

the misic issue

Featuring harpist & artist Jean Wellburn Pages 6 & 7



On the

Cover:

Music stimu-

lates emotion and

creative outlet, and

the soundtrack to

our lives. This month

we pay tribute to that

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Soundtrack of life

BY CRAIG SMITH

I'll always have a soft spot for the music of Johnny Cash. When I was seven, I vividly remember listening and singing along to the 8-track of Johnny in my Dad's Car with my five year old brother while my Dad was in divorce court. (Back then it wasn't unusual for you to leave your kids in the car to entertain themselves while you had other business to take care of.) To this day, I still know all the words to all the songs on that tape.

When I was eight, I got a cassette player for Christmas with a microphone and two cassette tapes – new technology back then – and the funny thing is, I still have those cassettes (The Lovin' Spoonful and Three Dog Night) and the amount I have played them, they should be worn out, but no.

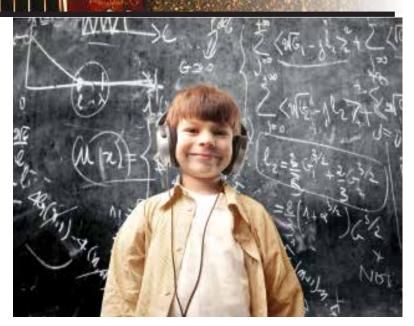
With my recorder and microphone, I discovered that if I bought blank tapes and was very quiet I could copy songs that the radio played. Many times I would start recording, only to have the session wrecked by someone being loud or just moving around. This was about the same time I discovered my Mom's collection of 45s and record player.

I grew up surrounded by a huge variety of music. My Nana looked after my brother and I when we were younger, so we heard 30s and 40s music. My Dad's taste in music was from the 50s, and Dad married a younger woman, so Mom's music was the 60s and 70s. Then mine was the 70s forward.

Elementary school music was the recorder, ukulele and anything you could hit or tap on. This was probably my first introduction to drums and I've had a love affair with them ever since. In grade seven, we were

told if we wanted to learn music we had to pick an instrument to learn to play. I immediately wanted drums but was told that that wasn't a choice. I'm not sure if I came up with the reasoning or if someone else did – I picked the trombone because I was taller and had longer arms, which I thought you needed to play it. I played trombone from grade seven to grade twelve in five different style bands, and for a little while in the Military in the Naval Band in Esquimalt, but a drummer was still what I wanted to be. At thirteen, my Dad let me join the Pipe Band in Salmon Arm, where I learned the skills to be a Highland drummer. Everywhere I lived since then, I have been involved in a pipe band; whether it was in the Military or after I got out. Unlike traditional bands (like a rock band where one drummer is enough), pipe bands always need more drummers - one drummer in a pipe band is the bare minimum.

I didn't start playing on a drum kit until much later, and my first drum set was an old couch and some cardboard. Little by little, I added drums, then a cymbal a friend gave me. I was talking to an acquaintance one day that said he was putting a band together and heard I was a drummer; he asked if I would like to audition. My store at that time was right next to a music store, and rather than tell him I didn't have a kit and had not actually played on a real drum kit, I asked the music store manager if I could play on the kit in their soundproof room. For two weeks, I practiced every day just to get the basics, and asked a buddy of mine if he could give me some exercises to help. With my musical background and my pipe band experience, I pounded out a steady, although not



incredibly fancy beat that was good enough for them to want me as their drummer, and I guess the rest, as they say, is history. I've been playing a pipe band snare for almost forty years, and a full kit for about twenty five, and although I'm taking a little break from bands right now I still have my kit set up in the basement. When I need to relax or figure something out, I go down and beat on them for an hour or so.

I have read many articles about the correlation between music and math. I'm not sure if my math skills are helped by my music skills or vice versa, but I do know that I have excelled in both. I remember my father teaching me to count back change to customers, and my Mom making flash cards so I could memorize my times tables around the same time as I discovered my passion for music. Unfortunately, I see kids now working at stores that can't figure out change without the cash register helping, and young adults that can't solve a simple math problem in their head. I really do believe this has something to do with the music programs being scaled down. I do know that some of this has to do with the increasing dependency on technology, but not all. All through my life, math

has been a huge factor. From my Military career, to being a photographer for twenty five years, to having our sign company, everything I've done required some form of math. Our next generation is going to need those same math skills, but unfortunately it seems they are not being developed, and I'm not 100% sure why. Is it the scaled-down version of school music programs, the use of calculators for even the most basic of calculations, the technology telling us what the customer pays or receives in change, or just the lack of effort to try to figure math-related problems out? I recently saw a Youtube video where a young lady was asked how long it would take to go eighty miles if she were travelling eighty miles an hour, and she couldn't answer the question.

My challenge to you this month is twofold: don't pick up the calculator so fast when someone asks you a math question, see if you can answer it without technology; and secondly, pick up an instrument. If you don't play anything right now, I know there are local teachers ready and willing to teach you everything from the Ukulele, to the bagpipes, and maybe one day we will see you on stage.



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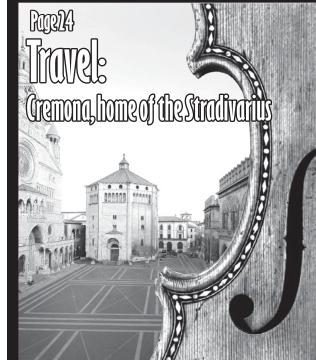
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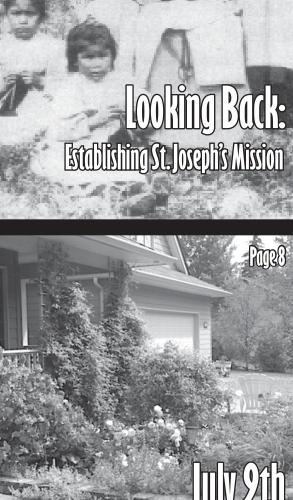
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Featured harpist & artist Jean Wellburn









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The Roman Catholic Church made its first inroads into the Cariboo and New Caledonia when Father Modeste Demers arrived at Fort Alexandria in 1842 with the fur brigade from Fort Vancouver.

He and Father Francois-Norbert Blanchet were sent to the Columbia District by Quebec Archbishop, Joseph Signay, in 1838, to answer the call of Roman Catholics in Oregon for their own missionaries and priests.

Father Demers made his first foray north to Fort Langley in 1841, before accompanying Hudson's Bay factor, Peter Skene Ogden, a year later to the Cariboo. Their route followed the Okanagan Valley to Fort Kamloops, then on to Fort Alexandria where he spent the winter. In New Caledonia he baptised converts and oversaw the building of chapels at Williams Lake, Fort Alexandria, and Fort St. James.

Born in St. Nicholas de Levis, Quebec, in 1809, the 33-year-old priest got along well with the natives of Williams Lake. He wrote a letter to Archbishop Signay, dated December 22, 1842, telling how the local Texelcemc lived in houses built after the European tradition, and had done so for several years.

"The old Chief William reserved his own house for me, and moved in with his son, the young Chief William," he wrote.

At Williams Lake, the priest baptised several children and commissioned Chief William to build a chapel in the T'exelcemc encampment at Missioner Creek. The next time Father Demers visited, a 41-by-19-foot chapel had been completed, along with a large fireplace and window openings covered with animal skins. There was no glass available, so the translucent rawhide had to do.

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But when he returned in January to give his first communion, Father Demers was devastated to discover that the hides covering the windows had been eaten by dogs.

"Oh vexatious disappointment," he wrote. "Some miserable starved dogs ate our windows. We had to set traps to catch several guilty ones to put a stop to this scandal."

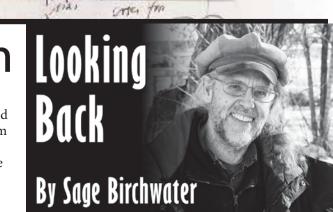
Demers returned to Oregon Country later that year, and in 1847 was named the first bishop of Vancouver Island and British Columbia.

Father John Nobili, a Jesuit from Italy, was the next priest to visit the Cariboo in 1845. Like Father Demers he arrived with the fur brigade from the Columbia District, and stayed two years. He recorded 629 baptisms among the Dakelh, Secwepemc and Tsilhqot'in before returning to Oregon Country in 1847.

When gold was discovered in California in 1849, Nobili was sent to San Francisco, and for nearly twenty years no missionaries visited New Caledonia.

It was the Gold Rush in the Cariboo that changed everything.

When the first gold strikes in the sandbars of the Fraser Canyon in 1858 brought 30,000 miners to British Columbia overnight, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate (OMI) religious order established their colonial headquarters at Esquimalt near Victoria on Vancouver Is-



Non Mozast und him und prix

land. In 1865 the Oblates relocated their headquarters to New Westminster.

The mandate of the Oblates was to work among the indigenous people. In August, 1866, Oblate Superior Louis-Joseph d'Herbomez assigned 31-year-old Irish priest Father James Maria McGuckin to the Cariboo-Williams Lake mission district. His task was to establish St. Joseph's Mission as a place to educate local First Nations and teach Christianity.

Father McGuckin preempted land in the San Jose Valley a few miles from the head of Williams Lake. This location was convenient for the Secwepemc and other First Nations to gather, yet far enough from the white settlements of Williams Lake and 150 Mile House.

He later purchased a further 320 acres from the Pomroys to be used as a school and farming village. The Oblate Brothers of St. Joseph farmed the land as a means of support and income, and local men were hired to work on the ranch for 50 cents a day.

As the church was getting established near Williams Lake, the situation of the Texelcemc was becoming more and more dire. Their village site at





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and Priests' residence

... continued from page 4

Missioner Creek had been illegally pre-empted from under them by Thomas W. Davidson in 1860, and they had no place to live.

In 1862, the smallpox epidemic killed twothirds of the T'exelcemc population, including Chief William who had built the chapel at Missioner Creek in 1842 for Father Demers. His son, Chief William Junior, took over leadership of the T'exelcemc, but his people had nowhere to live.

Compounding the issue, aboriginal people were not allowed to pre-empt land. As the flood of gold miners and settlers continued to pour into the Cariboo, the T'exelcemc had less and less land and resources to sustain themselves.

On July 5, 1867, just four days after the birth of Canada, St. Joseph's Mission opened its doors to serve the native people and neighbouring miners. Church services were held and the first cemetery was created. The mission became responsible for recording births and deaths in the region, and the first burials were made that year in the cemetery.

The Oblates allowed the T'exelcemc to live on mission property, but this was far from adequate. In 1870, the native residents were moved to Oblate land west of the San Jose River, but they were still without a home.

By 1879, the situation had reached the boiling point and in his desperation, Chief William, now an old man, drafted a letter to the Victoria Colonist newspaper, describing how the land his people had lived on for 500 years had been taken by a white man.

"He has crops of wheat, herds of cattle, and we have nothing – not even an acre."

Oblate Father Charles Grandidier supported Chief William's plea, and wrote to the superintendent of Indian Affairs.

'The T'exelcemc have been shamefully despoiled of their lands in direct opposition to Her Majesty's Proclamation of 1858 when she took formal possession of British Columbia."

He said the Proclamation's guidelines forbade settlers from pre-empting land occupied by aboriginal inhabitants -



Father Modeste Demers



Father McGuckin

specifically where they had houses, cemeteries, gardens and fisheries.

Judge Matthew Baillie Begbie, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, got behind the effort to find land for the T'exelcemc. The government purchased several ranches at the head of Williams Lake, and in the spring of 1880, the T'exelcemc moved onto 4,100 acres abutting the eastern shore of the lake. In 1884, the Sugar Cane Indian Reserve was formally designated by the Canadian government.

Father McGuckin had previously established a school at St. Joseph's Mission for white and halfwhite boys back in 1872. Eleven boys were enrolled



Graves of 3 priests



St Andrews Cathedral Victoria



Father Francois Norbert Blanchet

that first year. In 1876, the Sisters of St. Anne opened a school for girls, and by 1878, the Mission schools had an enrollment of 42 boys and 33 girls.

1900 ► Sisters of Child Jesus with girls



Interior Salish Chiefs

that St. Joseph's Mission became a residential school for aboriginal children. After that the white

children were forced to relocate to schools in Williams Lake or 150 Mile House.

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It wasn't until 1886



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Jean Wellburn: harpist & artist

BY CRAIG SMITH

I showed our artist of the month where my studio was so I could get some images of her for this month's Stew, and had only left her alone for a couple of minutes when our store started filling with this amazing music from her harp. To be honest, I have no way of describing the music that Jean was playing, but it was just amazing.

Jean Wellburn was born and raised in Penticton, moved to Ft. St. John for a year after finishing University, then landed in Williams Lake in 1968, where she soon married her husband Roy. Jean and Roy have a son and daughter, and now two grandsons that both call Jean, Nana Abula.

Iean has also been a lifelong educator, whether it's in the structured environment of a classroom for the school district here in Williams Lake, or the open-air preschool at Scout Island which she started in 1980. In the early 70s, she was coaxed into working with the Field Naturalists, and was mentored by Anna Roberts, eventually becoming a Nature Interpreter. She is still involved with the Centre, but now only as a Grandma.

Jean has painted all her life, and her most recent show was at Williams Lake's Station House Gallery in 2012. This show featured acrylic paintings of Becher's Prairie Rocks out on the Chilcotin Plateau that were moved there by glaciers 10,000 years ago.

In the 90s, after taking her Early Childhood Education program through Cariboo College, Jean started working at Nesika Elementary in their music program. At that time, Jean had no formal music training other than her will and her voice.

In 1997, Jean attended her first harp workshop at Island Mountain Arts in Wells and was immediately hooked. There are two week-long workshops held per year, and Jean says she has only missed a couple since the very first she attended. As well as attending workshops in Wells, she also goes to ones that are held on Vancouver Island. Jean calls herself 'a happy intermediate player' but has been forced into participating in the advanced classes as well. She says she doesn't sight read music very well, but will memorize the songs she is going to be playing.

Since getting to the point where she is comfortable playing in public, Jean has had numerous performances over that last few years such as recently playing at the High Tea for the Shriners convention that was just held in Williams Lake. She has played all over town, including for Hospice during the memory tree ceremony, and does a half dozen performances in a year.

Jean says her life is totally dedicated to the arts. She has spent her life immersed in it, whether playing her harp, painting in acrylics or just enjoying someone else's work. If you get a chance to hear Jean play definitely stop and enjoy – I guarantee you will love it.





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Garden and art tour coming up July 9th

BY JOANNE WRIGHT

The Williams Lake Garden Club is hosting a self-guided Garden and Art Tour on Saturday, July 9 from 10am to 4pm. Works of local quilters and the Spinners, Weavers and Fibre Artists Guild will be included in some gardens, and local musicians will be entertaining in others. Tickets are available at the Open Book, Beaver Valley Feeds and Blocks 'R Us at a cost of \$10.00. Proceeds from the tour will be donated to the Boys & Girls Club of Williams Lake and

District.

There are eight gardens on the tour; six of them are in Williams Lake and surrounding area, and two in the 150 Mile area. Each garden has its own

unique character that is reflective of its creator.

The Tour has interest for all, not just green thumb gardeners. If you can, take the time to appreciate the beautiful spaces lovingly developed by our local gardeners, as well as enjoy the work of our talented local musicians, quilters, spinners, weavers and fibre artists.





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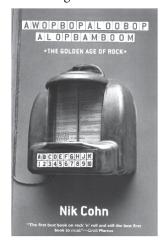
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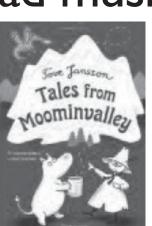
Must-read music books

With so much ground to cover in terms of time (a century-plus of recorded music), space (there's writing on music from all over the world), sound (any genre is conceivably fair game), and format (biography, record guide, critical study, anthology, memoir), this list of music-related books only begins to explore the depth and breadth of our collective obsessions. These works lead to other worthy titles, undiscovered albums, and new ways of thinking about the sounds flowing into our headphones on a daily basis. Read on and then go to your local bookstore or library and read some more.

Awopbopaloobop Alop*bamboom*, by Nik Cohn The original title for this



book was "Pop from the Beginning" and that pretty much sums it up. Nik Cohn was only just out of his teens when he wrote it and it's the book to read if you want to get some idea of the original primal energy of pop music. Loads of unfounded, biased assertions that almost always turn out to be right. He went on to provide the inspiration for Saturday Night Fever (Hurrah!) and *Tommy* (Boo!), but this is still his best book. Absolutely essential.



Tales from Moominvalley, by Tove Jansson

Specifically the story called The Spring Tune - the best description I've read about the elusive nature of the tunes that we carry around in our heads and how we must be careful as to how and when we try to "harvest" them. All songwriters need to read this story



The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, by Carson McCullers

I ripped this off royally for the song "Big Julie" from my first solo album. The description of Mick Kelly hearing Beethoven's Third symphony for the first time, while hiding beneath a neighbour's window and eavesdropping on their radio, is still the only piece of writing I've found that comes close to describing the effect that a great piece of music has on the human organism.

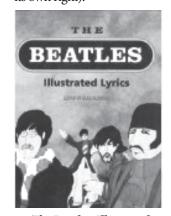




BOVE

Liverpool Explodes!, by Mark Cooper

Before he became responsible for Later... and the bulk of the BBC's music output, Mark Cooper wrote this affectionate and hilarious account of the early-1980s music scene in Liverpool and specifically the careers of the Teardrop Explodes and Echo & the Bunnymen. Unfortunately, it's out of print at the moment. You could console yourself by reading 45 by Bill Drummond, which features some of the same characters (and is an immense book in its own right).

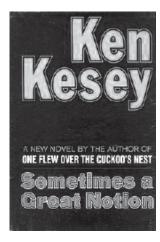


The Beatles: Illustrated Lyrics, edited by Alan Aldridge

book I was ever aware of - I spent hours of my



childhood poring over the illustrations: some excited me, some scared me. I was convinced that the photo that accompanies Strawberry *Fields Forever* was of me and my sister. I still get lost in it sometimes.



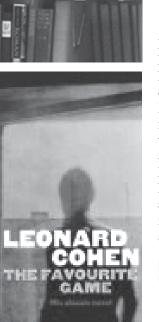
Sometimes a Great Notion, by Ken Kesey

There's a section when Hank and Leland Stamper have an argument about jazz and Leland tells Hank that the reason he can't handle John Coltrane is cos it's "too black" for him. It's good to read Tom Wolfe's The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test in tandem with this. Kesey is king.

The Favourite Game, by Leonard Cohen We all know Leonard



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his first novel and there is a great section where he describes driving through the Canadian night listening to Pat Boone singing "I Almost Lost My Mind", which totally captures the essence of teenage years and their infatuation with all things Rock.

Dori Hadar

This is the place where

Mingering Mike, by

outsider art and record collecting meet. One day a DJ was "crate-digging" - searching through piles of old vinyl in search of



duced to a raw, unfiltered

mode of expression often

missing from commercial



hidden treasures – when he discovered a cache of handmade covers with cardboard "records" inside. Mingering Mike had finally been discovered! He was the alter-ego of Mike Stevens, and this book tells his story and reproduces the handmade artwork of the albums that comprised his imaginary career as a soul superstar.

ENJOY THE EXPERIENCE

Keep the harmony flowing

Music has always been an essential part of my life. I started singing to ABBA and a few other bands my Mom had on vinyl when I was really little. I still like to sing; usually in the car or when no one is home. There is just something about music that relaxes and energizes a person at the same time.

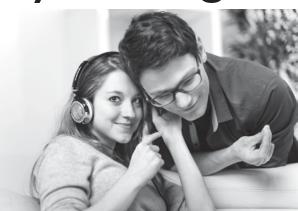
Often you will hear that people have songs that have special meaning in their relationship. Sometimes a song is so significant, it is played as the first song during wedding ceremonies. It has meaning because of shared memories that are part of the bond that drew two people to fall in love with each other.

Those shared memories are so important, and creating them is vital. The memories you participate in making are part of the solid foundation the

relationship you form together. In essence, they give your relationship the substance needed to create something unique, meaningful, and special. Once that foundation is laid, the next step people usually take is to establish committed relationships. So, what happens to the music and memory-making when people enter into this stage in relationships?

Have you ever heard someone say, "I am just not in love with the person anymore?" Or better yet, "We grew out of love and just don't have anything in common." I have heard this a few times and it makes me wonder, when did the people in the relationship forget what it took to get to the stage when they fell in love?

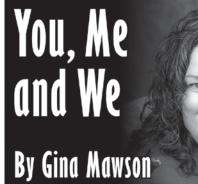
I can guarantee you that not once have two people met and decided



instantly that they were going to form a lasting and committed relationship (excluding arranged marriages). Most likely, both people put their best foot forward, putting effort into getting to know the person and having the person get to know them. If good and happy memories were formed and a deeper connection was made (and it didn't feel like you were dating your brother or sister), then the road was paved for establishing a more

significant relationship. The formation of happy memories occurs when people put effort into engaging with each other. Plain and simple.

If one, or both people, constantly have their faces glued to their cellular phone, all I can say is "good luck with that." It takes concentrated effort. It takes digging under the surface and really having a desire to know someone. And it takes an effort to find out what you both like to do that can be fun



to participate in together.

Take my husband and me for example. There are a lot of things we don't have in common. He has an encyclopedia for a brain (no really, ask him anything!) and sometimes I forget why I went into the next room. But we do enjoy a lot together and we make the effort to continue making memories together, as a couple and as a family. Is it always easy? No. Do we always like each other? Probably not. Are we always committed to maintaining the foundation of our relationship? Absolutely.

It takes that conscientious belief that we chose to create something and that we owe it to ourselves to value it, protect it, and

an entire relationship. It just will not work. Both people have to equally want to keep the love they felt in the beginning of the relationship something that is alive and growing, rather than stagnant and withering. If either person slides into complacency, not much growth, or even maintenance, will occur and that can lead to where you start hearing yourself saying, "I don't remember what it was I fell in love with in the first place!"

Keep the love you have for each other relevant by taking time to focus on each other, to talk about the memories you made way back when, and to create new and equally special memories. That way the harmony you have together won't just exist in a song that used to have meaning.

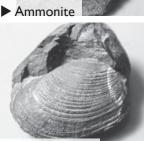






Villiams Lake is Fossil Lake

BY MITCHELL JOHNSON, MUSEUM CURATORIAL ASSISTANT (CANADA SUMMER JOBS) & ANIMAL BIOLOGY STUDENT AT TRU



Clam bottom

Fern mass



December 2005.

amber. Fossils are animals

or plants that died long

ago and slowly turned

into stone or left their

impression in the stone.

mon in some areas, fos-

silization is a rare event.

found fossils are usually

only pieces of an animal.

The most commonly

Even dinosaurs rarely

fossilize in a complete

are rarer because they show not only the outline of the animal or plant,

but also reveal delicate details about them. Some

of the insect fossils have

imprints in the rock from

skeleton. Walter's fossils

Despite fossils being com-



Tree branch



Walter Albert Reimer their wings, and you was born in Germany can see the ridges in the on October 5, 1932. In stems of the horsetails (a the late 1950s, he moved bristly plant found in or his family to Canada, near watery areas). For an animal or plant to become settling in Williams Lake in 1968 and working as a fossil, it typically has a welder for P&T/Tolko been buried very quickly mill until he retired in (before it can rot away 1997-98. Walter was an or be eaten by another animal) and caught in a avid outdoorsman and his mudslide or flash-flood, passions included fishing and hunting – bobcats, covered by layers of mud lynx, deer, moose, grouse or sand. Over time, the and cougars. When Walweight of all the layter was older, he turned ers causes the original to other hobbies, such minerals in the animal's as collecting fossils, and body to be squeezed out amassed an impressive and replaced by minercollection of fossils found als from the surrounding mud. The harder parts in Williams Lake and the surrounding rural areas. of the body, such as the Walter passed away in bones, shells, or stems, are the most likely to fossil-The fossils Walter ize. Softer parts, such as collected include plants, skin and leaves, can leave insects, sea creatures, and imprints under the right

> away or are eaten before this can happen. Because we do not know the exact location of where each fossil was found, we cannot be sure just how old each one is. According to the Encyclopedia of British Columbia, fossils from Horsefly have been dated at 65 Million years old (as old as the dinosaurs), and fossils from the Cariboo

conditions, but usually rot

Mountains have been dated at 650 million years old. The encyclopedia also says that fossils from the Quesnel area are only about 25 million years old, so Walter's fossils could be from several different time periods. However old the fossils are, they show that the area around Williams Lake used to be more humid than it is today. The number of fern fossils that Walter discovered, along with the horsetails and insect fossils all support this contention. The Encyclopedia of British Columbia also mentions ancient lakebeds in the Williams Lake area, further supporting the idea of a wet environment.

Walter Reimer clearly understood the importance of these fossils and their appeal. He wished that after his death that this fossil collection be donated to the museum, so that everyone could enjoy them the way he did. These fossils will be on display in the Museum of the Cariboo-Chilcotin in late July. The Museum is open Monday to Sunday from 10am to 4pm, June through August. For more information, please contact the Museum at 250-392-7404 or mcc@ wlake.com.











Gina Mawson You. Me and We





Paige Knights-Smith Tasty Tidbits

Jazmyn Douillard

Pint Sized

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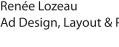
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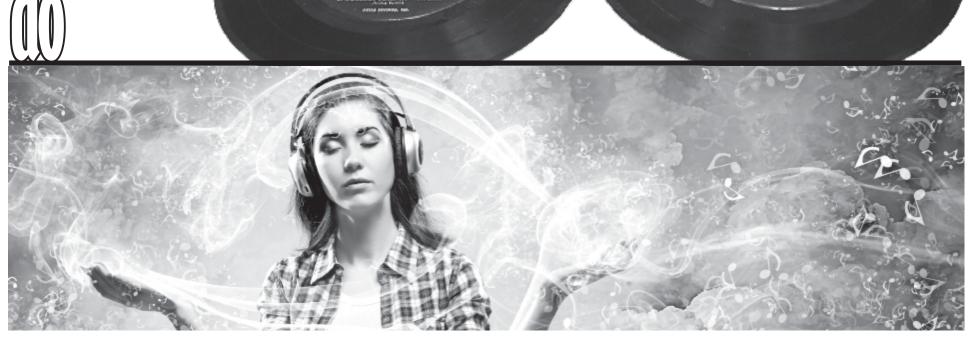
MAGAZINE







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Where words fail, music speaks

BY STACEY POIRIER, WL STUDIO THEATRE

Music is emotion. It is the beat of a heart in a beautiful love scene. It is the intensity of fear while a hidden force lurks in the shadows. It is the sting of loss as death takes its grip. Music has the potential to be associated with anything and everything. It also plays a key role in the Theatre; from the preparation time backstage, to preshow ambience, to bold musicals and everything in between, it holds a different meaning and importance to us all. Any actor will tell



Business For Sale

you that the preparation period before that curtain lifts is different for each individual. Some will wander about repeating their lines over and over. Some will put in their ear buds and lose themselves in a meditative state to prepare for the coming of their character. And others will find a quiet corner away from the chaos and havoc that usually is backstage before a show. Just as music is so diverse, so is the individual process of leaving behind the person you are and becoming the character you are about to play. For some, music acts as a focus exercise to help with crossing that line into whomever or whatever the actor is portraying. Often, it also serves as a warm up for the ensemble to stretch and come together in support for the final moment that everyone has been

waiting for; show time!! Ambience is integral when creating the change from the real world that a patron walks out of, to the new world that the play is set in. Music is a perfect way to set the initial tone of the experience desired for the piece. The sound designer provides a catalyst for the audience to buy into the overall feeling as they settle into their seats. While reading through the program and taking in the set on the stage, the subtle sounds of the arrangement chosen to suit the piece can be heard, transporting the subconscious directly into the space as if the outside does not exist. This use of music creates the beginning of the journey as the lights dim and the sounds slowly fade away, giving the cue for the stage to come to life.



This season at the WLST, the musical Cabaret brought to the stage a live band to replace what recorded music just can't seem to accomplish. The Kit Kat Klub was brought to life every evening with the crash of the cymbal, perfectly timed then amped up with the trumpet, trombone, bass guitar, flute, clarinets, saxophones, and a plethora of auxiliary percussion pieces, only to be eerily concluded with a piano and synthesizer as the reality of prewar Germany was splashed

onto the stage. Every single musician brought so much flare and personality that they became just as integral to the plot as any one of the actors. Through the music played, they told the story as more than accompaniment; actors and musicians became one fluid being onstage, moving together and pulling the audience in to be lost in the world created by a beautiful partnership of harmonizing sounds. "Where words fail,

Music Speaks." – Hans Christian Andersen

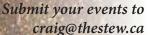






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Your guide to where to go and what to do for the month of July



WILLIAMS LAKE & AREA

June 30-July3 90th Annual Stampede

June 30-July3 Knights of Columbus Stampede Breakfast, Save On Foods parking lot, 7-11:30am

June 30-July3 Rotary Club Stampede Breakfast, The old Lake City Ford lot on Oliver St. 7-11am

June 30-July2 Rotary Club Stampede Steak Dinner, The old Lake City Ford lot on Oliver St. 5-8pm

June 30-July3 Legion Indoor Stampede Breakfast, Legion Hall 7-11am

June 30-July3 Stampede Rugby Tournament, Rugby Fields at the top of Ottoman Drive, 9am-5pm

July 1 Canada Day Celebrations, Boitanio Pk

July 1 Thunder Mountain Speedway 5-8pm

July 1-3 Bronc Buster Trade Fair, Behind the grandstand all day

July 1,8,15,22,29 Farmers' Market, Boitanio Park 9am-2pm

July 2-Aug27 Station House Gallery: Onward and Upward, a group show dedicated to the legacy of the Onward Ranch with works by Vivien Cowan, Sonia Cornwall, Dru & Devereux Hodgson & Joseph Plaskett

July 2 Stampede Parade, Downtown 10am

July 2 Stampede Street Party, Downtown 10am-4pm

July 2 Station House Gallery Concert, admission by donation, 1pm

July 2 Thunder Mountain Speedway Stampede Racing 5-9pm

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July 2-3 31st Annual Bella Coola Rodeo

July 3,10,17,24,31 Morning Magic and Game Night, Adventure Games 10am-6pm

July 4 FREE Seniors Bingo, refreshments, upper level Boitanio Mall 1pm

July 5,12,19,26 Scout Island Nature Center Day Camp, all day Tuesdays & 2hr sessions weekdays, info/booking: 250-398-8532

July 5,12,19,26 Fitness in Boitanio Park 6-8pm

July 6,20 Gibraltar Mine Tours, Tourism Discovery Center 10am-4pm, info/booking: 250-392-5025

July 6,13,20,27 Tails and Trails, Scout Island Nature Center 10:30amnoon

July 7,14,21,28 Performances in Boitanio Park, Thursdays 6-8pm

July 7,14,21,28 Cariboo Art Society Gathering, Art Centre, info: 250-392-5671

July 7,14,21,28 Jam night with Busted Remedy, OV Pub, 9:30pm

July 7,14,21,28 Just for Fun ladies singing group, everyone welcome, Anglican Church 7:30-9pm

July 7,14,21,28 Pokemon, Adventure Games 3:45pm

July 8-10 33RD Annual Puntzi Lake Fishing Derby, Woodland Caribou Resort, info: 250-481-1130

July 8,15,22,29 Friday Night Magic, Adventure Games 5pm

July 9 Garden Club Arts and Garden Tour, 10am-4pm, tickets at Open Book, Beaver Valley Feeds & Blocks R' Us

July 9,16,23,30 Warhammer and Tabletop Games, Adventure Games all day

July 9,10 Anahim Lake Stampede, info: www. rodeobc.com

July 11-14 40th Annual BC Elders Gathering

July 16 Texas Hold 'em Poker Tournament, Women's Contact Society, info: Bobbi 250-392-4118

July 17 17th Annual town-wide yard sale, Horsefly Senior Center 9am-3pm

July 17 Bikers Against Child Abuse (BACA) meeting, public welcome, Big Brothers Big Sisters, suite 200-369 Oliver St. 1pm, info: 778-412-9323

July 23 Thunder Mountain Speedway Christmas in July, 5-9pm

July 23 Horsefly VFD ATV Poker Run, all day

July 23,24 Esket Rodeo, Alkali Lake, info: www. rodeobc.com

July 23-25 Bella Coola Music Festival, Fair Grounds Hwy 20, info: info@bellacoolamusic.org

July 24 Summer Music Jam, Miocene Community Center 2pm

July 28 Chamber of Commerce luncheon, Signal Point Gaming 11:30am-1pm



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QUESNEL & AREA

July 1 Dominion Dav Celebrations, Barkerville 8am-6pm

July 1 Festival of Fire, Robert's Roost, 3121 Gook Rd. 9-11pm

July 2,3 1st Annual Gold Rush Rumble Tournament, Twin Arenas, 500 Barlow Ave. 8am-9pm

July 2,9,16,23,30 Farmers' Market, Helen Dixon Center, Saturdays 8:30am-1pm

July 2,9 Well Said Concert Series, Jack O'Club Pub in Wells, 7pm

July 5 Live Music, Bob Westfall, Occidental, 8-10pm

July 5-7,19-21 Summer Theatre Camp, LeBourdais Park 12-2pm

July 6 Miss Quesnel speech & talent, Chuck Mobley Theatre 6:30-9pm

July 7 Karaoke Semi-Finals, Occidental 7-10pm

July 8 Live Music, Sarah Jane Scrouten, Occidental 8-10pm

July 8 Miss Quesnel Pageant, Chuck Mobley Theatre 6:30-9pm

July 8-31 Quesnel Art Gallery presents: Cowboys, Horses and the Western Life ft. local artist, Marlene Pegg

July 8-10 Fembots 7th Annual Kings & Queens Tournament, West Fraser Timber Park 6-8pm

July 9 3rd Annual Aboriginal Celebration, Barkerville 8am-6pm

July 9 Artists at the Farmer's Market, 9am-1pm

July 10 QID Show 'n' Shine, LeBourdais Park 8:30am-5pm

July 10, Farmers' Market in Wells, 9am-1pm

July 14,21 Guns, Gold & Greed - The Legend of Agnus McVee: Gold Rush Serial Killer, Wells Curling Club 8pm

July 14 Danger Thrill Show, Occidental 8-10:30pm

July 14-17 Billy Barker Days, Downtown all day

July 15-17 Rodeo, info: www.quesnelrodeo.com

July 16 RCMA Karaoke Finals, LeBourdais Park 7pm

July 17-21 Jam Camp North, Cottonwood House Historic Site, register: www. jamcamp.org

July 23 Barkerville Brewing Concert Series, Occidental

July 23,24 QDRC Summer Classic Horse Show, Alex Fraser Park 8am-5pm

July 27 Live Music, Madeline Tasquin, Occidental 8-10pm

July 28 ArtsWells Pre-Fest Songwriting Concert, Sunset Theatre, 2357 Pooley St. 7pm

July 29-Aug1 BCTRA Finals, Alex Fraser Park 9am-5pm

July 29-Aug 1 ArtsWells Festival, Downtown Wells, info: www.artswells.com

July 30 Lions' Garage Sale, 2222 Maple Park 9am-2pm

July 30 Les Delowski, Helen Dixon Ctr 8:30am-1pm

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100 MILE HOUSE & AREA

July 1-Aug13 Cariboo Artists Guild Fine Art Show and Sale, Parkside Art Gallery, 401 Cedar Ave, Tues-Fri 10am-4pm, Sat noon-4pm

July 1,8,15,22,29 Legion Crib Night, Forest Grove 8pm

July 2,9,16,23,30 Legion Meat Draw, Forest Grove 4:30pm

July 2,9,16,23,30 Alcoholics Anon, United Church 8pm

July 3,10,17,24,31 Alcoholics Anon, Health Ctr 7:30pm

July 4,11,18,25 Bingo, Community Hall, doors open 6pm, starts 7pm

July 4,11,18,25 Alanon, Health Centre 7pm

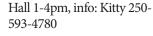
July 4,11,18,15 Women's Drop-in Volleyball, Lone Butte Hall 9:30am

July 5,12,19,26 Alanon Drop-in, Health Centre 1pm

July 5,12,19,26 Alcoholics Anon, United Church 8pm

July 5,12,19,26 HUGS help us get slim, 6300 Green Lake Rd. 6:30pm, info: Charlotte 250-456-7504 or Pat 250-456-2491

Bowling Club, Interlakes



July 5,12,19,26 Co-Ed Drop-in, PSO gym 7-9pm, info: Kersti 250-395-1353

July 5,19 Photography Group, Bridge Lake School, info: Larry 250-593-4362

July 6,13,20,27 Bingo, g-ball, loonie ball & progressive, Lac La Hache Hall, doors 5:45pm, starts 7pm

July 7,14,21,28 TOPS take off pounds sensibly, United Church, 6:30pm

July 7,14,21,28 Indoor Farmers' Market, Parkside Art Gallery, vendor space: 250-395-2021

July 7,14,21,28 Royal Canadian Army Cadets, 5530 Horse Lake Rd. 18:30-22:30, info: Capt. Kevin Seal 250-395-1181

July 7,14,21,28 Alcoholics Anonymous, 108 Community Centre 7:30pm

July 13 Compassionate Friends, bereaved parents support group, BJ's Donuts 7:15pm, info: 250-395-4417

July 15-17 Hot July Nights Car & Bike Show, info: cars@hotjulynights.ca

July 22-24 5th Annual Hootstock Festival, Forest Grove, info/tickets: www. hootstockfestival.com

July 26 Cottage Prayer Meeting, 6715 Hwy 97 7:30-8:30pm, info: 250-395-3743



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July 5,12,19,26 Carpet



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Tabletop wargames

BY RICHARD BUTTERS. ADVENTURE GAMES

A wargame is a strategy game that deals with military operations of various types, real or fictional. Wargaming is the hobby dedicated to the play of such games. Wargames are generally categorized as historical, fantasy, or science fiction. Fantasy and science fiction wargames either draw their inspiration from works of fiction or provide their own fictional setting. Miniature wargaming is a form of wargaming which incorporates miniature figures, miniature armor and modeled terrain as the main components of play. Major developments in the field since its creation in the beginning of the 20th century include the rise in the 1960s and 1970s of fantasy and science fiction wargames as an alternative to games based on historical conflicts, and the emergence of companies like Corvus Belli, Games Workshop, Spartan Games, Privateer Press and many others.

Many miniature games are played on a floor or tabletop, with terrain represented by miniature scenery (hills, forests, roads, fences, etc.). Movement of the miniatures is regulated using a measuring device such as a ruler or tape measure. One of the main reasons for playing miniature wargames, is because it offers players more freedom of play and a more aesthetically pleasing tactical element over traditional games or computer games. Additionally, many hobbyists enjoy the challenge of painting miniatures and constructing scenery. In many ways, miniature

wargaming may be seen as combining many of the aesthetics of tabletop train modelling with an open strategy game predominantly, though not exclusively, with a military theme.

Miniature games tend to be more social than other forms of commercial wargames, and very often games are played with several participants on a side. At Adventure Games, the most common wargames played are Warhammer 40,000, and Warmachine with its counterpart, Hordes. Warhammer 40,000 is a tabletop miniature wargame produced by Games Workshop, set in a dystopian science fantasy universe. Warhammer 40,000 was created by Rick Priestley in 1987 as the futuristic companion to Warhammer Fantasy Battle, sharing



many game mechanics. Expansions for Warhammer 40,000 are released periodically which give rules for urban, planetary siege and large-scale combat. The game is currently in its seventh edition. Warmachine is a tabletop steampunk wargame produced by Privateer Press. The game is played with miniatures manufactured by Privateer Press representing military characters. Battles are fought between warcasters from rival nations, the large steam-powered warjacks that the warcasters control, and troops consisting of humans and fantasy races. Hordes is the counterpart to Warmachine. Although a completely standalone game in its own right, Hordes was designed as a companion to Warmachine, Privateer Press' flagship miniatures game. The games are 100% compatible, and share much of the same rules set, although the most important mechanic – fury for *Hordes* and focus for Warmachine - remains unique to each. Hordes forces and Warmachine forces often

face off against each other both on the tabletop and in the background fiction. The games share the same setting, the Iron Kingdoms, with much of the *Hordes* storyline taking place in the wild areas away from the 'civilized' areas where Warmachine's major action takes place.

Privateer Press has just released the third edition of their award winning games Warmachine and Hordes, making it easier to get started than ever before! We hope to see you playing soon!

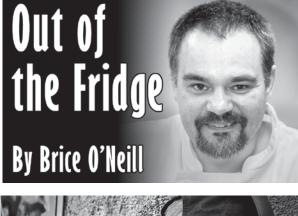




The right upbringing

Being a father of two daughters, I've endured my share of songs, that if played during interrogations of spies, I'm sure at least a few of them would have cracked. "Please, please man, I'm begging you, I will tell you everything, just please no more Barbie songs!" The interesting thing about those songs is that for some reason (probably because they get played ad nauseum they get stuck in your head), eventually and inevitably you find yourself standing 'on the line' during a busy lunch rush, flanked by the men and women that know you as 'a hard ass cooking machine, hell bent on getting this food out, singing "Every time that I breathe, I can feel the energy. Reaching out, flowing through you to me and me to you. Wake your dream, walk or stand, you are everywhere I am. Separate souls, you to find, touching at the speed of light, ooh, ooh, ooh!" in your best young woman's voice. Suddenly it occurs to you that you actually just did sing that...out loud, and what could be politely described as horribly offkey. Then you feel the eyes of the other cooks on you. Staring right back at them, trying to keep any sense of leadership you have left,

you say "Let's go guys, table seven is 10 minutes in, let's pick it up a bit." It was shortly after, that I decided I was going to influence my kids' musical appetite for the better. With conscious efforts, I exposed them to how varied and amazing heavy metal is. We started with the basics – like Metallica, The Black Album – I thought would be a good place to start, mellow but still has some fast beat. I "let" them listen to some of the classical stuff too; Judas Priest, Iron Maiden, even the Godfathers of metal, Deep Purple. I knew my window was closing, though I was aghast one day when I heard my oldest sing to herself "and all the boys want to get me, but here is my number so call me maybe." After I recovered from the shock, I realized I needed to act fast. This was a job for the best band I could think of. The most progressive, and musically gifted band to ever record anything at any time in human history. That's right, Pantera and their seminal album 'Cowboys From Hell'. The smiles on their faces as the song started is forever etched into my brain. What an amazing moment, a man, his two pre-teen daughters and Pantera. Well; the smiles didn't last as the





horror of watching their dad violently bang his head to the driving beat was a bit much for them to take. But the damage... I mean the work, was done, they had been exposed to really good music at an unacceptable volume, and it paid off. Recently, my ten-year-old daughter strolled into my kitchen and said, "Dad can you play System of a Down, you know, that 'angels deserve to cry' song?" I looked at my sous chef, let a sly smile creep across my lips then turned back to Jessilyn and said, "Of course baby, I love you too."

Here is a fun recipe to do with your kids;

Crispy Chicken Strips. One chicken breast per kid, a couple eggs, some flour, panko, vegetable oil, a fry pan, some basic seasonings, and 3-4 good songs are all you will need. Have them slice the chicken lengthwise into strips, then season with salt and pepper, drop into flour seasoned with thyme and parsley, then beat an egg, and finally, roll them around in some panko. Preheat the fry pan with about 2 inches of oil on medium high, drop the strips in and cook 3-5 minutes on one side, flip, cook about another 4 minutes, and there ya go, homemade chicken strips for you and your kids. Easy eh.

Writers' Showcase Short Stories by the Williams Lake Writer's Group

Sound of the soul BY LINDA PURJUE traditional German

I was conversing with a friend one day about what kind of music we liked. Although each of us liked a wide variety of music, for both of us, it was the music that originated with our heritages that spoke most deeply to us. My heritage is English and Irish; a conglomeration of Celtic, Pictish, Saxon, Norman, and who knows what else. I enjoy many kinds of music, but the ones that rumble my chest and bring me to the brink of tears are the old English melodies that open the doors to visions of green forests and village fairs, and the Celtic airs that sing of magic and heroic deeds, especially if they include drums or pipes. It is as though my very bones vibrate with the rhythms of the music, as though my ancestors are reaching up from the bowels of the Earth to grasp my soul and bind it to the generations of family before me. My friend is of Ger-

man heritage. She said the music that touches her most deeply is the traditional German music, both songs and instrumentals. Although she has lived in Canada for several decades, the music of her ancestors is what both she and her husband listen to most. Another friend is of Ukrainian heritage, but had never visited the Ukraine. When she moved in to a seniors' complex and had to downsize a lifetime's worth of treasures, she gave her vinyl record collection to us. More than half of the several hundred records were traditional Ukrainian music. The music of our heri-

tage resides deep within our souls, entwined with ancestral memories that tug at our subconscious. It is part of our DNA, patterning, a strong, binding link with the uncountable generations of family that lived on this Earth before us. It sings the spirit of our heritage to us, keeps us in intimate contact with the world we came from, influences our dreams, and plans, and deeds. It is us.

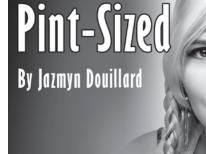






Drop by the Gecko for breakfast, lunch, dessert or just a coffee! Relax, take your time and simply

Gecko



Roadtrip!

I'm sure you all felt my absence last month (no? Really? Well then...) so I'm rolling with the road and music themes all in one.

My favourite part about family road trips is annoying the significant other with sing-along show tunes. I'll admit, I was never a fan of the latest snow-queen feature, but when "Love is an Open Door" comes on, Hans and Anna come alive in the car for an aggravating 2 minutes and 9 seconds. You can't help it - you hear the strumming, the kidlets get that look of anticipation, and suddenly your eyes pop open and you're wearing a Disney-worthy grin.

Somehow you also manage to ignore that you're professing love to the villain that will later try to kill you, but it's all good. We'll just ignore that foreshadowing for now.

Long trips aren't the easiest thing in the world

with, or without kids, but music can make all the difference. Every trip starts the same for me; a mad scramble to get new tracks on my phone so we don't find ourselves skipping past three-quarters of the playlist, or hearing anyone groan when YOUR favorite, yet overplayed classic comes on.

Songs can change the mood, for better or worse. We'll cycle through catchy songs and themes from the last four decades, and that five-hour drive to Kelowna goes by in no time at all, without anyone being cranky although we might have the odd sore throat.

Have you ever noticed how you can't remember what you wrote on the grocery list that you left on the dining table, but Ace of Base comes on and suddenly you remember every lyric from a song you haven't heard in over ten years? Music has a way of taking its place in our lives and never letting



go. Certain songs can bring up good memories or bad, and some are even overwhelming. It has the power to make driving a great distance seem like it went past in the blink of an eye, or drag on for a lifetime.

So get everyone involved when coming up with the new roadtrip playlist. Have them write down ten to twenty songs each and add them all. If they're having a hard time thinking of something, throw a theme their way: Day at the beach, weekend in a cabin, evening at Aunt Judith's. Just don't ask them to explain why "The Number of the Beast" made its way onto the list for that last one. You're probably better off not knowing.

Pick up some fidget toys and colouring books, then load them into the car along with a playlist that will keep everyone entertained for the long trips ahead this summer. Just don't admit that you enjoy the Disney themes more than they do.

JULY 1-16: Acrylic Art: Nicole Rousselle

enjoy the art exhibit.

Nicole is a 37 year old woman who loves to paint! She paints when she feels inspired, and sometimes when she is not. She paints when she is happy, sad, angry or depressed - no matter what, she paints!

Nature and music are inspirational to Nicole and once an idea enters her head, she is obsessed with "painting it out."

In May 2015 Nicole suffered a severe back injury, but with a specially-designed easel, and the constant support and encouragement of her husband and sister, she began to paint – frustratingly slowly at first, but improving with each brush stroke. She soon realized that every time she picked up a brush, the world melted away, her surroundings became beautiful and her pain was forgotten. Nicole has been painting for a number of years, and absolutely loves it, finding it a great way to decompress, relax and create something beautiful.

JULY 19 - AUG 27: Liquid Art: Kim Judd

Born in Ottawa, Ontario, Kim moved to Williams Lake at age three. Her family was constantly on the move like roaming gypsies, living in a travel trailer - Kim attributes her love for movement, for change and for new projects to these early childhood memories.

While attending a chocolate seminar in Whistler, Kim learned the discipline of edible art and became fascinated by the transformation from liquid to solid. She discovered techniques that would later cross mediums from chocolate to canvas!

Realizing that painting was not limited to trained artists and wanting to learn more, she took out books from the library and started with the basics - mix a true black, recreate a picture from an upside down newspaper – the self-taught repertoire.

The inspiration for this show comes from her love of semi-precious stones; with natural colours in mind, she has created pieces of liquid art reminiscent of the Earth itself.

Beatrix Linde, Gecko Tree curator, is always looking for artists interested in having their own show and sale. Give her a call today 250-440-5759.









Park performances begin July 7

BY ANGELA SOMMER

Another great summer of entertainment is coming to Williams Lake! Performances in the Park will start up on July 7, 2016. Come on out on Thursday nights and be entertained! From 6 to 8pm a Children's Art Corner will entertain the little ones, food vendors will be available with snacks and drinks for the family, and fantastic music will play at the Gwen Ringwood Theatre in Boitanio Park. You just have to come out and see who is going to be there!

July 7 is opening night. Nathan Lamb-Yorski, Red Monkey Black King and the Williams Lake Fiddlers will start off the season with great local entertainment. The Williams Lake Rotary Club is setting up a BBQ that night.



July 14 will see local band Flannel Roots, as well as a Dirty Mountain, a roots/rock band from Victoria, BC.

July 21 features Weathered Arrows, a group of friends who simply enjoy playing music together and Samson's Delilah with fearless, unique rock opera.

July 28 brings Warless fry up mouth-watering and Barefoot Caravan to bannock. the stage with world beats, Angela Sommer, the fusion and roots music event coordinator and the

compelling your body to CCACS are thankful to all the sponsors, support-Taylor Made Cakes and ers, vendors and faithful Sweets and Cody's Banaudiences who are making nock as food vendors will this event special every be at all the performances summer in Williams Lake. - Taylor Made offers sand-Stay tuned for the August wiches, pizza, cupcakes line-up in next month's and sweets, and Cody will Stew Magazine.

move.

Voice of the river

POEM BY MARY J. TRESIERRA, WL WRITER'S GROUP

I returned to the Fraser River And many memories saddened me. This kinship to the past is part of my soul Which I now plainly see.

The voyageurs and fur traders Haunt me with their songs. Out of the mists of time I hear them And for them I still long.

Visions of my ancestors fishing From that flat rock nearby Seeing dip nets now rotting Brings a tear to my eye.

The prospectors' pans are now rusting On some forgotten wall Their dreams of becoming rich Are forgotten by nearly all.

Voices from the past Come keening down to me. Do not let us be forgotten You are a keeper of the keys.



is a summer-long concert series presented by the Central Cariboo Arts & Culture Society, with funding from the Cariboo Regional District & the City of Williams Lake. Every Thursday at 6pm at the Gwen **Ringwood Theatre** in **Boitanio Park**

for more information visit facebook.com/ performancesinthepark

2016 concert schedule	
July 7	Williams Lake Fiddlers with Red Monkey Black King & Nathan Lamb-Yorski
July 14	Dirty Mountain with Flannel Roots
July 21	Samson's Delilah with Weathered Arrows
July 28	Barefoot Caravan with Warless
Aug. 4	Perfect Match with Mohammed Assani
Aug. 11	Seanger & Thorne with Chicken Like Birds
Aug. 18	Lucier and Friends with Winona Wilde
Aug. 25	Wayne's Buddy Rose with Run Home Jack
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40th Annual BC Elders Gathering



Williams Lake July 11 to 14

Welcome to the 40th Annual BC Elders Gathering, hosted by the Tl'etinqox, one of six Tsilhqot'in communities, along with their united support from the Tsilhqot'in (Chilcotin), Secwepemc (Shuswap), Dene (Carrier), St'at'imc (Lillooet Nation), and Nuxalk

This Annual Gathering continues to grow each year, hosting thousands of elders from all across the Province and Country. For some of the Elders, this Gathering could be the last journey they may be physically able to take as many are well along in years. It is so important that they share the stories they have with memories going back to early childhood and stories told to them by their ancestors through their parents and grandparents who have long since passed over.

The strength and determination the Elders provide to each other through sharing with each other at the gathering is so helpful in the healing process. The Elders understand the work that needs to be done for the safety, security, health and wellbeing of their communities, and all future generations. The Gathering shows everyone who attends that by supporting each other, the future will be a better place for all of us.

Through these teachings, our children embrace their culture in honour and respect, loving and caring for elders through generations past and present. These teachings keep our culture alive, and protect our people, lands, waters, wildlife, wild plants, way of life, and most importantly our future generations.



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Cremona, home of the Stradivarius

BY SYLVIA RASHBROOK OF ALL-WAYS TRAVEL

Have you ever wondered where the first Stradivarius violin was made? Or who made it? I always thought it was a Viennese craftsperson who designed and made the incredible-sounding instrument. Unfortunately, I was wrong, so I started inquiring about where it might be from and few people that I asked actually knew where the instrument originated.

The name of the person given credit for the crafting of the famous Stradivarius violin is Antonio Stradivari, an Italian Luthier from the city of Cremona. Yes, the city of Cremona in the province of Cremona situated in the northern part of Italy. It is a small City in the Lombardy region on the Po River, approximately 85 kilometers southeast of Milan. The City of Cremona is rich with historic and artistic treasures that bring tourists to see the medieval-era architecture, churches, piazzas and homes.

Let's begin our adventure in Piazza del Comune, a medieval piazza dominated by the city's most important structures, the Duomo, the Bapistery, the famous 364 foot Torrazzo – the emblem of the city – and the Loggia dei Militi. Historical homes stand shoulder to shoulder with aristocratic renaissance residences and their verdant courtyards, monastic buildings, the Piazza del Duomo, the Cathedral and its bell tower.

Cremona owes its fame to an art continued today in many artisan workshops, and The Scuola Liuteroa (the School for Stringed Instruments) is situated in this city renowned for crafting the famous Stradivarius violins.

Antonio Stradivari was born in Cremona in 1644 and lived to the ripe old age of 93. He remained a Master Craftsman of stringed instruments from approximately age 12 until shortly before his death in 1737. He apprenticed under the luthier Niccolo Amati and was always careful to give himself credit for his instruments by inserting his labels on them. Antonio Stradivari produced his first real masterpieces at age 16. He developed his trade slowly, producing stronger, more masculine stringed instruments. The instruments were less curved, with the purfling set in further than that of his teacher, Mr. Amati.

Mr. Stradivari's skill became known throughout Europe, especially following the death of his teacher in 1684. In the beginning, Stradivari's instruments were considered smaller and less superior than his counterparts. As time passed, the precision with which he carved the heads and set in the purfling made him a Master Craftsman, and gave his instruments the rich, full-bodied sound that professional violinists highly prize. His violins are considered to be among the finest bowed, stringed instruments ever created and now sell at auction for millions of dollars. Violinist Antonio De Lorenzi likened playing a 300-year-old Stradivarius to painting a fresco with a palette of many varied colors - the instrument rewards the musician with greater possibilities for sound intensity and musi-

cal coloration. It has been suggested that Stradivari fashioned over 1,100 stringed instruments - 960 that were violins. There are approximately 500 violins that have survived over the centuries. Oddly enough, the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra had the largest number of Stradivarius stringed instruments in its string section. They were purchased from Herbert Axelrod who sold them in 2003. The Wanamaker collection contained the last violin made by Antonio Stradivari.

A new Museum of the Violin opened in Cremona dedicated to the celebration of the instrument; visitors can watch as craftspeople create the stringed instrument and admire the creations of Stradivari and other famous Cremona violin-makers, such as the Amati and Guarneri Families. Needless to say the Museum is engulfed in violin music; that, in itself, would be worth the visit.

If a visit to Cremona, Italy is on your bucket list, please come in and see us. It would be our pleasure to book your trip.



Music of the time by leigh sanderson, wl writer's group

It is 2016 and I am rethinking the time when my father either sold or gave away everything we owned (including my dog and horse) and bought a 42 foot yacht with the intensions of sailing around the world. That was in 1972 and I was 16.

My friend's parents were pressuring my father to have me stay behind and finish my education. It finally came down to "What do YOU want to do?"

Humm, what's a girl to do. Stay home and keep dating the quarter back of the high school football team and continue to work towards being on the Provincial gymnastic team? Or sail to exotic countries on an adventure of a lifetime. It would only be for a year, I was told. What's one year in the life of someone so young? And what an adven-

And what an adventure it was!

I never did return to my home town, and yes, you probably guessed, it was more than a year.

I documented this adventure in letters and a journal. My older brother was only on the boat for a few months, but grasped the momentum so I continued to write him daily. My book was almost complete until 1998 when our ranch house burned down taking everything with it – letters, journals, rough draft and photos.

So here I am, 42 years later, trying to re-write an unforgettable adventure of a blue collar family from Calgary who sailed halfway around the world creating havoc in their wake. And as I write, I listen to music from that era which brings back such memories...

Like the time I was in the cockpit of the yacht, my feet resting on the helm, navigating by keeping the sun just behind the main mast (hoping that I was still on course) not hearing the swish of the boat floating over the sea but listening to The Hollies sing "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother" while writing a letter to *my* brother. When I heard a terribly loud horn, I jumped up and saw a freighter coming directly at us. (Oh and I made the helm spin around so fast the boat came about too suddenly and the boom swung around, almost knocking my father's head off as he ran up on deck to see what was going on!)

Or hearing a Roberta Flack song "Killing Me Softly" and recalling walking into a piano bar on the top floor of the Hilton Hotel in Manila. I remember wearing a long gown that hung almost to the floor with flip flops. The piano sounded exactly how Roberta sang; the player looked up as we walked in and with lights so low, I still wonder if he saw my bare feet. In actual fact, he was probably wondering how young I was and what I was doing there. Of course this memory doesn't recall who I was actually there with!

I still get sad when I hear "Angie" by the **Rolling Stones because** I think of a very sweet American girl I hung out with in Iran. Her father thought I was a bad influence, so encouraged it to be a 'study group' relation only. We would pretend to study at my house and sneak out and hang out with the other young expats. My mother told him we were studying when he called. (OK, so maybe my Mom was the bad influence). I heard that when she was able to leave the clutches of her father, she returned to the States and was killed shortly after by a drunk driver.

These old songs are flashes of memory and they stop me in my tracks. "Daniel" by Elton John was written for me. I just can't explain how I feel when I hear that song. It flashes the memory of family flying away and leaving me behind. Music helps me remember events associated with life stories stuffed into my head and desperately wanting to escape to paper.

Music is my life and this book will be written!



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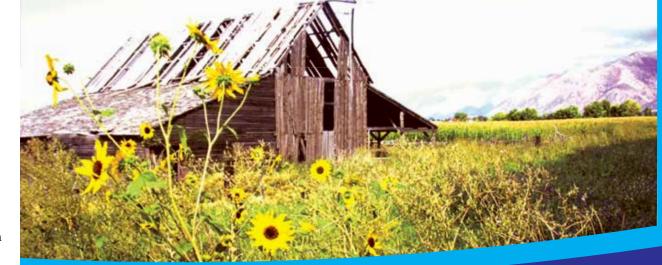
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My singing voice

BY ANNE MOUTRAY, WILLIAMS LAKE WRIT-ER'S GROUP

"Please don't sing any more, Mrs. M."

This request from a five-year-old kindergarten child must be the ultimate in rejection, especially as I had finally got the nerve up to sing aloud in front of people. Yes, kindergarten children are people. I had previously done a bit of singing to my dog and whereas she hadn't actually growled, bitten me or covered her ears with her paws, I had the impression that she would appreciate it if I would cut that noise out

My voice isn't really that bad, is it? In my head I am an opera soloist, or the finest of folk singers, or an all round crooner of

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top caliber, but when the sound actually comes out of my mouth, the notes get somewhat mixed up and the result becomes something you don't want to hear.

The one thing that I have wanted to be able to do since small childhood was to sing beautifully, or at least in tune. I will never be able to do so. I'll never be able to fly to the moon either, but then I have never had the urge to do that.

When, long ago, my school produced the musical, 'Hansel and Gretel', a spoken part was written in, especially for me. During the chorus I was asked nicely, to please just mouth the words. As people have wondered since the beginning of time, regarding their own particular disabilities, "Why me?"

A kind teacher once said to me, "Dear, there is no one who can't be taught to sing in tune." She took



me in hand, and for a few months we both worked on my singing voice. At the end of that time she said, again very kindly, "Dear, there are some people..."

I remember a time during a school assembly as we were all standing, solemnly singing 'O Canada', my co-kindergarten teacher suddenly started shaking and was obviously trying, unsuccessfully, to control a burst of laughter. I glared at her and when the singing was over, I said, "Whatever is the matter with you?"

"There you were, obviously singing lustily and not a sound was coming out of your mouth. Sorry, but I couldn't help laughing," she answered.

always loved music. It accompanies me when I am doing my pottery; it is in the background as I read, cook or dream. My house has music machines everywhere. I must have music. I have often thought that the worst thing about being deaf would be not to be able to hear music. I like most music, no, all music. Some of the sounds one hears today can not be called music; the raucous, unpleasant booms that drift out of cars flying past, is not music; ruckus noise,

yes, but music, no. Sadly, I will never be able to produce music. I am not the maker of music but I am the receiver. How lucky I am.

I love music; I have

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Summer at the Salvation Army BY TAMARA ROBINSON

Since we're in the season of camping and outdoor adventures, I can't help but think how music plays such a huge role in the camping season. While I played piano, many of my friends took up guitar; and when I think of it, guitar would have been a great investment. It is the type of instrument you can take with you just about anywhere, and hey! What's a camping trip without the classic songs around the camp fire while roasting marshmallows?

Music is the great communicator and it is also a fantastic outlet for emotions. At the Salvation Army Drop-In Center, we have 11 guitars which are currently collecting dust. I have had the opportunity to meet many amazing and talented people at the Drop-In, many of which would like to be able to express themselves through music, but I do have a problem; I do not have anyone to currently teach a guitar class. If you have a passion for playing guitar that you would like to share with others, and have one hour a week to spare, please consider coming to see me at the Drop-In! We are always looking for new fun activities for our friends to enjoy.

We are seeing an increase in the amount of friends using our Drop-In Center, and also an increase in clients using our food programs. Many people in our community are experiencing food hardship, as they can't always afford the food they need. We always talk statistics, but these are real people, not just numbers. From your elderly neighbor, to the family across the street, or even your friend at work, they are forced to choose between paying utility bills and rent rather than putting a meal on the table.

Many of our Food Bank shelves are extremely empty; we desperately need your support.

This is a list of our much-needed staple items for our Food Bank shelves; macaroni; oriental noodles; stove top stuffing; canned vegetables; canned pasta sauce; canned beans; canned fruit; rice; pasta and chunky soups. If you are able to spend a little extra, please consider donating food to the Food Bank.

Our Food Bank is open Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 1pm to 4pm. Please call 250-392-2423 to make an appointment. Our share shelf is open daily Monday-Friday 1pm to 4pm. Our share shelf consists of free, fresh produce, fruit and bread.

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welcome BC Elders!



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BY DR. RUDY WASSENAAR, DMD MAGD DICOI, DABOI/ID

Louis Armstrong (and many other musicians) said it best: When you're smilin', keep on smilin', the whole world smiles with you. And when you're laughin', oh, when you're *laughin, the sun comes* shinin' through. But when you're cryin', you bring on the rain, so stop your sighin', be happy again. Keep on smilin', cause when you're smilin', the whole world smiles with you.

Are we happy when we are smiling, or do we only smile when we are happy? It's hard to say, but having said that, our smile projects our personality, it exudes strength and health,



and last but not least, it underscores our sense of humour and enjoyment of life. Most people prefer to spend time with others that are happy because it gives us, and those around us, a sense of wellbeing and contentment.

It is no wonder that millions of people are getting their teeth whitened, either supervised by a dental professional or by using over the counter products. It is also no surprise that straightening teeth that are crooked or unevenly

aligned is so popular, even amongst adults. Missing or damaged teeth that are part of what people can see when we smile, speak, and laugh, often garner "looks" or questions which can make us feel embarrassed at times. And of course, this can then stop us from smiling as much as we would otherwise.

Fortunately, dentistry can do wonders these days when smile makeovers can produce amazing changes without making it look artificial or "over the top." As mentioned, tooth whitening is a very popular option, but even just clean teeth, and gums that are healthy but maybe not "perfect" will improve self-confidence and help us build better social and work relationships. Other options like braces, porcelain veneers, white fillings, crowns and dental implants can be part of an

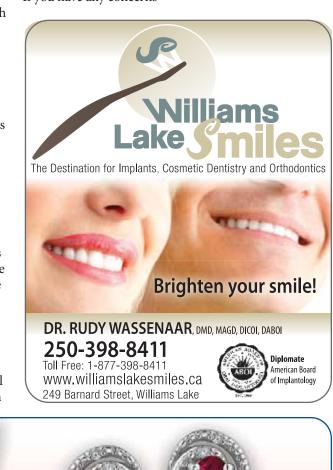
overall plan to improve our smile.

A smile is something you wear every day and will never go out of style. If you have any concerns

Mon Mozart und

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at all about your smile perhaps holding you back in life, a discussion with your dentist might be the thing to do.



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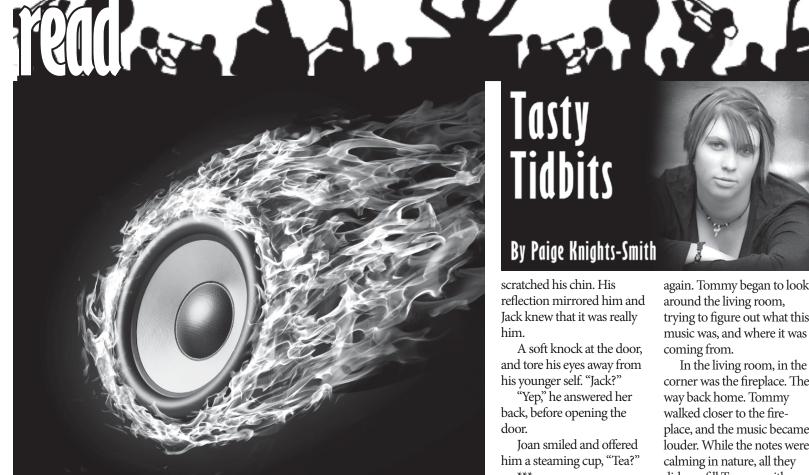
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Time's run out

...A short story continued from June's Stew

Jack startled awake at the sudden sound of music in his ears. There was no singing, just a low volume of notes echoing off his eardrums. He sat up and looked around the small room. It only took a few moments and a quick shake of his head to remember that he and Tommy were still at Joan's house. The day had seemed to last forever, but Jack enjoyed every minute of it.

"Tommy?" Jack whispered over to the slumbering body across the room. "Are you awake, son?"

Tommy didn't stir, and Jack didn't push it. After his son's near drowning incident at the waterfall earlier today, he wasn't surprised that Tommy was exhausted. Jack swung his legs over the

side of the cot and put his head in his hands, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. He stood up and started towards the door of the spare

room, opening the door and stepping out into the hall. Fumbling around in the dark hallway, Jack finally managed to reach what he believed was the bathroom. His hand went to the closed doorknob right as it opened, and Joan walked into him.

"Oh," she said, smiling at Jack. "Didn't know you were out here."

Jack couldn't help smile back at the lovely stranger who had been so sweet to him and his son. "It's all good."

"Couldn't sleep?" Joan asked, moving out of the doorway.

"I heard music," Jack said. Joan smiled again, "I wasn't sleepy so I was playing some music. I hope it didn't wake you."

Jack shook his head, unable to look away from her face. The wrinkles that gave away her age before had completely smoothed out, and instead of looking like a woman in her late fifties, she looked closer to his own age, or possibly slightly younger.

"Well," she said, turning her body away from him. "If you can't sleep, join me in the kitchen, and I will make us some tea."

Jack nodded and walked into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. He stared at his reflection in the mirror and tried to rub the sleep out of his eyes again. The man staring back at him couldn't be him. This man looked younger, more vibrant. A man who wasn't tortured by his past. This man was someone that Jack hadn't seen in years.

"What the heck?" Jack touched his face, and

Tasty Tidbits

By Paige Knights-Smith

scratched his chin. His reflection mirrored him and Jack knew that it was really him.

A soft knock at the door, and tore his eyes away from his younger self. "Jack?"

"Yep," he answered her back, before opening the door.

Joan smiled and offered him a steaming cup, "Tea?"

A loud beat filled Tommy's ears, and he bolted upright. The beat grew louder, almost as though he was wearing headphones and his hands flew instantly to his ears, aching to pull out the music that was so loud it began to give him a headache. But he wasn't wearing headphones. Tommy searched the room, his dad wasn't in his bed, so he quickly got up and walked to the bedroom door. The music began to quiet down, but it was still there. No singing, just a beat.

"Dad?" Tommy called out, opening the door. "Dad, you out here?"

Tommy walked down the hall, the music still playing quietly. He could hear his dad and Joan's voices coming from the kitchen.

"Dad?" He called again. Tommy walked towards the kitchen, and as he went

through the living room, the music became loud



again. Tommy began to look

around the living room, trying to figure out what this music was, and where it was coming from.

In the living room, in the corner was the fireplace. The way back home. Tommy walked closer to the fireplace, and the music became louder. While the notes were calming in nature, all they did was fill Tommy with an eerie feeling. Although the feeling scared him slightly, he couldn't help but want to touch the fireplace.

Tommy's fingers traced the bricks of the fireplace, one by one, until finally one pushed open. A glow came from underneath the fireplace, and just like the one in the attic of his own house, it opened.

"Dad!" Tommy velled. "Dad, come quick, the fireplace is open! We can go home!" He stepped inside the fireplace, basking in the glow and turned around for his father to join him. "Dad!"

Tommy was fully inside the fireplace, wondering why Jack wasn't running towards him. Why he didn't want to go home as badly as his son did. It was time to go, at least in Tommy's opinion, but he had to wait for his father. So Tommy took a small step away from the glow and away from the fireplace, but he couldn't go any farther than that.

Tommy couldn't get out of the doorway of the fireplace, he was stuck. It was as though there was an invisible barrier keeping him inside. The beat of the music that had woken him again filled his ears, and he looked across the living room into the kitchen, seeing his father sitting at the kitchen table with Joan, laughing at each other.

Tommy began to pound on the invisible barrier calling for his dad, but his screams fell on seemingly deaf ears.

"Dad!" He yelled again. "Why can't you hear me?"

Joan looked over at Tommy, and smiled at him. But her smile was something more than just a friendly welcome, her smile mocked Tommy. And soon she turned her attention back to Jack, putting her hand on his hand and smiling at him.

"Dad!" Tommy screamed again, this time with more fear in his voice.

The kitchen slowly receded from sight, like zooming backwards through a tunnel, and Tommy was left standing alone in the fireplace, separated from his father.





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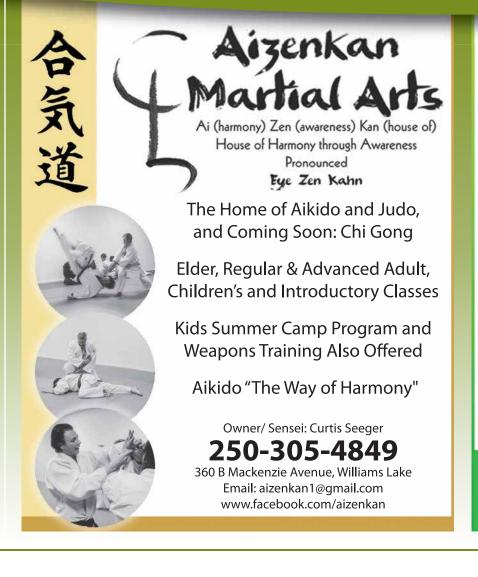
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