

How Does KPFD #16 Compare to Neighboring Fire Districts?

**Geography and population density
make useful comparisons difficult.**

TED OLINGER, KP NEWS

Key Peninsula Fire District 16 has often been in the news over the last year about money, as seen in public reaction to its purchase of Key Center real estate at the end of 2021 and calls from some quarters to increase its line personnel to provide more coverage to the peninsula.

But how does it compare?

Key Peninsula News recently surveyed four neighboring fire districts to measure KPFD's budget and performance against its neighbors.

Key Peninsula

The KP has a population of 18,310 according to the 2020 census, spread out over 65 square miles. Stations in Wauna, Home and Longbranch are all staffed 24/7. Volunteers do not staff but currently respond out of Station 46 in Key Center, the district headquarters.

In 2022, the department responded to 2,745 calls, about 85% medical, typical across the industry, which works out to an average of seven and a half calls per day or two and a half per station. The average response time was 10 minutes.

The budget estimates \$9,677,612 in spending in 2023, an increase of 2.8% over 2022. About 75% of that will go to paying for employee salaries, benefits and insurance, according to Fire Chief Nick Swinhart.

"Line staff is defined as those who work 24-hour shifts; the people out in the fire stations responding to calls," he said in an email to KP News. "We

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Key Peninsula residents pull out all the stops, and bubbles, for their biggest party of the year on A Street in Home. *Tina McKail, KP News*

One Dead, One Injured After Fire Destroys KP Home

The devastating fire started outside and was ruled accidental by Pierce County fire inspectors.

EDDIE MACSALKA, KP NEWS

A 71-year-old man died from his injuries and his daughter suffered severe burns after a catastrophic house fire the night of July 5 in the Palmer Lake neighborhood.

Howard Johnson and his daughter, Barbara Chase, were asleep in their mobile home when the fire started right before 11 p.m. Chase awoke to the smell of burning plastic and was able to get out through her bedroom window, suffering burns across her right arm and on her face along the way.

She immediately ran to the other side of the home to help her dad, who was trying to escape out his bedroom window while he was covered in flames.

Chase pulled Johnson out and away from the fire before she gathered enough strength to flag down a passing car to call for help. Chase said her father was burned from head to toe. He was still able to communicate nonverbally but was having difficulty breathing.

When the two had turned in that evening, Johnson said to his daughter what he said

every night: "Good night, I love you, and God bless your dreams."

His nightly wish turned out to be his last words.

Neighbors called 911 after hearing and feeling multiple explosions caused by oxygen tanks in the home overheating. It generally takes constant temperatures above 125 degrees to cause that. Chase said she and her dad were already out of the home when the explosions began.

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PICKING UP AND LETTING GO

Here's What I Think About That

LISA BRYAN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Unexpected summer house guests come in many forms, but this one was truly wild.

A peaceful afternoon erupted into utter madness outside as a screaming mother duck frantically chased her duckling brood with a hawk on her tail in hot pursuit.

Running straight toward our house, the ducklings turned hard to the left followed by their mama, and kept on going. But one duckling made the mistake of turning right instead of left and ran straight inside our enclosed front porch through the wide open door.

Like most predators, the hawk had its eyes focused on its prey and banked a hard right to snatch the solo duckling.

But the hawk crash-landed inside the porch. Either it missed seeing the duckling in hiding or was too startled by its circumstances to care. Momentarily confused, the hawk recovered its wits and flew out and away.

All this happened in a matter of seconds.

It was my son who found the tiny duckling, scooped it up, and went about looking to reunite it with its family. They were nowhere to be found. They disappeared as quickly as they showed up.

So, there stood my son, with the duckling safely cupped in his hands. He looked at me and said, smiling, "Meet Larry."

My first words were, "Don't even think about naming it. It's a wild animal. Becoming attached will break your heart. Trust me, I know."

He replied, "Yeah, sure Mom."

We found a cardboard box to put him in temporarily. Then there was a dash to the drive-through feed store for something to give the little guy to eat. We bought a bulb for a heat lamp to keep him warm. He was that small.

I had experience with rescued baby birds after several years working at a wildlife rescue center. Unlike many of the nestlings people brought in that required careful hand-feeding every 30 minutes during daylight hours, baby ducks and geese begin foraging for themselves within days of hatching.

We discussed taking him to a wildlife rescue but convinced ourselves there was a chance his mother might return if only she heard his voice.

It didn't take long before I realized I was referring to it as "him" and not only that, but I also found myself calling him Larry. I knew better, I really did, but could not stop myself. My husband and son teased me, seeing I was completely obsessed with him.

At night he slept inside the cardboard box lined with a towel and some fleece loosely folded for nestling. During the day he needed to be outside in his natural environment with the ability to move around safely. But he could run surprisingly fast and had to be contained or we'd lose him to the underbrush.

Young Larry spent his days in a see-through Marmot Tungsten Ultralight 2-person tent. With a protective liner on the tent floor, we turned the space into a wild duckling play park.

For natural foraging, I lined the floor each morning with fresh ferns, along with all the tiny bugs and spiders they carried. I dug up several big clumps of tall grass for him to hide in, just like he would find growing along the edges of ponds. There were shallow cake pans

filled with water to hold the buttercup plants I pulled for the roots ducks like to nibble on. I placed a variety of rocks for him to climb.

As for water, ducks need lots. To recreate the outdoors inside his tent, the best thing I had on hand was a roasting pan normally used for deep-dish vegetarian lasagna. It too had rocks in it, but enough space for

him to practice swimming and catching floating bugs. He took to it like a duck to water.

It was about that time I realized I was out of hand. I began catching every housefly I could find. I dropped flies into his pool, and they didn't last but seconds before he ate them. I resorted to other bugs and spider eggs. I was on the hunt.

I confess to taking tons of photos and short videos. I've seen a lot of cute things in my life, but this little mallard duckling? He slayed me.

A week went by. Each time we thought we might have heard a duck, we raced outside hoping it was Larry's mom. The longer we had him, the more I realized how many predators there are around here waiting to pick him off. I lay awake at night with this awesome responsibility to protect that I could never fulfill.

Then I made the call to West Sound Wildlife Shelter, as I should have from the beginning. They had other ducklings his age and space for him too. That last night before he left, we cuddled for half an hour before he went to bed. It was something that started when he first arrived. He seemed to appreciate, even long for being close, and made no attempt to get away.

I may never understand what made me cry when he left. We often help our friends and total strangers and feel better about doing it. I'm not sure we did Larry any favors, but I have to believe that extending that sense of kinship to all living things makes for a better world. ■



"Larry." Lisa Bryan, KP News

The Heart of a Survivor: From Sorrow Comes Splendor

Finding happiness has a negative effect on Mary McGriff's art, but not on anything else. Be advised: This article describes a violent sexual assault. Part III of III.

EDDIE MACSALKA, KP NEWS

Fourteen years ago Mary McGriff was exhausted. Tired after more than three decades of powering through excruciating pain, bottling all her pent-up anger, hanging on to vengeful hatred and battling what felt like endless depression.

"Trauma devastates a person," she said.

September 2023 will be 45 years since the former Mary Vincent, then 15 years old, took a ride with the wrong person while hitchhiking from Berkeley, California, to the Los Angeles area. Later that night she was kidnapped, violently raped, and had her arms cut off below the elbows with a butcher knife before being left to die in a culvert in a secluded ravine near Modesto.

Alone and losing blood, she somehow was able to muster the courage and energy to crawl out and walk three miles to find help.

Based on the information she provided, police arrested her attacker — 51-year-old Lawrence Singleton — less than two weeks later in Nevada. He was eventually convicted and sentenced to 14 years in prison. McGriff spent a month in the hospital recovering from various injuries, including the surgical amputations of her arms, and adjusting to her new prosthetics.

"I was so talented with my hands (before the attack)," said McGriff, now 60 and living in Vaughn with her husband. "I could do anything: play instruments, do hair and makeup, pottery, paint."

The one thing she didn't have a grasp on was drawing. It didn't come naturally to her and anything she drew didn't turn out right. Then, out of nowhere, it seemed she developed a talent for it.

What changed?

"I lost my hands."

For the first few years after the attack, McGriff didn't want to sleep. She did anything she could to avoid the nightmares stemming from her trauma. One night, soon after she got out of the hospital, she was staring at herself in a little mirror in her bedroom, and without realizing it she was gripping a pencil with the metal prongs of one of her new prosthetic arms and she started drawing herself. "It looked just like me. And then I drew a horse that actually looked like a horse."

While many people have the shakes or the jitters, McGriff said the advantage of her prosthetic hands is it gives her an easy,



Mary McGriff with the only photo she has of herself from age 14. *Tina McKail, KP News*

smooth stroke when she draws or paints.

But along with little sleep, she was suffering from big bouts of depression. At the time the only things she used to treat her mental health were art and reading — two places she could go to escape the real world.

"It seemed to draw me out of that pit of hell, and I felt good for that moment," she said.

McGriff used her art to create beauty out of her depression. She found animals (she has a bald eagle painting hanging in a hallway in her home) and strong women (a drawing with a woman wearing makeup displayed in her living room) to be her main focus for her art. She's fascinated by hands, but it's not why you'd think. "It's not because I miss my hands. They're just so difficult to draw — it's the dimensions. Everyone seems to get

hands wrong, but for some reason, I get them right."

Out of the 4,000 pieces of art she created since her attack, she sold or donated all but seven. McGriff knows most of those sales are for collectors intrigued enough to buy from an armless artist with a dark backstory.

Then, as quickly as she developed the talent to draw in 1978, she lost it altogether 14 years ago.

She chose an odd thing to blame for the sudden stoppage: joy.

"I kid you not, I haven't drawn a thing or read a book since I met (her now husband)," she said. "With him, I'm living life instead of drawing it or reading about it."

All of her hate, anger and daily depression — the motivation behind her best artwork — quickly disappeared. And McGriff couldn't be any more excited about it.

"I wouldn't trade my happiness for



Two of the few pieces of artwork she kept drawn with makeup pencils.

Tina McKail, KP News

anything in the world right now. That's all I've ever wanted."

She finds art in other things now, like gardening, nurturing birds in her yard and cooking ethnic foods. She'll occasionally pick up a pencil and see what happens.

"It just doesn't look like before," McGriff said. "It looks like a cow took a turd on my paper. I've burned everything I've drawn recently."

McGriff is much more of a homebody today. She knows that comes with people thinking she's a "sad hermit," but that's not the case.

"I'm just happy with life. I try to help others see through my eyes. You shouldn't give up hope. It's still a good life. There's so much out there. It's beautiful. It's not a matter of looking for it or making it happen — you just should accept happiness when it does come to you." ■

KPMS Gamer Works on Balance During Summer Break

For all the negatives said about the popular online game Fortnite, Bryce Hoover is proving there are positives.

EDDIE MACSALKA, KP NEWS

Bryce Hoover craves competition.

The 13-year-old incoming eighth-grader at Key Peninsula Middle School likes being on the baseball and football fields. He'll even try to out-sing everyone on stage in the school choir. But it's in front of his computer tucked away on a desk in the corner of his kitchen where the ultimate competitor in him comes out.

Bryce, like many kids his age, is spending a lot of his summer break playing Fortnite, an uber-popular online multiplayer game. Players, in the "Battle Royale" version search for weapons, resources and supplies to help them compete and survive against 99 other players.

Hoover was a latecomer to the evolving six-year-old game. He's only been playing for 18 months, but with almost 300 wins on his record, Hoover has established himself as one of the premier players in the KP and Gig Harbor area.

"As soon as I started playing, I just fell in love with it," Bryce said.

The game gets a bad rap, he said. Yes, there's shooting. Yes, there's violence. And yes, there's killing.

"But there's absolutely no blood, no gore, no decapitations," adding that because it's a fantasy world and not a first-person shooter game, it's not as impressionable as the more violent games. "It's not meant to be a dark game," Bryce said.

Players can use resources to build forts and bridges and create sniper nests. With elements of Minecraft and Roblox, two other popular online games, it gives players a chance to adapt to different environments and overcome obstacles in real time.

His dad, Paul, appreciates the benefits of Fortnite.

"It's less about, 'You shoot me, and I'll shoot you,' and more about learning problem-solving skills and working with other people to accomplish a goal," he said.

Bryce applies some of the skills he's picked to his schoolwork, slowing down to think strategically before answering questions or solving problems. He's become faster and more accurate at typing from using his keyboard so much,

and the visuals and graphics from the game inspire him during art class.

Paul and his wife Jamie have had conversations about online safety with Bryce over the years and feel comfortable with him playing in the kitchen, just feet away from them in the living room. They'll take a quick glimpse of what he's doing when they walk by and can hear everything he and his friends are talking about.

"Bryce is a pretty good trash-talker (with his friends), but I think that comes with any form of competition," Paul said.

"FOR THE MOST PART, I WANT TO MAKE SURE HE'S NOT SITTING HERE HYPNOTIZED BY A COMPUTER SCREEN 14 HOURS A DAY."

There are not many kids in their neighborhood south of Gateway Park and most of Bryce's friends live more than a bike ride away, so online gaming is a good way for Bryce to stay connected. For Bryce, Fortnite is more than just a game, it's a place to share in the joy of a like-minded hobby.

"He's goofing off and being a kid with friends, but he's at home and he's safe," Paul said. "It could be worse."

Both parents are fine with gaming but have instilled a sense of balance between real and virtual life in Bryce.

"He does a pretty good job of self-management," Paul said. "He has to do some form of athletic activity every day and as a family we try to get out and move. For the most part, I want to make sure he's not sitting here hypnotized by a computer screen 14 hours a day."

Bryce thinks he will be good enough in the next few years to enter Fortnite competitions. Professional "electronic sports" players can earn seven figures for winning.

"That's definitely one of my dreams," Bryce said.

It's a good thing he loves competition because Bryce has a lot of it. According to ActivePlayer.io, a website that gives live updates on the number of people playing Fortnite, Bryce is one of nearly 250 million people playing the game this month, and there are more than one million playing at any given moment. ■



Bryce Hoover at home with one of his Fortnite "skins." Tina McKail, KP News

Summer Solstice Gnome Hunt in Key Peninsula Parks

The gnome hunt was a lighthearted and imaginative way to bring the Key Peninsula community, both children and adults, together to explore its parks.

LAUREN TRENCH, KP NEWS

If you've visited any parks around the Key Peninsula lately, you may have noticed the appearance of uniquely painted garden gnomes. The first community-wide Summer Solstice Gnome Hunt began with more than 200 hand-painted garden gnomes strategically hidden around Gateway Park, 360 Trails, Volunteer Park and Home Park. The peninsula-wide scavenger hunt involved the entire community, from the conception and creation of the ceramic gnomes to the final turnout for the hunt June 22.

Garden gnomes are a novelty of Pacific Northwest lore and a signature piece for local artist Megan Schowalter, who teamed up with Tracey Perkosky, the executive director of Key Peninsula Metro Parks. Schowalter, who is also a teacher at Key Peninsula Middle School, had been looking to foster a community art project when she met Perkosky at the annual Key Center Art Walk in 2022. Perkosky had an idea about hiding items throughout the parks to entice visitors. Together, the two came up with the idea for the Summer Solstice Gnome Hunt.

"I could really see how my students and families might get excited about making Garden Gnomes," Schowalter said. "They invited a sense of playfulness and fun into any classroom."

Once the gnomes were formed and bisque-fired, Schowalter partnered with KPMS art teacher Richard Miller to enlist local students to hand-paint and decorate the gnomes.

**"AND IF WE TAKE CARE OF
OUR PARKS, ALL THE GNOMES
WILL HAVE HOMES."**

"This was important to me because it is a learning opportunity for our students to work with ceramic forms and I wanted to establish a connection between KP Parks and our school district," Schowalter said. "It also made it a more personal experience for students and their families. They can feel a part of the project tradition."

Schowalter and Perkosky also partnered with Kellie Bennett, executive director of the Red Barn Youth Center to offer students of its after-school program an opportunity to contribute by painting the gnomes.

The Red Barn in Key Center is a safe



Gnomes standing by for deployment to hidden corners of the parks. *Lisa Bryan, KP News*

place for kids from sixth grade to senior year to go after school or in the summer and offers anything from sports, board games and art projects to community service opportunities and help with homework.

"We have three field trips in the park that we'll be doing this summer with our youths," Bennett said. "We'll hopefully encourage them to look for the gnomes if there are still any out there."

Key Pen Parks staff made sure to discuss where the gnomes would be hidden beforehand in the interest of public safety. The gnomes were relatively accessible to the public and visible though secreted along the nature trails.

Tabitha Black, an event attendee who learned about the gnome hunt online, was fortunate enough to have found two garden gnomes while hunting with her daughter.

"It gives us something fun to do together, promotes a healthy activity ... it teaches kindness and good, honest competition," Black said. "It's always great to see the community out and about in local parks, everyone — young and old — is so friendly, even though we're hunting for the same things. We lucked out and actually found two gnomes, both beautifully made. We

kept the purple one and re-hid the 'peace' one."

"It's all part of the fun ... I honestly don't know how many of them still may be out there," Perkosky said.

Overall, the event was a success in achieving its goal of encouraging community members to get out and explore local parks.

"The parks were full of people that day, there was just such an amazing energy of watching people come into the parks at all hours, looking for gnomes," Perkosky said. "You could see them peering around and kind of looking all over. Especially the kids, when they found them ... they would cup their hands together and cradle the gnome and carry it so carefully. And just to see their smiles."

All parties involved hope to continue the Summer Solstice Gnome Hunt annually as a mystical, fun way to interact with nature and take into consideration the care of local parks.

"The intention behind this project was to be able to get out and enjoy our parks," Perkosky said. "Perhaps to explore a park that maybe you've never been to before or a trail you'd never been to before. And to be able to take home a little reminder about the joys of being outdoors and the



It takes a village to create an army of gnomes.

Lisa Bryan, KP News

importance of taking care of our parklands because, ideally, those little gnomes need good homes. And if we take care of our parks, all the gnomes will have homes."

To see more or share your own experience, use the hashtag #kppgnomehunt or the tag @keypen_parks on Instagram and @keypenparks on Facebook. ■

Ted Olinger
ANOTHER LAST WORD



Phil Bauer and the November of Our Souls

I don't remember meeting Phil Bauer. I think that is because I felt like I always knew him.

He was always around: at board meetings, fundraisers, parties. Here we are serving food at a benefit, and there's Phil making an entrance with his ubiquitous Caesar salad. There we were piling stacks of the Key Peninsula News into mailbags, and here's Phil, in his 80s, hoisting them onto his shoulder to load into waiting vehicles. Here I am speaking at yet another community meeting and up pipes that sonorous voice, "Hey, Ted, that sounds like a crazy idea. When do we get started?"

Phil died in May at age 87 after 36 years on the KP and the last five with cancer, though you wouldn't know it. (See his obituary, page 8.)

I do remember the last time I saw him. It was a dinner party in early spring. As I was leaving, he shouted across the room at me, as he so often did at almost anyone, "Hey, stay out of the bars!"

I took this to imply an unsaid "without me!"

Phil was born in 1936 and grew up on his grandfather's farm in Iowa. At just 10 years old he was lifting hay into a loft with a mule and pulley. He also helped manage the nearly 1,000 head of cattle his grandfather kept. His family was poor, he told me once. "We ate a lot of fish and stuff like that," because any food they produced of value was sold. He excelled at athletics and went on to play both football and basketball for the Cornhuskers at the University of Nebraska.

He also joined the ROTC, mostly because of the \$29 a month that helped pay his way.

That got him into the Army in 1961, where he enlisted in ranger school in Fort Benning, Georgia, and nearly broke the record for completing its physical endurance test, casually loping over the finish line without knowing he was seconds away from setting a new time. He considered moving on to airborne training, but a friend encouraged him to go to flight school instead. That choice shaped the rest of his life.

In 1963, he was sent to Fort Rucker,

Alabama, where he climbed into an airplane for the first time. "My dollar ride," he called it. He went to Vietnam as a special forces pilot. He returned to the U.S. after his first tour, served as a flight instructor, and learned to fly helicopters. In 1966-67, then Capt. Bauer returned to Vietnam to fly Hueys. "Great ships, those Hueys," he said to me once. "You know we covered bullet holes in the blades with duct tape and the damn things would still fly?"

On a stopover in Honolulu, while ferrying a de Havilland Caribou across the Pacific, Phil met his first wife Marty. They had four children together, Greg, Andrew, Dana and Daniel.

After two tours in Vietnam, Phil retired from active duty but stayed on with the Air National Guard. At the same time, he continued flying as a pilot for Western and later Delta airlines for the next 32 years. He spent 24 years in the service of his country and retired from the Army as a major with the Bronze Star and 43 other decorations.

Phil told me that as part of his guard duty he would often fly Hueys out of McChord Air Force Base. One day, in 1987, he found himself over the Key Peninsula. His co-pilot happened to be selling a cabin there and pressed Phil to buy it. "It didn't take much," he said. "The view was spectacular," flying down Case Inlet.

The modest house on the water — with a 20-foot-long quote from "Moby Dick" carved over the door — became a legendary monument to Phil's passion for woodwork, remodeling and adventure. That included remarrying in 1988, this time to an old friend named Kathy. She and her daughter, Taylor, moved in and the family soon became ardent supporters of life here on the Key Peninsula.

"Call me Ishmael," it starts, this huge thing over his front door. "I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world ... Whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul ... I account it high time to get to sea ... If they but knew it, almost all men cherish very nearly the same feelings."

Phil loved a physical challenge, maybe as a holdover from ranger school (which he enjoyed, he said, except for eating snakes). He hiked all over the Cascades and the Olympics. He canoed a large stretch of the Yukon River and paddled the length of the Mackenzie from where it issues from Great Slave Lake to its delta above the Arctic Circle. He had an abiding interest in mountains and

mountain climbers, particularly the most adventurous and aggressive.

Phil never stopped moving. He was always off to visit one of his Vietnam buddies, a fellow airline pilot, one of his kids, or one of his college friends, all over the globe. Or he was on the way to the KP civic center to run a meeting or paint a wall. He might be headed to the Longbranch Improvement Club to help move tables and chairs, or off to The Blend to join his cronies for cribbage. More likely than not, he was headed to a friend or neighbor's home to help with some chores.

All because he flew over Case Inlet in 1987 and caught a glimpse of his future.

What will ours be like without him?

I think this community attracts people like Phil for a reason. The best we can do is carry on as he would in all things.

And "Stay out of the bars!"

Unless he's with you.

Thanks to Kathy Bauer, Frank Garratt and Bruce Macdonald for their contributions to this remembrance.

Ted Olinger lives in Vaughn.

Anna Brones
FRESH TAKE



What We Need

This spring and summer I got into the habit of morning bike rides at Key Central Forest. It was a way to set the tone for the day, start things off with a bit of fresh air and some movement.

We all know that a timber harvest has been in the cards for months now. I've kept an eye on the indicators: pink tape that hangs from huckleberry bushes and branches, boundary signs posted on tree trunks, tracks of big machinery.

I went for an early Saturday morning ride in late June, and there they were: enormous Douglas firs felled across the trail. Since it was Saturday there wasn't any machinery or logging happening, so we explored a little further. A single-track trail where my legs were once scratched by huckleberry bushes and blackberry vines was now a dusty logging road, made to welcome enormous timber trucks.

Where usually I'm noting gradual shifts — how tall the ferns have gotten, what stage the foxgloves are in, how the wild honeysuckle twists and winds — this overnight change felt like a shock to my system.

I knew the logging was going to come,

but that didn't make the fallen trees any less alarming.

Our lives are defined by gradual and incremental shifts, one constant, ongoing cycle of change, but these extreme and drastic shifts are jarring because they remind us of how fragile and precarious things really are.

We age day by day, hour by hour, second by second. We live in a gradual movement that's slow enough to prevent recognition until those sudden, immediate moments. We require time. It's a human conceit, and one we created because we need it. From time comes perspective. But sometimes perspective comes by other means, from more unimagined, momentous, life-altering changes.

The past month has had all kinds of record-breaking temperatures and weather. July 4 marked the hottest global day on record. The day I finished writing this, Death Valley hit 127.7 degrees, just short of the world record for the hottest day in recorded history. Then there is the smoke that has covered large swatches of the U.S. and Canada. The deluge of water that flooded Vermont's capital city was visible from space. Every day it feels like there is yet another drastic shift: a fire, a storm, a heatwave. These "once-in-a-lifetime" occurrences start to feel commonplace. In some places in the world, these things that shock us — air quality, for example — have been ongoing realities for some time.

I have a photo on my phone from Aug. 1, 2017, of a neon pink sun setting against a smoggy, grayish-looking sky. It's the first photo that I remember taking of a sky like that. Now my phone is filled with them.

There were wildfires when I grew up but that summer was the first time that I remember numerous days of not really seeing the sky. Just haze and more haze. Now this feels normal, expected. We wonder not "Will there be fires this summer?" but instead, "How bad will it be?" When the neon pink sunset appeared that night my first thought was simply, "OK it's here now." "It" being the smoke that has come to define our west coast summers, the heavy reality of climate change suspended in the sky.

On the morning of July 4, the haze hung in the air. The fireworks went off regardless. All day long.

At sunset that night, an intensity of pinks and oranges was plastered across the sky. As if the clouds were on fire too. The fireworks continued despite the drought, despite the fire danger. I thought of the seals and the bats and

the fish and the owls and all the other creatures that must wonder what was happening. The people who will never be able to hear an explosion without being thrown back into a world of trauma.

I was working on a large papercut this past month, an abstract of land and sea. Classic silhouettes and forms that I cut very often. When I started, I thought to myself, “Really, more of this?” because on some level it felt so similar to what I have made before. But cutting those rocks and headlands, feeling the blade slice through the paper to create the flow of water — that’s what I love to do, it’s what offers me a sense of calm and clarity.

Rebecca Solnit once wrote, “Every minute of every hour of every day you are making the world, just as you are making yourself, and you might as well do it with generosity and kindness and style.”

Those gradual, minute changes that we engage in regularly, whether it’s making art, meeting a friend for coffee, chatting with a neighbor, noticing a plant on a walk, getting an unexpected book at the library, working in our gardens, watching the sunset, are what we need when things around us are changing drastically every day. As they always do, as they always have.

We’re so often looking for something big. We want things to be remarkable. But in the smaller moments, we continue to make our lives, we continue to shift and to change, and these acts don’t just make life a little more beautiful, a little more bearable — they tether us to each other, to our home, even to an uncertain future.

Anna Brones is a writer and artist who lives in Vaughn.



A Good Death (Words)

In mid-July we lost our elderly French Alpine goat, Sophie. It got me thinking about the role that death plays in our little homestead here on the KP.

We got Sophie along with her daughter Maggie and son Ollie in early 2022 the way we’ve received several of our animals since moving here: someone was leaving the area and they couldn’t take their livestock. We went to a moving away sale, but when we saw the sign out front that read “Free goats,” Kristin let out an “Oh, noooo.” Meaning there was no way we were going home without some goats. And so it was.

There they were in that stark February sunlight: three stolid sphinxes in a wide sloping field. Like they were just waiting for us, their suckers. Sophie sealed the deal: an elderly mama goat with an aura that told us she was the gentlest of souls. Not really knowing what we were doing, we brought them home. We like to think we gave them a happy life with our modest resources.

Since moving to the KP, I want to say death has “haunted” us, but that’s not right. It has been part of the lattice-work of our life here. Whether through stupidity, bad luck or old age, we lose animals — and not rarely. I remember our first: Masha the duck, likely to an eagle or coyote. It changed the way I thought of this beautiful place, our magical forest home. That evening, on a solo walk through the woods, calling Masha, for the first time I felt a vague

sense of menace. From what? Whatever it was, it was not unnatural. It was a part of all things, a vital part, sort of like what the philosopher Timothy Morton calls “Dark Ecology.”

Death sacralizes. It has made our home a collection of hallowed sites: the spot in the woodshed where something decapitated our beloved rooster, Warren. The little spot between two sheds where our goat Maggie froze, desperately trying to shelter herself from an ice storm. The patch of yard where I found Gil the duck dead, his bill in the water bowl. The other patch where our chicken Leona choked when we tried to treat her sour crop, incompetently.

Sophie was already old when we got her; we’re grateful she got as far as she did as healthy as she was. She lived long enough to decline — like you and me if we’re lucky. Arthritis ravaged her joints. She seemed to have trouble tolerating the frost of winter, the scorch of summer. Her mobility diminished; she had trouble getting up or lying down. She’d brace her head on the wall of her wooden shelter to leverage herself up. We took to feeding her on the ground for comfort.

Still, I never knew an animal who clung so tenaciously to life. She insisted on walking, despite the pain, supporting herself against her shed. Making circuits around it. Slowly. She would take a few unsteady steps, pause for a break, gird herself, and resume. We decided last spring that we would put her down at the end of summer. Let her enjoy the sun, with the aid of turmeric and ibuprofen. But in July things changed.

One morning Kristin found Sophie on the ground, shaking violently. She had a look of profound terror. What

was happening?

Kristin thought Sophie was dying, but our life-loving goat bounced back — barely. Kristin made the appointment with the vet for in-home euthanasia in three days. She never wanted to see Sophie suffering like that again.

Her last day went like this. With our help, she walked herself down to the sunnier pasture — the first place where she lived here — and back. I remember her there last year, eating grass with what looked like such a grateful expression. She seemed so grateful for everything. So grateful to be alive. On her last day, she ate lots of watermelon, her favorite snack. After her usual painful circuits around the shed, she took a long nap.

She woke up. Occasionally bracing against Kristin, she came out of the shed and drank some water. The vet arrived. “Hello, beautiful,” he said. We talked about her condition, what might have caused her seizure, what would happen next.

It was all over very quickly. Afterward, I told Kristin, “Oh, I forgot to give her one last piece of watermelon.”

Did we do the right thing? It could very well be that Sophie herself, if she could talk to us, would have said, “No, please let me live longer. I can take this. I would rather put up with the pain because I love grass and warmth and movement and watermelon snacks.” We’ll never know.

Death is a transition, and transitions are hard. But death is also a reminder. In George Saunders’ 2017 novel “Lincoln in the Bardo” — which I had read not long before Sophie left us — our greatest president has to face the death

CONTINUED PAGE 8

José Alaniz WE LIVE HERE: A GOOD DEATH (PICTURES)



by typhoid fever of his 10-year-old son. It's the hardest thing he's ever done. But he also comes to learn: "His boy was nowhere; his boy was everywhere."

Sophie, our mother tree, our Mimas goat. You are everywhere.

José Alaniz is a professor in the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures and the Department of Cinema and Media Studies (adjunct) at U.W. He lives blissfully with his wife and many animals in Longbranch.

Jack Dunne FROM THE CITIOT DESK



See, It's Like This...

I have spent most of my life teaching in one form or another: young kids, college kids and professionals. I tried to be good at it, but my memory cherishes only a few real successes. I can still see that look, first strained, then open, then comfortable. "Oh," is my favorite word. "I get it, I see, I understand." Then the real prize, "Well if that's true, then..." The student becomes the teacher, connecting my lesson to a thought that's new to me.

How does it happen? When does that new idea become believable? I think it's mostly when we compare something new with something we already know. Maybe the new idea is very similar to an accepted fact, maybe a stretch, maybe completely at odds, but until we recognize a meaningful comparator, it's just hoey, not interesting, not worth considering and the student quite reasonably resists learning.

My strong claim here is that metaphors are the stuff of thought.

I think it's all we really do. If I can fit a new idea into my head, it's usually because it's kind of like an old idea. My computer is kind of like my typewriter. My wife is kind of like my old friends. My home here is kind of like my old home in New England (only way better, in all of the above cases), and I comfortably contain all these things in my understanding.

One of the best friendships of my life has been with a colleague from Mississippi. His great art was language. The Southern vernacular was a revelation to this LA kid; colorful, engaging, certainly funny, and often metaphorical.

"Laughing like a jackass eating bumblebees."

"Shakin' like a dog passin' peach pits."

"Patient as a box of bricks."

So visual, so approachable. It didn't matter much how truthful or accurate it was, you just had to stop and enjoy his words, and let the comparison waltz through your imagination joyfully, with discernment, without much resistance, knowing that he didn't mean it literally. His graphic humor made the ideas he communicated easy to consider.

Defining something like something else is not just a human thing, though I'm comfortable imagining that we are exceptionally aggressive about it. Any neural system worth its salt does it all the time. (1) Input. (2) Threat? Food? Sex? Comfy place to hang out? The details that are included in the input can be very rich and absurdly trivial. I bet this guy is about to cut me off. Complicated input, but I've seen this before, no worries. On the other hand, I once thought I was falling in love, turns out mostly because the new girl used the same hair rinse as a girl I had recently lost. She smelled like love.

Math is a metaphor, an oftentimes elaborate model of what the world is like. The only thing that makes seven cars like seven chickens is our count of them. Seven is just an idea that we construct to help us recognize patterns in things. $E=mc^2$ is an equation describing how mass and energy are alike. Maybe the hardest subject to teach is math, and learning only happens for most of us when the metaphor is meaningful.

I do know gifted thinkers who see the beauty in the pure logic, the artful matrix of truth that we have constructed, who live comfortably in a world of math that put a man on the moon with a slide rule and a bucket of gas, but most of us resisted math because we couldn't see how it was like what we normally did. Great teachers could look you in the eye, share the beauty and how it fits with your world, and make it real, like something you knew.

I find it curious that we use the word "like" to mean similar to, and to mean enjoyable. "I like it" is the simplest expression of validation. While I resist the modern question, "How many likes will this column get?" — I do hope you like it. I want you to read my thoughts, find them not too odd, maybe some connection to ideas you have, maybe something a little new, but not foreign, not crazy. The best case is if these words sound a little familiar and trigger new similarities in your head. You can certainly ask, "If thinking is just comparing, then what?" You tell me. We're all students and teachers.

Jack Dunne lives gratefully in Lakebay.

OBITUARIES



Howard Ray Johnson

Howard Ray Johnson of Palmer Lake passed away July 6, from injuries sustained in a house fire.

Howard was born July 15, 1951, to Richard and Barbara Johnson in Anaconda, Montana. He spent his youth in Libby where he loved working and playing outdoors. Following high school, he spent seven years in the U.S. Army stationed in Alaska, where he served as a sharpshooter and medic. After his service, Howard returned to Libby where he worked as a logger and heavy equipment operator at the Libby Dam.

He married Diane (Surman) in Bonners Ferry in 1977. Together they had three daughters and a son. As a young family, money was always tight, but they enjoyed spending time camping in the Montana wilderness.

In the 1980s, the family moved to Auburn where Howard attended computer technician school. Failing health caused him to retire early. They moved to the Key Peninsula in the early 1990s.

Howard and Diane lived their Christian faith by serving those less fortunate in the community, including running M&M Ministry at Lakebay Community Church, leading and participating in recovery groups, sharing their faith, and praying for anybody who asked. Howard loved being outdoors, hunting and fishing, and working on his property.

Howard also enjoyed traveling to Montana to visit friends and family there. In his later years, he stayed close to home. Following Diane's passing June 10, 2019, his daughter Barb moved in to support him.

Howard was preceded in death by his wife Diane; his father Richard; brothers Duain, Ted (Sue), and David; and his son Thomas Richard (Tara). He is survived by his mother Barbara Knudson; sister Ramona (Jim) Hutchinson and brother Jerry (Diana); daughters Barbara Chase, Martha (Bob) Bauer and Dalene

(Kevin) Johnson; eight grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren.

Howard and Diane were an important part of their community, and they will be missed. Peace to their memory.



Philip Gregory Bauer

The Key Peninsula lost a bit of luster May 21, 2023, when Phil Bauer died peacefully at his home in Vaughn, surrounded by family. He was 87 years old.

Phil was raised in rural Iowa on his grandfather's farm, with two working parents and his sister, Beverly. He attended the University of Nebraska, where he played both football and basketball for the Cornhuskers. He also joined the Army ROTC, looking forward to his life after college and the \$29 a month it paid.

In 1961, Phil was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia, and enlisted in ranger school, where he nearly broke the record for completing the physical endurance test. He went on to flight school and from there to Vietnam as a special forces pilot, where he flew five different types of fixed-wing aircraft, principally the Cessna 0-1 Birdog.

After his first tour, Phil learned to fly helicopters. In 1966-67, now Capt. Bauer returned to Vietnam ferrying the de Havilland Caribou across the Pacific, and flying Huey helicopters in country. On one of his ferrying trips, with a stopover in Honolulu, Phil met his first wife Marty. They had four children together, Greg, Andrew, Dana and Daniel.

Phil retired from active duty after his second tour but joined the Air National Guard. He spent 24 years in uniform and retired from the Army with the rank of major. He was awarded the Bronze Star and 43 air medals.

In civilian life, Phil flew commercial airliners for the next 32 years for Western and Delta airlines. While a pilot for Western, Phil met a flight attendant named Kathy in 1974. They renewed their acquaintance in 1987 and began

dating shortly after Phil had moved to the Key Peninsula. They were married a year later, and Kathy moved in with her daughter, Taylor.

Phil made his final commercial flight in 2000 and increased his community activism at home. In 2006 he was named the Key Peninsula Citizen of the Year. He was president of the KP Civic Center at least four separate times and served on the board until his death. He shepherded the civic center's skate night for over a decade, often donning skates and joining the kids on the floor. He helped with the formation of Two Waters Arts Alliance and served on its board. He worked tirelessly for the KP Fair during its run and helped build homes for Habitat for Humanity.

For many of its residents, the peninsula is not the same without Phil Bauer. He was continually helping friends and neighbors, bolstering nonprofits and community events, and sowing goodwill with humor, generosity and kindness that spanned the peninsula's length.

Phil is survived by his wife, Kathy; his sons, Andrew and Dan Bauer; his daughters, Dana Richardson and Taylor Rydell; his grandchildren, Luke and Jake Richardson, Sophia Bauer, and Ella and Ada Rydell. His eldest son, Gregory Bauer, preceded him in death.

A celebration of life will occur at the Blues, Brews & Brats event Oct. 7 at the KP civic center.



Cecil C. Young

"Cy" was born June 1924 and died June 2023, shortly after his 99th birthday. He was an honored military veteran who served in the U.S. Army from 1944 to 1971.

A lifetime member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Cy was a Washington State Commander of the VFW from 1985 to 1986. He was also a member of the local Key Peninsula Veterans (formerly KPVI).

Cy was sent on his last deployment to our heavenly Father as an honored veteran, husband, stepfather, step-grandfather, and friend of our community.

A military service will be held in his honor Aug. 12 at 2 p.m. at the Vaughn Cemetery.



Lucille P. Daniel

Lucille (Lucy) P. Lehman Daniel died July 1, 2023. She was 103 years old.

Born in Tacoma, Lucy lived in the community of Home until the age of seven. The family moved to California, settling in Santa Barbara, where Lucy graduated from Santa Barbara State College (now the University of California, Santa Barbara) in 1942. She worked in the college registrar's office throughout her undergraduate years.

Lucy served in the U.S. Marine Corps and was honorably discharged as a staff sergeant. She married in 1946 and resumed her work in the registrar's office at UCSB. She transferred to the dean's office in 1957 and continued working there until her retirement in 1975. Her career spanned 38 years and seven deans.

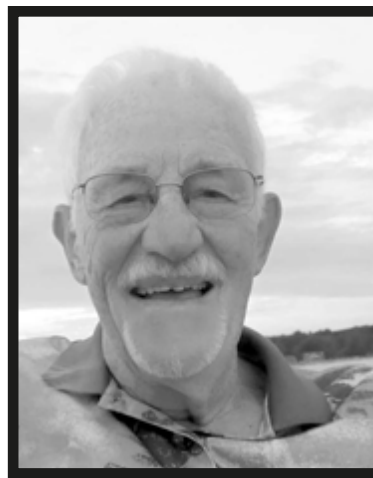
After retirement, Lucy returned to her childhood roots in Washington, making her home at Horseshoe Lake in Port Orchard. In September 1975, she began a second career at the University of Puget Sound Law School. She retired again in 1982.

Lucy enjoyed activities with The Mountaineers and the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation. Most recently, she was a member of the Evergreen Chapter of Women Marines, Friends of the Key Center Library, American Association of University Women, and the Key Peninsula Historical Society. She spent several years as president and served on the board of directors of the Lakebay Cemetery Association.

She traveled extensively, including in Australia, New Zealand, Southeast Asia, Japan, North America and Europe. Lucy's perpetual optimism and vitality brought joy to family and friends. Her radiance improved the lives of all she touched. She enjoyed a wide circle of friends, including those in foreign lands.

Lucy is survived by her niece, Barb Ryder; great-nieces Erin and Kelly; and several cousins. Her sister Gloria Strittmatter preceded her in death as did her parents, Pearl and Harry Lehman.

Remembrances may be made to the Minerva Scholarship Foundation, P.O. Box 2705, Gig Harbor, WA 98335.



James Earl Davis

Dr. James Earl Davis, DO, died peacefully surrounded by family, May 13, 2023, at the Franciscan Hospice House in University Place. He was 79 years old.

Jim was born in Gratiot County, Michigan, to Duane and Florence (McKnight) Davis. He graduated from Ithaca High School in 1962 and attended the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where he majored in pre-med and English, graduating in 1966. While there he met his future wife Roz Juve and they married in 1968. Jim graduated from the Kirksville College of Osteopathy and Surgery in Missouri in 1970. After completing his residency at the Portland Osteopathic Hospital in Oregon, he and Roz moved to the small community of Clatskanie where he opened a family practice with Dr. Bob McDonald, The Clatskanie Clinic, and raised their three children, Wendy, Erik and Luke. The marriage ended in divorce.

In 1987, Jim married Dorothy Murphy and moved to Rainier, Oregon. He accepted a position with Kaiser Permanente in Longview, Washington as the first dedicated Urgent Care Clinic physician until retiring in 2003.

Jim enjoyed his retirement in Longbranch, captaining his sailboat and traveling. He became involved with The Mustard Seed Project to develop the first assisted living facility on the Key Peninsula.

Dorothy passed away in 2015. In 2016, Jim reconnected with Kathy Crumbaugh, a high school friend, and the two were married in 2021. They enjoyed their time together traveling from Michigan to Washington, Arizona, Oregon and Utah spending time with family and friends.

Jim's philanthropic and civic activities included serving as the president of the Clatskanie School Board, president of the Oregon Osteopathic Association, medical director of the Longview Care Unit, and president, then treasurer of The Mustard Seed Project. Jim was also very involved with the Key Peninsula Lutheran Church and the German Lutheran Cemetery, where he was

the acting sexton. His hobbies and interests included hunting, fishing, stargazing, whale watching, sailing, boat building, woodworking, cross-country skiing, gold panning, hiking the canyons of southeastern Utah, and rooting for his Michigan Wolverines.

Jim was preceded in death by his parents Duane and Florence Davis; sister Mary Graham; and former wife Dorothy Davis. He is survived by his wife Kathy Davis; brother John G. Davis; daughter Wendy (Jonathan) Cooley; son Erik (Vanessa) Davis; son Lucas Davis; grandsons Jacob and Nathan Davis; stepdaughter Diana Murphy; stepsons Doug and Darin Murphy; and many nieces, nephews, cousins and step-grandchildren.

A memorial is scheduled July 29 from 1 to 4 p.m. at the Key Peninsula Lutheran Church, 4213 Lackey Road NW in Lakebay.

Instead of flowers, donations in memory of Jim may be made to The Mustard Seed Project. www.themustardseedproject.org



Richard D. Binion

We are sad to announce the passing of Richard Binion in 2023. Richard was born in 1944 and graduated from Onalaska High School in Washington. He served in the U.S. Navy during the Vietnam War and went on to work at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton until his retirement. He took a job at Ace Hardware in Gig Harbor, which he loved, and worked there until his illness.

Richard loved riding his motorcycle, fishing, hunting and shrimping with friends and family. He was a woodworker and made many fine pieces, generously sharing his finished work. He is survived by his wife, Myrna, their children Aleta and Richard, and three wonderful grandsons, Cameron, Max and Avery.

In memorial, please send contributions to The Nature Conservancy. A gathering will be held in Richard's memory in August. For more information visit www.rill.com.

Around the World Alone — Again — This Time by Sail

Your Wauna neighbor is the most experienced solo ocean rower on the planet, and he has at least one more adventure in him.

TED OLINGER, KP NEWS

Once you become the first person to circumnavigate the globe alone under your own power — 41,196 miles of rowing solo across the Pacific, Indian and Atlantic oceans, then pedaling a bicycle across and scaling mountains on the continents in between — what do you do for an encore?

Maybe you do it again, taking a different route to summit the highest peaks you missed the first time, while visiting (or building) classrooms along the way, sharing what you've seen and learned about the world, the environment, and yourself.

The 62-year-old Wauna resident Erden Eruç (AIR-den AIR-rooch), already the holder of 16 Guinness world records, was on his way to doing just that when he launched his rowboat from Crescent City, California, June 22, 2021. After 239 days and over 7,800 miles alone across the Pacific for the second time, he became the first person to row from North America to Asia when he landed in the Philippines March 24, 2022, securing two more world records.

From there he planned to row across the South China Sea, then pedal his way from Vietnam to Portugal, where he would rejoin his rowboat and continue west.

There was just one problem. Actually, there were many, he said, but the biggest one was China, which refused to issue him a visa because of the pandemic.

Eruç appealed to the Chinese embassy in Manila, saying he could apply again if necessary in person at the Hanoi embassy after making the crossing and meeting whatever quarantine requirements were required. "No exceptions!" was the answer.

"Myanmar (also) turned down our visa request on account of security concerns," Eruç said. He had tried, thinking he could reroute across India and Asia Minor.

After a year of waiting for the right weather and grappling with multiple bureaucracies and dwindling funds, Eruç faced what might be the most difficult challenge for an athlete and adventurer of his caliber: He decided to stop.

"At some point, he's going to make the right decision because he always has," said Nancy Board, his wife of 20 years. "And sure enough he called one day and said, 'I'm done.' He had done the internal work to shut it down, and he's never brought it up since and has no regrets."



Erden Eruç rowing out of Honolulu in 2021. *Courtesy Erden Eruç*

"One has to be detached from it all," Eruç said. "I only control what is within my reach, within my power. I cannot make people love me; I cannot make people support me. I just try to do what I can."

But perhaps he could still accomplish some part of what he had set out to do, at least for himself.

Eruç and Board were in Europe in June and decided to attend the awards ceremony for the Golden Globe sailing race in Les Sables-d'Olonne, France. In April, South African sailor Kirsten Neuschäfer became the first woman to win the eight-month, 30,000-mile, single-handed, nonstop voyage around the world.

Sixteen sailors started the 2022 race. They could not stop or receive any assistance except in a disqualifying emergency (like sinking, which one did; Neuschäfer rescued that sailor), and are restricted to the technology of the time of the first race in 1968. That means no GPS, no water-maker, no digital devices of any kind. Any recorded music they take can only be on cassettes. Three sailors finished the race, which has a 1968-sized purse of £5,000.



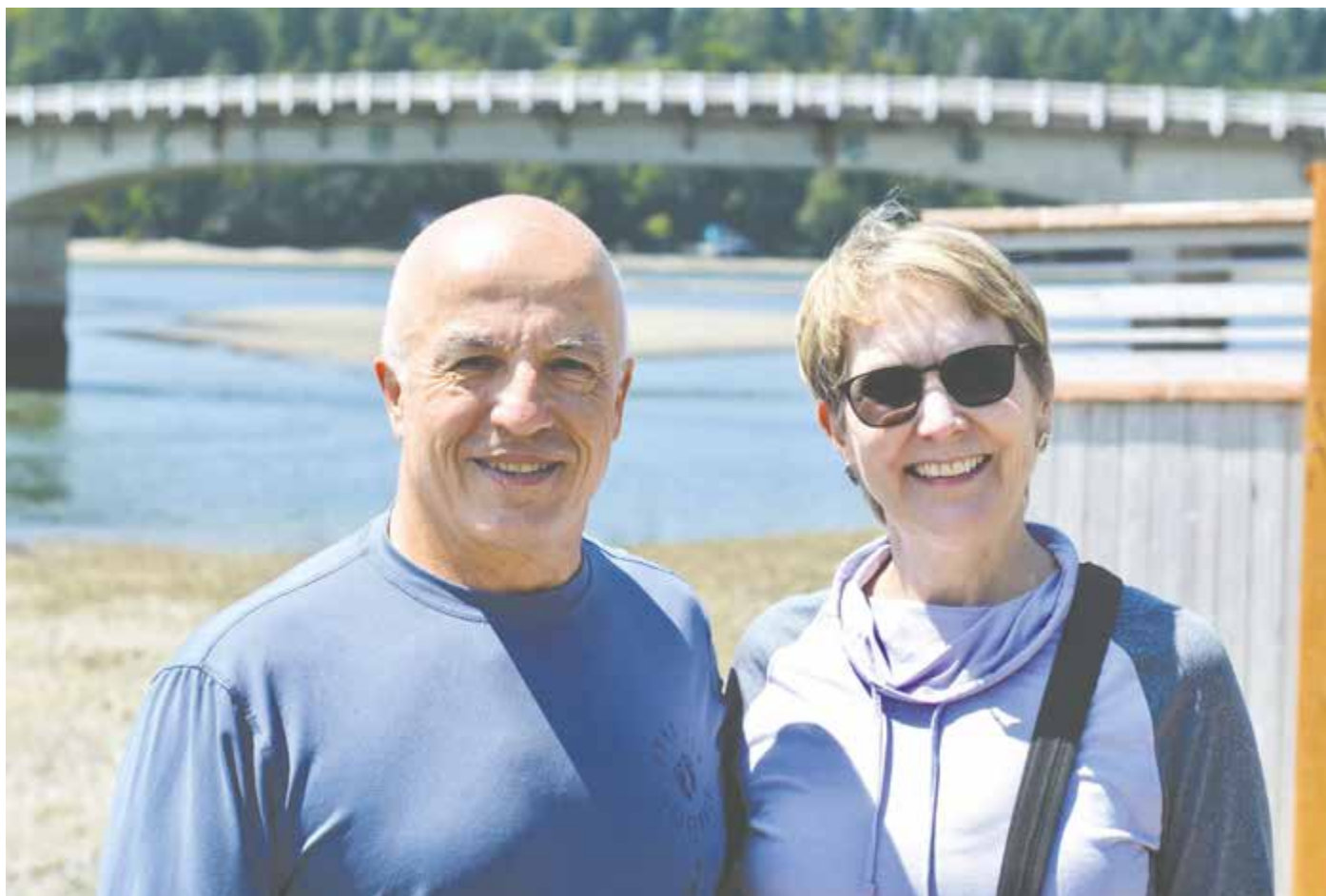
The 2026 sailing race course. *Courtesy Golden Globe Race*

"I saw all these racing vessels next to each other, lined up, stern-tied, like they were ready to go," Eruç said. "I met all the participants, I met the organizer, I saw the enthusiasm, the comradery, it felt like a tribe. I looked at that and said, 'I want to be in this, I want to be here, I want to breathe this air.'"

"What I hear him saying is he can be solo but also part of a community," Board said.

"His tribe when he's been on the rowboat has been me and his first friends and our supporters, but this is a community of people who understand him because they've been out on that ocean, they're driven in the same way."

They met Simon Curwen, the sailor who finished one day ahead of Neuschäfer but was ineligible to win because he was forced to stop in Chile for 10 days to repair his



Erden Eruç and Nancy Board take a break in Purdy last July. *Lisa Bryan, KP News*

windvane after a knockdown.

Eruç bought his boat. He intends to enter the next Golden Globe race that starts Sept. 6, 2026.

“It’s a Biscay 36 built in 1976,” he said. “I didn’t want to spend time searching for a boat out of the approved dozen models. It needs to be a full-keel boat, a standard production boat built before 1988, with the rudder attached at the trailing edge of the keel,” echoing the style of the vessels in the original race.

In addition to being an accomplished mountaineer and the most experienced solo ocean rower on the planet, with records for the greatest distance rowed (26,705 miles) and most days at sea for an ocean rower (1,084 solo, 1,167 total), Eruç is also a sailing instructor and delivery captain, with both a U.S. Coast Guard Master Captain’s license and a Royal Yachting Association offshore license.

“I have enough experience to get myself into trouble in this case,” he said. “The reason I want to commit this early is so I can spend a year on the 2,000-mile solo sail requirement for entering the race, and spend a second year improving whatever needs to be done on the boat.”

He and Board are planning to sell their Wauna home and move to Europe to save money to help fund the race preparation, as well as seek paying sponsors.

“I am looking for sponsors, but I don’t

want to count on sponsorships,” Eruç said. “I want to work with the Seattle Sailing Club to create a passage-making class. I can take the boat from France down to the Azores, then to Guadalupe, to the mainland, up the East Coast, over to Iceland, Ireland, and back to France, in a multi-leg journey with two takers per leg all through it at whatever the price for the class, and that is some way of bringing in cash before the race.”

Board is an experienced climber and outdoors person in her own right. She travels all over the world for her job assisting corporations with employee mental health, runs her own nonprofit (Global Women 4 Wellbeing), and can work from anywhere.

But uprooting to live in a foreign country to support a sailboat race she won’t be going on would be a big ask for anyone, wouldn’t it?

She flips the question around.

“Take the opposite approach. You know that other people are out there doing it, but you decided it’s too risky or you can’t afford it, or whatever; that’s all good to take into consideration. But think about five years down the road, obsessing about what you didn’t attempt to do. If Erden dies at sea, well, that’s always been a possibility. But if he doesn’t do it I wouldn’t want to live with him because he’d be miserable and obsessed in a different way.

“From a pragmatic standpoint, I think he’s the most qualified person in the world to do this kind of race,” she said. “I don’t look at it as crazy; I know the risks and the dangers are there. But danger, that’s a relative term.”

“She understands that I belong to the tribe of restless souls,” Eruç said.

“One of the main lessons I share in my presentations is that when I launched my circumnavigation in 2007 I wasn’t sure I was going to be able to complete it,” he said. “I had to become the person who could establish historic firsts and break world records. I became that person by labor, by determination and stubbornness, dealing with disappointments, all of it. It took me five years to become that person.

“It’s not any different with this Golden Globe race. Am I ready for it? Not today. There are skills I have to gain and practice until they become second nature. I have to become that person, again.

“So there is no fear because there is preparation. That gives me power even when things are happening that are more powerful than me on the water. It is a sense of control without being in charge, dealing with something bigger than me but being part of it and being in my element, that is what is fulfilling to me.”

When Eruç rowed away from Crescent City late in the day June 21, 2021, to cross the Pacific alone for the second time,



Eruç at sea in 2021. *Courtesy Erden Eruç*

Board climbed to a high point above the harbor and sat down on a rock.

“I just wanted to watch him until I could no longer see that yellow boat. It was sad to some extent, but it was bigger than an emotion. He was this tiny little yellow spot out there and it gave me an awareness and a sense of how small he was — and would become — on this enormous body of water. There was a sense of how small I was too, of what’s bigger than all of us, and that provided a bit of peace.

“I just decided it’s a day at a time for me too. So when I went through hardships, I had to find where my support was, and then I’d say, ‘I got through that,’ and took on other kinds of challenges. It wasn’t a physical, grinding, technical challenge in the way Erden was going through, but it would be maybe an equally emotionally challenging situation. I think I grew in many ways the same way he did. And that we all do.

“We’re just as ordinary as everybody else,” she said. “Erden is doing something out of the ordinary, but anybody could do it if they really set their mind to it. I learned that from him. But I know many people in my life who have not said ‘yes,’ they’ve said ‘no,’ out of fear, or whatever limitations they put on themselves. But it doesn’t mean they couldn’t have done it, it’s just that they stopped themselves. So we’re just ordinary folks who say ‘yes’ more. Maybe.”

On July 14, Eruç had his rowboat loaded into a container for transport from the Philippines. Now he just has to figure out where it’s going.

“There’s an American woman who wants to row across the Pacific, Katie Spatz,” he said. “She’s already rowed across the Atlantic (and is the youngest person to do so). Right now she is on a journey from Guyana to the U.S. by kayak. I need to write to her.

“I spent 1,084 days on that boat alone. That boat has history in it. It has history left in it.”

For more information, go to www.erdeneruc.com. ■

Of Mayo, Joe and Occam, and Other Names on Your KP Map

Attributing place names in Puget Sound is not an exact science, but sometimes the simplest answer is the right one.

JOSEPH PENTHEROUDAKIS, KP NEWS

When Rear Admiral Henry Thomas Mayo (1856-1937) announced his retirement from the U.S. Navy Dec. 10, 1920, after 47 years of service, the news made the papers from his native Burlington, Vermont, to Washington, D.C., and every state in the union. Admiral Mayo's name was a household word; he had been commander of the U.S. fleet since 1915 and served in World War I. In 1940, three years after Mayo's death, the destroyer USS Mayo was launched, named in his honor. The ship received two battle stars for her service in World War II and was decommissioned in 1946.

All but forgotten, however, is Henry T. Mayo's connection to Puget Sound.

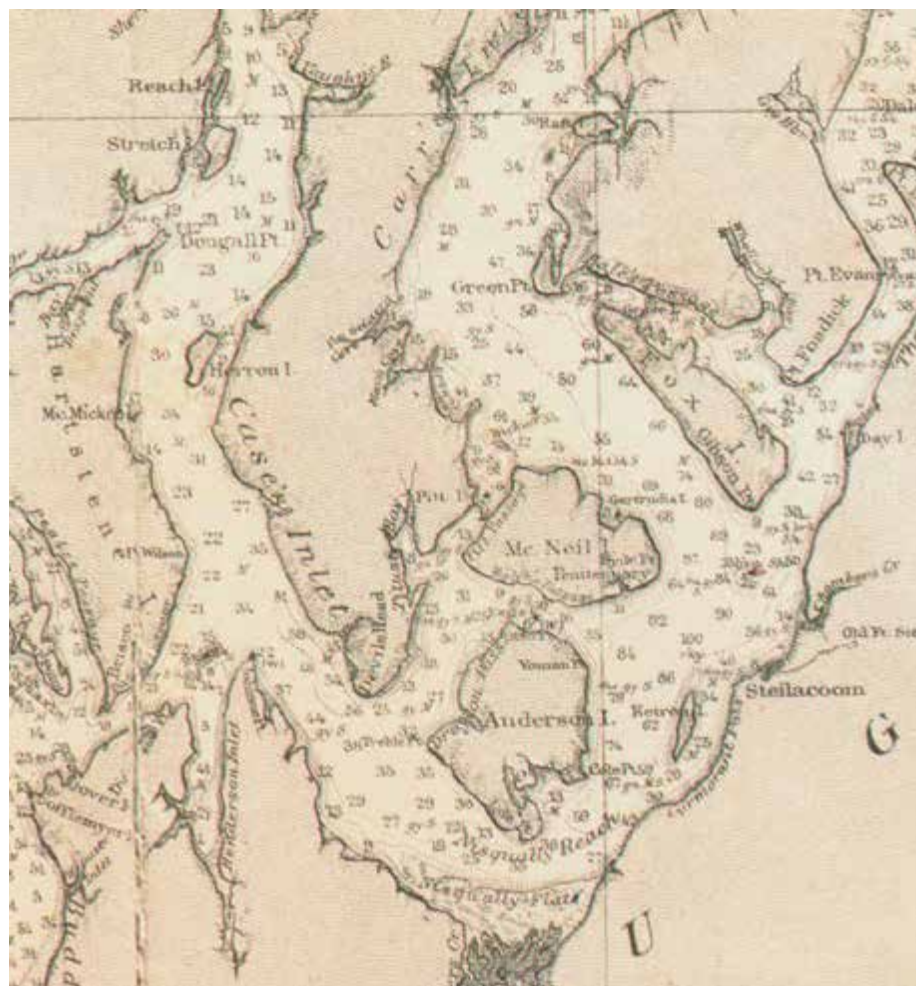
In 1880 and '81, young Ensign Mayo served under Lieutenant Ambrose B. Wyckoff on the schooner Earnest of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey in south Puget Sound, returning for another two years in 1887 and '88 as a lieutenant. The reconnaissance and survey of the west coast of the United States began in 1850 and would continue for the next several decades, reaching the Sound by 1877. As NOAA's National Ocean Service defines it, a key mission of the survey is hydrography, or mapping water depth and the shape of the seafloor and coastline, all intended to keep maritime traffic safe.

HENRY MAYO IS NOT THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE SURVEY CREW TO HAVE HIS NAME REMEMBERED IN THAT PART OF CARR INLET.

In 1886, the survey published nautical chart 684, entitled "Sea Coast and Interior Harbors of Washington from Grays Harbor to Olympia," the first detailed survey of Washington's coast and inland waters. The large chart, measuring 38 inches tall by 32 inches wide, would be reprinted and corrected several times in the decades to follow.

The officers responsible for the survey's hydrographic work are listed in the chart's legend; the list includes Ens. H.T. Mayo.

The yet-to-be-named Key Peninsula occupies a small but legible area on the large chart, which extends north of the 49th parallel into British Columbia.



"Sea Coast and Interior Harbors of Washington," 1888 edition (detail).
Courtesy Joseph Pentheroudakis

Inlets, bays and coves of all sizes are named, among them Mayo Cove, the small bay that according to the 1911 Pacific Coast Pilot, a publication that has guided mariners since 1890, is "locally known as Lake Bay."

Lake Bay (written as two words) is first attested in 1882 as the name of the post office established on its shores, with settler Henry Tiedeman as its first postmaster. On the first map of Pierce County by surveyor Fred. G. Plummer, published in 1890, the name of the bay is Lake Bay, not Mayo Cove. an early instance of the confusion that continues to this day.

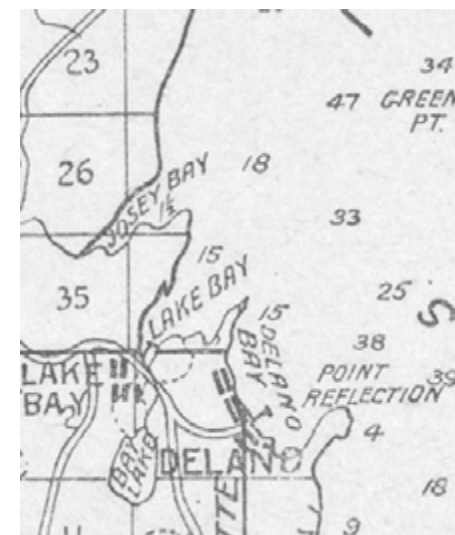
Henry Mayo is not the only member of the survey crew to have his name remembered in that part of Carr Inlet. Wyckoff Shoal, the broad shallow bay between McNeil Island and South Head, spelled Wyckoff today, was named after Lt. Ambrose Wyckoff. Like Mayo Cove, the name appears for the first time on the 1886 chart, disproving the claim that it was named in honor of Wyckoff after the lieutenant was appointed commandant of the Puget Sound Naval Station

in Port Orchard in 1891.

What about nearby Von Geldern Cove, better known as Joe's Bay since at least 1890 when we find it on the Plummer map spelled as "Josey Bay"?

According to Robert Hitchman in "Place Names of Washington" (1985), Von Geldern was an "early land claimant" on the bay. Land office records, however, do not show anyone by that name ever filing a claim in the area. On the other hand, archival documents do mention a civil engineer named Otto von Geldern (1852-1932) who participated in hydrographic work in south Puget Sound from 1877 to 1881. He would go on to become a prominent member of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific and other scientific bodies in California. Since Von Geldern Cove also appears on the 1886 chart, we can safely conclude that it was named for Otto von Geldern.

A fourth name on the chart associated with the coast survey did not survive. Brown's Bay, perhaps named after Ens. S.J. Browne who served with H.T. Mayo in 1880-1881, soon became known as



Fred G. Plummer "County of Pierce," 1890
(detail). University of Washington
Libraries Special Collections

Delano Bay after George and Edith Delano, who settled there in 1887 and built their successful resort hotel in 1891.

The coast survey connection may shed light on the origin of the name of McMicken Island in Case Inlet off Harstine Island, which also appears for the first time on the 1886 chart. It has always been thought that the small island was named after William McMicken, the surveyor general for Washington Territory from 1873 to 1886, but no evidence has been found to support the claim. The island appears as Stui Island on the Wilkes atlas published in 1844, but that name did not survive. The survey charts routinely credited the land office, so that may be the missing link. The island may have been named after McMicken in recognition of that relationship.

In his seminal "Origin of Washington Geographical Names" (1923), Edmond S. Meany is silent on the history of Mayo and Von Geldern Coves, Brown's Bay, Wyckoff Shoal and McMicken Island. Later works on the subject followed suit or offered incorrect or fanciful attributions.

Seven hundred years ago William of Occam argued that the simplest explanation that accounts for a set of facts is to be preferred, a principle known as Occam's Razor.

Attributing those place names to the scientists and cartographers of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey solves a mystery and neatly accounts for all the facts. ■

A Journey Through the Many Worlds of Wasps

CHRIS RURIK, KP NEWS

It is a joy to come across a wasp like this. In the matted thick grass where my pasture will flood in winter, it dances along the stalks, wings flashing, blue-black body orienting this way and that. Its antennae, curved outward, have matching bands of yellow near the base, the only bright color on the wasp, and they vibrate like tuning forks as it moves. It climbs to the top of a stalk and senses the air.

I do not recognize it. That's not unusual when it comes to wasps. When we think

**Into the
WILD**
EXPLORING WITH THE
KP NATURE GUIDE

about biodiversity, the matrix of living things that make up our corner of the natural world, wasps ought to be the poster child.

Beetles have long been celebrated as the most diverse insect order. You'll hear that one in four species on Earth is a beetle. Scientist J.B.S. Haldane, when asked what could be learned of the Creator from the study of nature, famously quipped, "An inordinate fondness for beetles." Yet a growing number of entomologists argue that there are more types of wasps than beetles.

At one end of the pasture is a nest of yellow jackets in a rotten gate post. I was stung in the nose and shoulder trying to open the gate. At the other end of the pasture, near my garden, is a volleyball-sized nest of bald-faced hornets. I knocked their first nest off my garden shed and now watch this elaborate pulp chandelier grow from wood and saliva.

Wasps like these get our attention. They should. Their societies are impressive. But the vast majority of wasps have neither a social lifestyle nor the need to defend it with stings. Many are tiny. Most are solitary.

The pasture wasp, I later find, is in the genus *Coelichneumon*. No common name. Nothing published on its life history. So much of our local ecosystems remains unknown. It is in the ichneumon wasp family, a family with more species than there are bird and mammal species in the world. Ichneumons tend to parasitize caterpillars.

That's a start. But the odds of learning the details are remote. Many wasps are specialized to a degree that stretches belief. Take a moth. For each of its life stages, wasps are there. Some wasp larvae eat moth eggs. Others live inside the egg, let it hatch, and eat the caterpillar. Many wasps lay their eggs



The great golden digger wasp (*Sphex ichneumoneus*) a large gentle species that pollinates flowers, catches grasshoppers and aerates soil by digging. *Chris Rurik, KP News*



Coelichneumon, no common name, a member of the ichneumon family of wasps. This single wasp family has more species than all of the earth's bird and mammal species combined. *Chris Rurik, KP News*

straight into caterpillars, some killing them, others allowing them to live, some emerging as adult wasps from the caterpillars, others waiting and emerging from the moth pupae. Often wasps carry special viruses to help predigest the host or cause it to perform strange zombie-like behaviors. There are thousands of moth species in our area. How many wasp species?

Wasps like ichneumons partition resources. Take a plant. Some wasp larvae chew leaves, others bore into stems or wood, and others form galls. Many adult wasps eat nectar and

feed their young with pollen. Others dance across the surface of wood, listening for wood-boring beetle larvae inside and using ridiculous long ovipositors to bore through the wood and lay an egg on the grub hidden inside.

Hyperparasitoid wasps parasitize the parasites. One wasp family does it like this: The adult wasp lays hundreds of tiny eggs on a leaf. If a caterpillar eats the eggs, the eggs hatch into larvae inside. They only start feeding if another parasitic larva is inside the caterpillar. Another family requires its host caterpillar to be killed by social wasps and taken to their nest, where, while the social wasps dismantle the caterpillar, it emerges to feed as a parasite on the social wasp's larvae.

Talk about a strange world. You might see spider wasps, grass-carrying wasps, sand wasps, great golden digger wasps, potter wasps. I like gall wasps. They don't just exploit existing spaces; they tap into a plant's latent potential to grow new spaces. Recently, in a patch of baldhip rose, I found galls looking like cushiony sea urchins, tan with pink spikes, from a minuscule wasp named *Diplolepis polita*.

Gall-makers stab their eggs into a plant. The plant responds by swelling in distinctive and often decorative ways: galls. These are protective chambers in which the gall-maker's

larva can hatch and eat in safety. Well, what would be safety if there weren't always more wasp species looking for any inch of space. Ninety percent of *Diplolepis polita* galls are host to inquilines — other larvae that have been deposited in the gall — or parasitoids that are there not just for the gall but for the *Diplolepis* larva. Each gall is an ecosystem. Oaks are famous for their abundant and diverse galls. Willows too.

So, are wasps beneficial? Such a question betrays a simplistic sense of the diversity around us. Consider the multitude of wasp lifestyles. Sure, most wasps are beneficial as pollinators and pest control. Others, like nonnative yellowjackets and paper wasps, take far more than they give.

But taking a step back, wasps seem to exist purely to compound the complexity of an ecosystem. I like to think of wasps, and diversity, in terms of flows of energy. After sunlight becomes plant tissue, where does it travel? Wasps home in on all points of a food web, stealing and redistributing, looping the flows of energy with the complex stitches of master weavers.

If there are many routes for energy to travel, you have a strong ecosystem. In our neck of the woods, diversity runs deep. Keep an eye out for wasps. ■

The Extraordinary Life of KP Stalwart Phyllis Henry

She didn't identify with the feminist movement but advanced equality in her company, her community and her life.

LISA BRYAN, KP NEWS

Born in 1931, Phyllis Henry was one of six children raised on the family farm in rural Iowa. Her education began in a one-room schoolhouse. She had one friend, Edna. They walked to school or took the pony, Trixie, and the cart with red wheels that could fit three people squeezed in.

Few women would credit a marriage that ultimately ended in divorce for making them the person they are today, but Phyllis Henry is no ordinary woman.

Bill Glass

At the age of 15, Phyllis began dating Bill Glass and only him until they married after she turned 18.

Two years older, Glass was extremely controlling. Phyllis was his possession. Their first child, a daughter, was followed by twins, a boy and a girl, nearly two years later. She was supposed to look good. The kids were to be well-behaved.

Phyllis said she dropped 20 pounds after delivering the twins but still couldn't get into her regular clothes, so she put on a maternity dress. Bill looked at her, disgusted, and told her she looked pregnant as if it were the worst thing she could be.

They lived in a house with a storefront in Lincoln, Iowa, a town of 200. Phyllis had gone to beauty school when she was 17. After the twins were born, she opened a beauty shop three days a week.

Although the couple never discussed it, when the twins started kindergarten, Phyllis enrolled at Iowa State University to pursue a major in English with a minor in philosophy.

Glass grew more possessive. Phyllis recalls her son hugging her, at about age 10, and Glass telling her, "The only reason he did it was to put his nose between your boobs." He even began secretly audio recording his wife and children as they watched television, for no apparent reason.

Listening? For what?

"Oh God, it was just so sad, you know?" she said. "I finally divorced him, but it took me a long time because I really didn't have a way to earn a living."

Phyllis was about to finish her degree and their kids were in junior high or high school by the time she divorced Glass in 1967.

"I think of how dumb I was in those years," she said.

In the courtroom, her husband's attorney offered \$75 child support per kid.

"The day the divorce was finalized, the judge looked at me and said, 'I think you are



Above: A family portrait with siblings (left to right) Inez, Lenora, Emil, Wayne, Melvin, Phyllis with parents Cecil and Katie. *Courtesy Domoni Glass*

Left: Phyllis Henry (left) with Sandy Milus, one of three original employees at Commonwealth Reporting Co. *Courtesy Commonwealth Reporting Co.*



and offered her a job. She taught freshman English at Iowa State, but at the lowest level, not earning much. In the summers she taught English as a second language to make ends meet.

She could have stayed and might have been tenured, but she made up her mind that when the last of her kids graduated from high school she would quit teaching and do something else.

Both girls had finished high school and moved on, and her son moved shortly after. They didn't need her anymore.

"I always said a successful parent is one who raised a child who doesn't need them but comes to visit once a year," she said. She hadn't known that kind of freedom before. "So, I rented the house out to some couple and moved to Washington, D.C. in 1973.

I didn't plan ahead at all. I just loaded my car with what would fit and left everything else behind."

For three glorious months, she lived in a boarding house and explored the city. She sat on the Capitol steps and listened to the Army and Air Force bands. She spent days at the Smithsonian. She walked everywhere.

"I was into politics then and I could go and sit in the Senate, and I could see people like Kennedy and McGovern walking in front of me. I was just so excited for me."

Going for it

Phyllis applied for a job at a court reporting firm without knowing what the job was. Many places told her she was overqualified, but this one hired her. Her job was to train the typists, proofread their work, and help with writing.

Over the next year, she did every job there. One of her co-workers, a court reporter named Gene, and his friend Lou who lived in

putting pride ahead of practicality by agreeing to that amount,' but I was convinced I could get by and didn't need Bill's help."

The \$225 check arrived every month, but they never saw Glass again.

Two weeks after graduation, the university's English department chair called Phyllis



The family farmstead circa 1984. *Courtesy Domini Glass*

Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, were talking about starting a business up there.

“I had a little money and said, ‘Yes, I could do that.’ So, for no reason at all, I quit my job and moved to Camp Hill with them.”

Within a year-and-a-half, neither of the men could make it financially. They had families to support and three people trying to live off one startup business was too tight, so Phyllis bought them out.

There they were, Phyllis and three new court reporters, all women, one had a year of experience, the rest with less. Phyllis had no idea she was breaking any glass ceiling.

“I started writing to state government agencies,” she said. “The business grew until I had almost every contract with the government out there — the environmental hearing board, all the labor and industry, the labor relations board, all the business. We were one of the big court reporting firms in Pennsylvania.”

Everyone was earning a decent living. “Court reporting was excellent for women,” she said. “If they took a hearing on a Monday, they might take Tuesday and Wednesday to type it. They’d be home with their kids. They didn’t need a wardrobe, aside from once or twice a week when they went to a hearing. They could decide the week before, on a Friday, which days they wanted off the next week.”

Her staff in Philadelphia were almost all

Black women. In Harrisburg it was mostly white women, although she said there were some good men there.

“I hired both men and women as court reporters at absolutely equal pay, by the page, always,” Phyllis said. “I didn’t know I was ahead of the times.”

She got a call from the father of one of her court reporters. The man’s other son, Craig, had been picked up for selling marijuana to an agent and could go to prison if he didn’t have a job. The father even offered to pay his salary.

Phyllis needed someone to run her copier at the time, so she hired Craig. Over the next eight years she trained him to do every single thing.

“He ran the business exactly like I would, except he was tighter with money,” she said.

It was a very good business, she said, with staff in Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Harrisburg, employing about 70 to 75 people.

“Early on we had paid leave for pregnancy, profit sharing and stuff like that,” she said. “We did all the stuff that people are fighting for today. Craig was a decent person too. We just thought that’s how you run a business. This greed today? It’s something I can’t comprehend.”

Bill Henry

During those eight years, Phyllis often went to the shore at Long Beach Island,

New Jersey, where she met her second husband, Bill Henry.

“We didn’t get married right away. Bill still had a wife,” she said. His wife had a major heart problem. They’d been separated for over 10 years, but Bill would not divorce her because of his military insurance. She eventually died.

He had retired from the Air Force after 20 years and worked for the Federal Aviation Administration in New Jersey as a fireman, going to crash rescues.

“Bill was funny, loving, and always a surprise,” Phyllis said. “There would be a flower or a knickknack he thought I might like, always little stuff like that. We talked, we really talked.”

When they lived in Pennsylvania, Bill and his friends loved flying ultralights and had all sorts of adventures. “The guys were like teenagers. They flew wing tip to wing tip, like eagles. Bill flew in flocks of swans. He would come home so excited and always wanted to share it with me.”

Bill Henry just loved to fly. He would fly Phyllis up to altitude and then — turn the engine off.

“We would be gliding around, and it was so quiet,” she said. “You could hear a cow walk across the field because we were up so high.”

She read once that in every relationship

one does more loving than the other.

“I think in that relationship, he did,” she said. “I mean, I loved him dearly, but I wasn’t as generous with myself as he was with me.”

The Henrys moved to Harrisburg for a while, but they were both restless.

When they visited the Iowa farm where Phyllis grew up, Bill walked around the farm and said, “Wouldn’t it be great to live here?”

Phyllis said she laughed, “Here? On this farm?” The key feature was a big open area beyond the barn where Bill could fly his ultralight planes, so they built a giant hangar for him there. They lived in that farmhouse for many years, traveled, and enjoyed each other’s company.

Dealing with the past

While growing up in that same farmhouse, Phyllis was molested by an older brother for years. But she said she didn’t even know that was bad.

“It never dawned on me to tell my mother about it,” she said, “I didn’t tell anybody until I was about 60 years old.”

Phyllis got involved with a group called Seeds of Hope, working with sexually abused women. “I got to thinking more and more about it,” she said. “My granddaughter was about the same age then as I was when I started being molested.”

Phyllis began therapy once a week with a counselor.

“I went to her for years and years,” Phyllis said. “Even after we were through the childhood sexual assault, I was able to talk to her about any problem in my life. I used to say I had to pay for a friend, but I knew it was safe to tell her anything. But she died too, of cancer. Everybody dies.”

Then in 2004, Bill died. Phyllis had a knee surgery that went bad and became infected. Her daughter, Domoni, insisted that she come to Seattle for treatment by University of Washington doctors. Phyllis came out, had the surgery, and didn’t go back. She lived in her daughter’s house until she moved to the Key Peninsula in 2005.

Phyllis wasted no time. She worked for many local nonprofits. She’s been a regular volunteer for the Angel Guild and served on its board, as well as the boards of KP Community Services Food Bank and Senior Center and The Mustard Seed Project, and she remains an active member in several local groups. She is also a multi-award-winning columnist for the Key Peninsula News.

Now living in an apartment at an assisted living center in Gig Harbor, Phyllis said, “I get really lethargic some days, but I’ve got to try harder.

“Being open is still important. Most of the stuff I did in my life I did because I didn’t automatically say no.” ■

Wellspring Fellowship Welcomed to Share Space with Lakebay Community Church

STAFF REPORT

Wellspring Fellowship held its first worship service July 8 at its new temporary location in Lakebay until its own church is constructed on land purchased in 2018.

Thanks to the open arms of Lakebay Community Church, Wellspring Fellowship is now able to offer its congregation worship services and bible study much closer to where they live.

“This was the first place we asked and Dan Whitmarsh said yes,” said Pastor Chris Henderson of Wellspring Fellowship.

Like Whitmarsh, Henderson has been part of the Key Peninsula Ministerial Association with other pastors for a long time. He said there is a strongly held belief that there is one church.

“We meet in different buildings and sometimes we emphasize different things, but there is just one church,” Henderson said.

Sharing space is possible, at least in part, because Wellspring Fellowship is a local nondenominational Sabbath church, with an emphasis on the biblical sabbath that meets between 3:30 and 5 p.m. on Saturdays.

“We believe in sleeping in,” Henderson said. “It’s a day of rest. Nobody wants to get their kids up and get them ready.”

Henderson has been leading Wellspring Fellowship for the last 23 years. The church started out in Tacoma but began its westward march across the Narrows where most of its members lived. They met at the old Paradise Theater and at Harbor Life Church in Gig Harbor for the last 13 years.

He admits it’s a challenge for a church to move around but nearly all their growth



Site plan for the new church near Wauna.

Courtesy Wellspring Fellowship

in the last 13 years has come from people who live on the KP. Plans are underway for a permanent location in the Greentree neighborhood at 9601 137th St. NW near Lake Kathryn Village.

“We hope within the next two years to finally be out there. For now, we rent.”

The congregation is between 50 and 70, depending on whether it’s potluck, Henderson said. The Saturday service is their main thing with a contemporary worship team.

“God said, take a day off,” he said. “Our lives are too busy, way too crazy. People need to stop and spend some time with family and God. That’s our approach. Dan and the church here have been so wonderful to work with. They just want to see their building used. That’s the right heart and we can partner together.” ■



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Questions? Text 253-439-9680 or kellie.bennett@redbarnkp.org

HOUSE FIRE FROM PAGE 1

“The two homeowners were found at the road with severe burns when incident command arrived,” said KPFD Public Information Officer Anne Nesbit. “Airlift was immediately called and as the victims were attended to we worked to keep the fire from spreading.”

Johnson was flown to Harborview Medical Center where he died of his injuries the following day. Chase was taken to Tacoma General Hospital and later transferred to Harborview because of the severity of her burns. She was released after a few days and is recovering with friends. Their two dogs and a cat died in the fire.

Pierce County Fire Marshall Ken Rice declared the fire accidental, and the home a total loss. It started outside on the family’s wooden deck where two upright freezers were plugged into one receptacle. Rice said it was such a devastating fire that investigators couldn’t determine if the cause was the receptacle, an electrical short in the cord, or an overheated compressor motor in one of the freezers. He believes the flames dipped below the deck and quickly spread to the lower part of the home.

Rice said that most freezers aren’t made for outdoor use and homeowners should



Barbara Chase rescued her father from the fire, but he did not survive his injuries.

Courtesy Dan Whitmarsh

follow manufacturer recommendations for any appliances. He added that if people feel the need to put an appliance outside, prop it up on cinder blocks or paver stones. If it’s against or near a building, put fire-resistant material like sheetrock behind the appliance.

The community is rallying around Chase and mourning the loss of a man they say was a pillar in the community.

A GoFundMe was set up by Lakebay Community Church pastor and family friend Dan Whitmarsh to help Chase with

upcoming expenses. In less than a week the fundraiser was more than halfway to its goal of \$10,000. The El Sombrero Restaurant of Key Center donated 25% of its July 13 food sales directly to Chase.

“I’m overwhelmed with what everyone is doing,” she said. “I know my dad would be really shy and humbled by all this.”

Whitmarsh said Johnson was an active member of many church communities on the KP and donated time to many efforts in the area.

Among his contributions over the years:

running a food bank to provide meals and groceries to low-income families and widows, picking up day-old bread from Panera Bread and delivering it to those in need, driving homeless people to the local mission, and praying for 10 minutes in each church parking lot every Friday night.

“He did everything for everyone else. He’d pray for them, feed them, and clothe them,” Chase said. “He never thought about himself.”

Johnson is perhaps best known for providing a nonjudgmental ear for those in the community with addiction issues. Whitmarsh said Johnson was a recovering alcoholic who hadn’t had a drink in 30 years. While there are organizations that treat addicts who come to them, Johnson, according to Whitmarsh, had a unique ability to seek out those who needed help.

“The KP has all sorts of pockets where it’s easy to fall through the cracks,” he said. “What this area will miss is his ability to find and connect with people who are hidden or passed over.”

A memorial service for Johnson was held July 29 at Lakebay Community Church, 11 Cornwall Road SW, in Lakebay.

The GoFundMe for Chase runs through August at www.gofundme.com. ■



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“Delightful combination of images and in-depth, well-researched content.” *Stephanie Lile, Harbor History Museum* “Wonderful stroll down memory lane.” *Joseph Dervaes, KP Historical Society* “Marvelous researching on all four bridges.” *Don Tjossem, author* “Captivating storytelling and a treasure trove of historic photos.” *Bruce Morse, Burley Lagoon Heritage Group*



**Collapse, decay, political intrigue and rebirth
—The Life and Times of the Purdy Bridge—**

Using archival documents and rarely-seen photos, local historian Joseph Pentheroudakis traces the history of the iconic bridge, the engineers that built it and the communities it has served for over four generations.



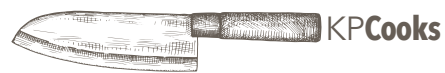
This colorful 48-page book builds on a series of KP News articles published last summer. Now available at www.purdybridge.com, local museums, Cost Less Drugs and Amazon.

TASTY, SIMPLE AND TRUE, LIKE ALL VERY GOOD THINGS



Make Your August Pesto For Life, Love and All Things Good

DAN CLOUSE



It's August, and the blackberries are ripe. That pie in the oven is distracting you from the monthly newspaper. Gardens are ascending to the peak of their harvest season, and there are fresh vegetables on the dinner table.

We're enjoying the brief weeks of picking basil leaves for pesto, that classic Italian sauce. Basil is the main ingredient, and for a while our gardens and greenhouses are producing lots of it.

Pesto's original home is Genoa. Ligurian pride as the homeland of pesto comes with a defensive orthodoxy about its correct ingredients and preparation. Obsessively local even: Genoese food purists will insist that authentic pesto must be made with basil from the terraces of the Pra' hillside, olive oil from Taggiasca, garlic from the village of Vessalico and sea salt from the Ligurian Sea. Traditionalists specify further that you may only mash the basil leaves in a marble mortar with an olive-wood pestle made by local craftsmen, of course.

Add a pinch of conflicting recipes based on family traditions, spiced with debates about which cheeses are acceptable, and a dash of dispute about what pasta to serve. Was it trofie or tortiglioni?

Just as most of you have learned not to argue theology with the nice folks who come knocking on your door, you don't argue with an Italian about how to make authentic pesto — except perhaps to fine-tune your colloquial

Italian or to pick up some new emphatic gestures.

Readers of a certain age can still remember an America that had no brewpubs and fortified wine in only pocket-sized bottles, a land of no yogurt and no granola. Our children can hardly believe that once upon a time in America, there were no mocha frappuccinos.

Before the late '70s, pesto sounded more like a mispronunciation than something edible.

Back then, you couldn't buy basil at the supermarket, so the first recipes for pesto offered the more hopeful than helpful suggestion that you look for basil at an Italian grocery in your city's Little Italy. In days of yore, since Seattle's Garlic Gulch was 60 miles away, folks on the peninsula who had an un-American appetite for pesto had to grow basil in their gardens.

And then all the college students who'd hitchhiked around Europe in the '60s came home with a taste for foreign flavors and Volvos. Next thing you know, America had espresso coffee and Chablis. Quiche, baguettes, brie, croissants, biscotti, pancetta, Gauloises cigarettes, and Toblerone all appeared like mushrooms in November. Suddenly, pesto recipes were featured in best-selling cookbooks, and basil appeared in the produce section of grocery stores everywhere, even if not at Walt's Fine Foods.

Here on the Key Peninsula, we have our own almost local connection to the history of American pesto.

The favorite son of nearby McCleary, Angelo Pellegrini, wrote the very first pesto recipe to appear in print in the U.S. His casually vague recipe in the September 1946 issue of *Sunset Magazine* was very simple. Just mince basil leaves with chopped pine nuts and put them in a large mixing bowl with olive oil. Add grated Parmesan cheese and mix thoroughly until the mixture is as dry as sawdust. No quantities, no persnickety techniques.

Pellegrini was born in a Tuscan village in 1904 and came to McCleary with his family as a 9-year-old monolingual Italian. He mastered English, and young Angelo won an academic scholarship to the University of Washington. After a doctorate, he returned to an English professor's chair in Seattle.

At the urging of dinner guests who'd enjoyed his cooking, Pellegrini began writing about food. His first book, "The Unprejudiced Palate," was published in 1948 and has never been out of print. The book has been elevated by foodies to classic status in the history of modern American cooking.

Pellegrini was revolutionary in post-war America because his writing is straightforward, epicurean philosophy: eat fresh, simply prepared food that tastes good. By necessity, he was a do-it-yourselfer, making his own wine from California grapes in the basement and keeping a year-round vegetable garden at his

Seattle home instead of a lawn. Despite 75 years of progress in agriculture and grocery supply chains, his principle that "without a kitchen garden it is not possible to produce decent and savory food for the dinner table," is still regrettably and mostly true.

Pellegrini was "a slow food voice in a fast-food nation."

In making your pesto this August, avoid old garlic, pizza-parlor Parmesan and industrial lubricant-grade olive oil. Pesto will only be as good as the quality of its ingredients, and you just can't do any better than basil straight from your garden.

Ingredients

2 to 3 cups of basil leaves
Italian parsley (to taste)
¼ cup pine nuts, raw or toasted
1 small head of garlic, chopped to the size of the pine nuts
½ cup (or more to taste) of good olive oil

Pinch of good salt
Grated Parmesan (to taste)
Preparation

Put a few leaves of basil (optionally, some parsley), garlic, salt, and a few pine nuts into a blender, food processor, or mortar and pestle.

Blend the ingredients, adding basil leaves, moistening with olive oil, until you have a thick sauce.

Add Parmesan to finish and serve on pasta like fusilli with a complicated shape that holds the pesto. ■

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NOTHING SPECIAL WAS EVER PLANNED — HESITATION KILLS THE DREAM

The Art of Eating from the Garden Even Though You Don't Really Want to but Know You Should

Growing the stuff was tough enough but now you've got to figure out what to do with it, and when. Otherwise what are you doing anyway?

KAMRYN MINCH

I love my garden, but sometimes it makes me feel like I'm a contestant on one of those cooking shows where amateur chefs are given a basket of incompatible ingredients and have to make a gourmet meal with them in less than 30 minutes.

When I started gardening, this isn't exactly what I had in mind. I thought it would be more like having my own personal grocery store stocked full of everything I could ever want and ready to go whenever I needed them. Laugh out loud. That couldn't be further from reality, where I'm lucky if my nightly basket of random has enough material to build a single serving of salad.

That doesn't make me sound like a great gardener, and after three years it certainly feels like I should have more to show on a nightly basis. However, considering where I started back in 2020, consistently eating anything from the garden is a major feat that I have worked hard to accomplish. That might sound like I've barely grown anything to eat but to the contrary, I've grown a lot to consistently eat — my struggle has been consistently eating what I grow.

This has been one of the biggest learning curves I faced in gardening. If that sounds like a strange predicament, trust me, I was equally confused when I realized how truly difficult I found incorporating the things that I (theoretically) wanted to eat into my diet. Unpacking the reasons for this struggle hasn't been easy. There's been a plethora of mental hurdles I've had to jump over, many of which I think a lot of us newbies to gardening encounter that just aren't addressed in gardening books. A big one, as presented in the beginning, is the expectation that our gardens are going to be just like grocery stores.

But a garden — and this becomes apparent almost immediately — is not a grocery store. In fact, it operates exactly the opposite of a grocery store for many reasons.

At the store, you're generally looking at the produce sans soil and the rest of the plant it came from. In this case, we trust that there was a farmer on the back end making the calls about whether



Shelling peas waiting for something special. And waiting. Still waiting. Hello? *Kamryn Minch*

something was ready to be picked or not.

In the garden, however, it becomes your job to make these decisions, and while there are plenty of resources out there describing what each crop looks like when it's generally ready to be harvested, that doesn't stop you from second-guessing yourself about whether you genuinely know what a cucumber

or green bean looks like. And that's just food above the surface. Roots and tubers are a completely different story. Pulling up one wimpy, half-grown carrot is enough to inspire avoidance of pulling up any carrot no matter what it looks like up top. At least with beets and radishes, the greens are just as edible as the root should they fail to form, but good luck



feeling comfortable right off the bat tossing those in a pan with butter and garlic.

Seeing produce in a new setting and not in a perfected commercial shape kept me from recognizing what I was growing, in any form, as something worth eating. A lot of potential salads and sautés ended up being tossed to the chickens. (And don't get me started on that subject.)

At a grocery store, you can usually get the exact amount of what you need when you need it. The garden, on the other hand, gives what it gives when it gives it. There are ways to plan the general timeline for getting the give, but I'm not going to pretend my garden space abides by seed packet predictions or that what I planted can be counted on to make it all the way to the finish line. I either end up with the underwhelm or the overwhelm — my awkward basket of one radish and two beets, or all my tomatoes deciding to turn red at the same time, conveniently after I cut back the basil.

Things aligning just right is a rare but delightful occurrence. However, I've learned there's no good reason to wait when food is ready to be picked, even if you need a lot of a particular crop to make anything substantial. I had a tendency to put off picking things, like very time-sensitive shelling peas, and would tell myself I had to have something special planned for their use before bringing them inside. Spoiler alert: Nothing special was ever planned. Hesitation kills the dream. If you can't make a meal, make a snack.

Eating from the garden is as much a skill to practice as sprouting seeds and nurturing plants. It's a new relationship you have to foster with yourself and with plants, and it's complicated. Forcing myself to abandon the idea of grocery store perfection and putting my amateur chef's hat on to make do with what I have is still a struggle, but a vegetable of any shape in any amount flavored by the sweat of my brow tastes more and more perfect with each bite. ■

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Climbing Mann's Mountain: Like Climbing a Real Mountain, Only Better

JOSÉ ALANIZ



As someone who teaches college-level literature classes for a living, once or twice a year I find myself giving my students some version of this speech:

It's no surprise to me that I only see a few of you here today when we are discussing a long novel.

I get it.

I went to a state school, and as an undergrad I worked three jobs, and had many demands on my time. On top of that, the fact is that we in the 21st century United States are not a culture that as a whole is very into reading long novels. We know from surveys that most Americans read few if any books in a given year — long, complex novels least of all.

Part of the reason is circumstantial. We live in a very different era from the one where the modern novel emerged, the late 18th century, when primarily the wealthy, literate, and those possessed of copious leisure time consumed them. Today, too, novels have ceded ground to flashier, more nimble media. They're not like movies or TikTok clips (not that those media aren't also complex in their own ways, or that one can't consume them critically too).

So, reading a novel today poses numerous challenges. Novels, especially long ones, demand a sustained level of engagement and attention that many of our overscheduled selves have trouble mustering these days. This is not to say that the novel as a medium is dead. It isn't, not by a long shot. But the novel, I would say, has transmigrated to other platforms. How else can we describe sprawling, multilayered, binge-able streaming series except as novelistic, even Dickensian, Dostoevskian?

In short, today most people watch novels rather than read them.

So, yeah, it doesn't surprise me when on the days I teach long novels that my students (1) don't show up as much and (2) don't talk as much as they otherwise might. But to the degree that you guys will invest time in this novel, even if you can't finish it, even if you drop it halfway through, it is time well spent, blah blah blah.

Did you get through all that? Practically a novel right there. And, yes, I know: It's a sort of an apology — though

neither I in this regard nor the novel, in general, have anything to apologize for.

Case in point: Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" (Der Zauberberg).

I recalled my little canned exhortation more than once as I spent over three years traversing the German author's monumental 1924 opus, which in my

Vintage International edition clocks in at 729 pages. I had wanted to read the novel for ages since I often write and teach about illness, disability, and death and dying. "The Magic Mountain" is about all those things and so much more.

The story is about a young hero, Hans Castorp — Mann only ever refers to him by both first and surname — who visits his ill cousin Joachim at Berghof, a chic tuberculosis sanatorium very high up in the Swiss Alps. Hans Castorp ends up staying far beyond his planned three-week jaunt. And staying. And staying. For seven years.

What HC discovers there is a microcosm of the European bourgeoisie immediately before World War I, a lost society displaced by cataclysm. And what people! The irrepressible Italian humanist Herr Settembrini, the Dutch bon vivant Herr Peepercorn, the beautiful and forthright Russian Frau Chauchat (what a lovely name, I thought, for a rock band: "Clavdia Chauchat"), the fearful Catholic Barbara Hujus, the severe Jesuit Leo Naphta. All tubercular, some of them dying before our eyes, under the rather tyrannical watch of head doctor Hofrat Behrens. Innumerable philosophical and historical discussions ensue, from every possible point of view, over endlessly repetitive meals — a character in themselves — the same door slamming every day like clockwork, the lavish courses, the bizarre frozen timelessness of such a regimented setting. The girth of a novel allows Mann to build on that theme in a deliberate, accruing, poignant fashion.

But Mann's achievement is not confined to character interactions. He's a master of the telling detail on the shifting border of symbol and materiality, as when he describes a christening bowl HC recalls from childhood, a price-

less family heirloom with its "smooth, faintly golden inside, which caught the light from the window in the ceiling" (in H.T. Lowe-Porter's translation). We later get an echo of this language in a description of patients' X-rays.

Like I said, though, this mountain climb took me years.

I read about Hans Castorp getting lost in a snowstorm and almost dying while I was visiting the Tsitsernakaberd Armenian Genocide Memorial in Yerevan. Right there, at the memorial. Then the pandemic hit. I was reading it on the day I went to a café in Tacoma with no one there. The barista told me I had to wear a mask. That was the first time I experienced this particular piece of what would become COVID-19 business-as-usual. Suddenly we were all Berghofians, in a

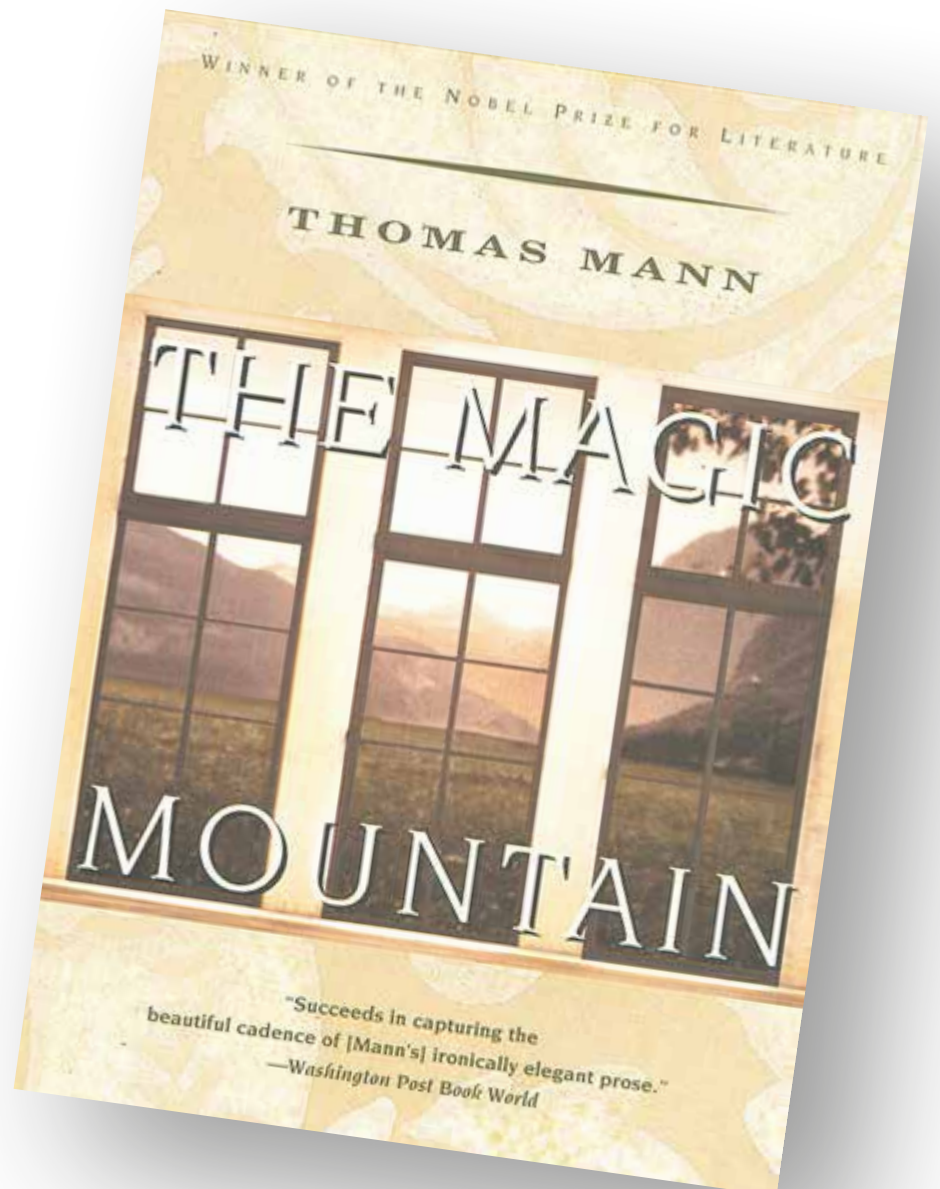
sense. The planet was sick.

So, yes, the novel is still very much alive. In Mann's capable hands, this way of telling a story reaches astonishing heights. This is what the Russian literary critic Mikhail Bakhtin called the novel's supreme advantage over other media: its enormous accumulation of detail by piling on the words, the diversity of voices, and clashing perspectives for a multifarious kaleidoscopic view of reality. That's "The Magic Mountain" in a nutshell.

All the while over those three years, I felt the sensation of climbing a tall, craggy, complicated massif, with many digressions, to arrive at last at the Berghof: a sort of high-altitude purgatory from which to gaze upon the whole world.

And you know what? I look forward to someday scaling Mann's elusive mountain all over again. ■

SO, YES, THE NOVEL IS STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE.



FIRE DEPT FROM PAGE 1

have 34 authorized line positions. That includes the Division Chief of Training (works day shift) and three battalion chiefs, one supervising each shift.”

KPFD recently hired two firefighters from other departments but has one authorized position that will remain unfilled for the present, for a total of 33 line personnel plus backup from the administrative chiefs.

“When fully staffed we have 11 per shift and three shifts,” Swinhart said. “However, it’s important to note that doesn’t mean we have 11 people working per day. Due to sick leave, vacation, etc., we often only have seven people. We have to maintain at least seven on duty at all times or we have to call in somebody on overtime. If we can’t maintain that seven minimum, we have to close down a fire station.”

Swinhart has been working to staff Station 45, at the corner of State Route 302 and Wright-Bliss Road, with two live-in volunteers.

“We only had one volunteer who had expressed interest and we’re still trying to ascertain whether he’s still interested,” Swinhart said. “As you can imagine, we can’t take just anybody off the street who wants to live in a fire station. They have to be fully trained, medically certified, and preferably an existing member of our volunteer roster.”

Staffing 45 full-time would mean hiring more personnel.

“What I’ve been trying to get across to the folks who’ve been asking about this recently at the meetings, if we want to staff a medic unit at Station 45, for instance, we’d have to hire those additional people (at least seven) or we’d have to pull them from somewhere else,” he said.

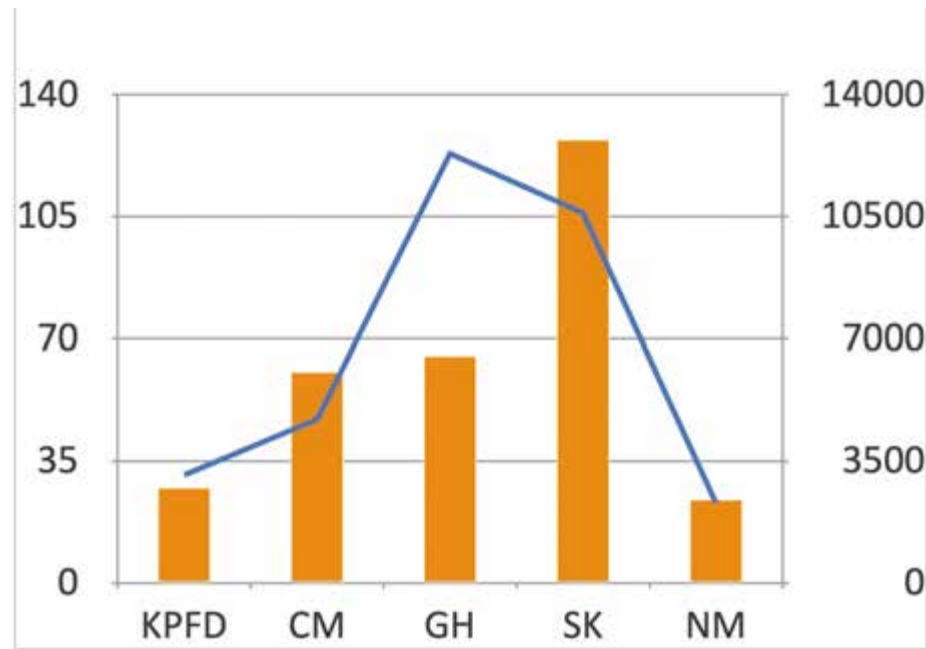
Complete details are available in the district’s annual report, which can be found at www.keypeninsulafire.org.

Central Mason County

Just west of the KP, Fire District 5 in Central Mason County serves a similar population of 18,000 over 157 square miles but also covers Shelton by contract, adding another 10,000.

It has a line staff of 47 in four stations 24/7, three with medic units and one with a medic and engine with a minimum of 11 on duty. They responded to 6,063 calls in 2022 plus another 3,256 in mutual aid, about 25 each day or six per station.

“That’s because our medic units cover



Local fire district call rates and staff levels. Blue line represents staff levels, enumerated on the left; orange bars represent call volume, listed on the right. *Key Peninsula News*

two-thirds of the county,” said Fire Chief Jeff Snyder. “We’re a regional ALS system (advanced life support), which is very different (from KPFD).”

The 2022 budget was \$13,235,791; the cost of employees was about 78% of that, Snyder said.

Gig Harbor

Gig Harbor Fire & Medic One serves a population of about 53,000 over 48 square miles with 111 line staff and 19 administrative. It staffs five of its nine stations with a minimum of 22 per shift, who responded to 6,516 calls in 2022, an increase of 10% over 2021, or an average of four per station per day, with an average response time of nine minutes.

One significant difference about Gig Harbor is its terrain, mostly jagged coastline that creates “large, permanent obstructions to efficient emergency responses ... There are few direct routes anywhere,” according to its website, necessitating multiple crews deployed over a comparatively small area.

The 2023 budget was \$48,757,160, a 32% increase over 2022 with 64% paying for salaries after an \$80 million capital improvements plan was approved by voters.

South Kitsap County

South Kitsap Fire & Rescue serves 80,375 people over 117 square miles with a line staff of 106 and 40 volunteers staffing six of 12 stations with a minimum of 21, or 19 overnight in some stations, who responded to 12,707 calls in 2022 or 35 per day and six per station on average.

KPFD Responses July 4

Key Peninsula Fire District personnel were dispatched 17 times on July 4, more than twice the daily average, including:

- 8 brush fires, including one mutual aid response in Kitsap County
- 6 medical calls
- 1 car accident
- 1 tree down
- 1 smoke investigation

There were no structure fires, water rescues, or any fireworks-related injuries.

The 2023 budget is \$27,256,340; personnel makes up 84% of that.

North Mason County

North Mason Regional Fire Authority did not respond to multiple requests for confirmation from KP News, but according to its website — and employees not authorized to speak to the media — it serves 18,000 people over 136 square miles, though the population increases to nearly 25,000 in summer. It had 23 line staff and a 2022 budget of \$4,739,024, about 78% of which paid for employees. There are nine stations; two are staffed 24/7 and one is part-time, while the remaining six are volunteer stations. The authority responds to 2,400 calls per year, or an average of six and a half a day, and reported that it was preparing to transition to a four-shift schedule.

North Mason built a new 21,000-square-foot headquarters in Belfair in May 2021 for just under \$10 million. ■

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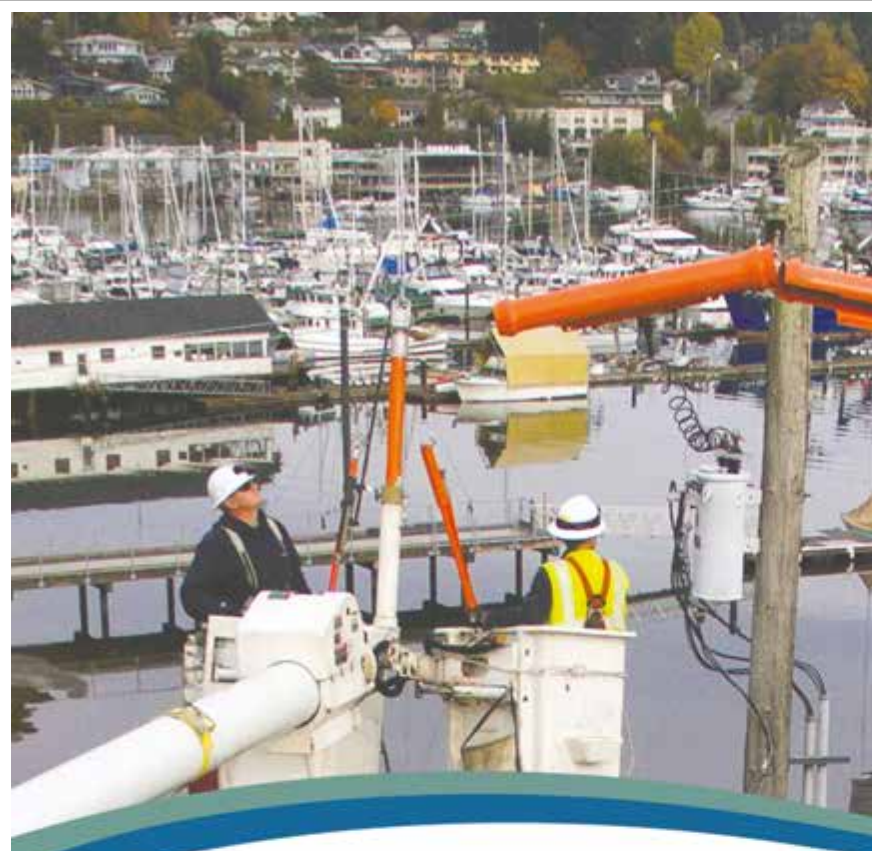
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- Burley Lagoon.

Key Peninsula Library
Saturday, Aug. 19, 2023 | 1:30–4:30 p.m.

We'll discuss water:

- Sample results.
- Quality concerns.
- Improvement efforts.

Questions?

Contact Lindsay at (253) 377-6092 or ltuttle@tpchd.org.



PRINT AND ONLINE CALENDARS ARE UNDERWRITTEN BY A GRANT FROM THE ANGEL GUILD

COMMUNITY CALENDAR

To add a listing for your event or find the latest details, visit www.keypennews.org/calendar

Aug 1 Mystery Maker - Art and Science For Kids 11 a.m., Key Center Library. Use recycled items to create your own masterpiece. All children must be accompanied by an adult.

Aug 1 National Night Out 5 – 8 p.m., Skansie Brothers Park. Sponsored by the Gig Harbor Police Department. Free food, live music, kids games and community exhibits.

Aug 2 Cribbage Club 2 – 4 p.m., The Mustard Seed Project. Everyone is welcome, no experience required.

Aug 2 Key Center Art Walk 4 – 8 p.m., Key Center. Two Waters Art Alliance, featuring art, live music, crafts, exhibits and food for purchase.

Aug 2 Gig Harbor Literary Society 6 p.m., Harbor History Museum. "Remarkably Bright Creatures" by Shelby Van Pelt.

Aug 3 Purdy Beach Low Tide Beach Walk 12:30 p.m., Harbor WildWatch. Meet at the top of the boat launch. Look for HWW staff and volunteers wearing blue.

Aug 4 Joemma State Park Low Tide Beach Walk 1:30 p.m., Harbor WildWatch. Meet at the top of the boat launch. Look for HWW staff and volunteers wearing blue.

Aug 4 Penrose Point Low Tide Beach Walk 1:30 p.m., Harbor WildWatch. Meet on the lawn by the fire pits closest to the beach. Look for HWW staff and volunteers wearing blue.

Aug 4 Cinema Under the Stars - Top Gun Maverick (PG-13) Movie begins at dusk. Gateway Park, food available for purchase from the Key Peninsula Lions Club.

Aug 5 Galloping Gertie Half Marathon/10K/5K 8 a.m., Gig Harbor Rotary. Races across the iconic Tacoma Narrows Bridge. Register online at the race website.

Aug 5 Bird Walks 8:30 a.m., rain or shine. Meet nature guide Chris Rurik at Gateway Park pavilion.

Aug 5 Mountain Biking 101 10 a.m. – 12 p.m., Key Pen Parks. Designed for kids who can fully ride a bike, parents welcome to participate as well. Register at Key Pen Parks website.

Aug 5 Gig Harbor Art Walk 10 a.m. – 5 p.m., downtown Gig Harbor. Celebrating creativity in the Harbor. Ebttide Gallery, Gallery Row and Waters Edge Gallery.

Aug 7 Bingo! 1 – 2 p.m., The Mustard Seed Project.

Aug 8 Building Madness 11 a.m., Key Center Library. Summer reading program for kids. Children 6 and under must be accompanied by an adult.

Aug 9 Digital Literacy Mobile Tech Center 12 – 6 p.m., Red Barn Youth Center. Presented by Financial Aid Access Support team. Computer access and computer literacy courses.

Aug 8 TacomaProBono Legal Aid 1 – 3 p.m., The Mustard Seed Project. Free civil legal help.

Aug 8 Sen. Emily Randall's KP Community Coffee Hour 4 – 6 p.m., The Mustard Seed Project. Join your state senator to discuss ideas, give feedback, and ask questions.

Aug 9 The Artist's Way Workshop 11 a.m., Key Center Library. Interactive workshop based on artist Julia Cameron's book "The Artist's Way: A Spiritual Path to Higher Creativity."

Aug 9 Digital Literacy Mobile Tech Center 12 – 5 p.m., Key Peninsula Civic Center. Presented by Financial Aid Access Support team. Computer access and computer literacy courses.

Aug 11 Cinema Under the Stars - Paws of Fury, The Legend of Hank (PG) Movie begins at dusk. Volunteer Park, food available for purchase from the Snack Shack.

Aug 12 Hood Canal Summerfest 7:30 a.m. – 5 p.m., Belfair State Park. Presented by North Mason Rotary Club. Car show, food vendors, live music, arts and crafts booths, beer and wine garden.

Aug 12 Waterwise Gardening 10 – 11 a.m., WSU Extension Pierce County Master Gardener Program. Gig Harbor Demonstration Garden at Sehmel Homestead Park.

Aug 12 Gig Harbor's Rockin' Rhythm & Blues Festival 12 – 9 p.m., Gig Harbor Sportsman's Club. Live music festival, all proceeds benefit the Permission to Start Dreaming Foundation.

Aug 15 Bubble Fun Day 10 a.m. – 12 p.m., Key Pen Parks and Pierce County Library System. Gateway Park, kids can make their own bubble wands, supplies provided.

Aug 15 Hootenanny 2 – 4 p.m., The Mustard Seed Project. Folksong sing and play along.

Aug 16 Cribbage Club 2 – 4 p.m., The Mustard Seed Project. Everyone is welcome, no experience required.

Aug 16 Summer Concert at Sehmel Homestead Park 6 p.m., National Park Radio Band.

Aug 18 Baby Lounge 12 p.m., Key Peninsula Civic Center. A gathering for connection with other parents.

Aug 18 Cinema Under the Stars - Minions, The Rise of Gru (PG) Movie begins at dusk. Gateway Park, food available for purchase from the Key Peninsula Lions Club.

Aug 19 Youth Gardening Workshop: Weird and Wonderful Plants 10:30 a.m., Gig Harbor Demonstration Garden at Sehmel Homestead Park. Registration required.

Aug 19 Digital Literacy Mobile Tech Center 12 – 5 p.m., Key Peninsula Civic Center. Presented by Financial Aid Access Support team. Computer access and

computer literacy courses.

Aug 19 Peninsula Logging Show and Festival Port Orchard Airport. Music, food, vendors, logging events. Live and silent auction to benefit Food Backpacks 4 Kids and KP Little League.

Aug 19-20 Wings Over Washington Air Show Bremerton National Airport. Classic military aircraft and world-class aerobatic performers. Tickets available online or in-person the day of the show.

Aug 23 Digital Literacy Mobile Tech Center 12 – 5 p.m., Key Peninsula Civic Center. Presented by Financial Aid Access Support team. Computer access and computer literacy courses.

Aug 24 KP Book Club 11 a.m., KP Historical Society. "Dinners with Ruth" by Nina Totenberg.

Aug 25-27 Free Community Clothing Giveaway Food Backpacks for Kids, Key Peninsula Civic Center. 8/25 12 – 7 p.m., 8/26 10 a.m. – 6 p.m., 8/27 9 a.m. – 12 p.m.

Aug 25 Cinema Under the Stars - DC League of Super Pets (PG) Movie begins at dusk. Volunteer Park, food available for purchase from the Snack Shack.

Aug 30 Youth Night 6:30 p.m., Peninsula Life Church. All youth are welcome. Association.

WEEKLY EVENTS

Monday Al-Anon Keys to Sanity 5 p.m., KP fire station. Family group.

Monday Yoga at the Civic Center 6:30 - 7:30 p.m., Key Peninsula Civic Center. Schedule classes online at the civic center website.

M-W Yoga at the Civic Center 9:30 - 10:30 a.m., Key Peninsula Civic Center. Schedule classes online at the

civic center website.

M-W SAIL 3:30 p.m., KP Community Services, 253-884-4440. Flexibility and balance for those over 60.

M-W-F SAIL 10 a.m., The Mustard Seed Project, 253-884-9814. Stay Active and Independent for Life.

M-F REFIT/REV+FLOW Workout Mon 7 p.m., Fri 9:30 a.m., WayPoint South, heartfitwp@gmail.com. Women's free fitness classes.

M-F Tai Ji Quan 11:15 a.m. – 12:15 p.m., The Mustard Seed Project. Exercise training program for improving balance and preventing falls.

Tuesday Summer Sounds at Skansie Brothers Park 6:00 p.m., Free Concerts.

T-W-Th REFIT/REV+FLOW Workout Tue and Wed 5:30/6:15 p.m., Thu 9:30/10:30 a.m., WayPoint North, heartfitwp@gmail.com. Women's free fitness classes.

T-TH Toddler Indoor Park 9:30 – 11:30 a.m., Key Peninsula Civic Center in the gym.

T-TH Tai Chi 9:45 a.m., KP Community Services, 253-884-4440.

T-TH Summer Lunch in the Park 12 p.m., Food Backpacks4Kids. Gateway Park and Home Park.

T-TH-SA SAIL 8:30 a.m., KP Community Services, 253-884-4440. Flexibility and balance for those over 60.

T-SA KP Historical Museum 1 – 4 p.m. Open hours through November.

Wednesday Gentle Yoga for Older Adults 11:15 a.m., The Mustard Seed Project, 253-884-9814.

Thursday Summer Stories for Families 10:30 – 11 a.m., Key Center Library. For families with young children.

Thursday County Council District 7 Constituent Office Hours 11 a.m. – 2 p.m., Councilmember Robyn Denson

and her staff. Call 253-798-6654 for information.

Thursday Senior Bingo 1 p.m., first and third Thursdays, KP Community Services, 253-884-4440.

Thursday Waterfront Farmers Market 1 – 6 p.m., Skansie Brothers Park, downtown Gig Harbor.

Thursday KP Toastmasters 8 a.m., WayPoint Church, 425-243-2618.

Friday Summer Movies at Sehmel Homestead Park 5 p.m. Free movies, starts Aug. 4.

Saturday Eddon Boatyard Tours 11:30 a.m. – 2:30 p.m., Gig Harbor Boat Shop.

Saturday Community Boat Restoration Program 9 a.m. – 5 p.m., Gig Harbor Boat Shop. Call 253-857-9344 to register.

Sunday WayPoint Community Dinners 6 p.m. Free community dinners at WayPoint North and WayPoint South churches.

MONTHLY MEETINGS

26th LD Democrats First Thursdays, 6:30 p.m. Meeting locations vary, check 26d.org for monthly updates.

Brunch First Mondays, 11:30 a.m., The Mustard Seed Project.

Caregiver Support Group Third Mondays, 2 p.m., The Mustard Seed Project.

Key Peninsula Advisory Commission Fourth Thursdays, 5:30 p.m. piercecountywa.gov/5937

KP Business Association Luncheon, third Fridays, noon at El Sombrero. kpbusinessassociation@gmail.com

KP Business Association Business meeting, first Tuesdays, 6:30 p.m., All Around Gutters in Key Center. kpbusinessassociation@gmail.com

KP Community Council Second Wednesdays on Zoom, 6:30 p.m. keypencouncil@gmail.com

KP Citizens Against Crime Third Thursdays, 7 – 8:30 p.m., Key Center fire station.

KP Civic Center Association Board meeting, second Thursdays, 7 – 8:30 p.m., Whitmore Room, KP Civic Center, 253-884-3456.

KP Democrats Third Monday, 7 p.m., Home fire station, johnpatrick@aol.com, 253-432-4256.

KP Fire Regular Board Meeting Second and fourth Tuesdays, 5 p.m. and on Zoom, keypeninsulafire.org, 253-884-2222.

KP Historical Society First Tuesdays, 11 a.m. at museum, kphsmuseum@gmail.com.

KP Lions Club First and third Wednesdays, 6 p.m. Potluck at Key Center fire station, 253-525-0802, keypeninsulalions@outlook.com.

Key Pen Parks Board of Commissioners Meeting, second Monday, 7 p.m., Home fire station, 253-884-9240.

KP Veterans First and third Mondays, 7 – 8 p.m., KP Lutheran Church, 253-884-2626.

Lakebay Fuchsia Society First Thursdays, 7 p.m. KP Civic Center, Whitmore Room, 253-884-2283.

Longbranch Improvement Club Third Wednesdays, 6:30 – 8:30 p.m., Longbranch Improvement Club, 253-200-0308 or licweb.org.

Peninsula Emergency Preparedness Coalition Second Wednesdays, 5:30 p.m., check pep-c.org for meeting location.

Peninsula School District Board Meeting Fourth Thursdays, 6 – 7:30 p.m., 253-530-1000.

Tacoma-Pierce County Health Department Tues & Thurs, 10 a.m. – 2 p.m. Key Center Corral. Call 253-432-4948 for the schedule; Air Quality, Triple P, COVID-19, General HD, Water/Wells and Healthy Housing advice.

Meet the Candidates

2023 Key Peninsula Candidates Forum

**September 12
Tuesday at 7 p.m.**

Key Pen Parks

Commissioner, Position 5
KIP CLINTON (I)

KP Fire District 16

Commissioner, Position 5
**JOHN PAT KELLY
CAMBRIA QUEEN**

Commissioner, Position 3
SHAWN JENSEN (I)

Peninsula School District

Director, District 1
CHUCK WEST (I)

Director, District 3
LORI GLOVER (I)

Director, District 4
NATALIE WIMBERLEY (I)

Port of Tacoma

Commissioner, Position 3
DEANNA KELLER

Commissioner, Position 5
**KRISTIN ANG
DAVE BRYANT**

Key Peninsula Civic Center 17010 South Vaughn Road

Questions for candidates should be emailed in advance to
keypencouncil@gmail.com

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Project. Refreshments will be provided.

‘A Story of Shocking Function’ — Derek Kilmer Works to Fix Congress

The Select Committee to Modernize Congress was recognized for its novel approach and resulting achievements.

SARA THOMPSON, KP NEWS

Ten years ago, then-state legislator Derek Kilmer considered running for Congress to replace the retiring Norm Dicks (D-6th), but he had some reservations. “I was conscious that if I was successful, I was signing up for a 3,000-mile commute and my kids were 3 and 6,” Kilmer said. “The other con was that I was going to Congress, and I was kind of repelled by it.

“Then I thought maybe that’s the reason to do it. Because it’s a mess and because I have kids and I don’t want their future affected by a completely messed up federal government.”

He won the race. “When I get on the plane, I write an email to my daughters about what I will be doing that week and why it matters to their future,” Kilmer said. The work he has done over the last four years as chair of the Select Committee on the Modernization of Congress has given him much to write about.

In 2018 Kilmer got a call from then-House Speaker Nancy Pelosi to ask if he would chair the new committee. “I don’t know if she considered anybody else,” Kilmer said. “She knew I was interested in strengthening Congress and making it work better, and I’m sort of a process nerd. It was a nice vote of confidence.”

Although the track record for committees to reform Congress in the past was dismal, he took up the challenge. “Like most Americans, I had the sense that Congress had been punching below its weight for a long time.”

The committee, with six Democrats and six Republicans, was initially scheduled to last for one year. Instead, the committee’s work continued through two congressional terms from January 2019 through December 2022. It produced more than 200 recommendations, nearly two-thirds of which are now fully or partially implemented.

In February Amanda Ripley, a contributing columnist for *The Washington Post*, described the success of the committee as a story of shocking function. This May the committee won the Frank E.A. Sander Innovation in Alternative Dispute Resolution Award from the American Bar Association to recognize exceptional achievements and novel approaches to conflict resolution.

“One of the fundamental philosophies I have had since I got this job is if you want to get things to work differently in Congress, do things differently in Congress,” Kilmer said. That philosophy was reflected in how the committee was structured from its inception.

As he thought about how the committee would function, Kilmer thought about what he valued. “I would want to be listened to,



Rep. Derek Kilmer visits residents of The Village at The Mustard Seed Project, for which he helped find funding. *Lisa Bryan, KP News*

I would want it to be collaborative and not antagonistic,” he said.

“The first big decision that we made was having joint staff, so that instead of putting on blue jerseys and red jerseys, let’s put on ‘Let’s Fix Congress’ jerseys,” Kilmer said. His vice chair, Republican Tom Graves from Georgia, was game. The committee had a single website and a single Twitter account.

“The next big decision was a fundamental change,” Kilmer said. “Most often if you are in the majority, you set the terms. We had a bipartisan planning retreat and set the agenda through a collaborative process. That was really important because one of my key lessons was that it is hard to get people there for the landing if they haven’t been invited to the takeoff. This is not a game to be won. These are problems to be solved.”

They decided that recommendations needed to have at least eight of 12 votes to move forward. At hearings, rather than have the members sit on a dais above those testifying, everyone sat around a table, committee members sat intermingled rather than by party, and questioning was not based on seniority or subject to time limits.

“When I hear a witness that says something interesting, I lean over to the person sitting next to me and say, ‘That was pretty interesting, what do you think?’ In our committee, you would

be leaning over to someone from a different party. We were at eye level with our witnesses. It is hard to foster a collaborative conversation when you are up on a dais and appear to be grilling rather than discussing.”

When the committee reconvened in early 2021 there were new challenges. There were new committee members following the 2020 election and the impact of the January 6 assault on the Capitol was fresh. After meeting with the new vice chair William Timmons, a Republican from South Carolina, Kilmer brought in an expert in conflict resolution to facilitate a conversation among all the members. “It didn’t make people all agree,” Kilmer said. “But everyone felt listened to and willing to engage with one another. To my knowledge that was the only place in Congress where that happened.”

Some of the recommendations from the committee focused on issues including scheduling processes, administrative efficiency, technology and innovation, and staff recruitment and retention. The committee also held four hearings on civility and collaboration.

Kilmer felt that recommendations in two areas are likely to be the most impactful.

First, the committee endorsed establishing a community benefit grant program that is transparent and allows community partners to submit grants to members of Congress to fund projects in their districts. “It is part

of the power of the purse,” Kilmer said. “As well-intentioned as members of the executive branch are, I know my district and its needs better than someone sitting in a marble building 3,000 miles away.”

He is also enthusiastic about recommendations to make Congress better at recruiting and retaining staff. “One of the reasons lobbyists have too much to say in the process is that Congress self-lobotomizes,” Kilmer said. “The turnover is so high. Once someone develops expertise, they get lured off the hill and so when people watch a hearing, and it looks like Congress is out-gunned, there is a reason for that. We made a number of recommendations that I think will be really fruitful.”

With the midterm election and change to Republican leadership the dynamic in Congress has shifted. “There is a very slim majority and part of the deal that the speaker made in order to get the gavel was to agree to a number of things the very far right of the Republican conference asked for,” he said. “That has not really set the table for a great deal of bipartisanship.”


Kilmer still finds reason for hope. “It would have been easy, looking at the history of these special committees to say ‘Gosh, I’m really hosed,’ but that’s not how I roll.” He is concentrating on the implementation of the remaining recommendations from the committee. ■

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TOP: Bigg's transient orcas swim in Case Inlet June 25.
 CENTER LEFT: A low tide crab haul.

CENTER: Backyard coyote pup.
 CENTER RIGHT: A bagpipe player leads the way along "A" Street.

LOWER LEFT: Independence Day Parade family fun.

LOWER RIGHT: Cinnabar moth larvae devouring noxious tansy ragwort.

BOTTOM LEFT: Paddleboarders hike during low tide at Joemma Beach.

All photos by Tina McKail, KP News