River and Tla'amin, since commuting by bike is more feasible in those places. So, don't let our name deceive you... We are *Bike Lund*, but we are very proud that our local organization is contributing to the region as a whole. After all, we are all in this together.



Bike Lundies at work revamping used bikes - photo courtesy Charlie Latimer

Out of the over 40 bicycles we received from our bike drive (thank you to the many who donated), we sorted them into the "Good", the "Bad" and the "Ugly". When we say "Ugly" we mean the forgotten, left in the rain for many years, needing to get hacked out of a blackberry bush type of bicycle. Even though the prognosis for these bikes is not good, we were able to salvage many, many parts from them when we held an outdoor community "bike stripping" party. A shout out to all the amateur bike mechanics who helped us by coming by and dismantling these "junkers".

As for the "Good" and the "Bad" bikes, they exist on a spectrum of "needing a little bit of oil" to "needing new brakes, tires, tubes, cables, wheels, etc...". We selected just over 20 bikes we thought could be brought back to life. Our next task will be to take these "Good" bikes and make 'em shine (i.e., make them safe and rideable for cyclists of any level).

After getting busy in May and April, we expect to have at least 20 refurbished bikes ready to donate back by early June. To apply for a bike or to nominate someone to receive a bike you can fill out an online form at www.lundcommunity.com/bike-lund

To stay up to date or just say hi, follow-us @BikeLundBC on Instagram and Facebook @





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qathet Regional District Update

Patrick Brabazon, Director, Area A qathet Regional Board Chairman



For many decades, the Lund Improvement District has delivered water to the community despite the onerous rising costs and aging infrastructure. Several years ago, the trustees approached the qathet Regional District to discuss conversion to a qRD service. Given the high cost of meeting the then current provincial standards, we sought funding from the government but were denied; the situation in Lund was replicated throughout BC and no money was forthcoming. The qRD declined to acquire the service.

The trustees carried on with the Regional District doing what it could in obtaining grants for limited improvements.

More efforts were made to secure government funding, but each met with no success. Now the crunch has come.

Early this year the trustees – your neighbours – decided that they could not carry on under the present circumstances; they resigned and so advised the government which it now appears will demand a new election for trustees. These newly elected people will then have to achieve what decades of their dedicated predecessors were unable to do. Should the election fail to produce a new board of trustees, the future is thoroughly confused.

One possibility is that the government will turn to the qathet Regional District and say, "here's a new water service!" Two decades ago, qRD said no unless BC provided the funding to bring the service up to standard. I expect that our answer today will be the same. Unless Victoria provides the required dollars, the service - whether local or qRD - is unsustainable.

Now time has run out and hard decisions will have to be made. Lund and the qRD are waiting.



Photo courtesy of Brian Voth



Let's Talk Trash

Ingalisa Burns, of the Let's Talk Trash team

Our Relationship with the Earth

Everything is connected. Whether by action or inaction, we are in constant relationship to everyone and everything. This truth permeates our relationship with this living planet we are incredibly privileged to call home. Acknowledging this invites both great empowerment and responsibility. supports our very existence. Let's find ways to feed the circular loop of life, however we can, whether that be a morning walk in the woods, getting our hands in our gardens, painting a scenic landscape, adopting a more minimalistic lifestyle, hopping on our bike instead of in our car, or having a picnic on a mountain top.

We feel the urge to protect those we know - those we

have a relationship with and

moment. Though incredibly

thousand cuts. Seemingly

powerful and resilient, the earth is experiencing a death by a

innocent and largely welcomed,

innovations like plastic, access

to fossil fuels, and the ensuing

industrial and technological

advancements have had their shadow side. Much like how

overindulgence can leave our

physical bodies susceptible to

disease, over consumption of

able to self heal, we need to

assist in providing the right

conditions for this inherent

add stress to a challenged

the earth's resources is affecting

its wellness. Though generously

ability to activate. Continuing to

also those that we see as somehow having a vulnerable

At times, we may extend our awareness of connection with nature only to the level of, say, the lifecycle of water, or how trees compost on the ground at their feet re-entering their roots as nourishment. The deeper reality is that humanity's wellness is inextricably linked to that of the earth's. Whatever we do to her, be it reduce her capacity to breath - ocean plastic accumulation and deforestation are both accomplishing this - or strip her land of fertile soils desertification and industrial agriculture play a role here we affect every organism in the planetary system, including ourselves.

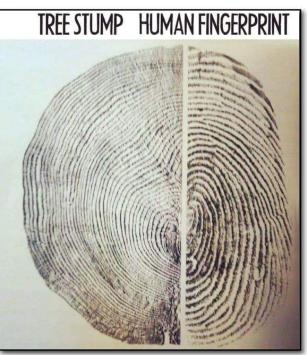


Photo source unknown

The weight of this can overwhelm us into apathy, but never inaction, as we are always having an impact on some level. Rather than succumbing to the overwhelm of our global environmental crisis, what is one step, however small, we might take in this moment to close the wound?

Repairing our relationship to the earth is a lot like mending a broken friendship. Spending quality time in nature organically infuses our being with a deeper appreciation for it. We witness its beauty, resilience, and intricacies close up and learn from its living metaphors. We can't help but become more radiant by basking in her aliveness.

So, our mission, should we choose to accept it, is to spend time deepening our relationship to the earth that

system means toxins accumulate faster than can be released.

This is a time in our global history when we have been invited to take pause. One of the many gifts lying in wait for us is to recalibrate our relationship with the earth. To deepen our appreciation of it. To enliven our warrior spirit to defend it. To slow down our harvesting from it, to allow it to rebalance.

May this spring seed in us all the truth that everything is kin-nected. Let's plant what we want to grow.

Let's Talk Trash is the qathet Regional District's waste reduction education program. Contact them at info@LetsTalkTrash.ca and LetsTalkTrash.ca @

Covid-19 Vaccine Clinic

BC Emergency Health Services

BCEHS BC Emergency Health Services Brian Bomprezzi Community Paramedic

As your local Community Paramedic, I have been working at the COVID-19 vaccination clinic at the Powell River Recreation Complex, operated by Powell River Public Health and Vancouver Coastal Health, since early March. Every Wednesday and Thursday, I am on site to provide assessments for people who have been vaccinated. I want to take this opportunity to share with you the overall COVID-19 vaccination experience and process.

Prior to arriving at the clinic, please phone or go online to book your appointment - you will need your Care Card number. Once your appointment is confirmed, you will be given a date and time for your immunization and should be told what table number you will be going to inside the clinic. On the day of your appointment, you will go to the upper auditorium at the Complex where you will need to wear a mask (masks are provided if you forget). From thereon, you can expect to go through the following process:

Upon entering you will go to the table just inside the front door and check-in using your Care Card.

From there you will continue to the end of the main hallway where there are another three or four tables set up with lovely volunteers who will give you a vaccine card and a white record of COVID-19 immunization slip.

You will then enter the auditorium where there are currently seven tables set up with doctors, nurses, pharmacists, other medical professionals and, on Wednesdays and Thursdays, me - the community paramedic.

The registered medical staff member giving you your vaccine will ask for your card and white record of COVID-19 immunization. They will fill both out and talk with you, asking a series of questions to make sure you are healthy and answering any questions you may have about the vaccine and possible side effects.

You will then receive your vaccine. Your card and record of COVID-19 immunization slip (yellow copy) will be returned to you to keep for your records and for your return in four months for your second dose.

You will then sit for fifteen minutes with your mask on in a common area inside the auditorium where there are numerous chairs that have been spaced apart to ensure safety protocols. You will be visually monitored by myself or a volunteer while waiting and, if you have a reaction to the vaccine, medical help is close by. After fifteen minutes you are free to leave.

Lately we have been very fortunate to have Arthur Arnold, artistic director of the Pacific Region International Summer Music Association (PRISMA) and music director of the Moscow Symphony Orchestra, voluntarily coming to play his cello at the vaccine clinic while people are waiting their fifteen minutes.

Presently, the COVID vaccine clinic provides patients with either the Pfizer-BioNTech or Moderna vaccines. Both are a two-dose vaccine and are given intramuscular into the deltoid muscle at the top of the arm. After receiving your first dose, you will be told that in approximately four months you will have to book the appointment for your second dose.

On a personal level, I received the Pfizer-BioNTech vaccine approximately seven weeks ago. I didn't feel the shot when it was given and felt the person who gave me my vaccine explained everything to me and made me feel at ease. After receiving my shot, I had a sore shoulder that developed throughout the first day and lasted for about two days before it went away completely. The soreness was comparable to when I have had the flu vaccine in past

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Continued from page 12...

years. I felt a little tired a day later and felt that my energy level was a little low; that lasted for another day and then my energy level came right back.

A final note: even after receiving the vaccine you can still carry and spread the virus, so please continue to wear your mask, socially distance, and perform proper hand hygiene until a greater number of people have received their shots and the Provincial Health Officer relaxes restrictions across the Province. I hope that this article has provided some helpful insight and information about what to expect when it comes to the COVID-19 vaccination process.



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Photo courtesy Brian Voth

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From the Office of Our Member of Parliament

Drewen Young Constituency Assistant Powell River Community Office

Petitions are one of the many voices of democracy – they are a powerful tool. They are used to draw attention to an issue of public interest or concern and to request that the House of Commons, the Government of Canada, a Minister of the Crown, or a member of the House of Commons take or refrain from some action. Petitions are a bottom to the top movement, initiated by people like yourselves; they have been used as a form of protest in Canada for more than 100 years. Because the petition is presented in the House of Commons, they are sponsored or supported by MPs who stand in the House and deliver the petition to the Prime Minister and all 338 MPs from



Rachel Blaney NDP MP North Island-Powell River 604-489-2286 and in emergencies 1-800-667-8404 every corner of Canada. MP Rachel Blaney, on average, presents three petitions a month in the House of Commons.

Over the past three years, the Powell River office has helped many groups with petitions, both paper and electronic. Last fall MP Rachel Blaney tabled an environmental petition that was spearheaded by the group Pesticide Free Powell River. It concerned the use of herbicides in the forest industry. Earlier this year MP Rachel Blaney tabled a petition on behalf of the group Moms Stop the Harm, bringing attention to the opioid crisis in our country.

Most recently, a group of Savary Island residents approached MP Rachel's office for help with their issue - the reinstatement of a Post Office on the island. They decided a petition would help their cause. The group of four provided wording for their draft petition which was sent to Ottawa for text approval before being returned to the Savary Islanders for final perusal. This is the stage where we are right now. Once everyone is satisfied with the final version, the paper pages will be printed and signatures will be collected. The group will also be producing an electronic petition. E-petitions are relatively new and they have different guidelines and rules. For example, an electronic petition requires a minimum of 500 signatures before MP Rachel Blaney can introduce the petition in the House. A paper petition, on the other hand, requires a minimum of 25 signatures. Often groups do both types of petitions at the same time.

As we all know and have experienced, political change is often gradual and only takes place when many citizens make continual contributions to the process. Fifteen minutes are set aside daily in the House of Commons for petitions to be read. Although there is no debate following the reading of the petition, the government is required to respond to all petitions within 45 days. Your petition could spark interest among Members of Parliament or it could influence a debate already occurring in the House. A petition prompts change: it shows the government the number of people who are concerned about an issue. If you are interested in the petition process, reach out to MP Rachel Blaney's office for more information at 604-489-2286.

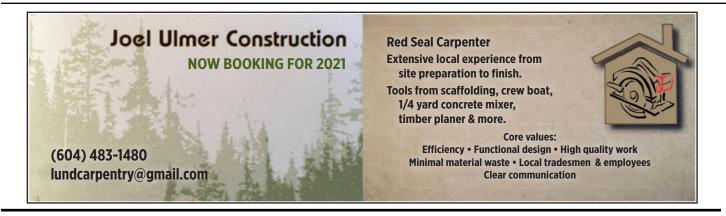




Photo courtesy Brian Voth







Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Alisha Van Belle



Lund Puddle Jumpers Preschool is a happening place! No one gets sick anymore...and it seems we have ten kids every time, full of energy and curiosity. Was I ever ready for a spring break! As we moved into winter and colder temperatures, we moved back into our inside classroom for a bit more than half the day. We did all kinds of weather-inspired experiments in January, made our rocket ship and explored outer space in February, and started to look for signs of spring and explore insects in March. Now here we are in April and we begin to move outside more again, plant our gardens, and explore the exploding nature around us.

I am so grateful for our Puddle Jumpers parents. During the snow time, one parent hauled snow from the Bunsters and made a snow hill to slide down! Nature was so cooperative and snowed on it the next day. We then had a good two weeks of sledding down this hill. It was hard to get the kids to come in!

We also have finally finished a parent project to our playground area. We started in October with some amazing tree stump stools and a teepee frame made by Dan, but then the COVID restrictions began and prevented us from doing a big group playground work party. Over spring break, we finally finished this "forest school" area with a wonderful low-net structure by Adam and Alyssa in time for the warmer weather. I am sure we will have many circles out there and lots of fun. It has been a challenge to get group work done and parent meetings during these times.

We have been fortunate having Brooke on our team who is great at grant writing. We have received a grant for doing Preschool bike education and one to defray some of the costs of COVID. The bike grant has allowed us to buy new runner bikes and helmets and, hopefully, we will be allowed to do the education part of the program through May. Our COVID grant is helping us to get a new (used) sanitizer in the building (it makes toy cleaning a snap) and to build a more permanent covered space in the playground to facilitate the increased outside time.

We have fewer field trips but more walks into the surrounding nature. We have explored many parts of the woods across the street, the mud puddles and mud, and chopped up many bits of plants into our gathering baskets. We also managed a beachexplore to find our beloved little crabs. Some also collected shells and seaweed.



Photos courtesy Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Continued from page 16...

We were very fortunate to have Ria give a gymnastics-explore once a week for three weeks. They sang songs and

learned so many gymnastics moves. Most could manage a headstand by the end of it all! We are also fortunate that Sandy brings her music class at least once a month. They all love her puppets, songs, actions, instruments, and "little birdies" at the end.





We also had a VERY successful raffle! Prizes were drawn in early February and everyone loved what they won. Thank you all who gave prizes and bought tickets. Your support has been so appreciated this year as it has become the only fundraiser we are allowed.

Our program is not the same as it has been, and many things are



difficult if not impossible to do. Fundraising is hard, parent meetings are hard, endless cleaning is hard.....but I also see so much gratitude. The kids are blossoming in their little space and learning so much about friendships. I see that our Preschool is more important than ever to connect our community and grow our children. 🛞

Photos courtesy Puddle Jumpers Preschool



How in the World Did You End Up in Lund?

Matt Beardmore

Hard-wired for adventure, I am always looking for the next appropriate launchpad to feed this innate desire. I have enjoyed ten years as a professional snowboarder based in Whistler BC and to say the least, I have had my fun exploring snowy places. As I grew older, I started noticing my snow-driven desires turning into ocean-related interests. Life is short and I have never been one for overextending a chapter in my life. I knew a change was going to be needed in the near future.

After retiring as a professional snowboarder, I acquired my commercial helicopter license. Low hours in the pilot seat equates to low income, so I would balance my time between flying to build my hours and falling trees to supplement my income. I worked in float camps up and down the BC coast only accessible by boat or floatplane. Having a birds-eye view of this magical part of the world really made me fall in love with the geographical area. I remember looking down from the floatplane on my flight back home from camp and being mesmerized by the tranquility and the endless beaches without a human in sight.

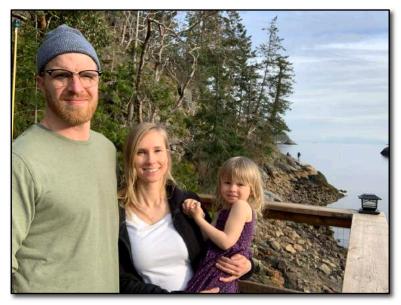


Photo courtesy Matt Beardmore

I was expressing my admiration of what I was seeing to a fellow faller when he said "Dude, I live in Powell River and if you launch your boat in Lund B.C. with a full tank of gas, you can have all these things you speak of." My eyes lit up as if he were a genie! I spent hours on Google Earth thereafter, familiarizing myself in detail with all the geographic details of the area. Everything he said looked true. Lund really was the place from which to set sail for adventure and serenity.

Now my wife and I were convinced we needed to sell our Squamish home and relocate...but my wife, Amanda, had just started nursing school in the city. So, it would be a four-year waiting game before making this dream come to fruition. Since we were unable to move to the area, we made regular trips to Powell River and the surrounding

areas to camp and explore whenever the opportunity arose in our schedule. I will never forget kayaking in Lund; finding ourselves lost in nature and feeling so present away from all the noise, only to be brought back to reality by barking sea lions. It was becoming clearer where we needed to lay down our roots.

The road was long before we would be able to call this place home so we made a point of driving by the Powell River Hospital on every visit to help manifest my wife's future vocation and draw some inspiration that all her hard work would soon be realized by future employment at this hospital. It is still wild for me to think that as soon as my wife graduated, the perfect home for us entered the market in Lund and soon thereafter, my wife landed her perfect job.

It is truly a magical thing to see manifestations coming to life. It has been four months now since we settled here in Lund and all the things that we needed more doses of are truly administered here. There is a real sense of community that resonates deeply. We are so filled with gratitude that through hard work and perseverance, we feel we can now call ourselves Lundies.



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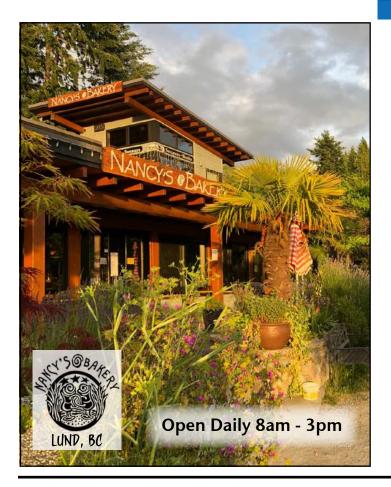




Photo courtesy Puddle Jumpers Preschool

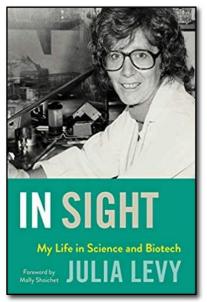
Ev Pollen

Julia Levy, who has been a Lundie for many years, has written her memoir, IN SIGHT – MY LIFE in SCIENCE and BIOTECH. It's a great read, a peek at an area I knew so little about.

The author's childhood gave me a fresh perspective on the Second World War and the Nazi invasion of the Netherlands, and the consequences to what was then Dutch-held Jakarta, now called Indonesia.

Julia, her sister, and their mother arrived in Vancouver in 1940, refugees from Jakarta where her father was in a Japanese prison camp, unable to join the family for two and a half years.

One of the most striking events during Julia's adulthood was the casual inquiry Julia made of a friend, regarding the occasional rashes she and the children suffered from while playing on their rural property. The friend asked if there was cow parsnip growing there, as the sap of the plant caused rashes. He explained that the chemical in the sap was only activated by a certain spectrum of light. That seed of information, planted in a curious and scientifically inclined mind such as Levy's, catapulted her into an area of biotech research that was in its



infancy: the use of light-activated toxins in the treatment of cancerous tumours. A class of drugs called porphyrins could be injected intravenously and would penetrate tumour cells. Then, exposure to laser-delivered light would destroy the tumour. Julia's excitement about this elegant approach (her words) led to her co-discovery of the first treatment for macular degeneration, a condition which causes blindness. Then came the struggle to bring this treatment to market.

A great part of the memoir recounts steps taken to build a research company with the aim and resources to bring a new drug to the market. I had never considered the huge network of contacts, skills, and dollars needed to achieve even the permission to test a new drug, let alone bring it to market. Levy's descriptions of what each person brought to the table is very illuminating. Her prose is clear, honest, and without rancour.



Likewise, her mention of the sexism she often encountered is reported as infuriating at times, but a fact of life. This is not a diatribe about misogyny, just a factual memoir.

Another feature of the story that brought fresh awareness to me was the necessary balance between needing and distrusting the investors and shareholders of a big venture.

I came away from this book knowing it was the story of one example of humankind's determination to thrive by overcoming all obstacles the world presents.

I highly recommend IN SIGHT, and I'm proud to offer signed copies of it for sale in Pollen Sweaters' tiny bookstore.

A Lund Kid's Right of Passage

Kiran Hollmann Prichard

I am sure that everyone can remember getting a driver's license. Taking your parents out for a spin in their car, whilst they kept the window open and grasped the door handle in case they needed to make a quick escape from your horrendous driving. Was that just me?

Getting your driver's license is a big deal. It signifies a new chapter in life that brings a sense of responsibility and freedom. Learning how to drive is an important skill to have, especially in a place like Lund and Powell River where public transit is difficult to rely on as your way of getting around. I have been learning on a standard transmission and it has definitely been a steep learning curve, especially because we live somewhere where there are a lot of hills! (No pun intended.) In any case, it is a really exciting time because I would say that a lot of teenagers enjoy being independent and the prospect of being able to drive and have a car is nothing short of awesome.

There are numerous benefits to living in Lund: the quick access to nature, the sunsets, and the strong sense of community to name a few. However, as a kid you are always relying on your parents, the school bus, or friends to get into town. Then all of a sudden, you can be self-reliant and not have to always be depending on others to get you around. For me especially, this is a big deal! I have only had my learner's license for a short time, but I realized quickly that I am fortunate to have many opportunities to practice my driving. We drive to town most days and what better place to practice then on the Lund highway!

Talking about our highway, actually driving on it has really woken me up to its terrible condition. I am looking forward to the day when it is completely bike friendly and there are no more potholes and weird curves.

I have also been reflecting on the future of cars and driving. We are already seeing the introduction of self-driving cars, and technology is developing fast. I am sure that my generation will see a big shift in how our cars work, and the pressures and expectations that are now a part of our society pertaining to the environment and a sustainable future will definitely play a big role in the future of transportation. In the short-term future, when people are allowed to travel again, I think that a lot of people will make opportunities to go and see places that are on their bucket list because you never know when something like COVID will hit. When people are moving about during the pandemic, a car is essential so you can stay in your own little bubble and keep yourselves and others safe.

Therefore, I think that driving is essential to our livelihood. Humans have become so reliant on the luxury of cars that it would be difficult to see any major changes to the way that our society operates and how we get around. In an ideal world, we wouldn't have to drive at all, and we would be able to use sustainable methods of transportation such as walking and biking. For that to happen, however, we would have to have worldwide easy accessibility to electric bikes, safe roadways, and everything would have to be close together. Driving is a big deal, especially for a teenager and it will be interesting to see how the industry develops to respond to our ever-changing world. In the meantime, if you hear some squealing of tires and live close to a hill, that's just me.

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The Air We Breathe

Trish Keays

Take a breath. Think about all those breaths that make up a life. Air is communal space; and the molecules you breath are shared by all the other billions of respiring creatures on the planet.

Air. Talk about taking something magical for granted. In, out. In, out. Lungs and air. We wouldn't **be** without it.

Air is about 21% oxygen, and 78% nitrogen – colourless, odourless gases. The other 1% is other gases including carbon dioxide, methane, and helium.

As we breathe, our bodies take in oxygen and release carbon dioxide. Photosynthesis uses energy from the sun to split carbon dioxide from the atmosphere into the two molecules, carbon and oxygen, releasing oxygen back to the atmosphere. Plants and trees grow by taking carbon dioxide from the air and, through photosynthesis, turning it into sugars. Through respiration, plants also release about half the carbon dioxide they take in. Hemoglobin in blood carries oxygen from the lungs through the body. Chlorophyl in plants absorbs light. You're more like a plant than you may know – the structure of hemoglobin and chlorophyl molecules is the same, except chlorophyl has magnesium at its centre and hemoglobin has iron.

Although we don't see or feel them, air also has tiny, suspended particles of dust, microbes, spores from plants, and water. And odours! "Smell is particulate", meaning that if you can smell something, you're inhaling tiny particles of whatever contains the smell.

Because we live at sea level, the air we breathe has the most oxygen available – the higher the altitude, the less oxygen in the air.

The Air Quality Index (AQI) measures the amount of pollution in the air on a scale of 0 – 500 degrees. The higher the number, the more polluted the air. AQI values below 100 are "generally thought of as satisfactory". This is a US index. (AirNow.com).

The AQI is also used to measure world air quality by a Swiss company IQAIR that shows air quality for locations around the world. In mid-March this year, the AQI for Powell River was "good" at 33. Powell River had a 2019 average rating of 4.9, which meets World Health Organization targets (i.e., one category above "good"), and puts us in the 9% of the world's population enjoying air quality within WHO guidelines – along with most of the sites on the southern BC coast which have ratings less than 100. At the time I'm reading this, Oslo is the city in the world with the cleanest air with an AQI of 1. (IQAir.com).

The Air Quality Health Index is a Canadian index that links health and air quality. Pollutants measured are ozone at ground level, particulate matter, and nitrogen dioxide. On a 10 (rising to 15) point scale, health risk categories are low, moderate, high, and very high. (Government of Canada).

In June and October of 2020, the Air Quality Health Index in Vancouver was over 10 and into "very high health risk". Prevailing winds brought us forest fire smoke from California as well as from the interior of British Columbia and Alberta. With climate change, the future looks hazy.

Air pollution is literally shrinking our horizons. According to the US Environmental Protection Agency, "air pollution has decreased the distance and clarity of our vision...by as much as 83%, depending on where we live." (The New Yorker, January 2021).

One minute is about 16 breaths for an average person. 960 breaths an hour. 23,040 breaths a day. 8,409,600 a year. More for people who exercise. "The person who lives to 80 will take about 672,768,000 breaths in a lifetime." Boggling.

Continued on page 23...

Continued from page 22...

The power of breath to combat different health and life-compromising conditions is high-lighted in the article *What Happens When You Breathe* in *The New Yorker*, and not respiratory problems alone, from depression and chronic pain to diabetes and age-related illnesses. We know a lot about air, breath, and life; but as a species we seem to ignore it. Maybe more than 2.5 million dead as a result of the respiratory virus COVID-19 will change that.

One of my resolutions for 2021 is to make some breaths each day conscious ones, grateful for the good fortune we have to live in a place with clean air. And to pay more attention to exhaling than inhaling – get rid of excess carbon dioxide and trigger optimum breath. Ah, sweet spot!

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The End of the Rope

Chris Clark

So there I am, 200 feet up the rock face. The air is fresh with an earthy smell as the morning sun warms the forest below me. Only a little higher and I will be able to rest on a broad ledge above. So far, the long vertical crack and an abundance of small edges has made my journey upward exhilarating but comfortable.

There is a certain rhythm I feel when I climb: look down, choose a foothold, carefully place my foot on an edge or a crack, and reach up with my hand, taking a moment to explore for the best handhold. Once confident I have found the best option, I gently press my body up the rock with my legs while using my hands to hold myself to the rock. This process is repeated and tends to take longer as the climbing becomes more challenging. A certain level of commitment is required to perform this dance.

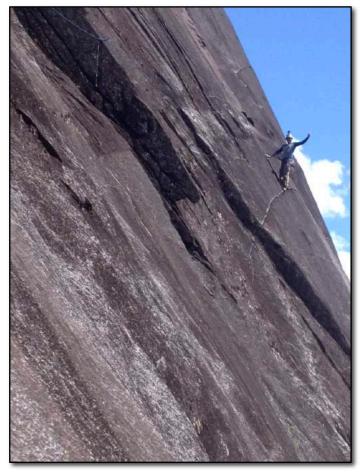
A state of hyper self-awareness takes over as the distance between me and the ground increases. In this state, nothing exists but me and the rock. A type of forced meditation, perhaps.

Through my fingertips, I imagine the rock sharing its energy and wisdom with me. My mom once described it as "hugging the earth", after I took her rock climbing. In this playful engagement with nature, an intimate connection can be made.

As I continue climbing, the feeling of confidence is fleeting as I see the crack beginning to narrow to the point that I can no longer fit my fingers into it and any edges become nothing more than faint ripples. I pause for a moment, looking up at the wall. A 20-foot unbroken slab of granite now separates me from the large ledge above.

My heart rate quickens and sweat begins to bead and drip from my brow. Desperately, I examine the rock for a way up, mentally mapping out any divot or protrusion that might allow my passage. Most of these are microscopic. The tension in the air is palpable as I realize the gravity of my situation. Calm down and breathe, I say to myself. I force a few slow, deep breaths and watch enviously as an eagle floats upward past me on a thermal breeze coming from the valley below. I wonder if it's a spirit guide encouraging me not to be afraid or if it might be anticipating a climber for breakfast.

Spirit guide, I decide, and step my foot up to place it in a toonie-sized dish in the rock. I spot another dish a little further up for the other foot, but I know that once I've committed to that there is no turning back. I simply cannot execute the moves in reverse.



Chris Clark climbing in Eldred Valley - photo courtesy Dustin Fike

I swear under my breath and wonder why I'm doing this. The tranquility I felt on the lower part of the climb is now replaced by primal fear which must be controlled. None of the features on the rock above are big enough to hold onto, so it is all about balancing on my feet while placing my hands on little nothings to help me believe I can stay connected to the wall.

Continued from page 24...

Trying to focus on the image of the eagle being lifted by the wind, I commit to the challenge. Step by step, I teeter up the rock barely able to keep my balance. After 10-12 feet of this, the divots that allow my passage vanish and the ones I'm standing on are barely accepting me. The sun heats the rock and I feel one of my feet beginning to slip. I quickly and carefully adjust my weight and reposition my foot, knowing that it's only a matter of time before that happens again. I need to move now. I see only one possible option - a tiny quartz crystal sticking out of the otherwise blank rock, but it's so small that I will only have a second or two from when I put my weight on it to when I slide off and fall. Just then I feel my leg begin to quiver with fatigue. This is the only way. I lift my leg and roll the rubber edge of my climbing shoe into the rock for maximum bite. Knowing that this is as good as it's going to get, I put all my weight on it and

drive my body upward, reaching for the ledge. As I push, I feel my foot begin to lose purchase and disconnect from the rock. There is a moment of dread as my momentum changes from upward to weightless to downward. At that exact moment, I feel the fingers on my right hand clamp down on the edge of the large ledge above. With the super-human strength of adrenaline, it takes less than one second to propel myself up and over the edge. As I lay there gasping on the ledge, I see the eagle float past one last time before disappearing from view. I hear my climbing partner call up "How was that?!!" He had been far below feeding out the rope as I climbed and trailed it up. I stand up, secure myself to the rock, and call down. "Like I said, no problem, you're going to love it!!" I laugh to myself. I feel happy. @



On his birthday

There is a young man who climbs Freda

To caution he pays not a heed-a

Over scree and crevasse

Never falls on his a__

A mountaineer "sans pareil" indeed-a!

- Margaret Behr

Photo courtesy Peter Behr

Why I Climb Mountains

Peter Behr

I like the exercise, the physical challenge, the lack of crowds, the feeling of the vastness of the planet. There are large stretches of the planet man has not ruined. My grandfather climbed mountains in Switzerland. It's a great feeling to see long distances. Not much more to say.

Most of my photos are selfies. I often go on my own. It's a matter of finding hiking partners and the problem is scheduling. I often do a hike at the last minute. Most people my age can't hike and young'uns are too fast for me.

One of the best views in this whole area is off the road that connects Wilde Road with Southview Road in the Bunster Hills. It is not too difficult of a hike, although snow can make it hard to get to, and is called Thursday Lookout. It has an amazing view: from southern Texada Island to the mountains south of Powell River to the North Powell Divide.



Mt Freda as seen from TinHat



Photos courtesy Peter Behr

Of mountains

My lover is a lover of mountains

ice and line and thin air.

My lover is a lover of mountains.

And I do not go there.

- Margaret Behr

Wildwood Pub: The Party is Coming

John Wright

The roaring twenties are getting started a little late. They called, though, and they are on their way.

Last year at this time we were gearing up for lots of music and events and hopefully a busy and profitable year. We were not alone, of course, in this business that follows the natural course of the seasons; but we were ready to celebrate our first anniversary and put the first stressful year behind us. Well, I guess we did in a totally unforeseeable way.

In some ways, though, as some others might agree, the grinding halt was a relief. The hospitality industry is allconsuming and burnout is very common. Profitability is difficult; you always feel the pressure to work harder and that, in itself, is a cost of doing business and doesn't always show up in the balance sheet. So, when the power went out last March, so to speak, it was like any storm passing through Lund - you stop what you're doing, the candles come out, you stoke the woodstove to keep the place warm, and become calm as the energized world pauses.

Without a doubt we would have been, like many others, in big trouble had not the government taken quick action and I am thankful that we were amongst those who were buoyed by this. Not all were. It is also a blessing to have a strong partnership and the collective will to "press on", as it were, and have great community support to keep the doors open - that is the battle in a nutshell. And by community, I mean a city ready to help, a government loosening the red tape as well as the purse strings, and most importantly the regular folks in this community who support local businesses and appreciate the amenities that bring a balance to all of us.

What we all want to see here at my Pub at the end of this is folks free to gather, eat, chat, enjoy music and entertainment, and be like family friends and neighbours should be - together.

I know the party that's coming...and it is coming. Still too early to predict but we are working hard here at the Wildwood to be ready to host it with an **expanded patio outside and a new sound system inside**. I know I will have every musician and their dog looking for a gig and lots of people dying to come out to hear them! Rest assured that there are still plenty of twenties in which to roar.







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Tidal Art Giving

John Hewson

From our beginning, Tidal Art Centre has been committed to building connection through art. Giving back to this wonderful community is one way to thank you for your support and hopefully open some doors to future artists.

We are delighted to announce the meeting of the first major milestone of our new "giving back" program. You might ask "what is this first 'giving back' milestone?". Well, it's a small fund we've been growing, and we now have enough to sponsor our first mentored artist.

From young aspiring artists to older folks who have always wanted to try an art form but didn't have the skills, or emerging artists who would like some guidance - anyone may apply to be mentored by an established artist in anything creative that they would love to learn. We then select and match one lucky mentee who lives in the Lund community or qathet region to work with a suitable local artist as their teacher, guide, mentor.

Is that you? What have you always wanted to do? Don't be shy; be as creative as you want and...make it fun!

Applications are open. Anyone over the age of 10 years old and under 110 years old can apply. Maybe you've always wanted to keep a visual journal, or dream of carving, or painting what you see from your home, boat ride, or hike.

The mentorship fund will cover up to 8 hours of tuition with a local artist to fulfil these desires. We will match you up with a mentor artist either of your choice or we will find a good match for you. Your 8 hours of free lessons can take place at Tidal Art Centre or at the mentor artist's studio, or wherever it works best for you both.



Photo courtesy Brian Voth

Our Tidal Art Giving Fund covers the artist fee, so you can focus on learning and developing your creative skills. Interested mentor artists can also register as you will be paid for your time. You will be guiding someone in developing their artistic prowess by sharing your skills and knowledge.

Currently we have the first sponsored spot open for applications and expect two more over the coming summer months. What is it you've always wanted to learn?

The application is easy. You'll be so happy you did and we'll be thrilled to see you grow. Go to <u>tidalartcentre.com</u> to begin.

Donations are also welcomed, however at this time we can not provide a tax receipt for your gift, as we are not a registered charity. We are building on principles of giving back, conscious giving, and building our creative community.

We have reached our first goal by returning cans and bottles, by your generous donations, tip jars at events, by

Continued on page 30 ...

Continued from page 29...

proceeds of our Tuesday Life Drawing sessions (after the model is paid, of course), and by sales of two prints by Prashant Miranda. One of the prints is a map of Lund and the other an exploded view of Tidal Art Centre.

And so, we dedicate these monies to help local folks develop skills that elevate their art practice. Try something you've always wondered if you could do. Maybe you are an undiscovered oil painter. Maybe you would like to learn to drum. Maybe you are an emerging artist looking to expand your skill set. Maybe you'd like to fool around with natural dyes. Or throw a pot. Or try silk-screening. Nothing is too silly, or small, or lofty, or large. Jump on the art wagon. We will all be happier for it!

Here on the traditional Tla'amin and Coast Salish lands, where the mountains, forests, and rivers meet the almighty sea, we have so much to be grateful for. We are surrounded by nature, and have much to celebrate, even in these trying times. Come celebrate through art with us!



Lund Movies Now Available on DVD

Theo Angell

Our beloved local documentary *The End of the Road* is finally available on DVD! This is the original strength, full-length (1:52 minutes), theatrical version of the film as seen at our local movie theatre, The Patricia, in what seems like another age.

And if that weren't special enough, a DVD of *The Lund Reunion* is also available. This is the full-length documentary of that wonderful time in the summer of 2015 when folks were reunited in a glorious gathering at the old Lund School. Be warned: there are more hugs happening in this film than you ever remembered possible. You may get teary-eyed and wistful, but this is the best medicine you may be able to acquire at this point and time in our current climate. This is a 'locals only' release, naturally.

If you'd like a copy of one or the other or both, please contact: <u>theoangell@gmail.com</u>

Pay what you wish. Please include a mailing address. I can also hand-deliver to those nearby. Cheques are okay. E-transfer is great. If you had a speaking role in the film, we would like to GIVE you a couple. We know who you are and we thank you!

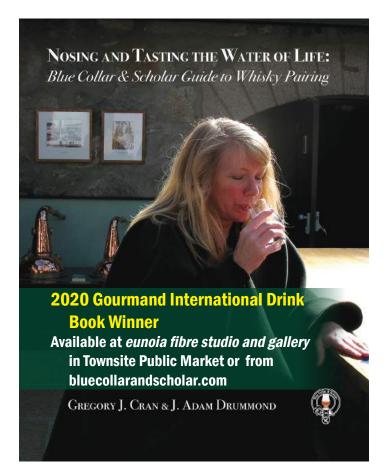




Photo courtesy of Brian Voth

Lund Kid Revisionist History

Anna Gustafson

A long-time author friend is releasing a new novel and has me thinking. Thinking about fiction. From time to time, I skate outside of my creative crease and take a shot at it. Short stories for the odd contest. It's a small serving of self-torture that I dish out expecting it to become an acquired taste. It's sort of yucky. I remember what I remember and have faith in my stories. When those parameters are taken away, there is an overwhelming amount of choice. Choice to a creative brain can be as paralyzing as it is wonderful. I'm not comfortable ordering at Cheesecake Factory either. Something keeps bringing me back, though.

To one degree or another, all the Gustafson kids were deckhands, whether we knew it or not. Out in front of the harbour or while watching the whales book it down Johnstone Strait. Kids had to be entertained in the summer, salmon came through in the summer; give the little buggers knives and life jackets and you got yourself some childcare right there. For a few summers, I ventured out of the safety of familiar straits and my Dad's boat and went cool kid fishing up north with my brother-in-law.

Below is part real, part fiction, excerpted from a short story submission. Your job is to figure out which is which, and my job is to never tell. That is the most delicious part of fiction.

Unrattleable

There are two kinds of west on the west coast in defining what type of person you are. There's being from out west and being from the west coast. Infinitely different from each other and blurred by non-coastal folk that take ownership of the sea by having random driftwood poking up in their inland gardens. Unless you have peed over the side of a heaving boat, you are not west coast.

Not to be too Hemingway about it, but it's a life that you live, not a location that you purchase. Go ahead with the \$30 salt spray to make your hair look beachy but know that if your skull doesn't smell like low tide and creosote, you are a fraud.

My sister doesn't go out anymore. This is her old job. I am the replacement deckhand on this old tug. "Once

you have children, you worry too much about dying" is her reasoning. I've been out with her on a boat just once since she became a mother and a chicken shit. I would have fired her if I could.

How did I become this wild person who anticipates storms with the same pre-terror excitement that you have waiting in line for a ride on a roller coaster? What's wrong with me? Or right with me? This is a life of constant motion, not a shred of predictability, and where having barnacles on your soul is a source of pride. That's the start of a great author bio too, though.

For the summer months this is where I live. On this jalopy of a boat christened Miss Louie. Louie was the pet name for my sister before she had children. Her husband Pete is now my captain. His name isn't Pete but this boat runs on a Peterbilt engine and that's how you get your handles out here. I'm Penny because I'm always looking for a pen that rolled away. Sometimes how I get paid in bad years.

Fierce storms calm me. Even when they make tea slosh over the sides of my mug. I could use a travel mug but I'm not traveling. I'm home.

When sockeye season is closed and I'm back in the city, there will be a gathering of people interested in what exactly it is that I do. This is where I feel most out of water. Deep end of a social pool that nobody ever pees in and nothing to grab onto but the curiosity of others. I chose writing as a career, but I work my guts out on a stinky fish boat without a shower to be able to do that. Here, I keep it simple and answer "I'm a writer." A very glamorous word to describe a tortured, impoverished existence. Nobody at these parties wants to hear about side-hustle. They want overnight success stories born in breezy, sun-filled rooms, golden lab at your feet, words effortlessly flowing from your creative core.

Hecate Strait is a moody bitch of a passageway. An overconfident weather specialist is trying to mansplain her condition on the scrappley radio but inevitably, she'll contradict his report and blow the boat around to where Pete needs to call his loved ones.

Making a calm personal call in the eye of a storm isn't

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the most comforting maneuver but you'll do it when you fear imminent death. It's a good distraction from our travelling mate yelling "We're going to die!" over his vessel's VHF. I give Pete a small bit of privacy by going down into the bucking bunk as he tries to form a sincere "in case" goodbye to my sister and their kids.

I love this. I love when the boat rolls so hard over that the trolling poles slice a whitecap off like the head off a pint. When you can feel how hard the stabilizers are resisting the force of that roll back to right. I know there is one survival suit on board and that my captain can't swim. We've never talked about what would happen if the boat capsized. Just like we stare at the last chocolate bar when we know we still have a week at sea. When the time comes, a decision will be made.

Somewhere deep down I think that this is just me being the cool kid that I've always aspired to be. Those kids who could take a strap from a teacher and not relinquish their grin or eye contact. The one whose parents didn't give two shits about him and would hang out by the hotel long after our curfews expired. The girl just a few months older than me who would hitchhike to town alone. Yes, there was clear and present danger, but you would never know looking at their faces. This is what I wanted for me. To be unrattleable.

To be anything big deal, without post secondary education or money, takes this kind of bold-faced

defiance. The storm of insecurity you face when surrounded by people with master's degrees and good credit is the one storm that truly frightens me. Takes more strength to walk into a black-tie event with a doit-yourself manicure and a borrowed dress than it does to pull yourself up into the stern of a boat after the gillnet took you overboard.

These are the times where I'm asked by my publicist to show up and be a lady. She calls them my awkward phases. As a lady on a fishboat, you need to do everything in your lady power to not be too much of one. For starters, there is no ladies room. The bathroom on a forty-foot fishing troller is small enough that if you are in it, sitting on the toilet, your legs are not.

We've made it. We're safely around Rose Point and in the warm embrace of a slack tide. Nobody died although we will kill some rye and some time while we wait at the wharf in Masset. At first light tomorrow, we'll watch pods of gnarly humpback whales romp around as we slowly tack toward Langara and back, thinking about our kids. Pete, his lanky boy and new baby girl. Me, my colicky non-fiction piece.

Anna Gustafson is a comedian, speaker, producer, writer, and forever Lund Kid now living in Toronto. Connect on twitter @annakgustafson & Instagram @tooconvoluted and at annagustafson.ca. Always interested in connecting if you knew my parents and were part of their story.



CUSTOM HOME DESIGN, CONSTRUCTION AND RENOVATIONS



Speaking in the Barnacular

Ted Durnin

Bring on summer. Bring music and beaches and patios. Bring dancing and kayaks and street food. Bring shorts and sandals and clothing optional. Yeah, bring that.

I need summer this year more than other summers. I expect the whole summer to be a big street party.

Let's keep in mind that it's only just spring now, and I'm talking about June, July, and August here. By then we'll probably be close to herd immunity (80% or so) and not locked in our closets clutching our bosoms in fear. Or is that spelled bazooms? I don't know. Show me the clothing optional and I'll figure it out.

I need summer because it's been a long, long winter. The winter of separation and paranoia and fear. The winter of stumbling and ineptitude and blame. The winter of cold and cold shoulder and cold, cold stares.

You know what? We are doing all right with this COVID. We really are. Even if it looks like every person in a position of responsibility is not up to the job. Even if people are bloody-minded and want to assert their right to be blinkered asses and die. Even if you're being accosted in the grocery store for going the wrong way with your mask askew. Even then.

What has mostly happened is that people have pulled it together to face the monster. Big pharma actually hurried up and made vaccines and they're not demanding your first born to buy them. Big government flailed about for awhile and then made a plan and got on with it. The medical establishment admitted more than once that it didn't know something and has taken its best shot at saving lives. Business big and small has adapted.

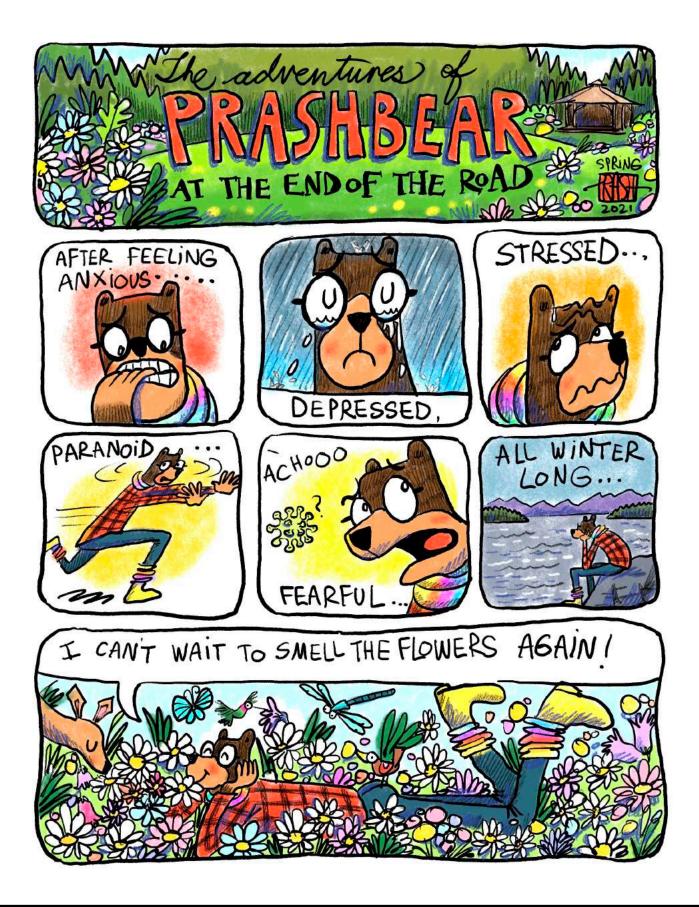
And individual people have done individual things. Masks are supposed to protect others. People wearing masks are helping others. Distancing is there to prevent the spread. So, if you have sat at either end of a bench outside to visit, or had drinks on the deck in a gale and a hailstorm, or declined an invitation to a family feast, you have been a tiny, shining hero, every time.

And if you believe it's all crap and that it's some kind of conspiracy to implant a chip in your sphincter to track all your movements, but you still wore your mask as a courtesy, well you're a hero too. Even if masks do nothing at all, the fact that you're wearing one might help someone else with their fears. Someone you don't even know. And that's kind of beautiful, in a skewed and twisted view.

And everybody should wash their hands, flu or no flu. Just saying.

So, if you see yourself in this article, then give yourself a pat on the back. Well, a mental one. Don't actually try to pat your own back. You'll dislocate your shoulder. And don't get someone else to pat your back unless their arms are over two metres long or they live in a tiny bubble with you.

Actually, just have some extra dessert. Because it's also been the winter of eating out of boredom and desperation, and you won't do much more to your waistline than you already have. I bet your pants don't fit properly anymore. Mine don't. Just another reason to bring on the clothing optional.



Community Page

Birth Announcements

The first baby actually born in Lund this year was **Lupin Antilles Brown**, a 9 lb. 6 oz. boy born at home on February 16 to Jasmine Brown (aka Sassy) and Mackenzie Adams (aka Mack). Lund ice cream barons SassyMack have expanded their empire. Big sister Natasi (now two), and Lundies Eric Renken and Gaby Schaub (Jasmine's parents), and Mack's parents Lyn Adamson and Kathie Mack are all smiles.

Sympathy and Condolences

Ken Paterson - July 31, 1946 - January 15, 2021

Ken was born in Stornoway, the largest island of the Outer Hebrides northwest of mainland Scotland, a small port in the north Atlantic, battered by the sea and not for the faint of heart.

His father came to Canada and worked in the Britannia Mine in Squamish. His mother arrived a year later in 1953-54 with Ken who was just 5 or 6 years old. His parents later separated, and Ken had to quit school to work and care for his mother who died after a long illness when he was only 17. From an early age he had to fend for himself.

Ken returned to school as an adult and studied commercial art. He told me he was a cartoonist and worked as a graphic artist. He also worked for years at the Granville Island Brewery in Vancouver. Ken grew up in Vancouver and lived most of his life there.

He played the saxophone and was very knowledgeable about modern music, both rock and jazz. I spent some evenings with him on his boat and he would play his favourites from an extensive collection of old cassette recordings. Ken was a member of the Veteran's Association in Powell River and had friends there with whom he liked to discuss music.

I met Ken at Jack's Boatyard. He had a beautiful old, converted wood boat, a troller, called "Caspian Sea". It needed work but it was known as a reliable well-built boat with a history in the Georgia Strait. Ken had lived on it in Vancouver and brought it to Lund solo. He would cruise the islands north of Lund, around Cortez and Quadra, and would anchor there for the summer. He wanted to explore farther into the Broughton Islands; that was to be his next adventure. He loved boats and the sea as it was reminiscent of his origins in the Hebrides Isles.

Despite his ailing health, he always had something on the go, whether it was working at the Boardwalk Restaurant in Lund or making some boat repairs. I admired his tenacity and adventurous spirit. He was 74 when he died.

- Carlo Scarabelli

Loretta Ferrel – June 28, 1923 – February 9, 2021

Loretta set sail for the last time - she would have been 98 years old this year.

To those who were lucky enough to cross paths with her, Loretta was a remarkable woman. She was gentle, down-toearth, knowledgeable in a wide range of subjects, with long gray hair pulled back in a ponytail. She was widowed shortly after she and her husband Bob finished building their cozy log cabin on Malaspina Road in the mid-'70s. She continued pursuing their homesteading dream after her loss, raising rabbits and an abundant garden. Loretta loved the forest and blazing trails through the bush; it was not uncommon to see her emerging from the woods, machete and compass in hand. She planted four redwoods on her property that she'd raised from seed – her legacy.

Loretta moved back to the US west coast to be closer to her four children and numerous grandchildren in her later years, but not before going on an adventure – she sailed to Hawaii in a small boat with a friend ten years her senior.

Farewell, Loretta; miss you!

· Margaret Leitner

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Rudy Vander Maeden - December 5, 1948 - February 17, 2021

Rudulfous Johannes Franciscus was born in the town of Westzaan, The Netherlands, and passed away in Powell River.

At the age of three, he came to Canada on the immigrant ship, The Waterman, along with his mom Femina, his dad Jan, and his two younger sisters who were 18 months and 6 weeks old. The family crossed Canada on the train from Halifax to the Fraser Valley where Jan worked on a dairy farm to pay for their passage. Then, in the early 50s, then moved to Powell River where Jan got a job in the mill.

Rudy led a life full of adventure, spending a lot of time on the ocean - his favourite place. He fished commercially, beachcombed, worked at Teakerne Arm, ran a freight service, as well as dabbling in many other professions – all this despite losing his eyesight at an early age. He was truly a free spirit who thrived by staying busy and he enjoyed traveling. The last few years he spent the winters in Mexico which he really enjoyed.

Rudy was predeceased by his parents Jan and Fem, his brother in-law Deane DeWynter and his partners Ann Nightingale and Debbie Vander Maeden. He leaves behind his sisters Dymph Vander Maeden and Margaret (Larry) Graves, plus many nieces and nephews, great nieces and nephews, and great great nieces and nephews. He also leaves behind many friends. Always generous and charming, he will be dearly missed.

Dymph Vander Maeden

Thinking of You

Healing thoughts and much love to all Lundies, wherever you are, who are struggling with wellness in any area of life. Many of us are an aging population and our bodies are feeling the wear and tear of our wonderful lives. With friends getting body parts replaced, treatments for this and that, and injuries due to falls, please remember to take good care of yourself and each other during these crazy times.

Or maybe you are a Lundie who is not part of the aging population but is struggling to see any hope in the future and desperately missing social interaction. Big hugs go out to you. We're going to have such a celebration in the future when we can safely do so. See you there.

The Goodwill Committee of the Lund Community Society exists to help create and bolster a sense of community in Lund with the knowledge that people here care about each other. Please let a LCS member know if you have any news you think should be acknowledged.

Among other things, this Committee is responsible for welcome packages for newbies to Lund. Thanks to all the businesses for their awesome contributions to these packages: Pollen Sweaters, Boardwalk Restaurant, Nancy's Bakery, Lund Water Taxi, Lund Hotel Resort.

Northside Community Recreation Area Resident List

The Lund Community Society is creating a group email for all Area A residents who wish to learn about information and events in our community. It will be called the Northside Community Recreation Area resident list. If you wish to be one of those bcc'd on this list, send your contact info to <u>lundcommunity@gmail.com</u>.

Crossword #58 by C.Cressy Edited by S. Dunlop

ACROSS:

- 1 stub for an out-of-stock item
- 8 city council member (abbr.)
- 9 trendy in the '80s
- 10 what we look forward to
- 11 masculine pronoun (Span.)
- 12 36 inches (abbr.)
- 14 they shine at 5D
- 16 help for drinkers (abbr.) 17 the big apple (abbr.)
- 18 miniature copy
- 18 miniature copy
- 20 fourth musical note
- 21 either/___
- 23 light-heartedly unconstrained
- 25 homeplace for some (slang)

26 cost

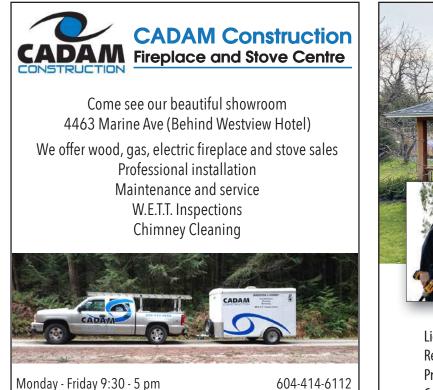
27 how to be cool (two words)

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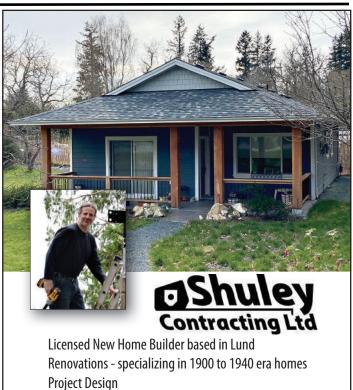
- 1 gossipy newspaper (slang)
- 2 good on burns
- 3 those who are admired
- 4 spring downpour style
- 5 television industry awards
- 6 female student in the '70s
- 7 _itchen _uties
- 13 opposite of 15D
- 15 opposite of 13D
- 18 on the cob
- 19 gourd-like plant
- 20 without charge
- 22 felt regret
- 23 central US banking system (abbr.)
- 24 use power of sight





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Photo courtesy Brian Voth





Photos courtesy Brian Voth





