



THE VASHON LOOP

Vol. 8, #19

TO INFORM AND AMUSE -- TO PROVOKE THINKING AND ACTIVISM

September 15, 2011

Reflect Revere Remember 9/11

By Karen Pruett



L-R: Asst. Chief of Operation George Brown, Firefighter/Paramedic Mike Garvey, VIFR Fire Chief Hank Lipe standing with Artifact #I-0082G, an I-beam from the Twin Towers, at Mozart's Requiem at VHS. Photo by Karen Pruett

September 11, 2001, 5:50am PST, Vashon Island, my house, blue skies, sunshine, a perfect fall day, a perfect day all over the United States of America.

Relaxing with a cup of coffee in hand, I turned on the Today Show and realized that one of the World Trade Center towers was on fire, it had been hit by a plane. My first thought was a prayer for the people in that horrific situation and my second was "that hole is huge." Then a passenger jet came into view and struck the other tower, it was 6:03am PST and 2977 innocent people would lose their lives that day.

Instinctively I jumped to my feet and screamed, "God Damn You Bin Laden!"

My home was under attack and I knew Bin Laden was somewhere on Earth celebrating. I knew the United

States had been drawn unwillingly into another war and I knew my young son and daughter would be fighting it. Anger and anguish is still how I feel ten years later. My son is in the Navy stationed at NAS Belle Chasse, LA, and my daughter is married to a sailor on the USS John C. Stennis. My sister, a Navy veteran, lost friends in the Pentagon. I am a Navy daughter and now a Navy mother, I understand why my children are fighting the war on terror, but that doesn't mean I have to like it.

My country, so united that first year, is now fractured in the aftermath of what we now call 9/11.

At Vashon Island Fire and Rescue, our department gathered upstairs and watched the horror unfold. Anger and

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Island Labyrinth Tour



The labyrinth at Church of the Holy Spirit is laid out on the pattern of the labyrinth of Chartres Cathedral.

On Saturday, September 24, eight labyrinths on Vashon Island will be open to the public from 10:00 a.m. to 4 p.m. You are invited to take a self-guided tour of these labyrinths and the gardens where they are set.

The tour begins at the Episcopal Church of the Holy Spirit, which is located on the Island highway across the street from the Vashon Community Care Center. Maps and directions to the various sites will be available there.

There will be a short presentation
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This omega bench is one of many garden features that can be seen on the island labyrinth tour.

Vashon Eagles Host Luau-Style Barbeque & Picnic to Benefit Food Bank

The "New Look" Vashon Eagles will host A Luau-Style Barbeque and Picnic, September 17th, at our club, 18134 Vashon Highway SW Vashon, WA, to benefit the Vashon Maury Community Food Bank.

Saturday September 17th starting at 3:00pm there will be a Tiki Bar, a pig roast, raffles, a live auction and live music.

All proceeds will be donated to the Food Bank.

The Changing Face of the Vashon Eagles: The newly painted building, the well maintained grounds and the internet juke box with speakers indoors and out are only a part of the "New Look." Another big change is the influx of "20-something" and "30-something" members that have signed up in the last year. "It's exciting to see so many new, younger members" said Kim Cantrell, the President of the Auxiliary "It's

great to know that so many of Vashon's younger residents are interested in helping the club help the community"

Fund Raising is Going Strong: The \$5,600 raised for the recent American Cancer Society Relay for Life brought the combined Aerie and Auxiliary donations to almost \$20,000 over the last year. In addition to cash donations to causes like the Heart Fund, Mary Bridge Children's Hospital and local causes like the Food Bank and VIPP (Vashon Island Pet Protectors) the Eagles also provide things like Thanksgiving Dinner Baskets to needy Vashon families, free dinners for Veterans every Veterans Day, and free dinners for anybody and everybody on Thanksgiving and Christmas at the club.

Membership Drive: Through Sunday September 18th the \$15 registration fee will be waived for all new members.

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Road to Resilience

By Terry Sullivan, Transition Vashon

Things You Can Do Now

Michael Laurie, Island water and home energy efficiency specialist, had some valuable comments on part of what I wrote last week that I now realize was misleading. For the purpose of clarification and to get the benefit of his knowledge and insight on the tools and theories that are already out there, I include his comments here.

"I completely agreed with almost everything you wrote in your last article in the Loop, but I disagree with some of the following statements in quotes:

'How do you solve a problem if the tools you need to work with have yet to be invented?

The solutions have to be based on practicality rather than theory because there is no theory.

In struggling with the problem, it became apparent that each locality needed to approach its own plan from the ground up, utilizing the unique resources inherent in each community.'

"While I agree with the need for local solutions, I don't agree that the tools have

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Amanda's Appeal:

The End In Sight

September 5, 2011 marked the arrival of the last phase of Amanda Knox's appeal and Island supporters were glad to see the end in sight, the past year has been stressful but the court has been fair throughout this ordeal and we are hoping for a just outcome. Amanda and her friend, Raffaele Sollecito, have spent nearly four years in prison for the murder of Amanda's British roommate, Meredith Kercher.

A murder that they did not commit.

This tragic tale begins for Amanda and Raffaele the morning of November 2, 2007. Amanda returned to her cottage, after spending the night away, to find the front door open and as she stepped into the silent apartment she had no way of knowing that her life had just changed forever. She was unsettled as she showered and changed to go on an outing with Raffaele, there were tiny clues that something was amiss, but each minuscule hint could be explained away. The front door had a faulty lock and did not close properly, tiny drops of blood in the back bathroom could mean that someone cut had a finger and an unflushed toilet in the front bathroom

Get in The Loop

Submissions to the Loop

Do you have an event or Public Service Announcement? Email questions or submissions to Steven Allen, editor of the *Loop*, at editor@vashonloop.com. Photos are welcome as jpeg or pdf attachments.

VMICC General Meeting

Vashon Maury Island Community Council will meet Monday, Sept. 19, in the McMurray Middle School all-purpose room at 7 pm.

The proposed spending of money from the settlement with Asarco on Vashon-Maury Island including sampling and cleanup for the most contaminated areas of the island, will be the topic of Hannah Aoyagi, PhD, of the Toxics cleanup Program of the Washington State Department of Ecology. In addition to her presentation, she will answer questions.

An urgent motion from Joe Ulatowski in support of the Vashon Fire Department's concern about the Department of Transportation's road maintenance plans on the island is on the agenda.

A discussion and vote on the water section of the town plan, which includes the rainwater collection for potable use, is slated.

The impact of the Highway 99 construction project on the West Seattle Bridge and connecting thoroughfares may also be addressed by a representative of the Department of Transportation.

The Land Use and Natural Resources Committee has been reactivated and Robert Keeler will be calling a meeting. For more information, call him at 463-6569.

The VMICC Board will be having a planning retreat on Sunday, Sept. 25, at Minglement on the corner of Vashon Highway and Cemetery Rd. from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Save energy

Tired of heating the whole outdoors? Save energy and money this winter and beautify your home by making your own insulated Roman shades. Cathy Fulton will demonstrate how easy it is to make and install your own shades in a free do-it-yourself class co-sponsored by Puget Sound Energy. Saturday, September 24, 10:00 am to Noon at the PSE office, 18125 Vashon Highway SW, just south of town. More information at VashonWarmShades.com. Space is limited, so please pre-register: 463-5652, cathy@VashonWarmShades.com.

VMICC seeks new board members

The Vashon Maury Island Community Council is seeking new board members to fill the four vacancies created by resignations. This opportunity is open to any resident over the age of 18. Being on the board offers the chance to represent all Vashon Island residents and create interesting and relevant programs as well as communicating with King County officials, so our needs and voices continue to be heard.

All terms will expire at the end of November, 2012, so this is to fill out the approximate remaining year and two months. Board members are expected to attend an evening monthly board meeting on the first Monday of each month and the general council meeting on the third Monday evening.

Those who are interested in learning more about being on the board or who wish to apply, should send an email to Tim Johnson, president, at tim.vmicc@gmail.com. Include your name, phone number and a bit of background. Interviews will be conducted by the board in September and October with decisions made by the board and presented to the community council for their acceptance at the next regular meeting.

Those with questions may also telephone Carl Sells, vice president, at 206-898-1419 for more information.

October is Dental Month

Disease of the teeth, gums and mouth infections can cause pain and also lead to kidney and heart disease in your pet. Get a 10% Discount on dental procedures and supplies, including TD & DH Diets, C.E.T. HEXtra Chews, toothbrushes, toothpaste, etc.

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Vashon Library Events
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Submit your Event on line at
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Riders' Buy-Sell-Swap

I am hosting an Island-wide Riders' Buy-Sell-Swap and Pony Club Open House on September 24, 2011, from 9:00-11:00 am at Fish Bowl Farm, 20622 Vashon Hwy.

How can I get this even on a calendar or a paragraph or two in The Loop?

The Riders' Buy-Sell-Swap is an opportunity for riders and parents of riders to gather their outgrown riding clothes and boots, etc., and swap or sell. It'll be an "each-do-own" event with a tables and fences for laying things out and hanging things up. Tack, including saddles and bridles and everything for the horse and rider, is welcome!

We will also have an informational table and materials for our US Pony Club Riding Center programs. USPC is known to many, but Riding Centers are still new in the Northwest. We provide an opportunity for kids to enjoy, learn and ride within the USPC curriculum and activities, even if they don't have their own horse or pony. Riding Center members ride their own horses or Fish Bowl Farm's horses 3x/month in lessons, have unmounted horse care lessons, and may progress through the levels of USPC ratings, compete at team horse sport competitions, etc.

If you would like more information about this event, please call or email me. Thank you!

WigleyEmily@gmail.com
206-304-1049

Hypnosis weight Loss

Eight week Hypnosis weight loss class will begin Monday, September 19th from 7-8:30 p.m. in the Lobby of the Windermere Building. The class will help you change the way you feel about food, teach you self hypnosis and get free of emotional eating. Each class includes a group hypnosis. The cost is \$250 and includes a workbook and 3 hypnosis cd's, one individual hypnosis session and a dinner on the eighth week. Space is limited so call Diana Labrum at Personal Best Hypnosis 455-5680.

Wildlife

Hi Folks
Two things

Bear season is upon us. To help with human- bear interactions please feed dogs and cats inside- Empty bird feeders suet trays. Secure garbage cans.

Use hot wire or electric netting around gardens- bee hives- livestock.

When walking in bear county have the breeze at your back, watch for sign, and make noise

Dogs leashed if not under complete voice control.

Also where did the rumor come from that wildlife rehabs euthanize all wild birds?

Most rehabs euthanize for only for Mercy- the animal is suffering and has no hope of recovery

Wolfstown's policy remains the same as it has always been- We rehab if there is a chance of recovery. We also consult with our Vets and other Rehabbers.

We do put animals into education if there is a spot for them and if they cannot be released do to some handicap. But realize educational animals must be fed and cared for. This money must come from the general public.

Thanks everyone!
Wolfstown

Grief Support Services

Providence Hospice of Seattle (PHOS) Grief Support Services is offering a 6-week grief support group for adults who have lost a loved one to death in the last two years. The group will meet for six consecutive Thursday evenings, October 6 through November 10, from 6:00 - 8:00 pm on Vashon. Registration is required to participate. Please call Jane Fleming at PHOS (206)749-7704 for information.

For the Love of Goats!

New to dairy goats or thinking of getting dairy goats? This one day, on farm workshop is the perfect primer.

Goat Husbandry 101 with Karen Biondo at La Biondo Farm & Kitchen on Vashon Island, Saturday, Septmeber 24, 10 AM - 2PM

\$125. includes Harvest lunch.

Karen Biondo shares 11 years of birthing, feeding, milking, loving and yes, burying her mostly Nubian dairy goats on her 5 acre colorful and diverse farm. Learn about housing, fencing, pasture, hoof care and basic, on farm vet care. You will have an opportunity to milk, trim hooves, give vaccination shots and love up this years' kids: Licorice, Petunia and peony. Also learn about Biondo's practical 3 Day Rule. Cheese and yogurt making will be discussed with samples to taste. Class size limited to 10. PayPal, checks and cash accepted. Questions and reservations labiondo@comcast.net, 206- 463-9906
www.labiondofarm.com

Compost the Loop

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Psalm 119.18

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Normal People Are Those We Don't Know Well

For the past ten years local author Judi Blaze has been compiling a collection of short stories that will be released the end of September. The collection includes 17 stories in a book entitled *NORMAL PEOPLE ARE THOSE WE DON'T KNOW WELL* published by Black Rose Press. The stories chronicle the lives of quirky, often unhinged characters which show us that despite how peculiar we think others may be—they really are not so different; some involve love and loss, while others are humorous, poignant and endearing.

"People are natural voyeurs and Judi Blaze allows us to peek into the lives of others in her first collection of short stories," says her publicist Bridget Dean. Many of the stories are set on an island in Puget Sound and Blaze says, "You may recognize some individuals who make up the island."

NORMAL PEOPLE ARE THOSE WE DON'T KNOW WELL is Blaze's first book to be released since 2006 when she released a novel called *Beach People*. *Beach People* followed *On Indian Time*, an award winner at First Novel Fest, and *Riding on a Rainbow*, a novel based on a true story of Blaze's life growing up gypsy.

Many of the short stories in this collection have won awards or have been published in anthologies; which includes the University of Southern Florida anthology. She has also been published on various online sites, such as the Chick Lit Review, for a novel she has not yet published called *Orchid Island*. Most recently she was runner up in the 2010 and 2008 Warren Adler national completion or a short story. She also won 1st place in the Willamette Writers Kay Snow awards in creative writing, and has won several online competitions.

Judi Blaze is a former print and media journalist and currently works full time as a writer. She has acted as a ghost writer for many people, generally writing eBooks, but continues to work on her own books. She has just finished her fifth novel, *Sunday at the Social Club* and another called *Orchid Island*, which also takes place on an island in Puget Sound. She is now working on a memoir about her life growing up Gypsy called *RIDING IN THE BACKSEAT WITH MY BROTHER*. She lives on the island with her husband Bruce Watson.

There will be a launch party for her book with a date TBA. Below is an excerpt from one of her short stories entitled *Normal People are those we Don't Know Well*

Normal People Are Those We Don't Know Well

Jordan's fingers tap across the keys, bouncing like droplets of water on a sizzling grill. His fingers, extensions of his fast-flowing thoughts, peck the words, stirring them feverishly across the keyboard - the same fingers that have played across my body many times before.

He's a cob of a man - legs stunted since birth, mummified raisins attached to a solid ass - a man whose head melds to his square shoulders. Hoping for a best seller, Jordan divulges the secrets of his days in the circus - our days in the circus.

While painting my toenails, squatting in a corner of Jordan's orange shag-carpeted office, I do it with the cadence of quick pecking keys, purple specks on fairy toes, as his fingers drip with words. By the time the bashful clock sounds the noon hour like a cacophonous intruder, entering our space much like a vexatious fly, Jordan's fingers flame.



Judi Blaze

Rapt, he stares with marble-round, inky eyes at the glowing screen, head dripping with sweat, running down his forehead landing on a course three-inch unibrow.

I can't help but look up when the pecking stops. Silence halts my hand in full swing, purple polish drips and lands on the orange carpet, beading up like a pill. The contrast holds my attention until the tapping resumes.

The circus, our home for many years, was filled with beautiful people, a hippodrome of sideshow sweeties, thorny little individuals who ate popcorn balls while the audience gawked at our fireplug shapes. We wore animal pelts and yesterday's sorrows, and not one of us had a

nasty bone in our bodies. Trapeze artists, handsome and ruggedly fit, bared their souls while exposing the firmness of their middle - often giving the rest of us a quick wink from high above.

Our heterogeneity was as multifarious and widespread as the freckles on my face - a face given to me by a mother they called an anomaly, a woman who cultivated me in a trailer no bigger than a large box. She also gave me my wide smile, natural ruby curls, and stunted limbs, as well as a place to call home. Born into the circus herself, she could think of no other way to raise me, nor any other kind of life.

Again, silence, causing me to look up and see the puppet-frozen face of Jordan. His fruitful morning of exposing our life of show biz, freakish sideshow stunts, rhinestone outfits, and sadness that went along with it, was nearing an end, his fingers were still.

My mother called the other day saying, "Mona, I'm leaving the circus. I think I'm really sick this time and no one here will take it seriously." Her Lilliputian voice squeaked through the tiny holes in the receiver. I wanted to chase those words and pop them like the bubbles in a sheet of bubble wrap. I wanted

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Islander Forming Group for Aid to East Africa

Less than two months ago the United Nations declared a famine in parts of East Africa. It was widely covered by the national media for several days but has since received very little attention. Now the UN has even greater warnings about the scope of this terrible situation.

Tens of thousands of refugees have died and more than half a million children are on the brink of starvation. UN officials have stated that the famine continues to spread, warning that 750,000 people could perish in the next few months unless humanitarian aid increases.

How do we respond to this dire need? What can we do from hundreds of miles away?

A massive response, in the form of a nutrition supplementation pipeline, is underway and islanders can help. XANGO, an international wellness company, and AmeriCares are working together to feed thousands with the

delivery of XANGO Meal Packs. These packs can be purchased by XANGO customers and distributors which are then donated to AmeriCares.

"XANGO Meal Packs are an effective way to give supplemental feedings to malnourished patients," said AmeriCares Medical Director Dr. Frank Bia. "By simply adding water, you have a beneficial supplement that's easy to both prepare and use." Each serving is a high-calorie, vitamin-enriched powder that becomes a porridge when water is added. AmeriCares and XANGO are delivering enough Meal Packs to provide a supplemental daily feeding to nearly 13,000 children and adults.

The local Project Representative for the island is Marianne Metz Lipe. Contact her to learn more about the Meal Pack program and help alleviate the suffering of children and families (567-5939). Resource website: www.FeedingFamiliesWorldwide.com

We Want Your Feedback on the New High School Design

The high school schematic design is complete! Take a look during this short fly-through video at www.vashonsd.org/index.php?/district2/cap or read the schematic design book on line at www.vashonsd.org/docs/VHS_SD_Book_110819_FINAL.pdf and let us know what you think. Hard copies of the book are available at the Vashon Public Library, the high-school office and the VISD district office. If you'd like to comment, please fill out this online form or attend one or more of the following events:

- September 8**
Schematic design schedule update at the school board meeting, 7:00 p.m., McMurray Middle School library
 - September 14**
Schematic design viewing at Chautauqua open house, 6:30 p.m.
 - September 15**
Schematic design viewing at the Community Dinner, 5:30 p.m., Vashon Island High School cafeteria. The architect and contractor will be available to answer questions.
 - September 21**
Schematic design viewing at the Vashon Island High School open house, 6:30 p.m.
 - September 22**
Final schematic design presentation and estimate to the school board, 7:00 p.m., McMurray Middle School library
 - September 28**
Schematic design viewing at the McMurray Middle School open house, 6:30 p.m.
 - October 6**
Schematic design viewing at the Community Dinner, 5:30 p.m., Vashon Island High School cafeteria. The architect and contractor will be available to answer questions.
 - October 13**
School Board votes on a final schematic design package and estimate, 7:00 p.m., McMurray Middle School library
- *These events are all open to the public

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Island Life

What Should I See?

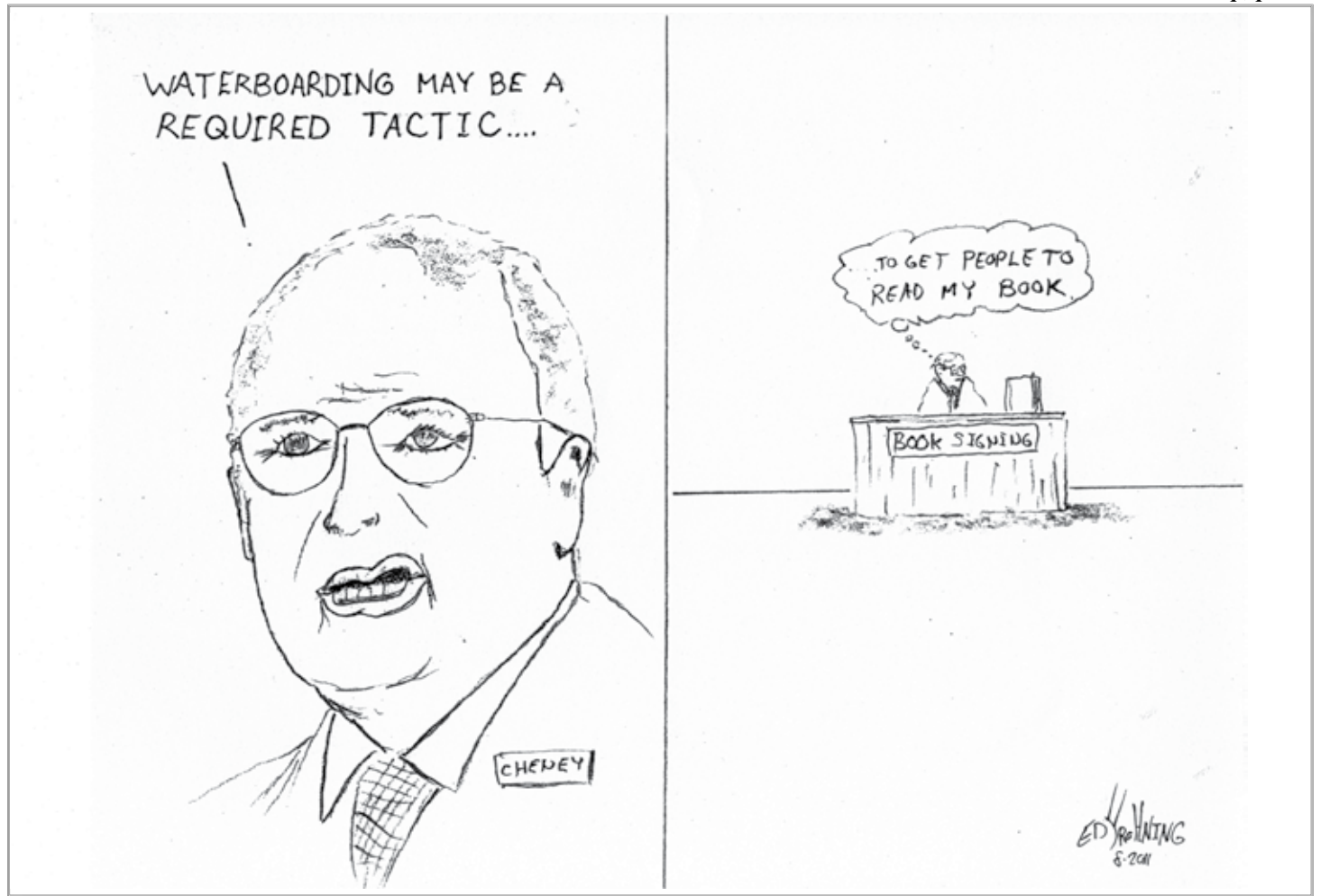
by Peter Ray

Well, it is that time of year, and as anyone who has been reading words from this space on a somewhat regular basis should know, we generally pen a report from the hot, dry, high desert environs of northwest Nevada about this time every year. As it so happens, this year will be no exception. What I would like to have said here was that certain aspects of our yearly trek to Burning Man had not been a part of our collective experience this time around. Unfortunately, and in spite of all our pre-burn preparation, our vehicle of transport choice chose to crap out on us once again. I had thought about titling this piece "Four for Four", for the four times in a row we have had varying degrees of vehicular indifference to anticipated travel plans.

Having driven the RV to Bend a month earlier with no problems, we were sure that this aspect of our previous three journeys desertward would not be a part of our travel agenda this time. And I had decided that I was not going to experience heat collapse as I had in the past, so I changed my diet and swam fifteen thousand yards a week for the month leading up to departure time. Everything seemed to be ready, but there was that smell of burning brakes that came and went as we motored southward, and when it came one more time as we were passing through Bend this time a month later, we deemed it prudent to ask an expert. Two separate mechanics declared we were on the verge of complete braking system failure, so with Wendy's credit card at the ready we rented a cargo van, transferred all essentials, shopped for further necessities that the RV would have provided, and were on our way in four hours.

It is because of that transfer of transport modes that the above title emerged. With no room to sleep in the van, we pulled our mattress out once we reached the Summer Lake Hot Spring (a destination spot for travelers to Burning Man) and slept out under the stars. As it turned out, word had gotten out, and a crowd like no other we've seen there continued to arrive late into the night and early morning. We were awakened many times by headlights and exhaust pipes passing by just feet from our heads, and finally when the night darkness turned to morning glow we gave up thoughts of sleep and turned toward the welcome use of our early entry pass at the festival. On our way to the restroom before leaving, we came upon what turned out to be a first time burner, too excited to sleep with thoughts of the next week racing through his head. After hearing that we had a combined playa experience of 19 years, he asked us what he should see when he got there.

What we told him was to not burn yourself out by Tuesday and to drink plenty of water. In essence though, at Burning Man as in life, if you have to ask what to see then you are missing the point. I am often reminded of an exchange between student and mentor in the Tales of Power series by Carlos Castaneda. What comes to mind is a vignette in the desert when Don Juan, Castaneda's cosmic guide, pointed to a distant object saying that it was an animal in its death throes flailing about. As they got closer, it became apparent to Castaneda that he been intentionally duped by Don Juan, as the dying animal turned out to be a plastic bag, stuck to a bit of sage brush, being blown around in the wind. If you have to be told what to see, then you not only miss what



is actually out there, you also lose the experience of discovery for yourself.

What we were glad to see when we reached the gate at Black Rock City (BRC)- a fiction that becomes fact for eight days on BLM land in northwest Nevada- was that there was no line. In the past we have had to wait two to four hours to get in- this year it was two cars and go. To get this privilege I had signed on as videographer for a project documenting various aspects of the Burning Man experience. It was also my hope that my pre-burn conditioning would allow me to transcend the strength-zapping rigors of high desert altitude and heat and get out there and deliver the mail. Some people call all this working on vacation. I see it as what Burning Man is all about. The video project was a subgroup of the ever growing Burning Man organization, often referred to in varying tones as "the BORG". The Black Rock City Post Office or BRCPO, is run by people like you and me- or at least me- and runs on an altruism that allows a direct connection with the U.S. Postal Service that sees to it that mail passes smoothly back and forth between BRC and what is known from within the gates as the default world we left behind.

To make a book length story fit in my box, it will just be said that I plan to pledge my allegiance to the post office next year. It turned out that my experience with writing for the BORG-backed playa newspaper my first year out there was pretty much the self-same one I had with the video crew. They were and are the Don Juans

of the playa, mostly telling me what we should be seeing, while at the same time speaking of the wonders of capturing the thrills and mysteries of "radical self expression"- one of the basic tenets of life at Burning Man, although often it is wildly misinterpreted. On the other hand, besides renewing bonds from past work with the General and Lady K, playa names for the folks who run BRCPO, it was soon revealed that we had a bit more in common- they had broken down on the way in as well.

I could speak of the conflicts and contradictions I ran into while trying to do my video job, but I won't. Instead, I will only mention the indescribable elation I felt on the Saturday of the burn after spending two and a half hours in 100 degree desert heat finding all eight of the recipients of the packages I had to deliver. As I said, you can't describe it, so I guess that leaves it all up to your imagination. Go ahead- just imagine.

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Conductor Favors New VAA Performance Venue

Much has been written lately, in these pages and beyond, about the current plan of Vashon Allied Arts to construct a new performance venue. To voice my agreement with Steve Amos's recent article that the arguments in its favor outweigh those against, I would like to add a few comments regarding acoustics and other issues specifically related to performance. It is especially worth considering how the new venue would compare to those already extant on the Island. While we performers are very grateful that these spaces are available to us, we are also keenly aware of their innate disadvantages. To illustrate the current situation, I will call upon my personal experiences with Vashon Island Chorale and Vashon Opera, the two Island-based organizations with which I have been most closely associated. That said, I should point out up front that these remarks are representative solely of my personal opinions, and are not necessarily the official positions of either of those organizations.

I know of only one acoustically excellent space on-Island that is in occasional use as a performance venue: the Methodist Church. Its proportions and building materials are quite good from an acoustical point of view, though it has other crucial drawbacks, most fundamentally the size of the stage area. Certainly a ninety-voice choir wouldn't fit at all, let alone when joined by a twenty-piece orchestra. As for sheer size, the O-Space would work theoretically, but its acoustics is dreadful for unamplified sound. And I am told that it is quite noisy there when it rains. The Vashon High School auditorium likewise gains in size what it lacks in ambience.

Bethel Church has been a decent option for the Chorale and Opera, but it is acoustically far from effective for the purposes of live performance. The Chorale, all things being equal, could balance a medium-sized orchestra of 30-50 players quite nicely. However, at Bethel, fully a third of the singers must be nestled into an acoustically disadvantageous nook in order to fit everyone on the stage. We are currently planning to perform a major work with strings and a brass quintet for our December concert, and balancing with the brass is a major consideration as we move forward with rehearsals. There is also only barely the space for about twenty players, which severely limits our choices of repertoire. We would love to present Vashon audiences with major works such as Orff's Carmina Burana, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, or Haydn's Creation, but there is simply not enough space available at Bethel. The Island's own performers and audience members are thus being deprived of basic artistic experiences because of the lack of suitable performance venues.

Vashon Opera has performed at Bethel twice, both times under my baton. For the first show, The Tender Land in 2010, we placed the very small orchestra (just thirteen players) in a corner to the side of the stage area. This decision proved an acoustical nightmare: the orchestra strongly outbalanced the singers in much of the room, no matter how softly the instrumentalists played. For the second performance, Madama Butterfly this past spring, we placed the similarly sized orchestra front-and-center in the room and built a raised stage. These two changes mimicked a true orchestra pit, but there were still notable problems. Some audience members had to sit right next to the players, which obviously meant they heard less of the singers. Also, I conducted from a raised podium in order to be seen clearly by singers and orchestra alike, which deleteriously affected the sight-lines for

the entire audience. You could say that resolving one acoustical issue just created more performance problems.

At a planning meeting this spring, I met two of the acousticians who are working with VAA's chosen architects, and they seem quite worthy. They know all about the building materials, architectural angles, sound-proofing techniques, and other tricks of the trade (such as movable surfaces on the walls and ceilings) that can render a space of any size acoustically satisfying for the entire audience. The addition of an orchestra pit will work wonders for the Opera's acoustical and theatrical needs. I am told that the latest plans allow for the pit to be raised or covered, thereby yielding a larger stage when no pit is needed. This would handily resolve the Chorale's acoustical and stage-size issues at Bethel. Based on the architectural drawings that I have seen, I feel that this could become one of the superior performance spaces in the region, both from the performers' and the audience members' points of view. And there currently is no space on the Island that serves that function admirably.

Another major concern is that the current venues are all in such high demand that it is essentially impossible to rehearse in the performance space. Any audience member can understand the importance of rehearsing a fully staged theatrical production in a room that is at least of comparable size and dimensions as the eventual stage. And yet, despite the vigorous efforts of the company's Artistic Director and various stage directors, the only available spaces are often off-Island or of substandard quality. The Chorale has a similar problem: our numbers are currently limited to the capabilities of our rehearsal space, the band room at Vashon High School. For some concerts, we have turned away participants because our rehearsal space cannot accommodate a larger ensemble. Vashon Allied Arts has assured both organizations that an integral part of the new building's plan would be its availability as a rehearsal space.

In light of such major concerns as acoustics, stage size, and rehearsal space, other ancillary issues may seem of paltry significance. But, when added together, they present noteworthy complications. During performances, the performers need private space, called "green rooms," to change costumes, prepare make-up, store their instrument equipment, or simply to rest their legs, lungs and minds during intermission. While the High School's stage does have limited facilities for this purpose, the other venues on the Island are woefully lacking. Sometimes, available green rooms aren't even large enough for all the performers to sit down. There are not generally sufficient restroom facilities, so exhausted performers wait in lines that are often undesirably long just for the audience members. Further, most venues do not have an appropriate lobby area suitable for taking tickets, selling merchandise, or assembling casually before and after the performance.

My purpose in this note is not to denigrate the Island's current venues outright. Rather, those venues' managements are to be applauded for their creativity in adapting spaces to artistic purposes and for trying to mimic other artistic needs. But such creativity and mimicry needn't be necessary. Recreating these logistical efforts anew for each concert takes time and money away from the core purpose of engaging audiences through a transformative artistic experience. And no amount of cleverness can outbalance the sheer architecture of a space that is not built with acoustical considerations



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in mind. If the proposed Vashon Center for the Arts were not built, the Chorale, the Opera, and other arts organizations would continue to exist. But their efforts would be perpetually hampered by a lack of appropriate facilities. If Vashon Island, as a community, wants its unique artistic culture to develop and grow, then the new Vashon Center for the Arts is not merely a luxury: it is essential.

Gary D. Cannon
 Artistic Director, Vashon Island Chorale
 Artistic Director, Cascadian Chorale
 Music Director, Sine Nomine: Renaissance Choir
 Assistant Conductor, Choral Arts
 Secretary, Greater Seattle Choral Consortium
 Freelance Tenor, Musicologist, and Composer

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Planet Waves

by Eric Francis <http://www.PlanetWaves.net>



Aries (March 20-April 19)

I suggest you ask yourself just what you've been through the past five or six weeks. It was definitely unusual, and by that, I mean not your typical emotional crisis. It was more like a series of initiations, or an extended ordeal designed to help you figure out who you are. You learned a lot -- and now the question is how not to forget. If outright frustration has tamped down to a sense of mild irritation, allow that irritation to keep reminding you to stay awake and alert. Notice those relationships wherein there is a bit of push and pull, and the sense that things are not quite right but they work anyway. That tension can also remind you to pay attention, and mind the details of your personal associations with others. If you treat others as if they are here to help you, they are more likely to do so. Open up to receiving what they offer and they're likely to give you more of what you need.

Taurus (April 19-May 20)

You may be feeling like you're out of your element, but I doubt that's true. Where you are, however, is in a situation that's insisting that you update your files in realtime. By that I mean set your mind in manual mode and size up your environment and your mental state every hour or so, or every time you remember. Rather than settling back into the sensation that things are how they are, keep your senses sharp and observe what they are telling you. Keep the conversation going even with the people who annoy you. They are likely to provide useful information that you would have missed ordinarily. Part of why one person in particular may be irritating, by the way, is that he or she is able to discern how much of your mind you're actually using. It's as if someone is lurking around while you're sleeping, waiting for you to wake up. Waking up, at the moment, means living with the sense that you're participating in an experiment. You don't know the outcome, and that is the whole point.

Gemini (May 20-June 21)

You now have the awareness and strength to break free from at least one dysfunctional belief of your parents. This would seem to be a lifelong process of healing and growth. It is, yet there are moments of breakthrough, when you make a discovery that works on several levels. First, see what it's like to not be angry when you discover that you've been deceived. Right under the deception is a contact point with your power. It's as if you're clearing the fog on some event or condition of childhood that obscured your ability to see contrasts, and to make coherent decisions based on them. Now that ability is suddenly coming back to you. Remember that the root of feeling and seeing the truth is emotional, as is your ability to act on it. You are making contact with who you were before the paralysis of denial set in, which is another way of saying that the kid who refuses to believe lies is alive and well in your heart.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

You don't need other people as much as you think. Of course it can be challenging to test that belief, but I suggest you give it a try. You'll benefit from proving to yourself that the dependencies you think you have are not so sticky, though to get there you have to confront the situation in some direct way. Do something on your own that you thought you needed help with. Solve

a problem that you think is over your head. Challenge your sense of loneliness by diving into your creative talent. The quality of experience you have with others will improve significantly when it's focused on writing, art or a service project rather than merely 'social'. Look for a point of contact with yourself, develop that and then boldly engage in a real exchange with someone you consider smarter or more advanced than you. From that series of contacts you will make an important discovery about yourself.

Leo (July 22-Aug. 23)

Lack of self-esteem is one of the most serious issues of our day. It may be the most damaging problem that humans face, responsible for most of the misery and abuse in the world today. We then take this condition and bring it into our relationships, basically putting our self-worth into the hands of someone else. This is the root of what is commonly called codependency. I don't think anyone is exempt, but Mercury and Chiron are about to align in a way that can clarify this issue for you. Imagine that there are many ways that two people can align; pretend we have hundreds of ways we can connect with others. Among them, there are just a very few alignments where this issue of how we handle, treat and mirror one another's self-esteem can be seen for what it is. And what is that 'what it is'? That's for you to observe over the next few days. I suggest not looking for specifics, but rather treating everything that happens as an expression of this issue -- and seeing where that leads you.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sep. 22)

You've faced some serious challenges this week. You may be considering them emotional in nature, but so far as I can see, the deeper issues are spiritual. Since that's a controversial term, I'll explain what I mean. Primarily, you're being called deeper than the sensory world, and the world of feelings. Those things are the starting point, but you're being invited deeper. You're being called beyond your individual past into what you can think of as the ancestral past. You're going deeper than human connection, into a realm where you meet something akin to a 'cosmic other'. You may discover this entity within you through a process of inner conflict. That conflict may feel like encountering some of the darkest aspects of who you are, but once you make friends with them, you discover the light within the shadow. To get there, it's essential that you suspend judgment about yourself, i.e., not deciding that you're so-and-so kind of person based on a certain experience you've had or feelings you discover within yourself. Observe, listen and keep your sense of humor.

Libra (Sep. 22-Oct. 23)

Relationships are a delicate, sensitive dance. You can take nothing for granted -- and while that may seem like torture to those who desire only stability and consistency, it is the more likely path to healthy interaction. We have all discovered at some point that relationships can be dangerous. We can invest enormous amounts of self-esteem into them, alter the course of our lives and make commitments that may take decades to work out. Often we have to do this working from a blind spot as we assess who people are -- only to find out that additional information would have been useful much earlier on. If you're



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pondering subject matter such as this, I suggest you consider which fears you were carrying around before you got into your present situation. At the moment you're susceptible to the self-fulfilling prophecy. Keep an open dialog with those you care about, and do your best to avoid making claims on the future.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)

One of the temptations you're facing now is the idea of purity. You may be obsessed with it, though in a way that's lurking in the background. This may involve themes like wanting to have an absolutely clear conscience, correct intentions, take impeccable care of your health, or absolute focus on your most important purpose in life. You know, that kind of impossible-to-attain stuff that could gradually drive you nuts if you take it too seriously. I suggest you invest your energy soothing your frayed emotions rather than trying to improve yourself. You need rest, you need water, and most of all you need to experiment with fulfilling some of the desires that have been continuously frustrated in recent weeks. I suggest you start modestly, with a sincere desire, particularly of a kind that you fear someone else might be inclined to judge. This is a good time to go out and make some new friends. Look for reasons to say yes.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)

Humans are complex beings. We seem to spend half our lives working out our contradictions, and the rest of the time working out those of the world around us. The good news is that you seem to be making progress. Despite the many intricacies and the maze-like quality of your life, you are actually finding common ground with people -- with one key individual in particular, and also with certain groups that have a family-like quality. If we were to make a list of the most persistent mysteries that have faced humanity for its entire history, they might include questions like, 'Where did we come from and how did we get here?' But on top of the list would be, 'What is the secret to human cooperation?' You seem to be figuring this one out, and I suggest you put the information to work -- especially toward advancing a long-held career goal.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

I suggest you connect the idea of professional advancement with fertility. Whatever your condition of employment, you're in a phase of seeding the future. You can think of this as impregnating your own aspirations, which -- when they begin to manifest -- often have the sensation of 'having a life of their own'. This is precisely what you're going for. Be mindful of who you're speaking with

at all times. Listen for the ways you can work together, and pay attention for those visionary moments when ideas erupt spontaneously. Please keep a notebook to track both who you're talking with and what you're talking about. Give things a chance to develop, and also do your best to consciously evolve them. Notice when certain themes repeat themselves. Keep in contact with people who share similar ideas. Look for patterns of affinity, such as when you hear of organizations that have values similar to your own. This will work a lot better than sending out resumes.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

You seem to be trying to fit yourself through a narrow opening of what you believe is possible. As you are discovering, you won't fit through that passageway; you need a wider concept, and a bigger idea; that means you will need to enlarge your concept of who you are. One typical problem you encounter when you do this is that you can lose any sense of definition, shape or form -- or you fear that you will. That suggests you need to work with structure and with a concept, but that concept needs to be flexible enough to adapt to different situations. But the heart of the matter is not about the concepts -- it's your beliefs about what you're capable of. You seem to be using these beliefs as the basis of setting your goals. I suggest you work the other way, by defining some objectives, then determining how you're going to get there.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Sex is like seawater, in that it contains nearly every element of consciousness. Many have noted the similarities between blood and seawater, both of which are like the ocean that refuses no river. This is more than a metaphor. Notice how your sexual ideas, emotions and experiences contain all of your feelings about yourself. Notice the overlay and exchange between yourself and the people close to you, including in fantasy experiences, dreams and the odd things that people say. Among erotic experiences there are times for blending energies more deeply, and times for sorting out who is who. At the moment, the cosmos is revealing a specific difference between you and someone close to you -- which may translate to a difference between you and everyone else in the world. Yet this is the kind of distinction that can have a way of bringing people closer. True individuality provides the basis for respect and the authentic sharing of common ground much more often than it does the basis for separation.

Read Eric Francis daily at
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Spiritual Smart Aleck



www.spiritualsmartaleck.blogspot.com

I Could if I Wanted to Maybe

by Mary Tuel

I was asked to write a blurb about the island Labyrinth Tour that is coming up, and I realized that the blurb needed a picture.

I mentioned this in an email to my friend Susan, who is a retired journalist, and told her that it would be hard to get a good picture of a labyrinth because a labyrinth is a pattern on the ground, and I wasn't sure how I could get a picture that looked like anything more than a lumpy bit of lawn with some rocks set in. I mentioned that perhaps I could climb up on a bench that sits at the edge of the lawn where the labyrinth is located, and from that height I could get a better picture. She immediately replied:

"DON'T STAND ON A BENCH TO TAKE A PICTURE. I FORBID IT. IT'S DANGEROUS. TELL THE PAPER TO GET A PICTURE TO RUN WITH THE COLUMN. I MEAN IT!"

She went on to remind me that not only do I have bad knees, but I have lately had a bout of vertigo, that swirling sensation where I feel like I'm falling. She saw my climbing up on a bench as a disaster that had found a place to happen.

Being the stubborn, ornery sort that I am I drove up to my church where the labyrinth is located, thinking, "Well, the bench is a sturdy concrete structure, with a large level surface. I could probably stand on it safely."

When I got there, though, I walked up to it and realized that with my knees I would not be able to get up on it in the first place, so there was no danger of my falling off.

I took the picture of the labyrinth, which indeed came out looking like a lumpy lawn with some rocks set in, and I thought about the disconnect between what I think I can do and what at this age and stage of decomposition I am able to do.

See, all my life, despite my reckless

disregard for exercise and healthy eating habits, I have been able to do whatever I wished to do physically. Granted the bar was set pretty low, but if I wanted to, say, paint the living room, or sit on the floor and stand up again, or climb up on a concrete bench to take a picture, I could do it.

That has all changed in the last few years, but my clever brain has not yet heard the news. It will think, "I can climb on a bench!" and my knees will reply, "Hey, genius, we're not doing that."

It's one of the really annoying things about getting older. In my mind I am forever young and have no limits. In the real world these days - limits.

I read once that it is the accumulation of the effects of accidents that makes our bodies age. I believe there is a lot of truth in that statement. I think if it hadn't been for that torn meniscus, that crushed vertebra, that broken arm that healed about a half inch shorter than it used to be, I'd feel a lot better and be a lot more able to do things, and I wouldn't walk as funny as I do, on the days I can walk.

When you're young you think you want to live forever. You don't realize that you're not always going to feel good, or be as capable as you were in your youth. I have been blessed to live this long, and I'm happy to be here. I don't know when I'll grasp that there are things I can't do, though. Not yet.

Note: my friend Susan, quoted above, is the one being treated for stage 3 lung cancer. At this time, nearing the end of a course of radiation, the tumor has shrunk dramatically, and that's the good news. She has a long way to go yet, but it's good to have some hopeful news.



A labyrinth is so much more than a lumpy lawn.

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Island Labyrinth Tour

Continued from Page 1

at the church at 10 a.m. by Christine Hamby. She will explain the tradition and meaning of walking the labyrinth.

Circle of Sound will play, and dancers from Elizabeth Mendana's dance company as well as other dance groups will perform.

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Indonesia, that is perched on the edge of a vast ravine with a dramatic views to the west. The labyrinth was created as a turf labyrinth so it would quietly integrate within the natural setting of meadow and towering cedars that define the property.

A "moss labyrinth" built with old logs on the property of Edna & James Dam. Their description: "Five years ago, inspired by a talk by Betty Hawkins, we started a labyrinth built of moss-covered logs. Sited in a low, damp, slightly open area among



Cretan type labyrinth, which you can hardly see, but it's a nice picture looking toward the West Passage.

David Pfeiffer and Daniel Klein have created a non traditional 4-circuit Cretan style turf Labyrinth on their 15 acre property off wax orchard road. .

They were intrigued with the concept of sacred geometry after a visit to the foothills outside Guadalajara, Mexico. The labyrinth represented to them the perfect geometrical archetype, the sphere. They wanted to incorporate this sacred place on a flat sunny west facing shelf in their meadow, for

walking/sitting meditations. It is sited with views of the Olympics and Colvos passage. The labyrinth has a stonecarved mystical guardian couple from East Timor in Indonesia acting as sentrys, welcoming its visitors. The labyrinth is sited east of a 150 yr old teak Joglo pavilion ,also from

tall cedars, big-leaf maples, large old alders, a huge hollow cedar snag, and several old-growth stumps, it seems to provide an ideal medium for the growth of a variety of lush, bright mosses. We built the labyrinth using the classic seven-ring Cretan pattern. The idea was simple, though the execution took a few years and is ongoing. All materials were found on our 10-acre property, and as storms bring down better specimens, we incorporate them into the labyrinth. We love to walk our labyrinth in all seasons and all kinds of weather, though it's really at its best in late winter when the moss is brightest and a few drifts of native wildflowers are in bloom. It's a celebration of moss, and it gives us a "destination" with which to encourage visitors to take a walk in the woods."



"moss labyrinth" built with old logs on the property of Edna & James Dam.

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Island Epicure



By Marj Watkins

Thrifty Shopping

Shop weekly, not every day or two. Saves time, gas, and bother. Shop with your list in hand. Don't let the store seduce you with its appealing displays into spending more than you intended.

The day before your weekly grocery shopping, take inventory of fridge, freezer, and pantry. Plan menus for the week ahead. With your cookbook at hand, make your shopping list of items needed to fill in the gaps in the recipes needed for your menus. Take note of how much you throw away. Buy less of those items next time. Odds and ends—half a bell pepper, one-serving bits of meat, slightly wilted veggies—can go into a soup or casserole.

You can work freckled bananas into an easy dessert. Simply peel, slice, top with whipped cream and sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon. If you feel a little more ambitious, try this one:

BANANA COCONUT PUDDING:
2 servings

1 can coconut milk

2 ripe bananas

1 Tablespoon honey or brown sugar or brown Splenda®

Dash salt

½ teaspoon real vanilla

Pour coconut milk into a saucepan. Slice bananas into it. Cook on medium heat, stirring in a little sugar, honey, or sugar substitute and a few drops of vanilla, until slightly thickened. Bananas are a good source of potassium and vitamin B6.

Store all leftovers in capped jars, plastic food storage boxes or, in bowls covered with plastic wrap, labeled and dated, for up to 4 days. Reboil or refreeze if not used within that time.

Keep lettuce fresh until the last leaf is gone by wrapping the head in paper towels and refrigerating inside a plastic bag. When ready to use, wash one leaf at a time under running water. Pat dry between layers of tea towels. Tear or cut to bite size pieces for tossed salad or arrange on a platter and top with vegetables or fruits.

SIMPLE SALADS: My pattern for salad is lettuce, diced vegetable or fruit, and chopped or slivered onion or

olives—three items. Pull off as many lettuce leaves as you'll need for one meal's salad. Wash one leaf at a time under running water. Pat dry with a clean dishtowel. Tear or cut into small pieces. Place in salad bowl and top with drained bottled artichoke arts, diced tomatoes, and chopped red onion; olives or capers optional. Rewrap the lettuce head in paper towel and return it to the plastic bag and the refrigerator. Serve salad with vinaigrette or ranch-style dressing.

SOAP SAVING: Collect those little slivers left when a bar of bath soap is used up. Put them in a small jar with water to cover plus an inch. Microwave uncovered 1 minute. Voila! Soft soap for hand washing. For a more liquid soap, add more water before microwaving.

SPONGE ECOLOGY: Cut a large sponge in two. It will fit your hand better, and you'll have a virgin sponge in reserve for when that first half wears out.

For sanitation, every few days simmer your sponge 15 minutes in a small pan of 2 cups water plus 1 teaspoon soda. You'll be surprised how much dirt the sponge releases, how fresh and clean it gets, and how much longer it lasts.

As the weather cools and baking appeals to you, buy a copy of my "Wholegrain and Gluten Free" baking book. You'll get 67 recipes for yeast breads, quick breads, biscuits and scones, muffins, cakes, pies, cookies, and timesaving homemade mixes. All these present baked goods filled with the fiber and nutrients what refined flours have milled out of them. The book costs \$15 at Minglement or the Country store.



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Reflect, Revere, Remember 9/11



Artifact #I-0082G, an I-beam from the Twin Towers, on display at VIFR's business office.
Photo by Karen Pruett

Continued from Page 1

anguish was palpable as they watched hundreds of brother firefighters and police die trying to save those trapped and today in their private quarters a poster of the faces of lost brothers hangs on one wall, a poster with the names on another. Firefighters will never forget 9/11 anymore than the Navy can forget Pearl Harbor and the need to honor those lost is something we both understand.

Ten years later homage came by UPS from JFK airport's Hangar 17.

VIFR business office receptionist Linda Hamilton recalls, "We opened the box and looked at each other, "What the heck is that?" "It's a piece of the Twin Towers," replied Chief Lipe and the entire station fell silent as one by one they touched Artifact #I-0082G. This 95lb, 2.5-foot tall, blackened and twisted chunk of I-beam is one of hundreds to find shelter at fire departments in all 50 states, in a year or so our country's broken heart will grace VIFR, part of an interactive memorial that invites you to remember our fallen.

Firefighter/EMT Darren Buxton recalls his father's story of how, in the late 60's, the steel for the Twin Towers was cast in New York and then shipped to Bethlehem Steel in Seattle for fabrication. For Larry Buxton, Merle Sauer and Mel Carell it was a source of pride helping in the construction of what were then the tallest buildings in the world. Now the steel has come back to us.

Many have noticed the new slab of concrete that replaced two fine, old cedars in front of VIFR; this is where our memorial will be built. Todd Gateman of CalPortland donated the concrete and Earl VanBuskirk of Island Lumber donated the reinforcing steel. The day of the pour Al Bradley donated his time to smooth the pad, as did an off-Islander who spotted the concrete truck and stopped to see what was going on.

Originally the memorial would have been near the flagpole, but when island arborist Michelle Ramsden informed the chief that both trees were dying and a danger to the public, VIFR knew instantly that the cedars had given up their space to the memorial. It was fitting that a symbol of our state would be replaced with a symbol of our country. The trees were ground up and used as beauty bark all around the station, enriching the soil as cedars do naturally. VIFR, wanting this memorial to be 'just right' for Vashon, was touched by coincidence.

Bob Horsley, the landscape architect working with VIFR, says his goal is a meaningful narrative of 9/11 that includes the Twin Towers, the Pentagon and Shanksville, PA, the crash site of Flight 93.

The memorial will incorporate two columns of basalt from Marenakos Rock Center in Preston, WA. The Chief liked the idea that basalt grows stronger over time representing Pillars of Strength, and the WTC I-beam will be placed in one of them. They've chosen Pennsylvania Blue Slate, representing Flight 93, for the stepping stones and have a FDNY firefighter's helmet, which will be bronzed or somehow weatherproofed. While final plans have not been completed,

they hope to have a firehose entwined up the columns representing the firefighters who lost their lives and a debris field that represents America picking up the pieces and pressing forward. Either the stepping stones or benches may represent the Pentagon's five-sided shape. Many Island stone and bronze artists, including Chuck Irish, have been contacted for advice.

You can also play a role in bringing this narrative to life by donating to the 9/11 Memorial Fund through Vashon's Puget Sound Credit Union, located on Vashon Hwy and Bank Road. Vashon's Fraternal Order of Eagles 3144 has donated \$1000 and Tom Bangasser \$250, altogether VIFR has collected \$2000 of the estimated \$40,000 needed.

That equates \$5.25 for each adult on Vashon. Of course, penny drives and car washes by our kids are also very welcome and very much appreciated.

Just before the tenth year anniversary I sat with the Chief and several firefighters and we remembered that sad day. Captain Josh Dueweke and Battalion Chief Mark Brownell both lived in the Seattle area and were working at Evergreen Medic 1 and Magnolia Rural/Metro, they were at home when they became aware of the tragedy and went to their stations to be with their brothers. Volunteer Firefighter/EMT Joey Mayorkinos was a sophomore at Seattle Christian High School; it wasn't until after he pursued a career as a firefighter that he understood the scope of the calamity for the fire departments nation-wide.

Firefighter/Paramedic Bill Buchanan was enroute to Scotland to get married and found out about the disaster after he arrived at his destination, he grieved thousands of miles away from his brothers at Evergreen Medic 1, his own joyous occasion dampened by the catastrophe.

Island native Firefighter/EMT Darren Buxton was at VIFR, he said the entire department was compelled to be together, but a profound stillness had settled over the group as they watched their New York brothers die.

Chief Hank Lipe was in Hampton, New Hampshire, at Hampton Fire/Rescue, just north of Boston, MA. American Airlines Flight 11, which crashed into the North Tower, and United Airlines Flight 175, which crashed into the South Tower, originated in Boston. The order came to Hampton Fire/Rescue to 'hold your positions' because of their proximity to Boston, but afterward the department created a revolving schedule so the brothers could assist FDNY during the funerals and recovery effort.

The Lipe family visited Ground Zero on New Years Day 2002 and were allowed on the viewing platform reserved for the families of victims; the chief remembers the flowers and mementos left by loved ones. He also remembers how the personnel working on the Pile, as the ruins came to be known, suddenly stopped and several hundred firefighters lined up and saluted as the body of one of their own was recovered. He said

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Vashon Eagles

Continued from Page 1

An annual Aerie membership is \$40 and membership in the Auxiliary is just \$25.

The Vashon Eagles Social Room is open seven days a week. We currently serve dinner to the general public from 5:00 to 7:00 Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and Prime Rib Dinners from 6:00 to 8:00 on Friday.

We serve lunch on Thursday and Sunday brunch. The bar is open to members and their guests until 10pm Sun-Thus and Midnight on Friday and Saturday.

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is good for composting.

Positively Speaking

One Dead Car

By Deborah H. Anderson

One would think with everything I have on my to do list (lose 115 pounds – yea team for the first thirteen--, earning enough to buy a house, providing special things for my children, volunteering for activities I believe will help create world peace and doing my chores) I've got zip, zero time to deal with getting rid of somebody else's dead car.

When I first drove to see the house I turned it down because there were two dead cars in the front yard. Great location, great floor plan, great price, but a previous tenant had left dead cars years before I came along.

The other two choices for housing had more unworkable negatives so door # 3 it was with the bonus dead car.

I don't have much hate in my life. I really don't. It's a God thing. But I hate dead cars. To me they are like the dirty dressings pulled off near fatal wounds. They serve an iconic position in my history. That's the reason for the aversion.

When I became a single mom I was left with a car with a blown engine. So... the first loaner was the Blue Angel. A huge monstrosity of a once proud class symbol, I believe this particular station wagon had wings... well fins at least. Its story includes the deer running from Mom's to K2 that used my front hood as a bounce board to accomplish crossing the street. Neither of us was injured. Both of us were traumatized.

Next we were given the Audi. It was and always will be beloved for its heater this diesel Audi 5000 with a sunroof in which I caught my hair coming back from a ministerial conference in Eastern Washington causing me to get a ticket for coming into Issaquah doing eighty as I wrestled to get it out of the machinations of said sunroof. 'Really officer'. I honestly don't remember how it died, but it had the good sense to do it in the shop.

The garage gave us Big Bird so named by Ray and Ryan because it was a yellow vanagon with overly large side view mirrors, or so it seemed. Dying sooner rather than later (and leaking like a sieve through it's sunroof, it stayed in the parking lot of the apartments when we got the humungous oversized van. Then came the Oldsmobile station wagon. That was my personal favorite. I loved that little car. I loved Oldsmobiles. I'm sorry they went out of business. It's story ended with three engines to replace the broken one all of which were defective and then the mechanic went out of business. We had the Vanagon towed as well.

Then ... I know it boggles the mind...



there was the Dodge Aires. I was going to save the car and have it restored as a symbol of God's restorative power. But in an unusual turn of events, it ended up being towed. At that point I learned an important theological lesson that liberals have a lot of trouble with. God doesn't make, or like, junk. I didn't have to romanticize poverty. Poverty is evil.

So since early Spring I have been working with the property manager to get the dang thing towed, this Buick that served it's master well no doubt but now is just a canvas for algae and pine needles.

Umpteen phone calls later, deep conversations with the towing company, a visit from a cop to sign off on the thing and we are one registered letter away from getting rid of it. Do I wish the person had taken their trash with them? Certainly. But that's not always possible and I have all the compassion in the world for their circumstances.

Everybody has an eyesore from the past they would like to forget. Having that car sit there for months while I live in 'almost perfect' reminds me to treat my history with tenderness. I cannot hate my past and live a healthy present. I cannot whitewash my past and live an authentic present. I cannot resent my challenges and live today with balance.

Ultimately the story of dead cars is learning how to remove them and send them to the scrap yard while cherishing the memories of their newer days.

This past summer at Family Camp, Joe and Caity surprised me by singing the duet from "Phantom of the Opera": 'All I Ask of You'. Why? Because one of their favorite childhood memories is riding in the Audi with the soundtrack to that musical blaring away. Irony. And they wanted to move me to tears (because they both are amused by my tender heart). Seeing and hearing them certainly did that.

The lesson of dead cars is to accept the reality of history, move on, keep the good, and create something beautiful out of the bad. Repeat as often as necessary. May it be so for you.

Love,
Deborah



Want to read more of Deborah? You can find her at three separate blogs:

www.onewiththerootbeer.blogspot.com -offers practical advice and simple observations for parents from pregnancy through adolescence.

www.mealsandmoments.blogspot.com -offers real encouragement in a virtual world.

www.socialcontemplative.blogspot.com -encourages faith based leadership for those in the church world.

or you can email her at dha@lgcmin.com

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Amanda's Appeal

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could mean someone was in a hurry. Another roommate's door was shut and Amanda assumed she was sleeping, but in reality Meredith Kercher was lying dead on the floor of her bedroom, feet away. Amanda returned to Raffaele's and told him of the odd circumstances. Together they alerted first her older roommate and ultimately the police, by 1pm her apartment was a crime scene. Although they did not know it at the time, both innocent university students were suspects in a brutal and senseless murder. Four days later they were in prison and in December 2009 they were found guilty of murder by a corrupt Perugian court.

Their railroading parodies the crooked judge and sheriff squeezing a hapless tourist for money, but instead of a rural US countryside this story takes place on a picturesque Umbrian hilltop in Italy. It's been apparent from the beginning that the Perugian Public Minister, Giuliano Mignini, used Amanda as a distraction from his own personal legal woes. PM Mignini and police officer Michele Giuttari were being tried for wiretapping and Abuse of Office, both were found guilty and Mignini's reputation was at risk. In 2006, the PM had threatened American Douglas Preston, chased him and his family out of Italy, and then imprisoned Preston's associate, Italian Mario Spezi. All for writing a book. Their book was based on a famous unsolved serial killer case, The Monster of Florence, and contradicted the Satanism theory that Giuttari and Mignini were pushing. Mignini and Giuttari's persecution of the innocent writers led to the prosecutor and police officer's punishment and tarnished reputations. Giuttari was sent back to Rome and Mignini needed something to distract the wagging tongues in Perugia.

The murder of beautiful Meredith Kercher provided an ample distraction.

Her throat had been slashed and her bedroom was a bloodbath, she was found on the floor partially nude covered with a quilt. She had been sexually assaulted. The bedroom window of another roommate had been smashed with a rock. From the beginning the police investigation was botched. The broken window was declared "staged," DNA collection and processing broke international protocol more than fifty times. Two key pieces of evidence, a knife from Raffaele's kitchen and a tiny scrap of Meredith's bra were contaminated either at the crime scene or in the lab, by accident or by design. Evidence was destroyed, four laptop hard drives were 'somehow' fried all that the same time by an 'expert' and are still being withheld from an independent review by the manufacturers. For nearly a month every word that Amanda said or wrote was contorted to suit the murder scenario until her lawyers could protect her, Amanda's statements are being closely monitored to prevent any more abuse.

Public Minister Mignini and other police at the scene used 'intuition' to deduce that Amanda had organized a drug-fueled satanic sex game. Originally they decided that Meredith had refused to participate and so was murdered in a frenzied rage by Amanda, Raffaele and Amanda's boss, Patrick Lumumba, but the police have altered this scenario six times. The PM is adept at bending and twisting Italian law so that he could get what he wanted without breaking the it, the fingerprints and other evidence at the scene had not even been processed when he declared that the three had murdered Meredith. All three had an alibi and

when fingerprints found in Meredith's blood pointed to a fourth suspect, Patrick was released while police continued to hold the university students.

A manhunt ensued for Rudy Guede, an Ivorian man who had grown up in Perugia and was a known petty thief. Amanda had met Guede a couple of times, as he knew her downstairs neighbors, but they were not friends. Raffaele had never met him.

All of the evidence at the murder scene pointed only to Guede; all of the DNA, fingerprints and shoe prints were his. Neither Amanda nor Raffaele's DNA was present in Meredith's bedroom, but the police pressed forward listening to 'intuition' and not actual evidence. They listened to Guede's lies, "I was there but some other dude did it" and he's changed his story at least four times to suit the police. It became a nightmare of epic proportions for the Knox and Sollecito families, as their children were found guilty of murder in 2009 by corrupt judges and prosecutors. Rudy Guede was tried separately in an abbreviated trial and swept under the proverbial rug.

We want to know why the Perugians destroyed and manipulated evidence to keep these two kids in prison. Why did the Perugians lie to the media? Why finger this young girl before any evidence was processed? One day we hope the Italian justice system will find an answer, but in the meantime we just want Amanda and Raffaele released from this unjust incarceration. The US Embassy in Rome will also have to answer for why they allowed two American citizens, Amanda and Douglas Preston, to suffer at the hands of PM Giuliano Mignini.

For PM Mignini this has been about winning at all costs, not about justice for Meredith, Amanda was simply a means to an end.

Amanda and Raffaele's appeal began in November 2010 and the new judges granted an independent review of the key DNA evidence and recalled several witnesses. All of the witnesses were discredited and the DNA experts found the biological evidence to be horribly mishandled. The two key pieces of evidence, the infamous Knife and Bra Clasp, were tested for the reputed microscopic traces of what were highly questionable DNA profiles attributed to Amanda, Raffaele and Meredith. The knife had been seized from Raffaele's apartment and the police claimed that Meredith's blood was found on the blade and Amanda's cellular DNA on the handle, but the 'blood' was actually 'starch' from the loaf rye bread that Amanda had used to prepare a meal. Meredith's bra clasp was videotaped being collected 46 days after her murder from a contaminated crime scene and that tape was entered into evidence as one of the 54 departures from international protocol outlined in the report compiled by Professors Vecchiotti and Conti of the University of Rome. The video elicited laughter in court when it was played during the appeal; the audience was astonished that such a contaminated item would be admitted into evidence.

In July and early September the prosecution tried to discredit the court appointed experts, but failed. Then they demanded a review of their own, forgetting that they conducted the initial testes themselves, destroyed the original samples and then destroyed the bra clasp by improper storage. Their pontificating and manipulating was barely tolerated by judges Hellmann and Zanetti who finally called an end to the rebuttal saying the prosecution's gyrations

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Road to Resilience

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not been invented or that there is no theory. I think that the problem is not lack of tools and practical workable theories. I think the problem is more in the areas of:

lack of awareness of the immensity of the problem,
resistance to change,
being busy and overworked,
not realizing that many of the changes are not that hard and can be fun,
information overload.

"Last week, I had a great talk on the water aspect of this topic with someone and she said 'The solutions have been known for decades.'

I totally agree.

"To me some of the tools are:

weatherizing your home based on an energy audit,
drip irrigation, compost, mulch, low water use plants,
buying local, organic food, on site storm water control when possible,
sustainable forestry, non-toxic materials, recycling, reuse, driving less, flying less, tele-commuting as much as possible, trying to live close to work, being more empathetic, considering the impacts of actions on others and the planet, always looking for the more sustainable alternative, some type of mindfulness and observation on a regular basis, and more.

"I think we all can do better on these things, but I suspect you know and practice most of that. Yes the details of these and other solutions take some work because they are not all obvious unless you have been working in the field for years, and even then the best details of the solutions keep changing and improving. But programs developed by working professionals like the local Built Green and national LEED and others have worked out a lot of the details thru many projects.

And the soon to be released Sustainable SITES program, has some good guidelines.

"As for theories I think the usual suspects starting with Thoreau (Living Simply), and continuing with Gary Snyder (Knowing The Place you Live In), Hunter and Amory Lovins (Decades of experience

with how resource savings is often a wise investment), Paul Hawken (How ecologically and socially responsible economics can be good business), Donella Meadows (A genius in understanding systems and change), Jane Jacobs (Cities and how to make them more livable),

Joel Makower (very up to date on how businesses can become more environmentally responsible), Peter Gleick (Water),

and many others have laid out some very visionary but practical theories to follow and build on.

"No offense, but I think when we say that we don't have the tools or theories, we risk losing people who may feel that the problem is just too daunting to take action on, and if we suggest to them that we have no idea how to solve it, their support and action is very likely to slip away. That said, I totally agree with those who say that

some of the solutions need refining, some of them are still uncertain,

the best choices will vary from home to home and business to business, and after installing most sustainable type measures you need to carry out the proper operation and maintenance.

"But many workable, well proven solutions are out there with the right details for us in Western Washington, we just need more education, motivation, and action."

Thanks for your comments, Michael.

What I left unsaid last week is that the tools and theories we don't have are of a larger, more abstract nature. In an era of diminishing resources, what would a non-growth economy look like? As global and national political and economic authority become less viable, how do we reestablish it at the local and regional level? In other words, how do we transition into a new world characterized by limited and decentralized production and local decision making? While we are thinking that over, we have to be following Michael Laurie's suggestions; the longer you wait, the harder it will be. Regardless of what the future may bring, you will still be better off.

Comments? terry@vashonloop.com

Amanda's Appeal

Continued from Page 10

were "Superfluous." The results of the independent review were upheld.

The appeal is recessed until September 23rd when the defense and prosecution will present their closing arguments. The judges will rule in late September or early October on innocence or guilt and we hope that truth and fairness will win the day.

The day before court resumed, Sept 4th, Stephanie Kercher, Meredith's sister, released a heartfelt letter to the public. She said that her family was "anxious and distressed about rumors surrounding the (DNA) review." "It's very difficult to understand how the evidence had been obtained and presented with care in the first trial as valid, now may risk becoming irrelevant. Was it a quantity of DNA testing of little importance when the same experts did not give precise answers on the amount that should be taken into account?" She also expressed her concern that "amid all the media frenzy created" that Meredith would be forgotten.

Amanda and Raffaele's supporters were saddened to hear Stephanie's words as they underscored what many have said from the beginning: The Kercher's are uninformed or misinformed about great many things regarding Meredith's untimely death.

Meredith's family has not attended proceedings from either the trial, except for a few days during the trial of first

instance. It is suspected that they are largely unaware that the evidence was improperly collected, processed or outright destroyed. It is also suspected that their Italian lawyer Francisco Maresca, a close ally of Giuliano Mignini, coerced Stephanie and timed the letter to influence public opinion when the appeal resumed. This act mirrored tactics used during the trial of first instance in 2009 when Meredith's father, John Kercher, wrote that two nearly identical letters.

The mystery is why is her family not protesting that her true killer, Rudy Guede, was rushed through an abbreviated trial, had his sentence reduced to 16 years and will be paroled in the near future. Why have they never protested this fact? Why are they only interested in Amanda Knox? Our hope is that one day they will truly understand that Amanda and Raffaele never had anything to do with Meredith's death, that they were not at the cottage that fateful night when Meredith came home alone.

We wish them well, but must focus on the end of the appeal and pray that truth and justice will win out for Amanda and Raffaele. When we resume on the 23rd of September the closing arguments will begin and by the first of October judges Hellmann and Zanetti will render their verdict. Complete exoneration would be the best case scenario.

"INNOCENT" is the word that will end this nightmare.



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Reflect, Revere, Remember 9/11

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the site became "Vashon quiet," like the stillness that we enjoy at sunset, and found that to be remarkable in the largest city in the United States. He was startled to gaze on what once were the tallest buildings in the United States to see the 16-acre Pile that dwarfed the people and equipment surrounded by shattered buildings.

"It was the most moving experience of my life. Seeing it, living it, I want to make sure that our memorial tells that story. We owe it to them."

In 2006, on the fifth anniversary, an unusual special aired on the History Channel. Charles Pellegrino, a vulcanologist who lost a cousin in the North Tower, narrated "American Vesuvius." He was struck that the collapse of the towers was very much like an ash cloud column collapse and through his research he was able to explain how a few survived, including John Morabito, an FDNY firefighter. Our proximity to volcanoes drew me to the 9/11 special.

John's station, Ten House, is the only firestation at Ground Zero, they heard the first plane hit and were the first firefighters at the scene. They lost six members that day and John is the only firefighter in the lobby of the South Tower to survive the collapse. Two pieces are left from the original Engine 10, part of the hood and a sidepiece are displayed in the station. The burnt wreckage of Ladder 10 was found weeks later under forty feet of debris.

FDNY Ten House was severely damaged in the collapse and without their house or their equipment the firefighters worked on the Pile recovering fallen brothers. They had lost their brothers, their home, their equipment and could no longer protect their neighborhood. But their neighborhood, Battery Park City, did not forget them and rallied around Ten House determined to get it back. A spare truck was designated Engine 10 and it went back into service on November 3rd, 2001, but Ladder 10, John's rig, was still out of commission. Enter Tom McDonald.

FDNY Assistant Commissioner of Fleet Services Thomas McDonald was in the street directing FDNY vehicles into position when the South Tower collapsed; he made it into the lobby of the North Tower to safety and then found shelter in the Winter Garden when the North Tower collapsed. The very next morning he was on the phone to the

Seagrave Company whose employees in Clintonville, WI pulled together to replace 54 of the more than 90 vehicles destroyed and set new production records. When the first trucks rolled into New York City in February of 2002; they were placed on display at the Nassau Coliseum. It was there that John Morabito saw Seagrave's flagship truck with a mural of the famous image of firefighters raising the flag at Ground Zero. He placed a folded up Ten House T-shirt in the windshield, the number 10 facing out and, although it was not meant for them, people began to say "that's Ten's truck."

But in April 2002, Seagrave's inspirational truck was presented to Ladder 10 Company. Engine 10 also received a new truck, one of the first four FDNY vehicles to roll out of Clintonville. Ten House was rebuilt by November 5, 2003; John and his brothers had come home.

Like a phoenix rising from the ashes "Ten House Still Stands," a symbol of the determination and grit of the FDNY; and of the American spirit.

In June of 2010, I had the pleasure of meeting Tom McDonald at my niece's wedding as his friend became her father-in-law. I was shocked when I learned that he was 'the truck guy' from the Ten House website: www.fdnymtenhouse.com, I'd always felt it God's plan for Tommy to have survived to be there for his brothers. Tommy McDonald and Jon Morabito were on my mind when I touched the piece of twisted steel in VIFR's office and I realized that John had walked on or near it as he searched for the fallen. In that moment I knew that Vashon Island is now forever connected to Ten House. A reminder of the courage and sacrifice of our firefighters, police, military personnel and civilians. A reminder that we are all linked in small, yet extraordinary ways.

A reminder of the day when We The People were One Nation Under God.



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VAA Honors Six Commissioned Island Artists

By Janice Randall

Each year VAA Art Auction commissions six Island artists to celebrate their artistic contributions. This year's Friday commissioned artists are: Nancy Sipple, Gretchen Hancock and Gus Schairer; Saturday commissioned artists are: Art Hansen, Odin Lonning and Elaine Summers.

VAA Art Auction is the premier Island fundraising event and money raised directly impacts on arts programming VAA provides Island residents and the income producing opportunities provided to Island artists. This event raises money to provide scholarships, artist commissions, instructor fees and operational support for the education and development of artists of all ages.

Art Auction is generously sponsored this year by John L. Scott, Sellen, Puget Sound Energy, LMN, Sparling, Vashon Thriftway and Trigg Insurance.

Nancy Sipple's Art Auction piece, "Vanity," combines her many talents-needlework, silver and wood-into a one-of-a-kind dresser set; a silver-lined tray with an ornately embroidered peacock, silver embellished brush, comb and hand mirror..

Painter Gretchen Hancock offers a triptych of colorful still life acrylics, "Oranges." "I like still life because of the immediate information; but I like doing it all," she says.

Gus Schairer's commissioned work, "Joy of Spring," made of African wonder stone, expresses the sensation of

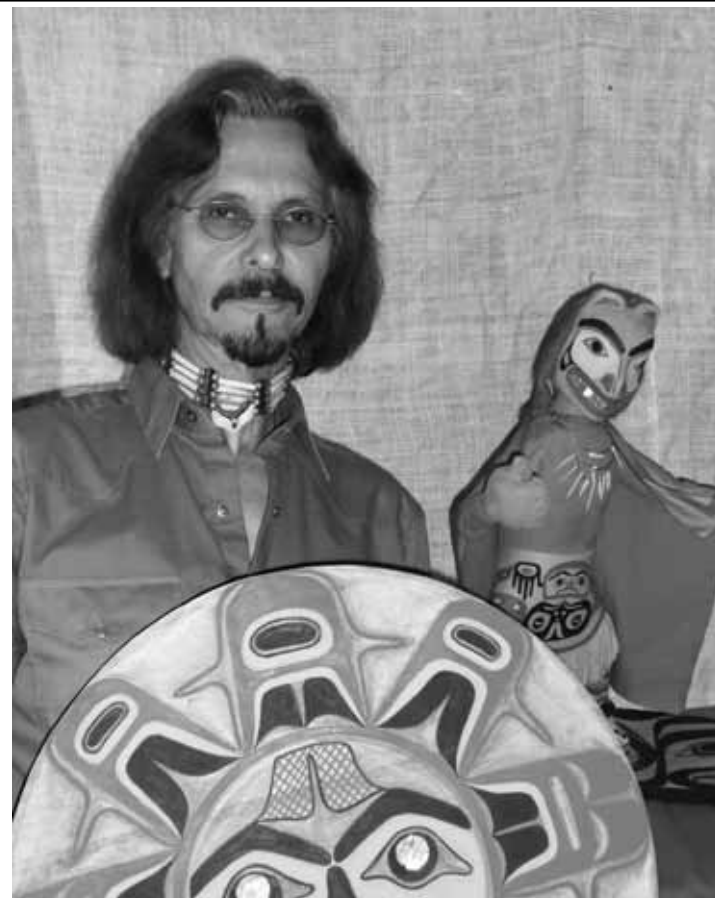


movement in a medium that would seem by its very nature to deny movement.

Art Hansen's vibrant watercolor, "Poppy," reflects his love of flowers and gardening in his signature style.

Odin Lonning's commissioned piece, "Killer Whale Matriarchs" pays homage to three Puget Sound killer whale pod matriarchs and is carved from red cedar, painted in traditional Tlingit colors.

Elaine Summers' Art Auction piece, "Troubadour," merges her love of music and mosaic on an old acoustic guitar. "People bring me these old broken guitars; I can give them new life with mosaic."



Left, Painter Gretchen Hancock offers a triptych of colorful still life acrylics, "Oranges." Right, Odin Lonning's commissioned piece, "Killer Whale Matriarchs"

VAA Art Auction
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The Dorsal Spin Art for Fins and Flippers

By Orca Annie Stateler,
VHP Coordinator

An orca encounter ranks high on the list of healing events we could hope for on any anniversary of 9/11. We were blessed with one this year, from some old finned friends. Chez VHP was observing the reading of the names at Ground Zero, Shanksville, and the Pentagon when the welcome sighting calls started.

Once again, VHP associate Mark Sears was the only researcher available to obtain ID photos. Among the six Transients Mark photographed off Dilworth on 9/11 were at least three who visited Vashon-Maury in September 2009: T137, T36A, and T36A1. T36A was satellite tagged at the time. You can view her wide-ranging travels at <http://cascadiaresearch.org/robin/kwseptember09.htm>. Beautiful T137 is recognizable from the distinctive tear on the trailing edge of her dorsal fin.

My eyes popped when I opened Mark's photos from his August 26 encounter. He captured images of California Transients! These killer whales were in the group that scattered to the

north on that day.

The handsome dude in this week's photo is T132, a.k.a. CA20 and AO10, his additional alpha-numeric IDs from California and Alaska. "Mark, that dorsal is well over six feet," I exclaimed. To paraphrase the corny joke, you look in the dictionary under "killer whale dorsal fin" and you see T132's picture. From his research boat, Mark had a seal's-eye view of T132's massive girth gliding underwater - the biggest bull orca he has ever seen, he commented. Most Transient ages are inexact; CA20's estimated age is around 43.

Female T134, a.k.a. CA54 and AO12, is beside T132 in Mark's photo. Her estimated age is around 32. T132 and T134 were once spotted in Glacier Bay, AK, making them quite the long distance swimmers. In my Transient guide, not many whales have IDs from both California and Alaska. As I mentioned last time, Chez VHP is in orca geek overdrive with confirmed IDs of California Transients in Vashon-Maury waters. Since the end of August, both Transient newcomers and repeat visitors graced our Island.

Please support the work of the Vashon Hydrophone Project (VHP): REPORT LOCAL WHALE SIGHTINGS ASAP TO 463-9041. Reporting directly to the VHP sustains an ongoing, accurate dataset of whale sightings for Vashon-Maury and contiguous Central Puget Sound waters, initiated more than 30 years ago by researcher Mark Sears. Call the VHP about seal pups as well as dead, injured, or sick marine mammals on Island beaches. Check for updates at www.Vashonorcas.org and send photos



Large male CA20 (T132) and companions in East Pass, © Mark Sears, 8/26/11

to Orca Annie at Vashonorcas@aol.com.

This is the last opportunity before Odin's "Killer Whale Matriarchs" carving is auctioned for Vashon Allied Arts on September 24, so I will describe it. Orca societies are matrilineal; thus, several years ago, I asked Odin to create a design for the ladies, so to speak.

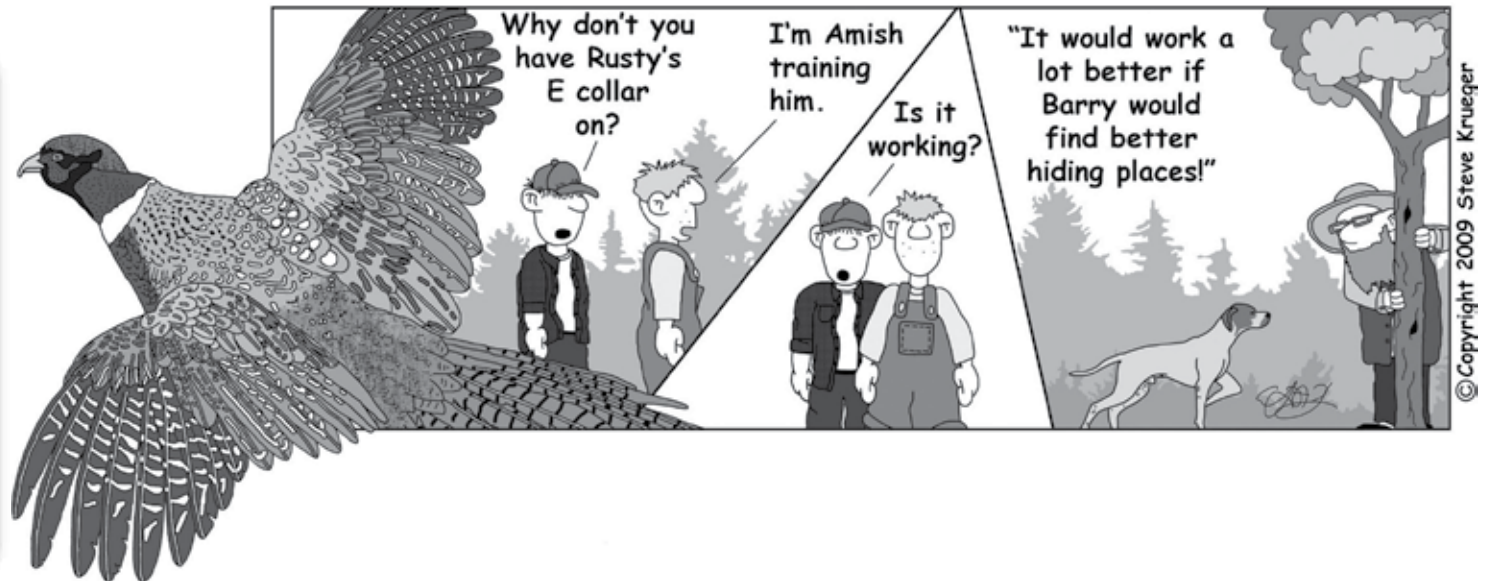
Odin's piece honors matriarchs of Puget Sound's endangered killer whale population, the Southern Resident Community. The salmon in the body of the lower left whale symbolizes the fish-eating diet of the Southern Residents: J, K, and L Pods. Tlingit and Haida societies are also matrilineal. The raven in the dorsal fin of the top whale alludes to the Haida Raven-finned Killer Whale

crest. The eagle in the body of the lower right whale signifies that Killer Whale belongs to the Eagle moiety in the Tlingit matrilineal clan system.

In 2007, Granny (J2), Lummi (K7), and Ocean Sun (L25) were the eldest females in each pod. These were the "ladies" we initially had in mind for the Matriarchs design. 100-ish Granny is now the oldest Southern Resident orca. Ocean Sun is approximately 83. Beloved Lummi, age 98-ish, died in 2008. These precious Pod Elders are culture bearers, embodying Indigenous orca wisdom needed to survive in the Salish Sea, the traditional territory of Southern Residents for thousands of years.

**Next Edition
of *The Loop*
Comes out
Thursday,
September 29**

Deadline for the next
edition of *The Loop* is
Friday, September 23



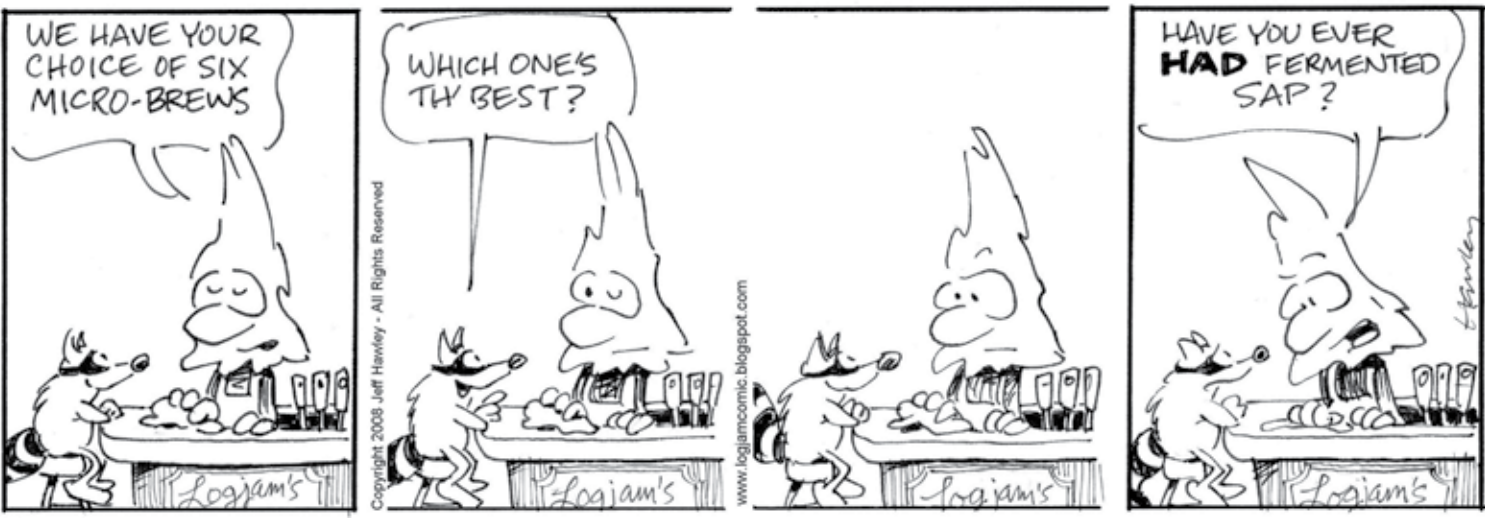
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LOGJAM

BY JEFF HAWLEY



Weekend Entertainment September 16-17

Fender Shine & TV Dinner

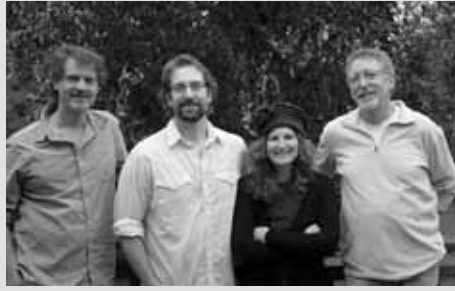
Fender Shine has been fermenting for years. The members have been eyeing each other as potential band mates, while continuing to play with other Island musical configurations, such as Island Fusion, Shy Sundays, BeSides and Goldaline.

At long last, these diverse musical ingredients got tossed together to create a tasty musical fizz bang! We bring you Fender Shine, a fine blend of great tunes, both original and obscurely covered rock and roll, with a twist of lime. Fender Shine is Rick Vanselow (guitar), Eric Frith (guitar), Steve Meyer (bass) and Kim Thal (violin).

Joining Fender Shine on this bill is TV Dinner, a crowd favorite at the Red Bike.

If everyone at the table could please

Friday, September 16, 8:30pm. At the Red Bicycle, 17618 Vashon Hwy - 206-463-5959



join hands...TV Dinner would like to give thanks for jazz, blues, rock and soul music from movies and television. From Doris Day to Dunder Mifflin. From the Professor to Mary Ann. TV Dinner shares this platter of tasty jams, complete with a side dish of roots and reggae.

This is an all-ages show 'til 11pm, then 21+ after that.

Tim Fast - Folk/Americana



music to the Beatles' song "Nowhere Man" for show-and -tell. For 20 years he put together bands and played shows from the Midwest to California until he decided to go it alone. A Folk/Americana singer-songwriter, Fast has performed on live radio shows, been featured on cable television, and has been nominated for and received, many awards for his skillful songwriting. In 2003, he released his self-titled debut CD and in 2007, his second CD, Starlite Drive-in. He's currently working on his third album, to be released sometime this year. www.timfast.com

Minnesota native Tim Fast knew in third grade that he wanted to be a performer after he and three other buddies mimicked the words and

Friday, September 16, 7pm, At Cafe Luna, 9924 SW Bank RD
www.cafelunavashon.com

One More Mile

One More Mile is a band that came together over the passion of playing real blues and making the blues real!

These talented front men are backed by the most amazing rhythm section any band could ask for! These two child prodigies are David "The Kid" Salonen on Bass and Sammy "Milhouse" Veatch on drums. Both young men have been playing together since birth, forming one of the tightest beats available. The Kid comes from a family of Cajun musicians out of Louisiana, and his grandfather brought Cajun to the Pacific Northwest back in the 70's. Veatch's father has been performing and managing bands and groups since they moved here in the 80's.

All told, this is one hot band and

Saturday, September 17, 9:pm. At the Red Bicycle, 17618 Vashon Hwy - 206-463-5959



their live performances get everyone up and shakin' it, or diggin the groove from the comfort of their seats.

All ages 'til 11pm 21+ after that.

Kels Boreen - Folk, Rock, Soul



Having grown up in the San Juan Islands, Kels is steeped in a love for life, the land and community. His

Saturday, September 7, 7pm, At Cafe Luna, 9924 SW Bank RD
www.cafelunavashon.com

newly created One Tree Records is an alternative and collective record label created with the intention to help grow, nourish and sustain great independent music! Rooted in the Pacific NW, they are a unique cooperative seeding musical expression by branching out through community networking to provide a platform of support and direction for aspiring artists. Boreen counts as his inspiration family, friends, community, love, pain, traveling and wandering, weird and uncomfortable social situations, addictions, loss, late nights and sunrises, hardship, fellowship, relationships, mishaps and magic, conflict and contrast, life and death, darkness and light.

Local Author Event with Bruce Haulman

Vashon local and historian Bruce Haulman will be discussing his latest work, the narrative history of Vashon-Maury Island. He and Pam live at Vashon Heaven named in remembrance of Pam's Aunt Ethel who always told people she lived on Vashon Heaven. Their four children and five grandchildren all live in the Seattle area. Bruce has taught film history and Pacific Northwest history and is on the Board of the Vashon-Maury Island Heritage Association. vashonhistory.com.



Sunday, September 18, 7pm, At Cafe Luna, 9924 SW Bank RD

The Loop has a New Website

New Look

On Line Classifieds

Weekly Updates

www.VashonLoop.com



Cordaviva



Cordaviva is a 9-piece powerhouse of dance music influenced by the disparate rhythms and styles of the African diaspora. Their upbeat original music is a unique blend of soukous, rumba, Afro beat, funk, and various Latin styles. Bright horns compliment sublime vocal harmonies (sung in various languages), soulful guitars, and relentlessly driving percussion.

Cordaviva has performed at such notable Seattle venues as The Triple Door (lounge and main stage), Nectar Lounge, The Tractor Tavern, and ACT Theatre. Cordaviva's influences stem from musical legends such as Nigeria's

Fela Kuti, Guinea's Bembeya Jazz, and Congo's Franco & TP OK Jazz, as well as the Brazilian and Afro-Cuban sounds of Caetano Veloso and Mongo Santamaria.

"You'll be in for a real treat when you see Cordaviva... blending Soukous, Afrobeat, and Reggae gives [them] an unexpected edge in the local World music scene and completely sets them apart...[they do] a fantastic job of combining sax, trumpet, percussion, guitars, keys and vocals all while giving each instrument their own spotlight."

-Lindsey Scully, SSG Music
This is a free all-ages show until 11pm, then 21+ after that.

Friday, September 30, 8:30pm. At the Red Bicycle, 17618 Vashon Hwy - 206-463-5959

Vashon Celtic Players and Knitters!

Here's a Vashon institution that just happens to find its home at Cafe Luna every Third Sunday of the month. It's the kind of music that you can enjoy with both ears, or just half an ear, while talking to a friend or quietly relaxing. So, grab a beer and have a great time with these fun-loving folks; at least a dozen of the 70 musicians show up to play most of the merry melodies (mostly Irish, jigs, reels, and polkas) from memory. Beginners are welcome; staying with the beat is the only requirement. Get a head start with the 250 tunes on their website, home.comcast.net/~saustin98/lark/. ...and, also on Sunday from 4 -6 pm Sunday Knitting! If fabulous music wasn't enough... knitters of all abilities



are invited to drop in and bring their projects to the Cafe. Knit, schmooze, and learn from each other, while the Celtic Players work their understated and very merry music. What a fabulous combination!

Sunday, September 18 4:30pm, At Cafe Luna, 9924 SW Bank RD
www.cafelunavashon.com

Jim Page

Jim began playing guitar at 15. He went to New York in 1970, Seattle in '71. Changed street singing laws in '74. Went to Europe in '77, began touring and living abroad. Returned to Seattle in 1983 where he still lives.

After seeing him perform at the High Sierra Music Festival in the summer of '97, Rob Bleetstein of Gavin wrote:

"Jim Page is a lyrical genius with a guitar. This man personifies the word 'free-flow.' Page takes to the mic and the song invents itself on the spot; his talent is a natural wonder."

And in any of the many countries, from the countless tours and stages he has played people say the same. "A truly amazing man...one of the great originals. Ignore him at your peril." - Hot Press, Dublin

Jim has been on the scene for more than twenty years and his reputation continues to grow. He has shared the stage with the likes of Bonnie Raitt, Emmylou Harris, Dan Bern, Michelle Shocked, Leftover Salmon, Mickey Hart, J.J. Cale, Robert Hunter, Chuck Brodsky, and John Hammond. His songs have been performed by Christy Moore, Michael Hedges, John Trudell, The Doobie Brothers, Joanne Rand, Casey Neill, and (yes) David Soul.

Often cited for his biting political pieces he is in constant demand by the social movements of the day. "More reminiscent of the Woody Guthrie I heard as a boy than anyone I've listened to in the intervening years" - Philip Elwood, San Francisco Examiner

"A master of the craft of song writing, a wicked guitar player and the most relevant topical musician of his day." - Casey Neill, Earth First! Journal

Friday, September 16, 8:30pm. At the Red Bicycle, 17618 Vashon Hwy - 206-463-5959



Jim easily fits into the concert hall or the class room. Brian Tokar, Goddard College: "Even the most skeptical students were convinced by the end of class that, in your able hands, the rich tradition of topical song writing is alive and well in the late 1990s. Your songs bring a phenomenal mix of humor, irony and lyrical brilliance to exposing the outrages and absurdities of our times."

Or in the house concert. Peter Sussman, Duncan, British Columbia: "Jim is truly one of the best song writers of our day...the range of his creations is extremely broad and runs the gamut from biting satire to beautiful, sensitive love songs. He must be heard."

And of course, at the festivals sitting in with his electric friends:

"The best had to be when that wonderful folksinger Jim Page joined the mainstage outdoor closer Leftover Salmon. He strums a few chords to get them started and then they build the melody up. Jim starts to improvise lyrics... And all of Leftover Salmon is grinning ear-to-ear. I've seen 1500-plus concerts and that moment was as wonderful a band/audience connection as I've ever witnessed."

Normal People Are Those We Don't Know Well

Continued from Page 4

to put them in my pocket and let them out in the woods where they could be free and land on trees and soil-covered rocks.

But instead I said, "Mother, you've been saying that ever since I can remember. When I as seven and sat near you on the couch, you said the same thing."

Since Jordan and I left the circus two years ago, Mother has called at least twice a week, like a returning bevy of swallows, chirping worried words that flit around my 30 year-old already over stuffed brain. But I don't begrudge her this - she gave me my scintillating red hair, flashing smile, and button blue eyes, so how could I deny her the opportunity to spew words at me whenever she wanted? At four feet-three inches tall, I tower over her like a bird over water. She used to say, "You got your father's height, he was almost a foot taller than me."

My mother, known throughout the community as Wee, was crushed when my father left her before I was born. They were in Philadelphia for a week when he escaped one night through the side of the big tent. I say escaped because Mom said he'd always felt trapped in the entertainment industry, where he rode the elephants and talked small talk to big people. Whenever she told me that story I formed a mental image of the moon slipping behind a night black cloud, succumbed by its softness, staying there where it's safe and circus daughters can't see. I pictured my father running with pygmy legs, arms swaying at his sides as he took off to God knows where.

Jordan resumes his steady typing, pecking like a happy chicken. The look on his face tells me he's writing a funny scene. After we married, we said we'd never have kids - never be responsible for subjecting tiny, precious ears to the sound of "geek." I can only imagine the kids I would have - long-legged waifs who towered over other kids.

Jordan wanted to get a Saint Bernard puppy once until the owner of the puppy reminded Jordan that the dog would be massive when it grew up. Jordan said, "What are you saying?" The puppy owner's face flushed blood red, his eyes bugged out, and he looked like he was ready to crawl into a hole. We left without getting a dog.

Instead, we got an ant farm that we fixed up to look like a tiny circus. The elfin red weed walkers play near miniature tents that I painted with my florescent pink nail polish. I made them ramps of straw and placed dried grass where they like to clown around, so to speak. I pretend they're us in our past lives, making tunnels with our minds, digging, delving deeper into our act, unearthing who we were and who we always thought we would be. I call them my army of midgets. Jordan doesn't like that. He thinks we should call them "God" and feed them nectar of the Gods, because that's how he felt in his time of show stopping, hand clapping, back stabbing, day dreaming, castle building life under the big tent.

He says, "You eat, in dream, the custard of the day," a quote he read by Alexander Pope. I've always thought that Oscar Wilde was describing Jordan when he wrote "One who can only find his way by moonlight, and his punishment is that he see the dawn before the rest of the world."

When I talked to my mother on the phone the other day, her voice had the high-octane squeak of a broken fence. Her titillated, energized state, she offered, came from news that had just been delivered to her at her trailer. "Mona?" Her voice had a questioning Minnie Mouse squeak. "Guess what? We're going to Europe! The whole circus this time. We'll be leaving in a week or so." The prospect of a life abroad had cured whatever had been ailing her. She was no longer sick, but energized with her new predestined life.

Vashon Chamber Music Series celebrates third season

By Janice Randall

Vashon Allied Arts' 2011-2012 Chamber Music Series begins its third season thanks to the unerring artistic vision of Island cellists Rowena Hammill and Douglas Davis and chamber music fans.

This year's series, an exquisitely diverse repertoire and thoughtfully selected group of exemplary musicians, runs Oct. 7, 2011, through March 31, 2012.

The opening concert, Friday, October 7, will be performed at Vashon Methodist Church. The concert will showcase Beethoven's immortal masterpiece for piano trio "Beethoven Archduke Trio," with Stephen Bryant on violin, Douglas Davis on cello and Allan Dameron on piano. The celebrated piece, written during Beethoven's "middle" period was considered to be among his finest compositions, even by Beethoven himself.

The program will also include the delightful Dvorák Piano Quartet in Eb major, known as one of his most charming and complete Slavonic compositions. Sue Jane Bryant on viola, and cellist Rowena Hammill will join the quartet for two Alfred Schnittke selections.

Before moving to Seattle, guest pianist, Allan Dameron lived in Chicago, where he coached at Chicago Lyric Opera and was Music Director of Chicago City Ballet. Frequent participant with University of Chicago Chamber Players, Dameron appeared in many chamber music series including the National Gallery of Art, the Metropolitan Museum



in New York, The Gardner Museum in Boston and more. He currently plays with Pacific Northwest Ballet.

Violinist Stephen Bryant, current member of Seattle Symphony Orchestra. Violist Sue Jane Bryant, has performed with Seattle Symphony, Soundbridge Young Composers Series, Pacific Northwest Ballet, Seattle Chamber Players and others.

The next concert in the Series takes place Friday and Saturday, November 18 and 19, 7:30 pm, at the Blue Heron and will feature an All Women Concert with works by Martinu, Mozart and Schumann. For more information please go to VashonAlliedArts.org. Series tickets available at 463.5131. For complete Chamber Concert schedule, please go to VashonAlliedArts.org.

Vashon Chamber Music
Friday, Oct. 7, 7:30 pm
Vashon Methodist Church
Individual tickets: \$18/\$21 VAA,
Heron's Nest, Books by the Way,
brownpapertickets.com
Full Series Subscription: \$75/\$90
(Tickets are transferrable)

New Works Series Launches VAA Performance Season

By Janice Randall



VAA New Works Series starts off the performing season 7:30 p.m., Saturday, Oct. 1, at the Blue Heron with veteran Island movement artist/choreographer Karen Nelson. Nelson performed in the New Works Series during the mid-1990's, and after a hiatus returned to dance and Vashon last year. The Blue Heron interior walls will be pushed back for this performance to allow ample room for dancers, artists and musicians.

Nelson initiated Pause/Scrub/Play, a collaboration of artists and media. She will be joined by dancer/choreographers

Kris Wheeler and Lila Hurwitz (both of Seattle), visual installation artist Susan Gladstone (Portland), percussionist John Dancy (Vashon) and other guest performers.

According to Nelson, the dance celebrates the experience of embodiment. "Process is the product; this work invites people to step back in the process of being," she adds.

Tickets are \$12/\$15 and available now at Blue Heron, Heron's Nest, Books by the Way and www.Brownpapertickets.com.

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**Care Packages Sought
 for Fallen Soldier's Platoon**

When Vashon's 1st Lt. Robert Bennedsen was killed in Afghanistan last month, he had only been in the country three weeks, but he had already come up with a plan of support for men and women under his command. He told his family that while he enjoyed care packages from home, many in his platoon never received anything. He hoped the people of Vashon would change that. Bennedsen's family and friends wish to fulfill Bennedsen's plan and ask that Islanders donate cash to the cause or give items the men and women there have requested. The list includes mechanic's gloves, green uniform socks, sunscreen, hand warmers, preserved foods, powdered Gatorade, cans of tuna, toothpaste, toothbrushes, razors, reading material, flip flops and hard candy, according to Lauren Chinn, who is helping to organize the effort. Islanders can drop off both types of donations for Bennedsen's platoon at James Hair Design or Bank of America.

Compost the Loop
The Loop's soy-based ink is good for composting.

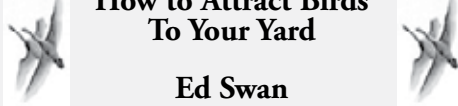
Deadline for the next edition of *The Loop* is
Friday, September 29

Vashon's Yellow Pages on line.
 Find it on www.VashonPages.com
 Kronos, Palouse Winery, Pandora's Box, Northwest Sport, Frame of Mind, Country Store, LS Cedar, Vashon Business Info
www.VashonPages.com

Island Birding Guide
Tours to the best Vashon and Puget Sound bird spots
Species Identification

How to Attract Birds To Your Yard

Ed Swan



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