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The Hazards of Being a Celebrity



by Bob Johnson

Being a celebrity isn't all it's cracked up to be. We hear lots of stories about actors and singers sacrificing and working tirelessly to become stars, only to lament their inability to go anywhere without being recog-

nized and asked for an autograph or to pose for a selfie.

I grew up on the Balboa Peninsula in Newport Beach, Calif. Before you start making assumptions, we were part of the blue-collar Newport Beach crowd. My folks owned a bakery, and my brother and I would arise each morning at 3 o'clock to put in a couple hours rolling dough for pastries, frying donuts, and baking bread before catching the bus for school.

While our family was far from rich, we lived amongst very well-off people, including a handful of celebrities. Buddy Ebsen, a fine actor sadly best known for portraying Jed Clampett on "The Beverly Hillbillies," lived across Balboa Bay from the bakery. So did John Wayne.

When he wasn't off filming a movie, Wayne liked to spend time at his home on Balboa Island, where his 136-foot yacht, the Wild Goose, was docked. On weekends, when he'd navigate the yacht to Catalina Island or up the coast toward Marina del Rey, he'd call the bakery and order several dozen donut holes for the crew.

On sailing day, in the pre-dawn hours, he'd hop on the Balboa Island Ferry for the short ride across the bay to the peninsula, then stroll a block-and-a-half to the bakery. He'd knock on the locked door, and my mom would greet him with four or five cardboard boxes filled with just-fried and glazed donut holes.

After paying for his order — our donut holes were priced at "two for a nickel" — Wayne would ask my mom if she had time to chat. She really didn't, but she always said she did. Wayne asked her to call him "Duke," as all his friends did, and they'd sit on the public bench right outside our bakery, light up cigarettes, and shoot the breeze for a half-hour or so. He would leave

when the sun was starting to rise and always made a point of telling my mom how much he appreciated being able to chat with someone who "wasn't all starry eyed."

Wayne enjoyed the spoils of his success — the home on the bay, another in the San Fernando Valley that provided easy access to the Hollywood studios, a ranch in Arizona, the yacht — but he lamented the loss of privacy that came with it.

I had close-up experiences of my own with the double-edged sword of celebrityhood during the 15 years I lived in Chicago as a magazine editor. One time, I had walked to the downtown ESPN Zone bar and restaurant to watch the Green Bay Packers game. I was "between wives" at the time, so I grabbed a seat at the bar and ordered a burger.

While waiting for the food to be delivered, a man sat down in the seat to my left. I immediately recognized him as one of the stars of a movie I'd seen just weeks earlier, "O Brother, Where Art Thou?" There was no entourage. There were no groupies. Just a guy who wanted to watch a football game.

The arrival of my burger coincided with a commercial break in the game. That's when I broke my silence and said, "I really enjoyed the music in 'O Brother.'"

He looked at my burger, looked at me and said, "T Bone knew what he was doing."

T Bone was T Bone Burnett, who selected the music for the film and later oversaw the accompanying soundtrack.

When his salad arrived with a chicken breast on top of it, George Clooney added, "By the way, thanks for letting me enjoy the game."

On another occasion, I was noshing on a hot dog at a little joint in the Streeterville neighborhood, just off Michigan Avenue. Seating was limited and it was common for strangers to share tables. As I took a sip of Diet Coke between bites, a man with long hair came up to me and asked, "Mind if I join you?"

I looked up and was face-to-face with the lead singer of a group whose songs I had butchered countless times singing in my shower and car over the years. Had I been on my toes, I would have said, "Walk this way." Instead, all I could muster was, "Not at all."

The seat at my table made it possible for

the singer to have his back to the window and enjoy a modicum of privacy. We finished our "meals" at the same time, and as we got up to leave, he said to me, "That was the first peaceful meal I've had in a long time. Thanks."

I again missed out on opportunities to demonstrate my fandom. I could have said, "That's a sweet emotion," or, "That's what you get for livin' on the edge." Thinking about it, though, either one of those comments probably would have ruined the experience for Steven Tyler.

Back then, I was simply being polite. Today, I fully understand the perils that accompany being a celebrity. Ever since the February 2026 issue of *Huckleberry Press* came out, I can't go anywhere in the Inland Northwest without hearing the whispers... "There's the moose guy!"

"Oh, yeah! He doesn't believe in them, right?"

"He didn't even know that moose are part of the deer family."

"The newspaper ran a picture of a moose with his column, but he still doesn't believe in them!"

I could be mistaken, but I think I saw a TMZ truck camped out near our driveway the other day. The next day, when I attempted to trace the number of a dropped call on my mobile phone, the search rendered this message: "Might be 'Entertainment Tonight.'"

I did pick up a call from a guy claiming he was from *People* magazine. When I asked him why he was so interested in my doubts about the existence of moose, he said, "It's because of your friendships with George Clooney and Steven Tyler."

Friendships? I'd met each only once, and our "conversations" couldn't have amounted to more than a couple dozen words — total.

"Even so, you can't deny the connection the three of you have," the "reporter" countered.

"Connection? What connection?"

"Moose."

"Moose?!?"

"Yes. Moose."

I'm not sure why, but I bit.

"What possible connection could George Clooney, Steven Tyler, and I have with moose?"

Turns out these *People* people know a lot

about a lot of things.

In a 1991 episode of "Roseanne," long before George Clooney became *the* George Clooney, the character he played, Booker Brooks, attempted to flirt with Julie while wearing a moose costume.

Further, 18 years later, Clooney starred in a movie called "Up in the Air" in which characters would pose with a small, cut-out photo of a moose as they traveled around the country.

"A coincidence?" the *People* person asked me.

"I think so," I replied.

"Well, then," he countered. "What about you and Steven Tyler?"

"What about me and Steven Tyler?"

I was informed that the Aerosmith song, "Big Ten Inch Record," which I'd admittedly listened to many times on the radio, was a cover of a song originally recorded by blues singer Benjamin Clarence Jackson in 1952.

"Okay," I said. "But I'm not getting the connection."

"Do you know what Jackson's nickname was?" the *People* person asked me.

"No."

"It was 'Bull Moose.'"

Well, I guess that explains the obsession with my moose missive among *Huckleberry Press* readers, and why I now must don sunglasses, a fedora, and a fake mustache whenever I go out in public anywhere in the Inland Northwest.

Still, the whispers seem so impolite and unnecessary. But this is the celebrity-obsessed culture in which we live.

It's too late to show some respect for and keep some distance from the Duke. But could you please do Gorgeous George, the Demon of Screamin' and the WordJohnson of the Moose Missive a favor? All we really want is to be able to watch a football game, eat a hot dog, or take a walk in the Inland Northwest without a bunch of groupies or celebrity-stalking media members hounding us. Is that too much to ask?

And please keep that moose muttering out of earshot.

Award-winning journalist Bob Johnson and his award-winning photographer-wife, Michelle, enjoy exploring the Inland Northwest and sharing their adventures with *Huckleberry Press* readers — the ones who'd rather eat mousse than whisper about moose, that is.

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What Not To Do on an Early May Hike in NE WA



By Leslie Limardo

A friend and I – let's call her B – decided to go on a hike last week. The weather over the winter was mild, meaning lack of snow and an earlier than usual arrival of warm temperatures, so time outside sounded inviting, ushering in visions of fresh, new green on plants and thoughts of smelling sun-warmed pine needles, all while walking under a bright blue sky, scattered with feathery white cirrus clouds and birds chirping merrily above our heads. Let's do the 5.9 mile-Sherman Peak Loop, said B, to which I readily agree. We head out from Kettle Falls around noon on a Sunday, with a 30-minute drive to reach the start of what we know from experience is a roughly two-hour hike. I had been kayaking in weeks prior and thought nothing of cruising to the top of the pass for what I assumed would be a leisurely stroll with a dear friend.

With the car parked on the side of the road, we set out, me with my iced coffee in hand and a bottle of water in my bag (no food) over the first steps of the trail. B had some water and, she said, some nuts and seeds to snack on. Within feet, we encounter a small patch of snow on the trail. "No big deal," I said, it's just a little snow, and we proceed, walking easily over the flattened crust of now dirty white, aged precipitation that once festooned every inch of trail at this higher-than-valley altitude. I wore my Chacos and hiking socks, because I had realized too late that my boot inserts had been left at home and so made what was later confirmed to be a rash decision to hike in socks and sandals. We press on, having chosen to head west at the trail split, starting off in a new-to-us direction and seeing things from a different and, ultimately, more challenging perspective.

Talking and walking, the patches of snow increase in occurrence and density. "Do you want to turn around?" asked B. "No way," I respond. It's still just a little snow.

A few miles in and we are walking over piles of snow 20 inches or more high, still terming conditions easy as we manage to stay on top of the long, icy, elevated lines, comforted by the signs we see of other human travelers recently passing this way, like shoe prints, sawn trees, and the resulting

sawdust strewn over sections of the path. "It's fine," I tell myself. "Someone has been here, the way has been cleared (minus the snow, of course), and we are doing fabulously."

Hoping to reach a section of trail that has been sufficiently warmed and cleared by the sun, we press on, slightly surprised when we begin to fall through the top of the snow-pack, our feet and legs sliding down, almost to the ground below, B getting small, but lasting scrapes from the jagged crusts of ice as they reach out and attack her bare legs. In one of my better decisions of the day, I had decided to wear pants and so was saved from direct skin contact with the snow, except when I lost my balance on falls through the softened top layers and had to put my hands out to keep my face from leaving a short-lived, personal imprint.

We hike on, balancing atop the rows of snow, stopping for small sips of water and admiring the view. At some point I look up and to see what should have been the high, light gray, cubed rock walls of Sherman Mountain, only to see almost black, rectangular rocks reaching up to the sky instead. "Hey B," I say, "this doesn't look familiar to me," thinking even though the trail is in the proper position, with the ground falling off to our right as we walk in a loop, something doesn't feel right. "It's fine," says B, "there was probably snow covering the sides last time and so it just looks different right now." My eyes scan off to the east and are stopped suddenly by the sight of the pointed roof of a. "I don't remember there being a cabin off this trail," I say, "but maybe we missed it last time because we were walking in the opposite direction."

We walk up to explore more, me opening the creaky wooden door via the iron latch as B exclaimed, "What are you doing? There could be an axe murderer inside!" I laugh off her unfounded worries as I push the door in, only to be met by a steel blade crashing down on my neck as...oh wait, wrong story line, sorry. The cabin was empty, save cots topped with eggshell foam, a wood stove, and shelves filled with outdoor supplies, minus any sort of food or maps. That's when I choose to relay to B the true story of a boy who was lost on a mountain in Maine for days, dropped forty pounds, and ended up with burlap on his feet in place of shoes, the only object of assist he found in a remote cabin before he himself was rescued and eventually recovered. "Don't worry, though,

that won't happen to us," I say. "We are on an actual trail and we will find our way back to the road. And no way am I taking off my Chacos."

We decide to continue in the same direction to see if anything starts to look familiar. "I need to pee," says B, followed by, "We're good, I recognize this place, I've peed here before." Almost fully trusting, but wanting just a tad more confirmation for my own mind (because everyone files away outdoor bathroom breaks in the save forever part of the brain, right?), I take out my phone again, put a pin on the finish spot, choose walking as my mode of transportation, and push "Start." I then take a few steps and realize we are going the wrong way and must have missed our turnoff, our beloved Sherman Peak being one mountain over to our left. "We have to go back," I tell B, "but hopefully there will be a lot less snow on this side of the mountain and it will be an easier traverse, thinking of my sodden feet and their alternating states of frozen and approaching a thaw as we go back and forth between deep, soft snow and bare trail. B texts her friend to say they may need to see the late show of "The Devil Wears Prada 2" and I text my daughter and let her know we'll be gone a little longer than planned. Backtracking through the snow, we try and step in our existing footprints, finally coming upon the turnoff we had missed oh, five miles ago. Having consoled ourselves with thoughts of having been so focused on walking through the snow and insisting the turn had been concealed by mounds of said white stuff, thereby prompting us to walk right past in a nice day state of mind while pleasantly conversing, you may understand how astounded we were when we reached the turn and realized we had, indeed, strolled right past the completely open, snow-free path, inanely failing to look one millimeter to our left and notice our loop trail breaking off to complete the eastern curve of the circle.

Needing to pamper myself and shove down the guilty feelings I was having to swallow, I asked B if she had any food she could share. I needed some sustenance, especially once we realized there was, in fact, even more snow on this last section than any other part of the trails we had already walked. She pulled out a bag that contained, no joke, roughly 10 shelled pistachios and 15 tiny, green pepitas (a kind of baby pumpkin seed). I thought she was kidding, surely her pack contained more food, but no, she had grabbed just a small handful and thrown it in a plastic baggie on her way out the door. I couldn't criticize, though, considering I had brought along exactly nothing in terms of food. I downed the nuts and seeds, and after walking a decent patch of dry trail, decided to sit down and take off my socks. Ice balls fell down and out of the socks as I shook them and I hung them on a tree branch to collect next time we did the loop. A mere

60 feet later, I turned around and went back for the socks as even more snow appeared, blocking our way. I managed to pull them gingerly back onto my frozen feet after wringing out the muddy water, grateful once again for a barrier between my piggies and the snow, even a cold and wet one, sort of like "two hearts living in just one mind, beating together til the end of time" (sing along if the music grabs you, Phil would be flattered).

Hiking on, sinking, rising, sliding, we finally begin to see portions of the road we know means we are almost to the car and assured safety, and no one had to call 911. I tell B we need to come up with one line to remember this hike, and we eventually settle on two: "No big deal, it's just a little snow," and, "It's fine, I've peed here before" (my personal fave). Laughing most of the way home, we find lots of ways to use our newly minted sayings, realizing how fantastically reassuring it can be when someone tells you they've peed there before. Not.

Arriving home I shower, failing to succeed in getting out all the dirt that's been compacted into my toenails. Enjoying a wash and a fresh appreciation for soap, I follow with a 15-minute massage from our over-the-chair massager, borrow and use my dance daughter's foot massage capsule, and think about all the bad choices I made on this day. Starting a mountain hike with snow still on the ground, choosing a different way than I was used to, not paying attention, and spending too much time talking and not enough time tracking. There were a few really good choices, though, like hiking with a great friend, having an iced coffee from Crandall Coffee Co., getting in almost double the miles and exercise than we had planned and, well, maybe the best choice of all, turning around when we did and making it out before dark.

I feel like I used to be an experienced hiker. I hiked solo a ton with my dog. I didn't get lost. I'm not sure what the difference is between now and then, and I'm staying away from the number of "life years" because I'm just not ready to go there yet, but maybe that's my problem. Even sitting in my bed late at night I can still smell the delicious aroma of pine hit by the bright sun, and soft brown dirt heated by the warm air, with cold stone resting alongside both. And I already know I need more of all of the above. Except maybe not on top of a mountain in early May and maybe not wearing Chacos and socks while trekking through snow. Northeast Washington has so much to offer. Just don't get yourself dead enjoying it. And maybe buy a satphone and download a trail app before your next outdoor adventure. I'm doing at least one of those. Probably.

Leslie Limardo lives in Arden with her family, loves to spend time outdoors, and tries really hard not to get herself into situations that require some sort of extrication.

Huckleberry Press

The *Huckleberry Press* began in the Fruitland Valley, nestled in the shadow of northeastern Washington's Huckleberry Mountains. Since 2003, "Huckleberry Country" has expanded throughout the Inland Northwest to the 12 counties of Adams, Benewah, Bonner, Douglas, Ferry, Kootenai, Lincoln, Okanogan, Pend Oreille, Spokane, Stevens, and Whitman.

The *Huckleberry Press* is dedicated to **celebrating and connecting people with their communities** by featuring stories of people making major contributions as individuals, with new or expanding businesses, and through special, community events. Also included are small business advice, lifestyle, humor, and seasonal features. The *Huckleberry Press* is dated the 1st of each month.

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Taste Budz Review: Baba Spokane



By Zack & Brooklyn Bolin, Facebook: Taste Budz, Instagram: tastebudz_spokane

I absolutely love Mediterranean and Middle Eastern cuisine but finding restaurants in this category where Zack will like the food was impossible until we discovered Baba.

What we enjoyed:

- Lamb Kofta
- Potato Latkes
- Turkish Mac & Cheese

If you try only one thing at Baba, make sure it's the potato latkes. Crispy shredded potato cakes get fried till they are golden brown and are served with herbaceous, spicy tzatziki and a dollop of lemon purée. It comes with a little helping of perfectly pickled red onions, which I devoured and Zack didn't touch.

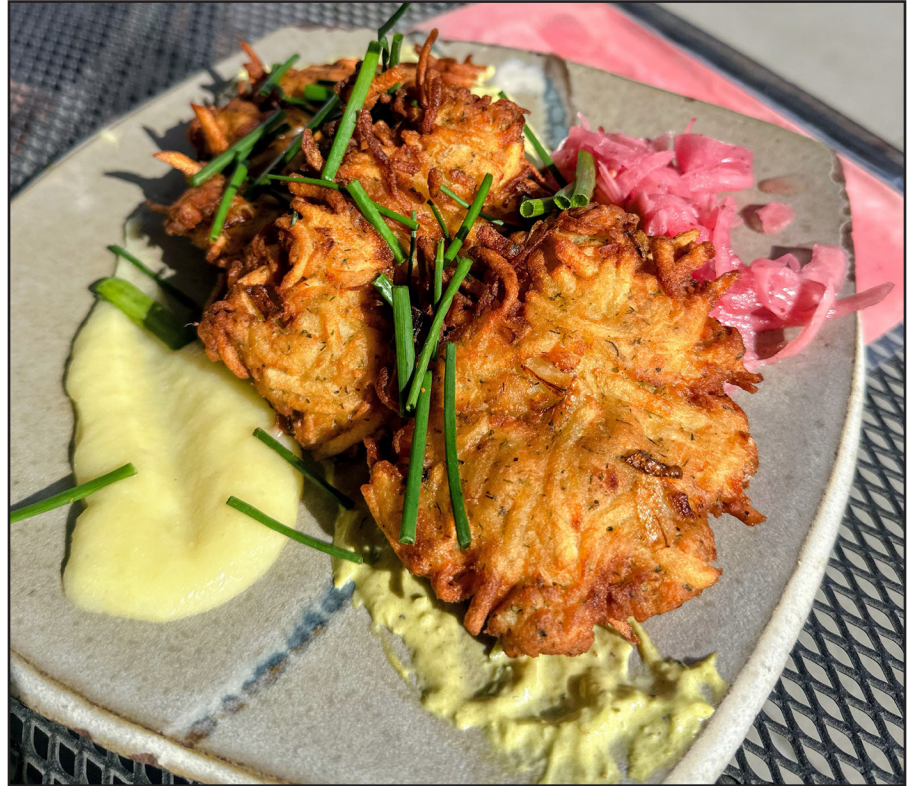
I am a big fan of lamb, but it has to be cooked just right. Their lamb kofta is absolutely divine. Heavily seasoned ground lamb gets char-grilled with a pomegranate

glaze, creating a smokey, sweet, and flavorful skewer. It's served on a bed of jewel rice that has little bits of fruit in it and pairs perfectly with the glaze. The plate is smeared with more of their freshly made tzatziki. Every flavor pairs together and makes the perfect plate.

Zack, obviously, likes a different style of food, so he ordered the Turkish Mac & Cheese and added grilled chicken. Shell noodles get smothered in a creamy feta cheese sauce, baked and then topped with pistachio crumbs, creating a panko-style topping with so much flavor. They use something called "dukkah" to top it off as well, which is a combination of roasted nuts, seeds and spices, giving the dish an elevated flavor. You can add a variety of proteins to this dish. Our server recommended an over-easy egg to make it creamier, but Zack decided to try it with chicken. Not only did Zack love it, but I think it was genuinely the best mac and cheese I have ever had.

If you are wanting to try Mediterranean fusion food or you already love it, then this is the place for you. They offer an amazing happy hour daily from 3-5 p.m., and they also have brunch and dinner. They are located in Kendall Yards and also make for a great special occasion spot.

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A Turn in the Journey



by Amy McGarry

The phone woke me up at 5:13 a.m. My automatic response was dread. It's never good news when the phone rings during sleeping hours. I was actually relieved when I saw that the call was coming from my brother's assisted living facility. Due to a biological glitch, my brother's blood pressure can escalate too high, or plummet too low. It always regulates itself after

some time, but the facility is required to call us and ask if we want them to call the ambulance to take Denny to the hospital. Of course, if there are symptoms in addition to the blood pressure, such as dizziness or shortness of breath, the EMTs are called automatically. Thus, I am all too familiar with ER visits, as are my two sisters living in Spokane who also help with our brother.

Denny is 76 years old and, despite the blood pressure issues, has been quite healthy. He requires assisted living due to dementia. His dementia has progressed so much, it's hard to believe it's only been a year. These days he can't find his bedroom or work the elevator. He's known to wander the facility with no direction in mind. He struggles to communicate. There are more disturbing behaviors that I won't share in respect of Denny's

dignity.

When I answered the 5:13 a.m. phone call, I expected to hear that Denny's blood pressure was too high or too low. Instead, the med tech, who I know very well and am quite fond of, sounded distressed as she told me my brother had fallen, hit his head, and scraped a lot of skin off his arm. EMTs had already been called. She assured me he was conscious and alert, but he was bleeding from the head.

Spoiler alert: In the end, there were no serious physical repercussions from the fall that we know of.

I live close enough to the facility that I was able to get dressed and be there within five minutes. My sisters and I are all gifted with the ability to stay calm in emergencies. I save my overreacting, drama, and freaking out for life's minor annoyances and petty grievances. So, when I arrived at my brother's room and saw him leaning on his bedroom floor, bare chested, with blood dripping down his head, I jovially asked him, "How ya doin', brother?"

He gave a half smile and said, "Uh, not so good at the moment." It was a huge relief to hear such a coherent answer considering he often can't find the words he wants, or sometimes any words at all.

Meanwhile the EMTs were asking their questions and taking his vitals and getting him onto the stretcher to get him to the emergency room at the Valley hospital. I

promised my brother I'd meet him there.

I've learned a lot during my time with my brother's ER visits. Some things you can always count on. First, everything takes longer than I expect it to, thus, there will be waiting. Second, my brother will sleep the majority of the time he is in the hospital bed.

Being all too familiar with the ER of the Valley hospital, I make myself at home. I wander around. I joke with the nurses. "I'm disappointed. This place isn't nearly as exciting as 'The Pitt.'"

"You're at the Valley hospital. You want real excitement? Go to a downtown ER," one nurse replied.

One thing you can never predict is the level of friendliness you will receive from nurses and doctors. From the wonderful, to the less than wonderful. They are human with flaws like us all. And they have a very stressful job.

One thing my sisters can count on is that I will fill my ER waiting time with countless texts updating them, even though I know they are sleeping and will not see the messages in real time. This rapid-fire texting is totally unnecessary; since it's not life or death, all of this information can wait. But by golly, I have to communicate the information in real time. I'm not sure why. It's definitely a compulsion I can't fight.

One more thing I can count on is both of my Spokane sisters will offer to come to the hospital to relieve me or keep me company once they wake up and see the hundreds (okay, dozens) of texts I've sent them.

What's unpredictable during these visits is my brother's level of lucidity. I'm going to chalk it up to shock, but he was more lucid during this ER visit than I had seen in ages. My favorite example is when he asked me how old he is. I told him 76. He said, "No, I think I'm closer to 90." That might not sound lucid to you until you know that I had asked him, "Are you preparing for when the nurses ask you how old you are?"

"Yeah," he smiled sheepishly.

He didn't know how old he was, but he remembered he would be asked this question by hospital staff. And he wanted to be able to answer. Amazing.

As mentioned in my spoiler alert, my brother was fine and was in fact cleared for release as soon as his arm was bandaged up.

My sisters and I checked up on him frequently that day and the following few days. Then we got the news from the staff at his facility.

Denny had been found outside the building in the parking lot. This is behavior his facility calls "exit seeking." In reality, I do not believe my brother is "exit seeking," as that implies he is trying to leave the facility. I think he is just wandering. But the guidelines at this facility are clear: any attempts to leave the building without permission are a no-no. Between the "exit seeking" and the fall, the facility staff, with tears in their eyes, let us know they were not equipped to keep him safe. He needed to move to a facility with a higher level of care. In elder care vernacular, it's called memory care.

For my sisters and I, who have shared this journey, this labor of love, much longer than the year Denny's been in assisted living, this news was both relief and heartache. Relief, because with such a rapid decline in his dementia, we knew his safety was becoming an issue. Heartache for many reasons.

Because the move will be devastating and scary for my brother who is comfortable with his caretakers.

Because the caretakers at his facility truly love my brother.

Because my sisters and I have developed real relationships with not only Denny's caretakers, but with many of the residents we interact with when we visit Denny.

Just last week I learned that Don will be celebrating his 95th birthday the same week Denny will be celebrating his 77th.

"We can have a party celebrating you both!" I exclaimed. Don, who is still sharp as a tack but in a wheelchair, has become my favorite resident.

Don looked at Denny and said, "And we can wear funny hats!"

Denny smiled with chagrin.

Only time will tell where this journey takes us.

Amy McGarry grew up in Spokane Valley, Washington. After a 20 year hiatus, she moved back to Spokane Valley where she lives with her husband, daughter and two cats. She is the author of *I am Farang: Adventures of a Peace Corps Volunteer in Thailand*, available on Amazon.com.

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The Art of Releasing a Grudge



by Kerry Schafer

On a recent episode of the “One Happy Thing” podcast, my co-host and author-friend Jennifer Moor- man confessed to having trouble letting go of a grudge. She’d held it for almost a week, she said, until she was able to let it go. And she felt genu- inely awful about it.

Jennifer is a good person.

A four-day grudge, for me, is a cute little baby resentment. It doesn’t qualify as a grudge unless it’s lasted for at least a couple of weeks. I have a few that I’ve held since I was five. There was the time my mother promised me I could stay up late to watch a movie and then changed her mind and made me go to bed at the usual, ridiculously early hour. The time my parents left my brother and me with our grandmother for the weekend, and she made us eat cold, leftover oatmeal for breakfast.

It’s not that I’m walking around seething about these horrible injustices more than 50 years after their commis- sion, but they’re not buried all that deeply, either. When Jennifer got me thinking about grudges, those two exam- ples popped right up and volunteered for service. And they are the small ones, the ones I can laugh about and share in public. There are others, deeper, darker, and uglier, lurk- ing in the darkness.

The interesting part about all this grudge holding is that I don’t (or at least didn’t) think of myself as a grudge hold- er. If you’d asked me a month ago, I would have said that I’m pretty good at letting stuff go. Also, that I rarely get mad. It turns out that none of this is true. I get mad pretty frequently. What I am good at is holding it in, stuffing it down, pretending not to feel it.

And this, my friends, is what leads to a grudge, which is basically a pocket of anger left to its own devices and allowed to fester.

When Jennifer found herself unable to let go of her grudge – which she did wisely recognize as anger – she got mad at herself for being mad at her friend...which didn’t resolve anything but just amplified the grudge and made her miserable.

If you’re human, I’m certain that you too have fallen into this endless spiral at least once. And you very likely noticed, as Jennifer did, that getting mad at yourself for

being mad at someone else is a practice that does not carry a high success rate in the ending anger department.

Have you ever wondered why we do this, since it obvi- ously doesn’t work?

I’d like to blame my mother (oh, look, yet another grudge). Raise your hand if you also had a parent who sent you off to your room when you got mad about something and told you that you could come out when you were ready to be pleasant. Most of us weren’t taught how to effectively process or express anger. So, we’ve tried to ignore it, si- lence it, and deny it. Which doesn’t work very well, in case you hadn’t noticed.

But here’s the thing. All feelings are valid. I’ve believed this, and taught it, for years. But I’ve always kind of had my fingers crossed behind my back when it came to anger.

When somebody else is mad, even if it’s not at me, it sets my teeth on edge, ties my stomach up in knots, and makes me want to run for the hills. And if I’m angry? I want to shut it down, throttle it back. I don’t like feeling out of con- trol. I don’t want to hurt anybody.

But anger ignored has a way of surfacing, willy-nilly, at unexpected places and times. If you’ve ever overreacted to a small thing, or unleashed anger on the wrong person, you know what I mean.

Anger suppressed can also turn into one of those pesky grudges.

Like every other emotion, anger occurs for a reason. It has something to tell us, if we’re willing to listen.

So, here’s the mission if you choose to accept it. Next time you feel anger rising, get yourself into a place where you can be alone with it. Instead of venting, eating ice cream, pouring yourself a drink, scrolling your phone, or whatever you usually do to feel better, give the anger your full attention and just let it be.

Breathe.

Breathe again. Try to take breaths deep in your bel- ly. Breathe in through your nose, and out through your mouth. I think this is why the old counting to 10 trick sort of works – because we breathe while we’re counting.

Tell your anger that you’re listening. Approach it with any amount of kindness and curiosity you can summon up. Tell yourself, “Huh. That’s interesting. What is up with that?” Act as if it has an important message for you and do your best to listen. Last time I tried this, I discovered that

I was actually annoyed with myself because I’d agreed to do something that I didn’t want to do and was taking it out on the person who asked me to do the thing in the first place. Which was great intel but still left me in my friend Jennifer’s predicament of wanting to be mad at myself for being mad at somebody else.

You know what actually works for me? Channeling a little love towards my anger, like it’s a much-loved toddler in need of a lap, or my best friend venting after a really bad day. You might give it a try.

Take a breath. Conjure up a little love. Take another breath. Feel a little more love. If it’s hard to find the love, bring up a memory of holding a newborn baby, a kitten, or a puppy. Think about your favorite sunset ever, or your favorite place. Thank the anger for delivering the message. Get out of your head for a bit and just feel as much love as you possibly can.

I’m going to deliberately address a few grudges with this method and see how it goes.

Hey, maybe the Beatles were right all along, and all we really need is love.

Colville resident Kerry Schafer (who also writes as Kerry Anne King) is the bestselling author of 15 novels, the co-host of The One Happy Thing Podcast, and a licensed mental health counselor. Find out more at www.allthingskerry.com

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New Flooring Business Opens in Stevens County

By Samantha Peone

A new flooring business recently opened up in Springdale. Established this March, Shay's Flooring LLC offers a variety of floor-related services to the region, said Shay Palmer, owner, operator, and installer.

Shay's Flooring is a full-service flooring business, meaning Palmer can both source and install materials for customers, he stated. Shay's Flooring also offers installation and repairs for commercial and residential flooring, both "old and new flooring, old and new builds." He said he works with "any floor" including: carpets and carpet-related jobs, hardwood, and a variety of vinyl flooring, such as commercial vinyl composition tile, luxury vinyl tile, and luxury vinyl planks, and residential luxury vinyl planks.

The business covers roughly a 100-mile radius of Springdale, Palmer said, but that area is flexible.

Palmer, the sole employee of the business, has nearly 11 years of experience in the industry. He first got into flooring when he was 18 years old and lived in North Dakota, he said.

"My grandpa taught me," said Palmer. "He got me started, and then I worked for a few other companies on and off."

After he moved back to Washington with his daughter, Palmer worked for residents, picking up different handyman jobs, he said.

"From there, every time I made any money, I just spent it on tools, saved enough to get a van and do all my paperwork," said Palmer.

When asked what the highs and lows of forming Shay's Flooring have been, Palmer talked about the excitement he felt when it became an official business.

"When I finally was getting my tools together, when all the money was coming together to get my van, and I found the perfect van, that was all so exciting," he said.



Shay Palmer has embarked on a new business venture: Shay's Flooring, offering a variety of floor-related services to the region. Occasionally his daughter joins him on the job. Photo courtesy Shay Palmer.

"When I did my paperwork, and that was done, and I was officially a legit business, I was like, 'Okay I made it. I did it!'"

However, what happened after was a bit more frustrating.

"I immediately went around to all the flooring department stores in Spokane and around Stevens County, showing them my documents and insurance and my bond and stuff, letting them know I was available to work. Pretty much everyone told me, 'We can't hire you. We don't have anything for you,'" Palmer recalled with a laugh.

Palmer didn't let that keep him down for long. "I'm pretty resilient, and I'm pretty good at not letting things get to me," he said.

Palmer said his business is now at the stage where he's getting some smaller jobs, where he can prove himself. He highlighted some instances in which customers that he had worked with previously reached out to hire him for official jobs.

"That was definitely very motivating, knowing that I've developed a reputation in this town as a good worker, and that I show up on time and do what I'm going to say I do," he said.

One of Palmer's favorite flooring materials to work with is hardwood.

"I like working with wood, and combining that with my enjoyment of floors (is) the best of both worlds," he stated.

When asked what he would recommend to someone who is considering a flooring remodel, Palmer said, "I would recommend picking what material and color would contrast best with existing walls and whatnot." The individual should also take their life stage into account, he said, as that can help determine the best type of material based on the type of use.

Looking forward, Palmer wants to build his business reputation and then expand.

"I would like to get established this year and next year and then scale, and scale to the point where I feel like I actually have a business and not a job," he stated.

For more information, find Shay's Flooring LLC on Facebook.

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Quit Wishin' and Go Fishin'



by Ray Bilderback

Izaak Walton in the *Compleat Angler* insisted that "the trout is the tastiest of the fresh water fish...a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel." That goes a long way to explain why a fisherman would fish the small brushy streams of eastern Washington.

Let's enumerate the good points of such streams:

1. The fish are tasty.
2. The streams are usually crowded with hungry fish (lots of action) and uncrowded with people.
3. There are probably one or two small streams near you and, as Walton noted, the water is cold and pure. Some small streams have sections that are not brushy. Lucky you!

There are also disadvantages when fishing more popular streams: mosquitoes, "no-see-ums," slippery rocks, and so on. Additionally, the brushy stream demands more patience: tangled lines happen more often, the fish tend to be spooky, and you have to catch so many small fish to satisfy the size limit of 8 inches. And in the 2025-26 regulations, you may keep only two trout in streams and beaver ponds.

On your way to keeping two legal trout, you must turn back many small fish. To release them safely, wet your hand when handling them. Also, and this is crucial, use a barbless hook about size 12 or smaller. It upsets me to see fish torn up and

discarded because they were not legal size and because barbless hooks were not used.

On small, brushy streams, I use a short rod, a short leader with no sinker, and small fly. To protect myself from brush and buzzing insects, I wear long pants and long-sleeved shirts. A dull, colorless outfit is best, not white. I have tested the matter. Wearing a white shirt, I'd fish two holes and count the strikes, then take off my shirt and count the strikes in the next two holes. The white shirt was a clear loser.

Sometimes I use grasshoppers on a bare, barbless hook and a method called "dapping" which is described in Walton's 17th century book on the subject of angling. The fish can be spooked so you have to approach the hole very carefully. I prefer to fish upstream because, if I muddy the water, I muddy the hole I have already fished.

Don't trust rocks. A couple of bad falls have taught me to secure good footing. Stay still and observe the fish. You may have to wait 15 minutes or more, but the fish are hungry and will soon be back in a feeding mood. With your fly or grasshopper a foot or so above the water, maneuver it a bit upstream of a likely fish and dip it into the stream. Lightly now. No response? Raise your fly, or hopper, wait a bit, then "dap" it again. You will get action.

I prefer dry flies because it takes so many grasshoppers and you spend so much time re-baiting your hook. When I was a kid, we didn't know about fly fishing, so grasshoppers it was. We stored them in a Prince Albert tobacco can that was easy to carry. Come to think of it, a big part of

grasshopper fishing fun is gathering the bait. We would go to a field of dry grass and, armed with worn out brooms, whack grasshoppers until the can was full.

One more note on fishing gear: use a small net. This allows you to keep the fish in the water while measuring it and (usually) releasing it. If you are using barbless hooks, once netted, the fish is usually free of the hook in the bottom of the net and doesn't need to be handled.

Most hooks come with a barb. To create a barbless hook, use a pair of needle-nosed pliers and squeeze the barb until it is just a bump.

Once upon a time, when I was a kid, three families of neighbors camped together on a mountain meadow with a lake nearby. Fishing was good, but catching was poor in the lake and there were seven or eight kids to feed and a half dozen adults. So, on the third day, four of us drove to a mountain stream that was full of eager fish. I was the oldest boy and got invited with the men. The stretch of the creek they gave me was crowded with alder and willow brush. At that elevation, the heavy snowfall bent the brush out over the stream, creating a tunnel. I had to fish bent over and dapping was the only possible choice. I got a strike every time my fly hit the water, but I had to bring the rod back hand-over-hand until the fish was in my grasp. I lost far more fish than I caught. Oh, what I'd have given for a net.

A couple of hours of frustration later, I heard my father talking to someone, so I crawled out of the tunnel. I had eight fish and the three adults had their creels full of 8-10-inch trout (there was a 15 fish limit in those days). I felt skunked. But we

had a great fish feed that night and stories to tell.

Back to the present: if you are bent on filling your creel with small, tasty trout, consult the fishing regulations for streams. You will note that some streams allow an unlimited number of eastern brook trout with no size limit. Be sure you can easily identify a brook trout because bull trout, which sort of look like brookies, are protected.

I line my creel with dry grass and green leaves. This method keeps the trout fresh while on the stream. When I get home, I clean the fish and get them into cold water. A basin or bowl with ice cubes and water will do nicely. Prepare a clean paper bag with seasoned flour (salt, pepper, and flour). Put a fish in the bag and shake until it is lightly floured. Repeat for each fish. I like to use a cast iron frying pan with a small amount of olive oil. Think a bit less than medium heat for a few minutes on each side. They are nice paired with a crisp salad or on a bed of rice. Bon appetit!

Ray Bilderback, creator of the *Reuben Braddock* novels, was born and raised in the Sierra foothills of California. He served in the U.S. Navy Seabees during the Korean War and taught for many years in the west. He makes his home in the mountains of eastern Washington with his archeologist wife, Madilane Perry. "In the 1930s and 1940s, where I lived, we still used horses and hand tools, canned and preserved what we grew or raised, lit our kerosene lanterns, stoked our woodstoves. In my writing, I draw from those times like water from a sweet well."

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6								2
			4		8			1
				9			3	
9		5	1		3	8		7
	8			6				
8			2		7			
5								9
				3			4	

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Each Sudoku has a unique solution that can be reached logically without guessing.

Enter digits from 1 to 9 into the blank spaces.

Every row must contain one of each digit, so must every column, as must every 3x3 square.

Puzzle difficulty level is "Medium."

Good luck!

SUDOKU ANSWER

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6	2	7	4	8	9	1	3	5
3	9	1	7	5	2	9	4	8
5	1	6	2	9	7	3	8	4
7	2	7	8	3	4	1	5	9
6	3	4	5	6	8	2	7	1
1	5	1	6	8	2	4	7	3
2	8	3	9	7	5	4	1	6
4	9	7	6	1	3	8	5	2

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Berry Funnies

Jokes curated from the Internet and books, and created by Thea Cruden

What do you call a snowman in June? A puddle.

If April showers bring May flowers, what do May flowers bring? June bugs.

What do you call a striker playing a June match? A spring forward.

What do you call someone who doesn't believe it is June yet? A May-Sayer.

What did May tell June when they were fighting? Don't July to me!

Which tree can fit in your hand? A palm tree.

What is baby corn's father's name? Popcorn.

Which animal likes to play baseball? A bat.

At the Drive-Thru

An 83-year-old was driving through a McDonald's drive-thru, and the impatient young woman in the car behind him started leaning on her horn, muttering ugly words because the senior was taking too long. At the first window, the older driver quietly paid for both his own food and the woman's order. The cashier relayed this to the woman, who was deeply embarrassed and mouthed, "Thank you" when she drove up. However, at the next window, the senior asked for both receipts AND took the young woman's food bag! The impatient woman had to go all the way back to the end of the queue.

How do you know that the ocean is friendly? Because it waves.

What is the favorite summer food for ghosts? I scream.

What's bigger when it's upside down? A 6.

What did the calculator say to the other calculator? "You can count on me."

What did the student say to the math worksheet? I'm not a therapist, solve your own problems.

What do you need to go to high school? A ladder.

Why is arithmetic hard work? All those numerals you have to carry.

Why did the square and triangle go to the gym? To stay in shape.

How many letters are in the alphabet? 11, T-H-E A-L-P-H-A-B-E-T.

What flies around the kindergarten room at night? The alpha-BAT.

Why did the snake get a detention? Because he was HISSpering!

The Violin Dilemma

A little boy is trying to learn the violin and asks his older brother if he is getting any better. "Oh, you should definitely be on the radio," the brother replies. "Wow, do you really think I'm that good?!" the boy asks. "No, but at least if you were on the radio, I could switch you off," the brother says.

Where can you finish a book without finishing a sentence? Prison.

What flowers are kissable? Tulips.

What's lighter than a feather but impossible to hold for much more than a minute? Your breath.

What has many keys but cannot open a single lock? A piano.

What flies forever, rests never? The wind.

What three-word question can you never answer "yes" to? "Are you dead?"

What can go up the chimney down, but can't go down the chimney up? An umbrella.

Bear Advice

In light of the rising frequency of human/grizzly bear conflicts, the Montana Department of Fish and Game is advising anyone out hiking, hunting, and fishing to take extra precautions and keep alert for bears while in the field. "We advise that when outdoors wear noisy little bells on your clothing so as not to startle bears that aren't expecting to see a human. We also advise that pepper spray be carried in case of an encounter with a bear. It is also a good idea to watch out for fresh signs of bear activity and to be able to recognize the difference between black bear and grizzly bear poop. Black bear poop is smaller and contains lots of berries and sometimes squirrel fur. Grizzly bear poop has little bells in it and smells like pepper."

What is always coming but never arrives? Tomorrow.

What's always found on the ground but never gets dirty? A shadow.

What goes up and down but doesn't move? Staircase.

What has a head, a tail, is brown, and has no legs? A penny.

What is always in front of you but can't be seen? The future.

RIDDLES

1. Until I am measured, I am not known. Yet how you miss me, when I have flown. What am I?
2. I speak without a mouth and listen without ears. I have no body, but I come alive with wind. What am I?
3. With pointed fangs I sit and wait; with piercing force I crunch out fate; grabbing victims, proclaiming might; physically joining with a single bite. What am I?
4. People make me, save me, change me, raise me. What am I?
5. A man looks at a painting in a museum and says, "Brothers and sisters I have none, but that man's father is my father's son." Who is in the painting?
6. I have keys but no locks. I have space but no room. You can enter, but you can't go inside. What am I?
7. The 22nd and 24th presidents of the United States of America had the same parents but were not brothers. How is this possible?
8. You see a boat filled with people. It has not sunk, but when you look again you don't see a single person on the boat. Why?

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Find and follow us on Facebook - Ansorge Hotel Museum

- RIDDLE ANSWERS**
1. Time.
 2. An echo.
 3. A stapler.
 4. Money.
 5. The man's son.
 6. Keyboard.
 7. They're the same man. Grover Cleveland.
 8. All the people were married.



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Public Hearing Notice

Aging & Long Term Care of Eastern Washington (ALTCEW) is holding a Public Hearing to receive comments on the proposed 2027-2030 Area Plan for providing services for older adults and individuals needing long term care in Ferry, Stevens, Pend Oreille, Spokane and Whitman counties.

The hearing will be held on **June 16, 2026, at our office located at 1313 N Atlantic St, Suite 3000, Spokane, WA 99201 from 10am - 11:30am. This will be a hybrid meeting with in-person and virtual access.**

To attend the hearing virtually, dial 301-715-8592 and enter Meeting ID 857 0674 6212 and password 290349 when prompted.

Community input is important, join us to share your feedback or by visiting <https://www.altcew.org/about-who-we-are/area-plan/>.

This meeting is open to the public to attend as described above. AMERICANS WITH DISABILITIES ACT (ADA) INFORMATION: ALTCEW is committed to providing equal access to its facilities, programs and services for persons with disabilities. Individuals requesting reasonable accommodations or further information may contact Kristina Scheideler, ADA Coordinator, at least 5 days before the meeting date, at (509) 458-2509 or at action@altcew.org. Persons who are deaf or hard of hearing may contact the Washington Relay Service at 7-1-1.

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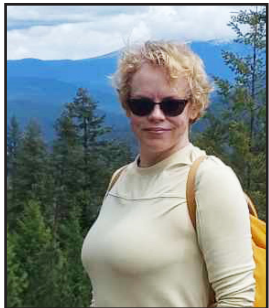
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Learn more: spokanecleanair.org

srhd.org **SPokane REGIONAL HEALTH DISTRICT**
June 2026

Hit the Trail with Soph: Take Mom Outside



By Sophia Mattice-Aldous

If you're like me and prefer to put off more pressing matters and procrastinate by doing menial side quests like reading this column, you may recall when my brother, mother, and I went hiking on Willapa National Wildlife Refuge on the Long Beach Peninsula on Thanksgiving Day last year. You might also remember how, in a moment of zesty pride, I spurred us

all on to a longer trail, as opposed to the shorter option that would've led us back to the parking lot and a quicker rendezvous with the pecan pie that awaited us back at the cabin.

It sounds inconsequential enough, except, at that time of year, the trail we took was flooded and we ended up wading through several puddles that were deep enough at certain points to come over our knees. The wind and rain kicked up, and we went from a low-key holiday stroll to a wet, cold trek back to the car that we just barely arrived at before it got dark. All three of us look back on that day and laugh fondly now, but at the time, I could tell my older sibling was politely refraining from making himself an only child for the sake of our mother (for once, I didn't blame him). I'd be lying if I said I didn't feel a heavy pang of guilt that my insistence we venture further had resulted in our 70-year-old mother traversing flooded trails and being somewhat battered by the elements.

We have always known she has a good sense of humor, but perhaps her children have accidentally inflicted a touch of Stockholm syndrome upon her because we got her to go hiking with us again for Mother's Day. That's right, my loving, trusting matriarch followed her daughter back into nature – though I'm pleased to report this outing was much more relaxed, as nature provided us with a gorgeous day on a hike around Skookum Lake. On days like that, it's easy to believe there's nowhere else you should be except a scenic trail that winds in and out of old trees around a blue lake that reflects a blue sky.

Before heading to the trailhead, we fueled up with birria ramen at Mellany's Bakery in Usk. It is not an exaggeration or flattery to say it is ranked among the best bowls of ramen I have ever had. Not saying I would fight a bear for it, but I just might glare at one - intensely - from the other side of a sturdy window as I eat my birria ramen. Shoo, Yogi, get your own.

Anyway, after a delectable, hearty meal, we headed to South Skookum Lake Trail. It was still early enough in the season that we practically had the whole area to ourselves, with the exception of some chatty squirrels and ducks. We paused often at different vantage points to take in views that made me admit to myself that I'm much more sentimental than I care to let on in my day-to-day life. Whenever I am out hiking, I am reminded of the fact that we have all this public land in our own backyard. The outing was made even more vibrant and special that day as I listened to my mom and brother try to remember the words to the 1963 parody song, "Hello Muddah, Hel-

lo Fadduh! (A Letter from Camp)." And to my brother as he shared his knowledge of trees and the practices of timbermen of the past with us, inspiring us to marvel at stumps of trees that were old before a human hand had touched them.

Though she is not as old as those trees (sorry Mom, easy shot, bad aim), she, too, has lived a lot and seen a lot, and yet still approaches nature with the same reverence and curiosity that she and my dad gave to their kids.

While I don't want to speak for her, I dare say it was a beautiful Mother's Day, and I would bet you a birria ramen that she felt the same.

By the way, if you haven't had the chance to check out South Skookum yet, you won't regret it. It's about 1.38 miles roundtrip with some incline, but nothing too steep. Five benches are placed along the trail at different points, so there's plenty of opportunities to sit and take it all in. There is a \$5 day use fee for those who are not staying in the campground.

From Newport, follow State Highway 20 north for 15 miles to the town of Usk. Cross the bridge over the Pend Oreille River on the east edge of town and follow the Kings Lake Road (County Road 3389) eight miles to the junction of Forest Road 5032350 (Kings Mountain).

Follow Kings Mountain for 0.5 mile to the campground entrance. The trailhead is located in the campground near the boat ramp.

Be safe, get outside, have fun, and if you can, bring Mom.

Sophia Mattice-Aldous is not a doctor, dietician, extreme sports enthusiast, or a mini Sasquatch, though some of her exes may disagree with that last one. She just enjoys the opportunity to be outside and hike. If you have any recommendations where she should go next, email sophiamatticealdous@gmail.com.

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Waterfront Oasis: Listen to the sounds of the Kettle River from this stunning, custom built home



situated on 6.52 acres bordering the Kettle River. Large open floor plan with views from the kitchen, dining and living room. Plenty of windows to bring the beauty of outside inside. Main floor living with radiant heat, laundry and primary bed and bath. A beautifully finished basement includes wet bar, stone floors, a wood stove, bed and bath, lots of windows and an outside entrance. Two decks for your entertaining enjoyment & oversized

2 car garage. Secondary house for family and friends, that includes a kitchen, bath and huge bonus room with pool table and room for several sleeping areas and includes 2 car garage. In-ground sprinkler, huge woodshed with storage, Screened gazebo and shed. Custom wood working throughout this home, radiant heat, wood stove and a mini split is included and the pad is in it just needs to be installed. Generator stays, 220 on the outside of the garage and STAR Link service stays - you just have to sign up.



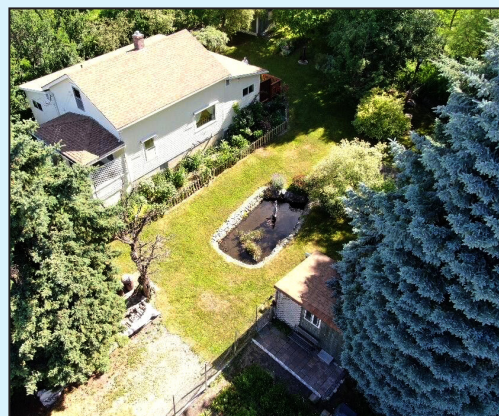
MLS# 45526 \$799,000



Peaceful setting in a very private location. Crafted log sided home with covered deck, large carport, workshop with loft, separate dry cabin, garden shed and a 14-ft door RV shop. Beautiful double fenced garden with 2 sets of grape vines. Local rock landscaping around the house. Open kitchen, dining, and living area on the main floor with easy access to the deck. Wood cabinets and built-in pantry. The woodstove will keep you warm all winter. Upper level hosts a very spacious bedroom with full bath, easy access closet with built-in amenities, there is a total of 3 bedrooms, 2.5 baths. Daylight basement with patio and a propane stove to heat the home if you have to leave. There is even 220 amp in the carport for an electric car hook up. You have to see this home to appreciate the beauty!

MLS# 44881 \$579,000

2 HOMES: Fantastic opportunity to live in one home and have a rental or guest home too. Beautifully updated 1930s home with stunning hardwood floors, primary bedroom & walk-in closet, updated bathroom with claw foot tub and shower. Door out to your own private deck to enjoy the peaceful setting. New appliances in the updated kitchen with pass through opening to the living room, gas log stove and French doors out to the pergola covered deck. Fenced garden area with shed and a separate greenhouse style shed. Year around pond with pump for watering and a creek that is spring fed. There is a French drain installed around the main house and an outside entry to the basement where the laundry is located and 2 cool storage rooms, Updated 1940 2-bedroom 1 bath ADU with its own fenced side yard. There is so much to this property you just have to see it to appreciate the beauty. The soil is incredible and the creek runs all year. The property is fenced with a few access options for easy entry to both yards. Plus a 2 car garage that has been freshly painted.



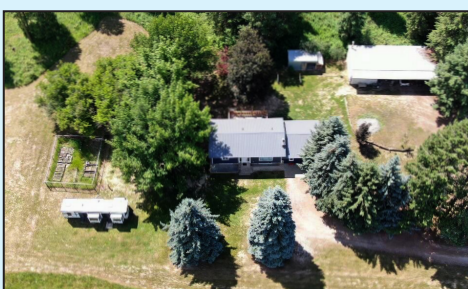
MLS# 44446 \$449,000



Small town living at its finest. This 3 bed 2 bath 1,680 sq ft home sits on almost a 3rd of an acre with a fenced yard and a 30x40 shop split in 2 with half man-cave/she-shop with pellet stove and cold room for food storage, and half for 2-car/toy parking. Covered front and back patios, plus hot tub for relaxation. This home is just minutes away from the beautiful Lake Roosevelt and Marcus Campground and boat launch.

MLS# 45910 \$334,900

This home has been updated to perfection! Outstanding kitchen with new Island and expansive counter tops, plus new appliances. Open floor plan to the well-sized living room and fireplace. Beautiful mountain and territorial views. Upstairs bathroom is completely remodeled and 2 freshly painted bedrooms with barn door closets, and laminate floors throughout. Laundry room hosts a half bath and easy access from the upper floor and expansive recreational space that was the garage and is completely finished. Lower level invites you into a comfortable living area with a country tub room and separate half bath. 2 additional bedrooms, extra storage room, with lots of windows. Brand new relaxing deck to the garage/carport and chicken coop. 5 acres is hay pasture. Very private setting, centrally located between Kettle Falls and Colville with easy access to Lake Roosevelt. Separate RV hook up with septic, power and water. 30 gpm well for all your gardening and watering needs. It's all here for your enjoyment!



MLS# 45616 \$675,000



Outstanding Lake Roosevelt / Columbia River and mountain views from this incredible triple wide on 23 acres of private land. Home features a wonderful primary ensuite with jetted tub, tile walls and walk in shower additional sitting / living area too. Wide open living, dining and gourmet kitchen with expansive counter space and beautiful

MLS# 45824 \$699,000

views. Stone fireplace and built in wood storage adds to the glamour of this home. Extra living space with 2 additional bedrooms and full bath. Large garage with lots of space and an enclosed room from the garage to the main house. Front and back decks. The back deck is covered and has a fenced yard for your family. Additional 30'x40'x14' shop and is 90% insulated and has a wood stove. It's all here!



Beautiful updated one-level living. Only 7 miles to town, with a fenced yard, garden area and fruit trees. New mini split and new hot tub add to the comfort of this home. Expansive living room with a wood stove and open to the dining and kitchen. Primary bedroom has a new bathroom and walk-in closet. Updated laundry room and 2 additional bedrooms with main bathroom add to the ease of living. Mountain and territorial views from the front of the home are beautiful. There are plum, cherry, apple, pear and nectarine trees in the mini orchard.

MLS# 45832 \$439,000

Kettle River waterfront paradise – it's like buying your own park! Elegantly built home with an open floor plan, vaulted ceilings with lots of windows to let the sunlight and views. Floor-to-ceiling tiled wood stove in the living room with a spacious redwood deck to watch the river flow. Special crafted kitchen with Acacia wood counter tops from Africa, hickory cabinets with an abundance of counter space and storage, large dining room with a private viewing deck. Primary bedroom with jacuzzi tub, walk in shower and closet plus electric fireplace. Plenty of bathrooms for entertaining and sleep overs. Separate cabin with running water, electricity and private outhouse. Plenty of water with a private well and 2 car carport with storage room, plus a RV carport and the well house has an additional storage room. Level and private acres for your recreational needs.

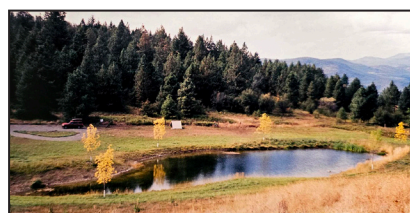


MLS# 44847 \$789,000

Peace and tranquility. Wildlife abounds w/13+ acres of seclusion on the 1310 line of Lake Roosevelt, less than 1/2 mile from French Rock Boat Launch. Lake views from all main living spaces and bedrooms. 2 bd/2 bath main floor, fully finished walk out lower level w/pellet stove, in rec room w/2 additional bedrooms (non-conforming) & 3/4 bath. This home has been well maintained including a new pressure & H2O tank! One owner. Triple pane windows in basement and upstairs slider. New flooring 2017/2026. The list goes on. Pellet and electric heat w/cooling for main living & main floor bedroom. Add the 2-car garage/shop with additional covered parking. All buildings have a metal roofs.



MLS# 45880 \$670,000



46+ acres of quiet beauty, varied terrain with pastures, trees plus a seasonal pond that brings in an abundance of wildlife. Many possibilities to develop your homestead. Beautiful views if you build on the high point of the property. All of "Spirit Ridge Ranches" parcels have water, power, and phone available. Sensible CCR'S and a road maintenance agreement to protect your investment. Secured locked gate for all the parcels. Community water system \$250/yr per 20 acres.

MLS# 45567 \$329,000

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MLS# 43880 \$155,000

Parcel N-2 is 21.34 acres with great Lake Roosevelt and territorial views. See listing above for more about Spirit Ridge Ranches parcels.

