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Spare Change

Trish Keays

January is a good time for reflection. The year turns and we resolve to be different. We decide to change. Ha! We know what happens next; those old habits flex themselves. The familiar claims us, even when we don't want it.

Does it matter? Through the long view, probably not. Here-and-now, yes. It matters when we disappoint ourselves. It matters when the person we want to be eludes us, still, again. The here-and-now matters because it's where we live. The rest is white noise, wishing, dreamy indulgence.

Poets, artists, authors and philosophers have a lot to say about change. A quick internet search slides thousands of quotations onto your screen. Some say the same things; some contradict each other. So many opinions make me cautious about adding more, so this article links reflection to others' insights.

"Those who cannot change their minds cannot change anything." George Bernard Shaw

➤ Well, that's clear. Chew on that, neurons.

"Act as if what you do makes a difference. It does." William James

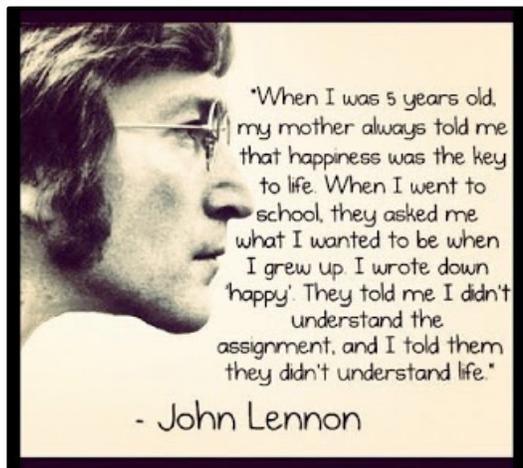
➤ Yes. It does. Be mindful ...

"The changes we dread most may contain our salvation." Barbara Kingsolver

➤ Hmm. Hmmm.

"If you want to change attitudes, start with a change in behavior."

Katherine Hepburn



➤ This speaks to the heart of change. It's not about what you think you think, or think you know. It's about what you do. "A change in attitude follows a change in behaviour" is an adult education principle. It seems counter-intuitive, yet many people's experience has

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shown its truth.

"We would rather be ruined than changed. We would rather die in our dread Than climb the cross of the moment And let our illusions die." W.H. Auden

➤ We would rather be ruined than changed ...

Some observations on change are ancient.

"All is flux, nothing stays still." Plato
"Nothing endures but change." Heraclitus
"They change their sky, not their soul, who rush across the sea." Horace

Science lights up some newer knowledge about change.

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The Lund Community Society

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

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

Editorial Policy

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

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

Editorial

Happy New Year everyone, and welcome to our Winter 2016 issue! This editorial staff is entering its third year, and the Barnacle is not only tenaciously clinging to the shores of Lund, we are thriving, with abundant contributions of articles, photos, advertising, and a crossword puzzle. We barely squeezed into 32 pages this time, and it's winter for goodness sake! We are fat and healthy and having a great time at this.

Once again, this issue has a theme. This time, we are all about change: all kinds of change. It wasn't hard to think of examples, from the personal (birth and death) to the community (treaty settlement taking effect) to the global (climate change). Change is a topic many have commented on throughout our history, and one which is always in our face, even if we stick that face in the sand.

We also have internal change: a new addition to our regular columns. Trish Keays writes on Plants From Here, those native to the Lund area. Welcome Trish!

Since we are too short on space for me to say much more, I'll end with a request to the community for photos or, especially, videos of two plays performed at the old Lund Hall back in the 80's. One was called *Free To Be*. The name of the other escapes me, but it had the memorable song lyrics of "Look up, young man, do not look down; you, too, can be the king of your very own town". These were amazing productions, and need to be part of the film Tai and Theo are making, and they must be out there, somewhere.

Enjoy the Barnacle, folks! - Sandy

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Lund Community Society Report

Roy Blackwell

The annual Lund Christmas Craft Fair went off on November 14th with a satisfying, successful bang. Thanks goes to the large number of wonderful people who volunteered time and energy, skill and enthusiasm, and to the small cadre of extraordinary people who organized and telephoned, picked up and ordered things. That's what it takes to make it all happen. Congratulate yourselves and have a glass of cheer in celebration.

Some of the people who have shaped and coloured our village by the sea are suddenly missing from amongst us this winter and it saddens and wizens us. There is so much we want to do, so much love and caring to express. We think there is so much time, but...there...just...is...not. I think part of the job of the Society is to keep the big picture in sight, to keep tabs on what the community has created, and is creating, and to see how to protect, strengthen and beautify this special place we call home. We also need to be able to sustain the effort needed to keep evolving the events and structures that define us to ourselves and the rest of the world.

To these ends we have established a beautiful new presence on the internet with a dynamic and responsive website at www.lundcommunity.ca. Among other things on that site, you can now find not only this copy of the Barnacle, but every copy of the Barnacle ever produced. We are cleaning, repairing, and renovating both the Gazebo and the Community Centre. We are creating a Community Garden in the place where one existed 90 years ago. We are planning the next Shellfish Festival (end of May), Lund Dayz, and the 2016 Christmas Craft Fair.

It's time to renew your membership or become a member of the Lund Community Society. Individual memberships are \$5.00 and families can join for \$10.00. We have lots to do and we would love to have you join in the fun. The spirit of volunteerism is extremely strong in our community, but most of the volunteers are not. Those born in the 1920's are largely gone, and those born in the 1930's are fading. The volunteer base is now largely made up of those born in the 1940's and 1950's, and we have attained our eldership. Our hands and memories may have weakened, but not our voices or spirit. We are looking to those who will sit under the trees we are now planting to carry on the work, not our work, **the** work; the work to protect, strengthen, and beautify this special place we call home for **your** children and grandchildren as we have done for ours. We have lived hard and loved deeply; we have skills and wisdom to share. We are not going away any time soon, we hope. Please join us on Tuesday, February 2, 2016 for the Lund Community Society Annual General Meeting at 7:00 pm, at the Community Centre on the corner of Larson Road and Hwy 101. ❖

Lund Community Financial Summary

Martha Allen and Judy Hicks

Throughout the year, treasurer Judy tracks the financial activities of the Lund Community Society. 2015 has come and gone, and once again (since 2000!) Judy has closed the books and brought the balances forward into the new year. In 2015, revenue received was \$42,000 and expenses were \$44,000, the difference easily offset by our general account.

Most of the activities carried on under the LCS umbrella are self-funded, i.e. money is raised by community volunteers and earmarked to cover the cost of a specific community endeavour. The Puddle Jumpers Preschool is an ongoing cooperative venture operated and funded mainly by the parents and supplemented by a provincial subsidy. In 2015, operating costs of \$21,000 were offset by revenues of \$22,000.

Some projects, like the Mile 0 Marker or Lund Composting, are undertaken to achieve a specific goal. Monies raised to cover costs are held as restricted funds and then drawn down as the projects progress to completion.

The Lund Community Society supported two major community fundraisers in 2015: the long-running Lund Christmas Craft Fair and the now eight-year old Lund Shellfish Festival. Once again, the annual Craft Fair was enjoyed by many and over \$2,500 was raised. At the Shellfish Festival, revenue from rentals of space for food and craft vendors partially covered event advertising and insurance (this last one was new in 2015), tent and equipment rentals, and token nods to the musicians. A net outlay of \$1,100 included the purchase of festival signs to be used for years to come. In 2015, the Northside Fire Department Association volunteered to organize and host the popular Chowder

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Challenge, which kicks off the Festival, as a direct fundraiser on behalf of the Northside Volunteer Fire Department.

The Lund Barnacle earned roughly \$2,200 over the past two years, from sales and advertising. \$1,500 was spent in 2015, matched by a grant, to cover the cost of putting all past issues online (see editorial, page 2, Fall 2015 issue). The balance of \$800 went into general revenue.

In addition to the fundraisers, revenue was received from memberships, donations, Community Centre room and Gazebo rentals. The Powell River Regional District provides funds each year to be used specifically toward janitorial services at the Community Centre. Other operating costs in 2015 included insurance, licences, office and maintenance supplies, and goodwill expenditures.

In summary, Lund Community Society remains in good financial shape going into 2016. ❖

Regional District Update

Patrick Brabazon, Director, Area A
Regional Board Chairman

Parking? It's winter time; this is no time to talk about parking! Well, actually it is. The streets and byways of Lund are quiet now, and we have time to plan one more attempt to alleviate the perennial aggravation. As well, this passed autumn saw a change in the players at the Ministry of Transportation and Infrastructure (MoTI), so we can start the discussion afresh.

Number one on my list is moving the 30kph zone a little farther south down the highway. Doing so would provide drivers with more time and space to slow down before they pass the Community Centre. As well, I would like to see a 30kph sign at the intersection of Finn Bay Road and the highway. I know, most drivers there are locals and know that they are entering a reduced speed zone; however, Lund is seeing more tourist traffic on that stretch, and even some of us locals can forget to slow down.

Number two on the list is to get MoTI to cooperate in prohibiting parking on more of Lund's streets. There is plenty of parking space in the lots; no visitor has to park in front of someone's home or further restrict passage on what are already narrow roads.

In this new year I will be talking again to MoTI and perhaps we can build on the successes we have achieved over the past decade. Who knew that the subject would still be on the agenda ten years later?

So, stay tuned. Hope you had a Merry Christmas and I wish a Happy New Year to all! ❖



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POWELL RIVER REGIONAL DISTRICT

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"It is possible to cause seemingly biochemical changes through human emotional involvement. You literally have changed his chemistry by being his friend." Steve Lopez

Some wisdom on change forces us to think about our small place in the universe.

"And all the lives we ever lived and all the lives to be are full of trees and changing leaves." Virginia Woolf

"Some things will never change. Some things will always be the same. Lean down your ear upon the earth and listen." Thomas Wolfe

Where do we turn? Inward, that's where.

"If you truly want to understand something, try to change it." Kurt Lewin.

"Change your opinions, keep to your principles; change your leaves, keep intact your roots." Victor Hugo

"What we can and should change is ourselves: our impatience, our egoism (including intellectual egoism), our sense of injury, our lack of love and forbearance. I regard every other attempt to change the world, even if it springs from the best intentions, as futile." Herman Hesse ❖



Photo courtesy of Google Images

Membership in the Lund Community Society: It's a Good Thing!

Sherry Worthen

Membership in the Lund Community Society is important. This community organization has been in existence since 1929, when a group of hardworking volunteers got together to create a framework and the people-power behind community-building events, and even built a building in which to enjoy them.

The Community Society is now the caretaker of the Community Centre at the corner of Larson Road and Hwy 101 and the Gazebo on Finn Bay Road. They are both meeting places for discussion and education, for recreational uses such as yoga, tai chi, music classes, parties and dances. The Centre houses a vibrant Preschool. We provide space for meetings with the Regional Directors and other local organizations, whether monthly or annually, memorial services (always free), and member use of our Food Safe kitchen. Annual events such as the Christmas Craft Fair, the Shellfish Festival, and the Summer Camp for kids all happen because of us. We are here for each other all the time. We produce the Barnacle newsletter four times a year. We send cards to new parents, ailing community members, and family members of those who have passed away, as well as welcome packages to new arrivals to our community at our local post office.

If you would like to have a voice, all it takes is a membership. Family membership is \$10 per year or \$5 individually. Your membership gives you a voice in your community. We need you! Our regular meetings are on the fourth Tuesday of every month (except July, August, and December) at the Community Center at 7 p.m. Our AGM is on February 2 this year, and you are invited. Applications for membership are available at any meeting. Please, buy a membership and join us! ❖

Northside Fire Department Association

Heather Armstrong



We have been chosen! Thank you Townsite Brewery for selecting the Northside Fire Department Association for the January to March portion of the "Growler Program 2016". This is an ingenious and generous way to promote an award-winning brewery, while creating awareness of an Association that helps support the Northside Fire Department.

NFDA would appreciate the community's support to help raise funds for our annual children's community Hallowe'en party with fireworks at Craig Park.

With every Growler filled that *you designate* to Northside Fire, Townsite Brewery will donate \$1 to our organization!

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Emergency Preparedness Lund Community Information Meeting

Ria Curtis

Alternate Director and Branch Manager North
Powell River Emergency Support Services

Recently, Mother Earth gave us a good shake. Perhaps this is her way of waking us up to our responsibility to be prepared for emergencies such as earthquake, flood, and fire. Whether you believe "the big one" is coming or not, it is up to all of us to take some simple steps to be prepared for the unpredictable.

After the fire at Atrevida Road this summer, I had a few people come to me expressing concern about community emergency preparedness in our area. Some were surprised that a community plan already exists and that there is a small Emergency Support Services team trained and ready to step up and create an emergency reception centre at the Lund Community Centre.

If you are interested in finding out more about the Community Emergency Plan or Emergency Support

Services (ESS), or if you might be interested in participating in training or planning, there will be a brief information evening at **the Lund Community Centre on February 3 at 7pm**. Information will be available on preparedness planning for individuals, families and community organizations, as well as the Community Emergency plan.

Remember, if you are not prepared, you are a drain on others who are prepared.

Looking forward to seeing you there. ❖

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Paris and Powell River

Jack Anderson

On November 29th, one of our chilliest Sundays yet this winter, one hundred or so citizens gathered at Willingdon Beach for a Rally on Climate Change, and then marched to the Patricia Theatre, where they joined another hundred or so people to watch Naomi Klein's movie, "This Changes Everything". With less than 1% of our local population participating, I wouldn't call the day a resounding success, but it gave support to the huge demonstration, the People's March, happening that day in Paris and elsewhere around the world. All of this before delegates from around the world gathered there to discuss the issues during the month of December. The results from those talks in Paris are very promising. The Paris Agreement is inclusive, comprehensive and frankly awe inspiring, at least in the view of this climate geek.

I call myself that because, for about twenty years now, I have dug into the nitty-gritty of what all this activity is about. It has been an arduous road, to say the least, and still is, but to bolster my resolve and my sanity, I only have to look at what is being done locally - yes locally.

The crux of that is the work started in Powell River a decade ago by other geeks and worried souls to bring our community's awareness in line with the assortment of threats to our living environment and social fabric. It is only obvious to those who look beyond what is written in the paper and pay attention to what our local representatives and fellow citizens have been trying to accomplish. That includes the leaders of our city and regional

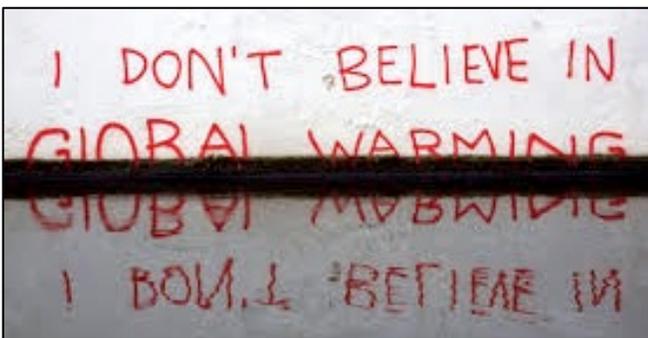


Photo courtesy Google Images

governments and the Tla'amin First Nation. They, along with many concerned citizens, have created some pretty impressive platforms, meant to guide us through the rough waters ahead. That those among us have done this work, provided this vision and

hammered away at the details should make us grateful, at least.

Before you jump to condemn my assertions, I think it is only fair that you read the Sustainability Charter, the Integrated Community Sustainability Plan, the Tla'amin Treaty, and the Carbon Neutral Action Plan for the City of Powell River. They fit well with the Paris Agreement.

The better news is that we are going to see real action on our climate and community resilience *this year*. The city government will be calling for project tenders very soon to reduce our carbon emissions and begin the process of transition to a sustainable future. In part, these actions will utilize our monetary share of the 7% carbon tax we have been paying at the gas pump. So, while the Paris Agreement is calling on developed nations to cough up the resources and take the technological leadership to move our planet toward a sustainable future, our local political bodies and volunteer agencies are moving ahead with some of the initiatives needed to bring us in line with international goals. The Powell River area, our home, is in a strong position to achieve exemplary results on climate action that will benefit generations to come. I don't expect any of you to take my word for this; you'll be able to watch it happen! ❖

An advertisement for The Historic Lund Hotel. At the top, the text reads "THE HISTORIC LUND HOTEL" in large, bold, blue letters, followed by "The Gateway to Desolation Sound" in a smaller blue font and "Lund, BC" in a smaller blue font. Below this is a photograph of a large, multi-story white building with a dark roof and multiple dormer windows, situated on a rocky shore overlooking a body of water. The building has a balcony with several umbrellas. At the bottom of the advertisement, the text reads "Experience the sunsets, scenic beauty & pristine waters surrounding this fully restored oceanfront property". Below this, the contact information is listed: "604.414.0474 • TOLL-FREE 1.877.569.3999" and "email: info@lundhotel.com • www.lundhotel.com".

Puddle Jumpers Preschool

Nonie Bredt



Photo courtesy Francine Ulmer

Well, time flies by, and it seems like there's just so much to mention. Our little rascals sure keep us busy at Puddle Jumpers! Fall went by quickly, with the kids settling in nicely. November's themes were communication, cooperation, self-expression, and exploring the importance of teamwork.

Our first group fundraiser was the Puddle Jumpers 2015, launched at the Lund Christmas Craft Fair. A Pollen sweater, a yard of manure! Wood carvings and a manicure! Those are just a few of the awesome prizes available to be won. Draw date is Feb. 1, 2016. Good luck everyone, and thanks to all the local artisans and businesses that donated prizes, and who continue to donate to our raffle every year. A warm thank you also to Cora for making and donating a gingerbread house that was raffled off the day of the Fair, bringing in \$120 for the Preschool!

The Puddle Jumpers Preschool bottle drive is looking like it'll be a huge success, once we get all the bottles sorted and returned. Thanks to everyone who donated their empties to the cause.

Our next fundraiser is the Winter Fest, scheduled for Feb. 28th. Always a fun time, Winter Fest is a variety show with songs and skits starring our very own little ones! There will be chili and snacks for sale, with vegetarian options. Community participation is encouraged and welcome. If anyone in town would like to perform any songs or skits, or assist in production, please contact the school.

December, traditionally, is a time for gathering together, giving, and sharing. The kids spent the month learning about cultural diversity, family traditions and the spirit of giving and receiving. They started and decorated a Christmas food hamper, which was then dropped off at the Lund Store and filled beyond capacity by many other generous locals. Excited for Christmas and the holidays, the kids made crazy, I mean delicious, looking gingerbread men. They coloured stained-glass First Nations pictures and wove mats to give as gifts. I hope that all our families, our friends and their loved ones, had a happy and healthy holiday, and many blessings for the New Year.

Each year adds new families with new skill sets, and we're excited to welcome two new students at the school: Isaiah Tennant and Micca Michaud. Welcome little buddies! Really fun stuff is planned for January. The kids will be exploring a variety of art mediums, and this month's field trip will be a



Photo courtesy Francine Ulmer

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Continued from page 10...



Photo courtesy Francine Ulmer

walk over to Ron and Jan's art studio, Rare Earth Pottery.

As a cooperative preschool, Puddle Jumpers is a continued success because of the many parents who take an active role in their children's education, and all the wonderful community members who volunteer. We have been lucky to have Deb Zagwyn come out to the School from the public library, heading our early literacy program. The kids have really been enjoying the stories and circle time with her. Alicia Van Belle has been volunteering a lot of her time, assisting Sheila in the classroom most days. We appreciate it so much Alicia! Cheryl, from Supported Child Development, has been facilitating in the classroom on Thursdays, so we extend a wonderful warm thanks to her as well. Laura Kew, also

from Supported Child Development/Inclusion Powell River, has offered to come for interactive parent workshops in this new year, free of charge. Laura is passionate about healthy child and family relationships, and brings with her invaluable expertise with this age group.

Our very dear and much-loved teacher, Sheila Butts, continues to inspire our children and foster an appreciation for creativity, the natural environment, and our amazing local surroundings. We are truly blessed to have her. Love you Sheila!

A reminder that Lund Playgroup, a free-play, drop-in group meets every Friday from 10am - 12pm. Bring an item for the amazing snack platter!

Sandy's MusicPlay class is Thursdays from 10am - 11am. \$5/drop-in.

For registration and enrollment in PuddleJumpers, please contact Francine at (604) 414-0154, and for more information, visit the website: lundcommunity.ca/PuddleJumpers.html ❖



Photo courtesy Francine Ulmer

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Ch-Ch-Changes (turn and face the strange...)

Title from the song Changes © David Bowie

Beth Martlew

Changes: we hate them, yet life is full of them and, in my opinion, cannot move forward without them. As children, we yearn for them ("why can't I wear make up?", whines the ten year old..."why can't I go to the concert?", says the eight year old..."when will I be old enough??")

There are so many more changes for kids nowadays, and they come faster. Parents move or change jobs more often, and divorce is more prevalent. Kids change schools, and their sense of security changes. There is more fear in life for children now, I think.

Life for me was changeless until my mother died when I was fifteen. Then everything changed, but life still went on around me, of course. It wasn't until I hit my forties that I came to realize that in order for my life to be the way it was - now living in Vancouver and working a very rewarding job and living a good life - that my mother had to die in order for that to happen.

Hang on; I know how that must sound. "Had to?" Well, if she had not died I would still be in a small town in southern Ontario, married most likely to Larry W, with a couple of kids and bowling on Thursday nights. Not a bad life, but - for me? Not my life. I would never have run away otherwise, and run away I did, right into the hippie sub-culture of Vancouver, as far as I could get from southern Ontario. By the time the 80's arrived, I had settled into a far more respectable life as a "career woman", and martinis had replaced pot.

Another example that got me thinking this way is Terry Fox. In order for all that money to be raised for cancer research, Terry had to die. It garnered so much more attention and empathy than 'merely' having to quit the run. So I have come to see life as a

kind of pin ball game. We get flipped into a different run by either random chance or someone's hand on the flipper. We think we are headed a certain way and then wham! We get sent another way, either by an act of randomness, or fate, or?

I have reached the age where I am horrified to discover I am just like my parents in the way I find myself not understanding the younger generation's obsession with changing everything from clothing to music to behaviour to pastimes, especially the social media phenomenon. I actually believed it to be a fad.

But then it struck me: I needed to place myself in history. Imagine living in Victorian times and facing what was going on after World War I. Now that was change! Socially and politically, and, of course, the fashion world. Bustles to short-skirted flappers! Then after World War II, everything went topsy-turvy again; fashion, music and social mores changed (do you remember your parents decrying rock 'n roll?) The 60's were turbulent times and the generation gap became even wider, but we all survived and here we are again. This new generation is not sitting back and letting things stay the 'same old same old' and we don't like it for the most part. We don't really have a say, though, do we? It is their time just as the second half of the 20th century was ours.

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Music and Arts

Paegé Maguire on Arts

Hello fellow Lundies! Are you one of the many who has driven past the pretty little sign on Hwy 101, just north of Malaspina Road, announcing **Hang's Nail Art**, and wondered just what that means? Well, I've had the occasion to question our talented neighbour, the delightful Hang Mathieu, about just that. Originally from Vietnam, Hang met Pierre Mathieu, fell in love and married, moved to Lund, and, two years ago, became the proud parents of the adorable George. So just what kind of nails are we talking about? Fingernails, of course!



Photo courtesy Brian Voth

Q: Where did you learn how to do nails?

A: I studied nail art at the Women's Cultural Club in Saigon when I was at University.

Q: I've seen you do everything from impossibly intricate detailed designs to a simple manicure. Do you also do French manicures?

A: Yes, and I do pedicures as well.

Q: Do you do house calls?

A: Yes, especially for people who have mobility issues. For example, I have several elderly clients who get regular pedicures at their home. If you are far away, I may have to add a fuel surcharge.

Q: How much do you charge?

Continued on page 14...

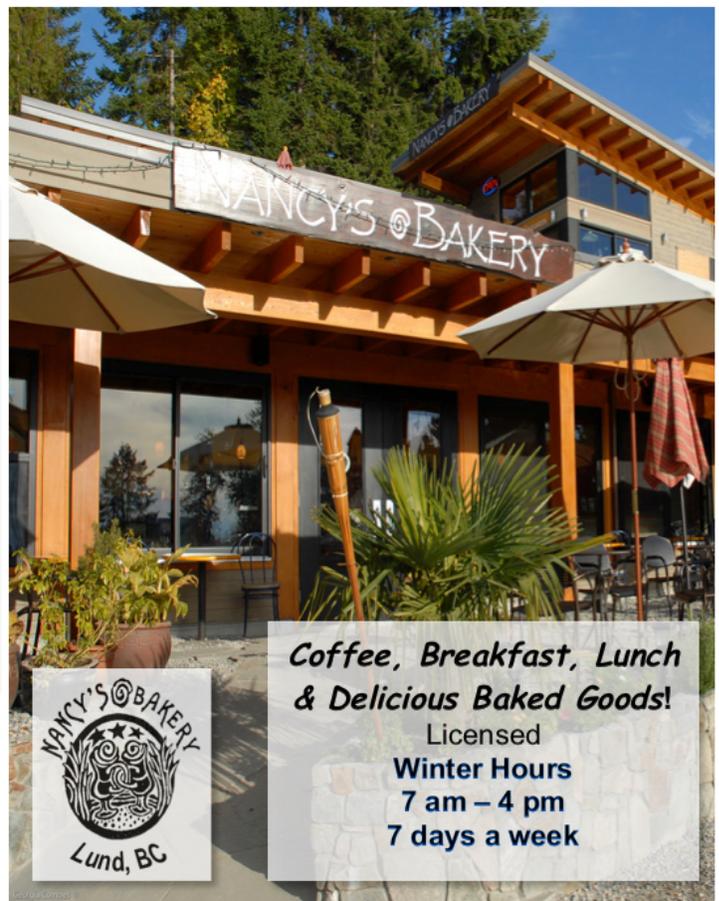


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Continued from page 13...

A: For a regular manicure, which includes a cleaning soak, massage, cuticle care, and nail polish, I charge \$25. For the same pedicure (in a massaging chair), I charge \$35. For nail art, I charge \$5 for two nails, or \$10 for all ten nails. I am also open to trades, depending on what's being offered.

Q: Can people just drop in or do you prefer an appointment?

A: Since I had George, I find it easier for all concerned if there's an appointment made. Saying that, I'm pretty flexible and can usually make it within the hour. Give me a call!

Q: You don't limit yourself to nail art; you also make beautiful and edible carvings out of fruit and vegetables. Did you learn this in Vietnam also?

A: Yes. I learned fruit carving at the same excellent school for women when I was back in Vietnam on holidays in 2012.

Q: I've seen your carved watermelons. My favourite was a hummingbird on a hibiscus flower. I was also impressed with the prawn you carved out of a carrot. Wow! Great idea for weddings or other special events. What are your rates for that?

A: This is tricky as it's very time consuming. I want to make this available to people, so I'm very open to negotiation. I start out with a base of \$10 per hour. For example, a small watermelon carving might take two hours, plus the cost of the melon.

Q: Well, a picture says a thousand words, they say, and you've just shown me your Facebook page, leaving me speechless! Other people should see these pictures. Where do they look?

A: I'm on Facebook. Just type in Hang Mathieu.

Thank you so much, Hang.

We all look forward to seeing your new creations! ❖



Photo courtesy Hang Mathieu



Photo courtesy Hang Mathieu

Music and Arts

Amber Friedman on Music

If it seems you've been waiting a while to hear a new album from legend-in-his-own-time Grant Keays, you will be delighted to know that his music is being re-mastered here in Powell River at the local recording studio in Westview called The Music Room.

Cameron Twyford is a well-known local singer-songwriter-musician who came to town singing songs with a political edge. He was often told he reminded people of a guy from Lund named Grant Keays. Now Cam, known to the music world as Little Pharmer, has the opportunity to re-master music that Keays himself recorded on tape while he was still alive.

This album will be full of lyrics with impact, and

have guitar and vocals that will call you back to the past, and help you walk with grace into the future. Look for the new re-mastered cd of Grant Keays for sale in Lund in the summer of 2016! ❖

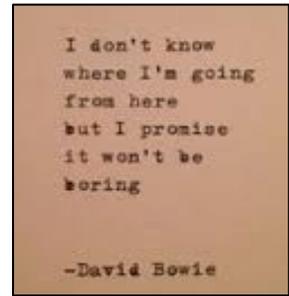
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Every generation rocks the foundation of the previous, and I think that is how we progress and move forward with innovation and eventually give birth to the new. So the change in this instance could be viewed as "labour pains," and a necessary evil, and we have to accept that we have little or no say.

It isn't easy to "turn and face the strange ch-ch-changes", but I think it would be less aggravating to do that than not to, don't you? ❖



The Longer We Live, The More Changes We See

Dymph Vander Maeden

Wow, seems to be these years are going by faster all the time. Before we know it, Spring will be here again, and we'll all be getting ready for the summer influx of people. Crazy, at times, just how many people almost fit in our little community. Of course, having some of them in and on boats helps distribute the masses. At times, it feels like we need more land mass here for them as they all come at the same time, here during school break and the lovely summer sun and heat we are blessed with.

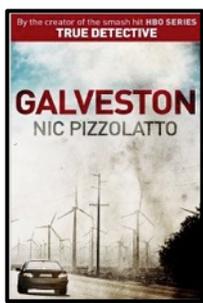
I remember looking forward to the baseball games we used to have at Craig Park, both men and women, Flamingos and Flamingals. Up to four games a week between the two teams kept my own and many other families hopping to stay organized. It was a lot of fun and we had a lot of fans and kids cheering us on. We also had some t-ball there for a few years. Mostly now the only people using the park are the dog walkers. There is one fellow up the road named Ray, and when his shift lets him, he organizes the local kids to play street hockey on the tennis court. My grandkids have played there, and it's a lot of fun with excitement in the air as they are

playing. It feels really good to see the park used again. But we no longer have baseball teams; we all grew up and older.

This brings to home and heart the many changes we go through in our lifetimes. The longer we live, the more changes we see. The hardest change, I find, has been losing my partner in this life, not a change anyone had a choice in, but one we all must bear when it happens to us. The next really tough one is losing my fellow community members. That is a very difficult change, for sure. I would like to thank the wonderful community that I live in for all the help they have been in helping me through the journey.

I feel 2016 will bring changes in Lund. I don't think we can keep this jewel under wraps forever. The word is out there, and as the world becomes more turbulent, we will have more people coming to enjoy our tranquility.

I hope we will be up to the challenge of having more changes, because really, it's truly amazing how many changes a person goes through in their life. ❖



Lund Reads

Evelyn Pollen

Hello Lundies!

I have two books to tell you about this winter. It seems appropriate to start with the darkest, a novel called GALVESTON, by Nick Pizzolatto, who is also the writer of the TV series "True Detective". This book could perhaps have been called

"True Defective" for the damaged protagonist, Roy, who beats up and sometimes kills people for his boss, Steve, the current lover of Roy's recent bed mate. Roy has just been diagnosed with terminal lung

cancer, and to make a bad day worse, he has figured out that his new assignment is actually a set-up where Roy himself is the intended target. The resulting bloody scene sees Roy escaping with his life and reluctantly burdened with a fellow escapee, a young girl named Rocky. The two have similarly horrible histories, and Roy intends no harm to Rocky, nor any particular altruism, but can't seem to dump her, either. This dilemma eventually gives Roy the hazy feeling that he might, for once in his life, do something good. A moment of grace, if you like, or a

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big pain in the ass. Other characters are introduced into the landscape of the down and dirty Texas coastline referred to in the title, and the author expresses his disgust with them but sustains the story line so well that you can't put it down. Unrealistic hope keeps you reading this one. Thanks to Don MacKay for nudging me to read it. The writing is excellent and the story, whether you want it to or not, stays with you.

My next pick is H IS FOR HAWK, by Helen Macdonald. The heart of the book is her training, or "manning" of the most difficult hawk, the goshawk. (I had to resist calling it a gosh-hawk. It's a goss-hawk.) The impetus for that project was her grief and despair at the sudden death of her father; the need to be so committed to a constant challenge that she wouldn't simply die of sorrow. She had been fascinated by hawks since childhood and had experience in flying different sorts of hawks, so she knew what she was getting into. She's a fantastic observer, sharing with you details of the behaviour and needs of the goshawk, the landscapes they traverse, and her own progress, riddled with doubts and failures. She revisits her father's gentle lessons

on patience and the futility of punishment. Who knew that the angle of the tiny feathers between a hawk's eyes can communicate pleasure or excitement? Or that the weight of the bird must be perfect in order for efficient flight? Fat hawks don't fly. Hmm. She studies an early book by T.H.White, who famously wrote "The Sword in the Stone". In fact, that author becomes a side-feature of H IS FOR HAWK, and Macdonald's musings about White's unhappy life, his homosexuality, and his struggle to fly hawks in an attempt to pass as a gentleman make up a good share of this book, and provide an interesting allegory for modern life. She suggests that White, in his later books on the legend of the magician Merlyn, tasked with raising the orphan boy who would become King Arthur, was inventing an alternative future for himself by learning the morality of power, the fight for Right over Might. This book is a rich read that will draw you into the insider's world of falconry, its language, and nature-watching. The writing is evocative, visual, and scholarly. I think you'll enjoy this a lot. Happy Reading!! ❖



The Bane of Broom

Mary Ann Lammersen

Along our highways and roads, in cleared and neglected spaces on our home properties, and in our forest clearings, grows a plant which is slowly and patiently spreading into areas once occupied by native plants: *Cytisus scoparius*, commonly known as Scotch Broom.

Some do not give a thought to this plant, enjoying it in bloom and ignoring it when it is not. Others are taking an active interest in their environments and questioning how to maintain our native biodiversity. This means deciding to act when a plant or animal species is in danger of crowding out and, in a negative way, impacting native plant communities.

A single broom plant can produce 3,000 seeds that can last in the soil 30-50 years. The explosive seed pods can catapult seeds 15 feet away. A very determined plant indeed! It spreads rapidly to take over huge areas while densely choking out native species. In some areas, it is a fire hazard in hot, dry summers because the plant is easily combustible and contains a fire accelerator. It is harmful if ingested by animals and humans, and is an invasive problem in pastures and in reforestation projects where it can crowd out young tree growth.

Clearing it out by tractor or dozer disturbs the soil, which then signals more seed germination. This method works only if the plan is to keep the area mowed or cut.

The best method of removal is to cut or pull the plant when it is in flower, at or just below the soil level, and before it has formed small seed pods which continue to mature even after cutting. When the plant is in bloom, it is easily identifiable, and all its energy is in flower and seed production.

Broom-busting efforts have begun in Lund, cutting along Sarah Point Road and at the Lund Gazebo. If you care to join us this coming spring, call 604-483-2419 for details, and please cut the broom around your home to stop the invasion onto Lund's roadsides and beautiful mossy bluffs.

This spring, the advice of BroomBusters.org is to please "Cut the Bloomin' Broom!" ❖

Health and Healing

The Joy of Singing

Juliet Potter Ervington

It was almost six months after my husband, Steve, had died when I first walked into the Cranberry Hall to join the One Voices Choir. I was still deep into my grieving, floating in a numbness that helped me manage the needs of living, while trying to cope with the emotions I experienced with such a huge loss. What was the force that brought me there? I hadn't sung in a choir since my teenage years in school. I sang along to my favourite music at home or in the car and was brought to tears at choral performances. Actually, when I think of it, I had more experience than most people, having sung daily for forty years working with my preschool groups!! I had heard the One Voices Choir sing at a friend's celebration of life and, like a bee going to a field of flowers - the source of nourishment that ensures its own, and the world's, survival - I was going to a source that would feed my broken heart and spirit. When I left the Hall that night, new pathways were forming and I was floating in the flow of a new and different, loving energy, moving from the dark toward the light.

The Choir became one of the stars in my night sky and has become the high point of my week since. At the end of our Wednesday night choir sessions, I feel exhilarated, high on singing together. Research has documented that "singing together releases endorphins". Instead of waking to my grieving painful thoughts, I woke with songs that I had learned at Choir in my head. Our Choir leader, Julia Adam, had posted many of our songs online and, instead of listening to the radio, I listened to her voice while I ate my breakfast and often sang along with her recordings.

The rich repertoire of songs we sing includes songs from many countries and cultures, and some are

sung in different languages: civil rights and freedom songs, songs of unity, healing the soul songs, spirituals, shanties, silly comedic songs and more. Through singing these songs, we can honour and tap into the wisdom of other cultures. In the Ubuntu tradition of showing respect for the creators of the songs, Julia introduces each new song by giving us the origin and the history of each one.

Although we have the words available to refer to, she teaches the words orally. The songs are easy to learn and, as she teaches the different voices, we build amazingly beautiful harmonies. I, like most of the novice singers, believed that I wasn't able to carry a tune, but in the company of the well-practiced singers, I sing beautifully! In fact now, when singing publically with the choir, I stand up front, completely unselfconscious, singing my heart out and feeling equal to my fellow choir members.

The central theme that comprises our songs is from the African tradition called "Ubuntu", which translates as "human-ness", "humanity toward others" and, in a more philosophical sense, to mean "the belief in a universal bond that connects all humanity", that teaches we are all individuals but "a person is a person through connection to other people". I am a singer, actually an alto, but when singing in a group made up of other singers with individual voices, we are a wonderful choir, each resonating with the harmony that we make together - a testament to this philosophy - which, literally and physically, brings us to such a strong understanding that a group of divergent human beings, all resonating with a vibration that links us through our voices, gain a deep and transcendental knowledge

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that we are "all one".

There are many people in the choir who I don't encounter elsewhere and who are outside my social network, but when I look around the beautiful circle of singers and meet their joyful eyes with my joyful heart, we are all experiencing our oneness. Raffi, the wonderful composer and singer of children's songs said, "There would be no better way to spread peace and universal love. We are born to sing - it is our nature." Archbishop Desmond Tutu wrote, "I am, because you are. I need you to be you so that I can be me. A choir is a choir only because its different parts work together harmoniously. Yes, a person is truly a person only through other persons". ❖



Christmas Craft Fair 2015: Another Success Story

Rianne Matz

As usual, it all began in September when application forms were posted on our website (lundcommunity.ca) and accepted until the end of October to fill the Italian Hall with vendors' tables. This year, we can thank Rosemary O'Neill for tracking everyone and having placements and room layout ready to go. Rosie, Sherry Worthen, and I were the behind-the-scenes organizers, as well as placing food orders and shopping for food and all sundries needed to make this event happen. Ronnie and Tai Uhlmann made copious amounts of chili and lasagne. Many mini-meetings occurred and details were ironed out. We all arrived on Saturday morning, November 14th to get the ball rolling, food heated, and muffins made; we were a slick and organized crew. Ria Curtis had our tables delivered from the Lund Community Centre to the Hall before I even knew it happened. Thanks to Colleen Cox for organizing the bakers so that, once again, we had plenty of treats.

There was one glitch: the dishwasher quit working early on and we had no hot water. Thanks to Guy Hawkins for stepping in and washing dishes for four solid hours, thus keeping us sane. People were phoned, but nothing was resolved and we carried on. The only blessing was the amazing amount of dishes supplied by the Italian Hall. We could not have done it any other way. Water boiled for dishes on the stove next to the chili and soup. The kitchen helpers arrived on time for their shifts, and we muddled along just fine. Talking to Judy Hicks later, I found it was our best financial year ever!

I want to thank everyone who helped set up, worked in the kitchen, did dishes, cleaned up and, except for the piles of rinsed dishes we left stacked on the floor, left the Hall as clean as we found it. 'Twas an interesting affair.

Thank you Lin, Paul, Dillon, Juliet, Margaret D., Margaret L., Paula, Mary, Sandy, Martha, Christine, Nancy, Pat, Diana, Ed, Lynelle, the Puddle Jumpers, and everyone in Lund who helps make this happen and who I may have forgotten to mention. You know who you are, so please also know how grateful we all are for your support. Also, a big thank you goes to Nancy's Bakery, Save On Foods, Safeway, Quality Foods, and the Lund Store for defraying a good many costs this time around. Thanks to all the good folks who enjoyed our food, the vendors who filled the Hall with their beautiful wares, and the shoppers who went home with their treasures.

'Til next year... ❖

Pith and Vinegar

A Winter's Walk
a short story by Lyle Jeakins

...a column for writers

It was a cool, clear, February morning. The java tasted bittersweet as I placed the white mug on the black coffee table. I said, "ahh" out loud after swallowing the brew, a habit. A bedroom door opened and out marched my six-year old daughter, Penny. She shuffled her slippers toward me, gaining eye contact.

"Dad, what are we doing today?" There was a slightly sleepy tone to her voice, not fully awake.

"Let's go down to the ocean. It's a perfect day for a walk on the beach!"

Penny replied with, "Beach combing! For shells and stones. I want to make a necklace! Can we build a fire on the sand?"

"Of course. We'll bring hot chocolate and marshmallows."

Her eyes widened before she added, "Hot dogs too?"

"Yes, and the dog." So the seed was sown, and it was up to us to bring it to fruition.

Soon we were dressed for the outdoors, with backpacks over our shoulders. Off we went on our little adventure, Sparky, the black lab, leading the way down the familiar path to the ocean. The dark forest of conifers and evergreens gave way to the vegetation growing on the sand. Salal evolved into beach grasses and roses, their hips swaying suggestively in the wind. The blue sky provided vivid colours, contrasting, almost clashing, before blending into the beautiful afternoon. The ocean rippled somewhat, silver on a blue green hue dependent upon the breeze. Once on the sandy terrain, the dog quickly went off course in all directions, following her nose, which made mild snorting sounds, with a tail that wagged at certain familiar scents. Then Sparky deliberately dropped on her back. She had found something to roll in.

"Sparky! Don't be so gross!"

Sparky rose slowly and looked at Penny, then flopped back on top of the dead crab. Her torso twisted, her legs moving to the beat as if she were dancing, her paws thrusting skyward. Sparky's black tail kept her in balance before she let out a satisfying grunt. Then she stood up, shook off the excess material from her fur, and went for a swim. The dog knew what to do.

We continued our walk along the shoreline, in and out of tide pools where the baby crabs scuttled to find ever better hiding places. Beyond the high tide mark revealed plenty of fuel for our fire. I found the right spot for one, sunshine galore and out of the cool wind. Penny collected small pieces of driftwood, stacking them carefully over the dry newspaper we had brought. Soon the flames were throwing off heat, which we welcomed. I added some large chunks of wood and waited for them to burn down to hot coals before we seared the hotdogs, cooking them quickly on wet sticks found at the water's edge. After lunch, Penny wandered off searching for shiny objects on the sand. I sipped my cocoa and stretched out beside the fire. I lay my head on the blanket and heard the ocean as it gently lapped against the



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water's edge. The sound of an echo put me to sleep.

"Daddy, Daddy! Look what I found!" Penny was back from the shoreline, her pockets bulging with colourful glass, seashells, and stones. She laid them out for inspection in precise rows upon the beige blanket we brought. There were red, green, and orange agates; purple, bronze, and blue glass; along with oyster, mussel, and cockle shells. Then she added, "I think there's enough for a necklace, don't you?"

I said, "Well, some of the stones are too big, and we'll have to be careful about which glass to use. I see several pretty shells which we can use. When we get home, I'll drill the holes and you can string everything together. Should be enough for a necklace and a bracelet. Fit for a princess."

Penny was delighted. Her copper-coloured eyes shone brightly in the sunshine. She began arranging the trinkets on the blanket in two circles, one large and one small. I observed her as she pondered the design process. She moved the pieces in and out, out with the old, in with the new. Penny spent some time, comparing and contrasting, analyzing her materials deliberately before making a decision. Suddenly, she looked up at me, serious beyond her years, and said, "Dad, someone at school told me I had changed. Do you think I've changed? Do people change?"

I thought about the question for a moment or two with care. I reckoned there could be consequences to my answer. "Well, Penny, we all change some. Some change more than others, others not much. They call that 'set in their ways'. But remember, you're born into this world as a baby, you become a toddler, a school kid, a teenager, then an adult. And towards the end, you become a senior. Each new phase in your life means change. So I would say some things you can't change. You can't change which way the wind blows, which way the ocean tides flow, or what other people think of you. But you can change yourself, for better or worse. Of course, you don't change overnight; it takes more time." I paused, gathering my thoughts. Then I caught Penny's eye and added, "So, no, I don't think you've really changed. You're still my pretty little girl who likes to go for walks in winter. By the way, who said that you had changed?"

"It was Clayton Begbie. He's in my grade one class. I heard him say once that I didn't have a mom. He's kind of mean and he shows off all the time. He pulls the orange things off lady bugs. Last year in kindergarten, he pooped in his pants. He's so gross!"

"The fact that you don't have a mother is none of his business. You could tell him that if he ever mentions it again. Maybe Clayton Begbie needs changing. And I don't mean his diapers." I chuckled at that, just a little. "Now I don't want you to try and change him; he'll have to do that on his own, you know, for his own well being, to try to improve his life. Meanwhile, you can keep on the path you're already on, without feeling bad about yourself. If it ain't broke..."

"Don't fix it!", said Penny. She grinned proudly with the answer.

"Yep, change for the sake of change is pretty much a waste of time. You know, kind of like barking up the wrong tree. So if you want to change, be sure to change for the better." After that, I sipped the last of my cocoa and said, "ahh" out loud.

Penny gave me a quizzical glance and said, "Okay, Dad, I think I'll stay the same for now. When I get older, then I'll change a bit." With that, she threw the last of her hot dog to Sparky, who had been watching her every move with intensity. Once Sparky had the wiener, she trotted away with the prize.

"Yes, it's hard to get change out of a penny." I just couldn't help saying it. Then I stood up slowly and said, "Time to head home. Make sure the fire's out." Penny gathered up her stuff, saving the beadwork for last, placing it carefully in the pouch of her backpack. I noticed the high water mark deposited on the shore. The tide was ebbing, on the wane. We wandered on to the old familiar trail through the forest, Sparky the black lab in the lead. Somewhere along the way, the thought of getting a motorboat crept into my mind. "I'll save that change for another day." ♦

How in the World Did You End Up in Lund? or An Essex Boy's Dream

John Adcock

It was the early seventies. I had been living in the Okanagan for several years, married with two young children. Some people might have described us as "back-to-the land hippies". At that time, during the so-called Cold War, the world seemed to be a very dangerous place. I read an article in the *Mother Earth News* in which the writer suggested that almost anyone could build a live-aboard sailboat using ferro-cement. I entertained a romantic vision of sailing into remote northern regions and using a large sailboat as a "survival platform".

The result, four years later, was the *Harmony*, a 39'6" ferro-cement cutter. She had a 12'6" beam and weighed about 20 tons. I was a rough carpenter, not even close to being a shipwright. The challenges I faced seemed insurmountable at times, but she turned out to be a fine vessel. She was launched in the Fraser River.

The first time I hoisted the sails, this heavy boat seemed to come alive as she heeled to the wind and responded to the rudder. As she moved silently through the water, she was like a great aquatic bird. The *Harmony* proved to be a well-balanced and forgiving vessel and I was able to sail her single-handedly.

Soon after the boat was launched, I became a single dad, unencumbered by a wife or land. More importantly, I was a young single dad!

New boats and new skippers usually do something called a shake-down cruise, and it was during this rite of passage that I first set eyes on Lund. I was sailing with my friend, Dean Curtis, and we were heading for Desolation Sound and needed diesel. After the excitement of maneuvering the new boat into the gas dock, I accidentally squirted a shot of diesel into the water tank. I had built the boat; I

should know which tank I was filling. I felt stupid, embarrassed, and discouraged. What I didn't know was that this cupful of diesel would change the course of my life!



Photo courtesy John Adcock

By the time I had rectified my mistake, Dean and I had learned that there was a pub in Lund, quite close to the gas dock. I needed a drink! The Lund Pub was an amazing place in those days; almost always it was loud, welcoming and celebratory. Being there felt like being at a party. The people in the pub were different, and I felt a real affinity for them. We met more Lund people when the boat was tied up at the public dock. I liked them. Until that time, I had been planning on living on Lasqueti, but that suddenly changed. I wanted to live in Lund!

From Lund we sailed to Galley Bay, a beautiful, magical place. The magic started to reveal itself as we were anchoring. A beautiful young woman dressed in a long colourful skirt, naked above the waist, ran across the side-hill. She ran fast, her long blond

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Continued from page 21...

hair streaming out behind her. She was like a vision, a scene from the dream of a sex-starved Essex Boy!

We noticed other people among the small houses. They looked like interesting and attractive people. We wanted to go ashore and meet them, but it would have been an invasion of their privacy. We couldn't

decide, so we went below and talked to our third shipmate, Jose Cuervo! We were on our second or third shot of tequila when I heard an unusual noise. I looked out from the cabin into the cockpit. A naked woman was climbing up over the stern, pulling herself up by the backstay. She said, in a lilting Quebecois accent, "Excuse me, but I wonder if you would like to have supper with my sister and me?"

During the two weeks that followed, the scenes from the Essex Boy's Dream unfolded. The dream was about exuberance, love-of-life, romance and tequila. Our adventures seemed to become increasingly outrageous as the days passed. One scene that I often recall was of the *Harmony* lashed beam to beam to another cement boat, drifting between Savary and Lund. The Rolling Stones were very loud. There was no wind, and the aroma of marijuana was strong. The decks of both boats were full of naked, dancing, beautiful celebrants. We were YOUNG!

At that time, I had a flash...the four challenging years spent building the boat suddenly crystalized and fell into place. It had been worth it!

Later, I moved to Lund, enrolled my kids at the Lund School and lived aboard the boat in the Lund Harbour. I became a commercial prawn fisherman, and I spent a lot of time in the Lund Pub. Life was sweet.



Photo courtesy of Google Images

I eventually purchased five acres of land on the outskirts of Lund, built a house and sold the *Harmony*. With the money, I bought a brand new tractor. It was a difficult decision to sell her, but I found that I could not take care of the boat and do a "land trip" at the same time. Also, the cost of moorage was crippling. Selling the boat met with some serious disapproval from my partner and my kids. Sometimes I do regret selling her. I occasionally dream of the *Harmony* and wake feeling that I dreamed of an old lover.

Now I am old. The Lund Pub has changed, and I rarely go there. The people of Lund are still very special. My kids and grandkids are, by degrees, moving back here. I count my blessings; life is still sweet! ♦



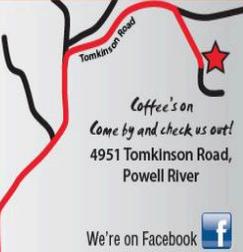
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Plants From Here

Yerba Buena

Satureja douglasii (*Clinopodium douglasii*, *Micromeria douglasii*)

Trish Keays

As the year starts small, so will this column on plants native to the Lund area. **Yerba Buena** is a groundcover with a wonderfully resinous smell. Crush a few leaves and the distinctive scent stays. It grows in the understory, beneath Arbutus, Red Flowering Current or Black Twinberry. I found some growing under the hydro line on Highway 101 about thirty years ago. When I transplanted some to the garden, most died, except one survivor that still thrives in a crack in broken granite. I went back to the source several years ago, but couldn't find one plant. Maybe the understory got too thick, although the plant doesn't mind shade.

Yerba Buena is a delicate looking ground-cover. The leathery leaves are one to three centimetres, scalloped, heart-shaped, and in opposite pairs. They stay green all year, may turn purplish in late summer from low water and in winter from cold. One source calls it a lush groundcover – maybe because mine grows in a rock, I wouldn't say it has ever been lush.

The plant isn't fussy about soil and tolerates drought, although it looks greener with some water in summer. The weak stems root easily. The plant doesn't spread much and is easy to keep trimmed. Descriptions say it can cover two metres. I've never seen plants bigger than twenty centimetres, maybe thirty. Growing instructions include that one give it a little compost and trim occasionally so it isn't straggly.



Photo courtesy of Google Images

The small, white tubular flowers come in summer. They aren't showy. The trailing vine adds something special to hanging baskets. Deer don't bother it. The leaves make a healthy, tasty tea (well, depending on your taste).

Lund is at the northern end of the plant's range. Yerba Buena grows in zones 7-10, on the coast from Southern California to BC. It was so abundant when priests settled an area of what was then Mexico, they called the town close to the mission Yerba Buena. That name was changed to San Francisco in 1847. Yerba Buena Island now connects the San Francisco and Oakland Bay Bridges.

Yerba Buena is the plant's common name. It means "good herb" in Spanish. The original scientific name was *Satureja douglasii*, related to rosemary, thyme and winter savory. North American species have been moved to other genera. The scientific name of Yerba Buena is now *Clinopodium douglasii* or *Micromeria douglasii*. The species name *douglasii* has stayed, recognizing David Douglas. The Scottish botanist made three trips to North America in the 1800s. His Pacific Northwest plant hunt around 1825 "ranks among the great botanical explorations". Douglas introduced 240 plant species to Britain, including Douglas Fir, Flowering Current, and Salal.

Easy, tough, long-lived, great-smelling: those descriptors for Yerba Buena apply to the whole forest ecosystem. Plants from here – celebrate them! ❖

Reference sources

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yerba_buena

<http://www.laspilitas.com/nature-of-california/plants/622--satureja-douglasii>

<https://www.anniesannuals.com/plants/view/?id=1488>

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Elmer Larson

Wendy Larson

Barnacle time again! Apparently the theme of this issue is change, and seeing as it was just Christmas, that seems like a logical place to go. When I was a kid my favourite present ever was a one pound can of strawberry jam my aunt gave me. Mine, Mine, All Mine! Now it's iPods and computer games and yada, yada, yada...

Actually, I think I'll write a little article about my dad, Elmer. A couple of Barnacles ago, I started with some stories from my early years. I'll carry on now with my dad getting multiple sclerosis, or M.S.. He was 38; I was 10.

My dad had bought a 37' troller, the *Truls*, to take salmon fishing up north in pursuit of the big buck. He would travel with his cousin Karl on his boat, the *Saltness*. Karl had been fishing the top end of Vancouver Island north to Prince Rupert for years, and had talked my dad into leaving his family for a few months to go with him.

A month into the trip, my mom got a phone call from my dad. He was in Prince Rupert and he had become almost blind. The doctor in Prince Rupert diagnosed it as "snow blindness", or in his case, "ocean blindness", caused by the glare from the reflection of the sun off the water. Few people wore sunglasses back then.

My poor mom had to ask her sister to come up from Vancouver to look after us three girls, and she flew to Rupert to help bring the boat back down. Karl escorted her to make matters easier, but I'm sure the whole situation was very stressful.

Once home, dad's vision gradually improved. He got a job working at the Finn Bay Ranger Station. Engineer, I believe, was his title. He was in charge of tending their fleet of three or four boats, and steering the boat to and from logging camps up the coast.

This was an idyllic time in our lives. My mom knew where the next pay cheque was coming from, and how much it would be. Unfortunately, it was short lived. Dad lost his balance and began to stagger. He would misjudge doorways and crash into them. He also was losing the power in his legs. His fellow workers kept him at work for as long as possible, but eventually he had to give up the job...sad times for all of us. The diagnosis was M.S. The blindness had been its first symptom.

My mom had to find a job. Welfare would only give us money if mom and dad spent all their meager savings and sold the car. Mom knew without the car she would never get a job, so being a former school teacher, she applied to the School Board. Her credentials as a teacher had lapsed and there was no time to retrain, but there was an opening for a custodian and she took the job. Gradually, she worked up to a Teachers' Aide position with the science department at Brooks, and from there to working with handicapped kids.

Meanwhile my dad was at home, trying to rehabilitate. He had become bedridden for a time, but was determined to get back on his feet. My sisters and I became physiotherapists and helped him do his daily exercises. Eventually he could walk with a walker, then two canes, then one. He would spend a lot of time in the living room sitting in "blue boy" or "the trap", a hideous blue recliner that's stiff mechanism would

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Continued on page 25...

Continued from page 24...

sometimes hold him captive 'til one of us girls would free him.

He couldn't seem to give up smoking, and his hands, now shaky from the disease, sprinkled more tobacco on the floor than in the rolling paper. He would have my sisters and any of our friends that were visiting roll him a supply. They liked this activity as then you would light one for him and have a few forbidden puffs before passing it over. He also sent us out "snipe hunting". If someone parked a car in our driveway while they went to Sevilla Island or the Government dock in Finn Bay, we would go and rifle through their ashtray for "snipes": the unsmoked ends of cigarettes. We would break them open over a paper and, with any luck, procure enough tobacco to roll a cigarette.

My dad was a good mimic and did impressions of our neighbours. He didn't like to perform on command though. When we would bring our friends over and request he be so and so, he would say "I'm not your goddamn clown", but later when the attention was off him, he would break out the Finnish or Swedish or Dutch accent. We got a lot of mileage out of mimicking our elderly Finnish neighbour complaining of her sore "teets", and how they ached, and that dentists were hard to find.

Dad's health stabilized after a time, and although he would always use a cane, he could get up and down to the dock. With Karl's help, they scrounged a boat off the beach beside Lund Marine, put it up on Karl's ways, and turned the ugliest boat in the world into something a little less offensive: the *Tegula*.

My dad spent hours and days rigging up the boat for prawn fishing, dog fishing, and generally touring about. Almost nothing was bought brand new, with the exception of fishing line and hooks. Anyone and everyone who came by was pressed into service, usually for the bull work of packing contraptions from boat shop to dock. My sister's boyfriend (later husband) was a prize asset, being mechanically inclined himself. He became a millwright and a fisherman. My cousin, Carlene, spent some time prawn fishing with my dad and became proficient in swearing.

I dug clams (commercially) and fished dogfish with dad. He claimed he was the brains and I was the brawn. Our favourite day of the week was spent delivering our smelly catch of dogfish to Campbell River. A fish buyer bought them for his prawn fleet in the days before pellets. After delivering our load, I would run up the street to the Colonel Sanders, and buy us two chicken dinners with strawberry shortcake. What a pleasant trip home! Cash in our pockets, take out food, a pot of coffee and a cigarette; life couldn't get any better! ♦

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Celebrating Birth and Death

Emily Jenkins

I am blessed to live in a community that celebrates life's biggest transitions with the most heart-opening gatherings I have ever experienced. These two points are birth and death, the beginning and ending of life.

The celebration of new life, or its anticipation, in mainstream society often consists of a baby shower. My experience in Lund has been a far more fulfilling

celebration: a Blessing Way. In this ceremony, time is taken to honour a huge transitional point in a woman's life and the new life she will be bringing into the world. At a Blessing Way the mother is the focus of the upcoming birth, not the baby as is typical. The mother is honoured by other mothers and special guests through song, feasting, foot

Continued on page 26...

Continued from page 25...

massages, words of wisdom and encouragement, gifting of beads for a powerful amulet, and the binding of all present by wearing a bracelet until the baby is born. These are the practices I have become familiar with and have had the pleasure to participate in. The act of labour and birthing are given full attention during the blessings, when the mothers share their experiences and stories. Words of praise and honour of the "mother to be" are expressed in many forms. Full support is given to the woman so that she may feel more at ease, empowered, capable and immersed in womanly love and protection at this precious time. This celebration is about the magic of this incredibly unique time in a woman's life.

I have spoken in a previous article about my experience with death in our community, and it seems to be a topic that is "up" for investigating at a deeper level this past year. The two celebrations of life I attended last year have certainly not been typical funerals. I suppose that is why they are called "celebrations of life". I have come to understand that in death we are really given the opportunity to

celebrate our lives. At the gatherings I attended, the person who had passed was honoured with displays of photos, video, spoken words, songs, memorabilia and mementos. There was much feasting, conversing, sharing of stories and memories, and dancing. In understanding death rather than shying away from it, we can come to a greater appreciation for life. We are not invincible; in fact we are incredibly tender sacks of flesh and bone, whose life can end at any time. Having a brush with death personally or losing a loved one reminds us of the fleetingness of life. I feel these experiences, while they may be challenging, give pause for reflection on our lives and of those who have passed before us. Hopefully, they remind us to live a fulfilling life and to remember what is important now.

I believe our society needs more confirming, culture-building and community-weaving celebrations to anchor us in our human experience. Blessing Ways and Celebrations of Life are a beautiful beginning, but there is certainly room for more ceremonies that honour important life transitions and events. I am beginning to incorporate more of them into my life, and I invite you to as well. ♦

Lund Shellfish Festival

May 27, 28, 29, 2016

Craft and Food Vendor applications are now available online!



For more information:

http://www.lundbc.ca/Shellfish_Festival.html

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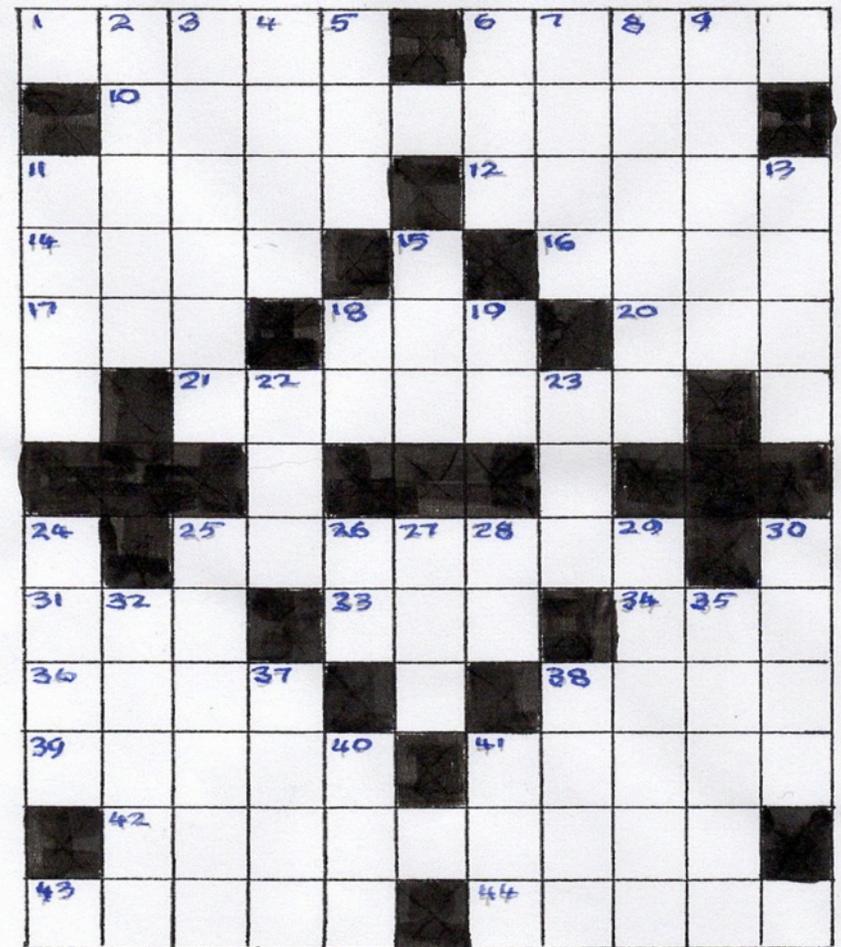
Crossword #38 by C. Cressy
Good/Bad Luck

ACROSS:

- 1 CHARACTERISTIC SPIRIT
- 6 BLOOD LINE
- 10 LUCKY CHARM
- 11 EAT INTO
- 12 PROJECTING RIDGE
- 14 A STIR (slang)
- 16 FAILED CORPORATION (minus the "n")
- 17 A PAIR
- 18 DINE
- 20 BAD (prefix)
- 21 ANCESTRY
- 25 LUCKY CHARMS
- 31 SCRAP OF FOOD
- 33 NORMAL
- 34 BRONZE (Latin)
- 36 ROUGH FIBRE TWINE
- 38 ITALIAN CASH (formerly)
- 39 POINTED ARCH
- 41 SOUND NAVIGATION
- 42 BAD LUCK, MAYBE (plural)
- 43 CLAIMANT (French)
- 44 IMPLANT

DOWN:

- 2 PROPEL
- 3 BAD LUCK
- 4 CHURCH CALENDAR
- 5 COMPASS DIRECTION (abbr.)
- 6 INQUIRE
- 7 WITHOUT (German)
- 8 DOCTOR'S REGULAR VISITS
- 9 FOX THAT RAN
- 11 WOMAN'S NAME
- 13 MISLAID
- 15 ANNOY (slang)
- 18 UNITS OF MEASURE (abbr.)
- 19 MATHEMATICAL CONSTANT
- 22 MALE SHEEP
- 23 HARD SEED
- 24 LUCKY CHARM
- 25 NASTY HUN
- 26 A HIGHER PLACE
- 27 BODY OF RULES
- 28 NOUN FORMING SUFFIX
- 29 VIRTUOUS PEOPLE
- 30 PERSON WITH GREAT AUTHORITY
- 32 ENGLISH FOOTBALL
- 35 EFFACE
- 37 MAN'S NAME
- 38 TEMPORARY USE
- 40 ELECTROCONVULSIVE THERAPY (abbr.)
- 41 ONE FIELD OF KNOWLEDGE (abbr.)



Answer key for #37

E	C	H	O					S	L	I	P	
E	L	O	P	E				S	K	I	N	T
R	E	D	H	E	R	R	I	N	G	S		
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E				M	A	H	O	G	A	N	Y	
A	L	F				A				L	O	T
C	A	R	D	I	N	A	L					E
H	O	E	R			D		A	S	I	S	
		E	E			E	G	Y	P	T		
R	E	D	A	N	D	B	L	A	C	K		
E	R	O	D	E				S	O	C	H	I
D	A	M	S							W	E	S

Community Page

Adrian Redford and Amanda Zaikow

Birth Announcements

Ieaun Anthony Jones was born on Nov 8th, 2015 at home on Savary Island, the first baby born there since his mom, Mitzi Jones! Mitzi and Gareth, and big sisters Freya and Una, welcome their baby boy.

Cynthia Soucy and Darryl Tennant welcomed their third son on November 15th, 2015. Eden Tennant, brother of Isaiah and Shiloh, was born at home on Wilde Road.

Sympathy and Condolences

Antoinette "Anne" Cressy, nee (Maleska) - July 17, 1953 - November 4, 2015

Anne's passing is a great loss to this community. Her friendly face and quick smile, her sense of humour; you had to love her. She was also a very talented stained glass artist. More than a few people in this area are fortunate to have some of her beautiful glass work. She will be greatly missed by her many friends.

Anne is survived by her loving husband, Courtney, her brother John Maleska and his wife Michelle, and sons Aaron, Jarod and Rory.

Ronald (Buddy) Rasmussen - September , 1928 - December 30, 2015

Buddy grew up in Lund, and spent a good part of his adult life in this area. He will be remembered by many as one of the best fishermen on the coast. His grandmother, his uncle Charlie Rasmussen & aunt Helge, (Neil Gustafson's aunt) and their family Sylvia & Gunnar, all lived for many years in Rasmussen Bay.

Buddy lived the last few years of his life in Dunsmuir House in Nanaimo. He is survived by his daughter, Laura, and his son Craig.



To book your party, wedding or band
at the Gazebo or Community Centre
contact Ria @ 604-414-0383

The Goodwill Committee of the Lund Community Society sends cards expressing thank you, get well, thinking of you, baby congrats, and sympathy. The Committee also sources a package to welcome new residents to Lund, available at the post office. Call Adrian Redford at 604-483-4766 or Colleen Cox at 604-483-9752 with any news you think should be acknowledged.

Remembering "Tell It Like It Is" Anne

Alicia Van Belle

It still feels shocking that Anne is no longer here. I keep expecting her to pull into my driveway to tell me about some new insight or idea that she is exploring, like she has just been away on vacation. Maybe death is a little bit like that...but I will have to wait to have that juicy discussion with her once it is my time.

Many of you in Lund have known Anne in many different ways and in different times. She changed over the years, but I am sure that the feisty, strong, "tell it like it is" Anne was always there. For many years we shared dance, tea, clothes, ideas, food, gardening tips, art, and best of all...hearts. My life has been greatly blessed by this and I am sure there are many of us who feel this way. She was well on her way to becoming a very powerful "Grandmother", and I will miss her wisdom most of all.

In Anne's last week, she was very "heart opened"...quite literally...and she died in Love with all and felt deeply Loved by all, especially by Courtney and her boys. Anne lived and died ...Wise...with her heart and mind open.



Photo courtesy Alicia Van Belle

Fly free, beautiful sister, and become the ancestor you were meant to be. ❖

Reminiscences of Roy

Anne Creally (formerly Stern)

Roy Marcus was one of the first people I met when I moved to Lund in 1978, and he became a close family friend for almost forty years. When I was asked to write some words about those years, a story came to mind of an event that occurred shortly before we met.



Photo courtesy Patricia MacPherson

It was the mid-1970's and the Lund harbour was bustling with activity. A half dozen or more families lived aboard their boats, making for a unique, and sometimes "colourful", little community within the Lund community. The sea lions chased herring into the shallows and the geese ruled the boat launching ramp. Kids fished for perch and dogs ran free. The tugs, fish boats and logging crew boats left in the morning and returned when the workday was done.

Roy lived aboard the sailboat he had built, the Kamanu. It was the Christmas holidays and a live-aboard neighbour of his had gone to the city. One morning, Roy noticed his neighbour's boat had sunk at the dock overnight, and he immediately sprang into action (while others stood and watched). He salvaged and dried out what he could, pumped and raised the boat. He saved the day. That was Roy - he saw a need and he acted, expecting nothing in return. Oddly, the person responsible for colliding into the boat and causing the disaster was one of the dock spectators. This person called the boat owner over a decade later to apologize.

The early 1980's saw a boom of oyster farms sprout along the southern B.C. coast. Roy was one of the first to navigate through the provincial and federal government maze of paperwork, and then helped those who followed suit. He was one of the pioneers that shared a vision to bring a stable and reliable supply of quality shellfish to the world market. This was an exciting, physically demanding, and often

unpredictable cottage industry.

I feel blessed to have known Roy. He was a wealth of knowledge and was always fun to be around. Be it oysters, clams, docks, ducks, outboards, outhouses, boats, floats, winches or woodstoves... Roy could make it work. He is dearly missed. ❖

Roy Harcus

Adrian Redford

Roy was born in Vancouver, but spent his pre-teen years in the Penticton area managing an orchard. His sister said he always had a creative and enquiring mind, and that he would dismantle and rebuild lawn mowers and other new and broken equipment just to see how they worked. He built his first boat in the early 70's. When he took sister, Anne, sailing off Vancouver Island on it, she held on for dear life in the storm while Roy kept his cool. He always kept his cool, at sea and on land, no matter what the weather.

Some would say that Roy was larger than life, and that he will leave pieces of himself in many places. Roy would have said that he's just an ordinary guy. Judy Hicks said his projects might involve something as complex as dragging her house up the cliffs and setting it on the bluff, or as simple as making sure all the clam diggers had sacks for the dig. No job was too big, or too small. A difficult job would take a while; an impossible one would take a bit longer.

One of Roy's earlier projects was rebuilding the Lund boardwalk in the eighties. Roy and Hugh McDonald



Photo courtesy Ruth Sutherland

and a crew of other oyster farmers did the work. This helped facilitate the opening of Carvers Restaurant. Roy was there every day, working quietly until the job was done, as that's what he did.

The Gazebo was his biggest project. It was oyster downtime, and Billie Balaski was Roy's first volunteer. Roy and Billie were leveling the ground with shovels. When Roy ran into George Huber in the Lund Café, George offered to help. At six a.m. the next day he drove his backhoe to the site, and when Roy arrived a little later it was all leveled. George had his hoe there for lifting the heavy beams. Russ Morrison had his sawmill there for milling the wood. A group of people went out in Roy's herring skiff to procure the bricks.

Jeremy Duggan did any work that required being on the Gazebo roof. Roy went out in his skiff searching for and gathering all of the beautiful natural arches for the Gazebo. Of course, Don Worthen was the electrical wizard for the job, who even managed to install electrical outlets in the trees. There were many other helpers, but George said Roy was really the energy and the brains behind the project.

Then there were the music parties. Roy wanted to bring some outside music to Okeover. It was an open invitation, and there were boats ferrying people to and from the Okeover dock to Roy and Patti's house. Others came in their own boats. A Cortez musician named Rick Bochner would help organize musicians and play at events. Michael Conway Brown ran the sound system. Rick's friend, Simon Kendall, was a keyboard artist who owned a studio in Vancouver. Together they brought many musicians to Roy's parties. Musical events expanded to include local musicians Zoot Suit Riot, Sheila Butts, Nancy Tyler and others. The summer solstice parties were memorable; Brian Liddle's song, Solstice Survivors, tells it all.

Roy enjoyed stars at night, wind in his hair, phosphorescence in the water, ravens, herons, seagulls and mink, the company of friends, and dancing to good music. He was always community-minded and willing to lend a hand.

At the Gazebo, on Saturday, April 2, 2016, starting at 1:00 pm, there will be a potluck and celebration to honour Roy and enjoy each other's company, as he would have liked. ❖

Lund to Convert to Treaty Settlement Land

Sandy Dunlop

On April 5, 2016, a huge change will take place for the Tla'amin Nation as the long-awaited treaty settlement takes effect, and they say goodbye to the Indian Act and transition themselves to self-governance. The change for Lund, though not as huge, will be significant.

Included in the settlement are some parcels of land surrounding the Lund Hotel, including the filled foreshore area. As of April 5th, the lands will become Tla'amin lands, and the Tla'amin government will replace the province of B.C. as the governing authority. Businesses adjacent to the Hotel currently holding tenures from the province will be given replacement tenures by the new government, allowing those businesses to continue operation under the governance umbrella of the Tla'amin Nation. Privately owned land and businesses, such as Nancy's Bakery and the Boardwalk Restaurant, will not be affected, although there may be some access easements to work out. The Harbour Authority is under Canadian federal jurisdiction; there may be access easements there also.

In November of 2015, a large chunk of land (11 hectares or just over 27 acres) that had originally been part of the Tla'amin territory, and which had been bequeathed to Scouts Canada back in 1974 by Oscar Orpana, was returned to the Tla'amin Nation by Scouts Canada. This land is just south of the village centre, and connects to treaty settlement lands in the Hurtado Point area.

The Lund Hotel and its

adjoining businesses, including Dave's Parking, as well as some land behind and above the Hotel and water leases that extend out over the water, are all currently owned by the Lund Hotel Company, comprised of a partnership between the Sliammon Development Corporation and Dave Formosa since 1999. It is likely that the SDC will soon purchase Mr. Formosa's 49% share and take ownership of all the above.



Photo courtesy Google Images

In the fall of 2015, Dave Formosa gave consent for his share of the Hotel lands to convert to treaty settlement lands. This consent is required to convert private lands, and paves the way for Tla'amin governance authority as of April 5th. Over the past year, talks between Mr. Formosa and the SDC on the purchase of his shares have been mutually enthusiastic, but there is no deal to date as they are awaiting an independent appraisal and evaluation of the property.

Ideas for a facelift of the Lund Hotel are being discussed by the SDC, with plans for a much stronger cultural presence than is currently there. The intent is to give visitors and locals alike more of a cultural experience and a glimpse into the rich history of the

Tla'amin people. Rooms may have themes, for example. They are looking at some interpretive signage to talk about the history of the area and the Tla'amin people who have lived in that bay since time immemorial.

I'hos Cultural Tours, operated by Erik Blaney and based in Sliammon and at the Hotel, has been offering quality educational adventures for many summers, and they will soon expand their operations into the "shoulder seasons" of spring and fall. I'hos Tours try to give an experience of the connection Tla'amin ancestors had to this land for thousands of years, and what it has evolved into and how it has affected who they are today. I'hos will also begin offering Grizzly Tours from August 28 to October 15, weather dependent, taking people to Orford Bay in Bute Inlet to see the magnificent creatures up close, with a visit to the estuary and the adjacent Xwemalkwhu Tourist attraction included in the fee.

Vancouver Island University - Powell River campus is exploring the idea of using the Hotel during the off-season as a campus for delivering short courses, field schools and retreats. Culinary and hospitality training would also be included to serve those taking courses from outside the area.

What will happen to the now dilapidated building that was once the beloved Lund Community Hall is unknown, at this point. Locals can only hope it will be something good. ❖

Lund Plays at Winter



Photo courtesy Brian Voth



Photo courtesy Emily Jenkins



Photo courtesy Brian Voth



Photo courtesy Brian Voth



Photo courtesy Brian Voth



Photo courtesy Brian Voth