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AGM

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CONTENTS

ISSUE NO. 1415 • JANUARY 9TH, 2020

• COMMUNITY INFO •

- 2 • LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEER DRIVERS FOR SENIORS ON DENMAN!
by Dominique Husereau
- 3 • PAC BOTTLE DRIVE
by Melanie Murray

• MUSIC •

- 3 • THE CO-CONSPIRATORS • Live Jan 17 At The Guesthouse
by The Co-Conspirators

• SPORTS •

- 3 • SEBASTIAN LAMBERT'S FOOTBALL TRIP
by Rachel Lambert

• ARTS&LIT •

- 4 • FROM THE CROW'S NEST: What The Buddha Said
by William Thomas
- 6 • MUD & BIG BOOTS
by Leo Simmons
- 9 • THE COMMITTEE
by Bill Engleson

• OP/ED •

- 5 • SOLEIMANI KILLING
by Gwynne Dyer
- 9 • POEM: LE RAPPEL
by Thomas Provençal

REGULAR FEATURES

- 3 • Tide Table
- 9 • Gary's Toon
- 10 • Crossword
- 10 • Mr. Stofer
- 11 • Classified Ads
- 12 • Business/Services Directory
- 12 • The Coming Week's Events

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LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEER DRIVERS FOR SENIORS ON DENMAN! COMM INFO

By Dominique Husereau

The Hornby and Denman Community Health Care Society offers a transportation assistance program for seniors on Denman and Hornby Islands as part of the Comox Valley Better at Home program. Most of us don't plan for a time when we are no longer able to drive or get around on public transit, but if and when that happens, we are often faced with a lack of access to essential services and experience a loss of social independence. This is especially true when there are no friends or family members to help us get out for appointments or services.

If someone has always been independent and self-sufficient, these feelings can make asking a family member or friend for transportation very difficult, particularly on regular basis. One of the

and a vehicle in good running condition. Reporting to the Program Coordinator of Comox Valley Better At Home program on Denman and Hornby Island, these volunteer drivers will provide assisted transportation on and off Island to seniors who are unable to drive.

Recruiting and maintaining a pool of compassionate, qualified and motivated drivers is essential to the continuation and success of this transportation assistance program. We are currently recruiting volunteer drivers for Denman Island senior residents. The volunteer drivers can be available for rides on island only, off island only or both.

Transportation training for volunteers on Denman Island will be offer on Thursday, January 23rd at the Seniors Activity Center (lounge area) from 9:30am to 12pm.



results is increased social isolation for seniors.

In the last year, we have implemented a volunteer-based driving program, matching trained volunteers with seniors who book rides on Denman or Hornby for appointments/shopping/eating out. This service can also be use to attend any social events on our islands (Senior's lunch, Craft Fair, community dinners, concerts etc). We were also able to get additional funding to offer rides off-Island to seniors for medical appointments. Each volunteer will have a clear driving record and history, a criminal record check

All volunteers will be supported with assistance with the Denman and Hornby Islands Better at home program coordinator to obtain criminal record check, driver abstract, transportation financial support, scheduling rides and training.

If you are interested in becoming a volunteer for the Better at Home Transportation program, sign up for our training or if you are a senior and would like to know if you can be eligible for this program, please connect with Dominique Husereau, program coordinator for Better at Home on Denman and Hornby Islands by phone at 250-898-0245 or by email at dominique@hornbydenmanhealth.com 🍷

PAC BOTTLE DRIVE *By Melanie Murray*

COMM INFO

Happy New Year Denman Island! It's that time of year again for the Denman Community School PAC Bottle Drive. We are very fortunate to have such wonderful community support and we are looking forward to seeing you once again this year. Please bring your clean, refundable containers to recycling on Saturday, January 11th between 9 am and 1pm. If you are unable to bring them by yourself, please contact Melanie at 335-1986 to arrange possible pick up. Thank you all in advance for your continued support. Our Christmas Craft Faire Soup Table fundraised over \$800.00 for our community school. Thank you Denman! 🍷

THE CO-CONSPIRATORS • Live Jan 17 At The Guesthouse *By The Co-Conspirators*

MUSIC

Just who the heck do we think we are? A brief history of the Co-Conspirators

The Co-Conspirators is a Montreal, QC based duo playing modern folk music with elements of country, rock, blues, gospel, bluegrass, spirituals, and general roots music. With heavy emphasis on vocal harmonies, this duo had been compared to Ian and Sylvia Tyson and Richard and Linda Thompson. They perform mostly original music along with some traditional and contemporary covers. Founded in 2012 by singer/songwriter/guitarist Will Richards, The Co-Conspirators was initially an occasional project to showcase material that did not fit stylistically with his rock band.

Around 2014 Richards met Katherine Simons and they began performing together. Simons, as well as coming from a very musical family, is a classically trained french horn player and percussionist. Her pure, angelic voice stands in contrast to the more raw style of Richards'. Mostly performing as a duo, they do occasionally add various instruments available to them such as bass, drums, percussion, flute, clarinet, lead guitar, violin, cello, harmonica, auto harp, and vibraphone. At the end of April 2019, they released their first full length recording: Shadowing the Organ Tuner (with full band accompaniment), and have been touring across Canada (first west, then east, then east again) ever since; performing over 50 shows in all provinces. 🍷

**SEBASTIAN LAMBERT'S FOOTBALL TRIP**

SPORTS

By Rachel Lambert

A huge thank you to all friends, family and community members, who made Sebastian's football trip, to the Snoop National Championships, in LA possible!

In December, Sebastian took off to Los Angeles, California, to participate as a member, of the All Star Youth BC football team. A huge trip, for a 14 year old boy, only in his 2nd year of playing football. Many community members, friends and family contributed to a fund, to enable Sebastian to take part in the monthly training in Vancouver and in the trip to LA. It took a lot of dedication and effort but was well worth it!

He had to check in at the airport in Vancouver, at 7am, so it was a nice early start. The boys met their team manager and from that moment on, were under the control of the team.

TIDE TABLE

• Secondary Tidal Station Ford Cove •
• Source: tides.gc.ca •

2020-01-09
(Thursday)

Time	Height	
PST	(m)	(ft)
06:06	4.7	15.4
10:54	3.7	12.1
15:28	4.5	14.8
23:12	0.6	2.0

2020-01-10
(Friday)

Time	Height	
PST	(m)	(ft)
06:44	4.8	15.7
11:40	3.7	12.1
16:14	4.6	15.1
23:52	0.4	1.3

2020-01-11
(Saturday)

Time	Height	
PST	(m)	(ft)
07:21	4.9	16.1
12:25	3.7	12.1
17:02	4.6	15.1

2020-01-12
(Sunday)

Time	Height	
PST	(m)	(ft)
00:32	0.4	1.3
07:57	5	16.4
13:12	3.5	11.5
17:54	4.5	14.8

2020-01-13
(Monday)

Time	Height	
PST	(m)	(ft)
01:13	0.5	1.6
08:32	5	16.4
14:03	3.4	11.2
18:50	4.4	14.4

2020-01-14
(Tuesday)

Time	Height	
PST	(m)	(ft)
01:55	0.8	2.6
09:06	5	16.4
14:59	3.1	10.2
19:52	4.2	13.8

2020-01-15
(Wednesday)

Time	Height	
PST	(m)	(ft)
02:38	1.2	3.9
09:41	5	16.4
15:59	2.8	9.2
21:03	3.9	12.8

2020-01-16
(Thursday)

Time	Height	
PST	(m)	(ft)
03:24	1.7	5.6
10:16	5	16.4
17:01	2.4	7.9
22:28	3.8	12.5

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In LA, on their first day, the boys were randomly given rooms to share, 3 to a room, to encourage new friendships. They also went and had a grand tour of the University of Southern California, which is where they did their team registration, check in etc. For many boys, that evening was one of their trip highlights.

The training and games started the following morning. The fields used, were all very nice school fields, all in big stadiums. They had tight security and viewers were only allowed to sit in bleachers on one side of the field. In true American style, they had fabulous food tents set up at every game and a very enthusiastic announcer, calling every play made. And, to go along with the whole atmosphere, the US crowds were loud and overly enthusiastic!



great tackles!

The following day, was the semi final game, to be played in the evening, under lights. It was against the number 1 California team, the South Bay 'Whitehouse' Spartans, who of course had played as a team the whole season. They were fast, athletic, strong and played with a slightly dirty edge. Very difficult to play against and they put BC out of the championship.

The team went the next day, to see some of the Championship final games, and that is when Snoop Dogg turned up at the field. Major excitement for a lot of kids! Sebastian's team had their photo taken, with Snoop standing right behind Sebastian.

Overall, it was a great experience. It has taught Sebastian a lot and showed him what it is like to travel with a team, share a room with teammates, learn new football positions, play in a major tournament etc.

Hopefully, he will have more opportunities to work with the All Star team again in the future.

Thank you all so much, for helping us, make it happen! 🍷

The All Star team, being made up of boys from all over BC, had only practiced non contact, so had never actually played a game, as a team. They really didn't know how they would do as a complete team. They all played very well, the highlight being, that they won their 1/4 final game of the 14 & under age group by beating the DC Stars from San Francisco. It was a very fun game to watch. Sebastian played very well on defence, making some

FROM THE CROW'S NEST: What The Buddha Said ARTS&LIT

By William Thomas

Though a delinquent meditator, I am a big fan of the Buddha's insights. Sailors know not to push the river. And paying attention is Rule #1.

History's most insightful psychologist also suggested that shutting off incessant mental chatter to examine causation and consequence is more helpful than clanking around like unconscious robots ruled by fears, delusions, attachments and resolute refusal to acknowledge life's intertwined unity. Or the possibility of dropping dead at any moment.

The very best way to confront our own impermanence, the awakened master strongly recommended, is by contemplating a corpse.

So one sparkling afternoon, while skimming across the protected waters of Agana Harbour, Thea and I luff *Celer*

... continued on Page 5 ...

... continued from Page 4 ...

ity alongside an odd floating bundle to discover two men bound with rope back-to-back. They are not looking their best, having been shotgunned at close range.

While shocking in its violence, another deal gone wrong is no surprise on grotesquely militarized Guam. Not with such a potent "Americanized" mix of hard drugs and armed males – including the teen showing off his new rifle to a jealous pal in a downtown ice cream parlor. (Which we hastily vacated.)

You never know.

Who could guess that my attending the foredeck one morning to check the anchor rode would be interrupted by the supersonic *crack!* of a passing high-velocity round.

I look up to see a Chamorro dude onshore pointing a rifle toward me. Whatever he's shooting at, he missed. But he's about to try again. Which is how I come to find myself staring down a gunman taking aim at me.

This could be it! Locking eyes across the water, I hold his gaze, daring him to take the shot.

He doesn't. But our showdown highlights the ever-present threat of random violence permeating this karmically-compromised paradise, where not long ago, swarms of eight-engine B-52s took off on Arc Light missions that maimed and vaporized uncounted thousands of Laotian and Cambodian families in racist "kill boxes" that obliterated entire villages.

I click on our new VHF radio and notify the harbor authority, who promises to send someone out to collect the "floaters". He sounds neither surprised nor bereft.

Three years later...



The violence of speed. Thea races a typhoon to Guam • Will Thomas photo

Still unused to Thea's absence, I awaken early and alone in Tokushima Harbor to a muffled bumping against the bow of the port outrigger. Carrying my coffee up on deck, I stroll forward to find white-gloved personnel extending a long, hooked pole from the seawall. The uniformed Japanese are trying to snag something floating alongside the boat.

"Suicido," I am informed.

She has not been dead long. Looking down at the corpse of a woman drifting face-up beneath my feet, I am startled to see a broad smile beneath eyes gently shut in eternal repose. Not a bad way to show up in the afterlife! Assuming there is a hereafter. (Still no texts or YouTubes posted from the Other Side.)

Though personally I have never enjoyed the imminent prospect of drowning, whatever was torturing this soul, swallowing the *entire river* has clearly provided exquisite escape.

Interesting, how this guide came directly to me.

Did she regret her choice?

I will ask her if I ever get the chance.

willthomasonline.net

SOLEIMANI KILLING

OP/ED

By Gwynne Dyer • OP Jan. 5, 2020

If the Iranians played the game the same way that Donald Trump does, then their revenge for the American assassination of Iran's leading general, Qassem Soleimani, would be a simple tit-for-tat. Just kill US Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, the man who actually organised the hit and then boasted about it.

But that's not the game the Iranians are playing at all. It's a much longer game than tit-for-tat, and their targets are political, not personal.

Tehran's first response has been to announce that it will no longer respect any of the limits placed on its nuclear

... continued on Page 6 ...

... continued from Page 5 ...

programmes by the 2015 nuclear treaty, the Joint Comprehensive Plan of Action (JCPOA).

Donald Trump pulled the United States out of that treaty in 2018, and Iran has given up hope that the other signatories (China, France, Russia, the United Kingdom, and Germany) would defy the United States and go on trading with Iran. It signed the deal in order to end the sanctions, but all the sanctions are effectively still in place

Tehran didn't say that it is now going to start working on nuclear weapons, but it will resume producing enriched nuclear fuels in quantities that would make that possible. Iran knew that it was going to have to pull the plug on the JCPOA eventually, but Trump's assassination of Soleimani lets it do so with the open or unspoken sympathy of almost every other country in the world

And there's a second, less visible benefit for Iran from Soleimani's murder. It greatly strengthens Iran's political influence in Iraq, which has been deteriorating quite fast in recent months.

Ever since the US invasion in 2003, Iraq has been the scene for intense competition for influence between the United States, which dominated the country militarily, and Iran, whose state religion, the Shia version of Islam, is also the faith of the majority of Iraqis.

There are still about 5,000 American troops in Iraq, but they are now vastly outnumbered by local pro-Iran Shia militias, who did the heavy lifting during the 2014-17 military campaign to crush Islamic State militants in northern Iraq. Lately, however, the pro-Iran faction has been losing ground.

When popular protests broke out in September against the huge corruption of Iraqi politicians and the impoverishment of the general population, the pro-Iran militias started killing the protesters. That was General Soleimani's idea, and a very serious mistake on his part: the street protests began to target Iranian influence as well.

But Soleimani's murder has largely erased that resentment: he is now yet another Shia martyr to the cause. The prime minister of Iraq showed up at his huge funeral procession in Baghdad on Saturday, and an extraordinary session of the Iraqi parliament on Sunday passed a resolution demanding the expulsion of US troops from Iraq.

The Iraqi political elite may or may not carry through on that policy, but

there is genuine outrage that the United States, technically an ally, would make an airstrike just outside Baghdad airport without telling Iraq. All the worse when it kills an invited guest of the Iraq government who is the second most important person in Iraq's other main ally, Iran. This is what contempt looks like, and it rankles.

In just one weekend Iran has had two big diplomatic wins thanks to Soleimani's assassination. The Iranians will certainly go on making deniable, pin-prick attacks on US assets and allies in the Gulf in retaliation for the US sanctions that are strangling the country's economy, but they may feel that they have already had their revenge for Soleimani.

Iran doesn't want an all-out war with the United States. The US could not win that war (unless it just nuked the whole country), but neither could Iran, and it would suffer huge damage if there were a flat-out American bombing campaign using only conventional bombs and warheads.

Apocalyptic outcomes to this confrontation are possible, but they're not very likely. The Iranians will probably just chug along as before, staying within the letter of the law most of the time, cultivating their allies in the Arab world, and waiting for Trump to make his next mistake in their favour. He's reliable in that, if in nothing else.



MUD & BIG BOOTS *By Leo Simmons*

ARTS&LIT

Rugby and I had a rocky start to getting to know one another. Back in the mid seventies in England, as a small child for my age group (in fact, make that a very small child for my age), the surly, intimidating school rugby coach - impressively injured in some bygone match to the extent that running was now utterly beyond him - took one look at my huge head of goldfish bowl-shaped hair on top of a scrawny little body and singled me out as 'a winger'. In retrospect, this may well have been an inappropriate euphemism for something else, but I didn't know about words like 'euphemism' then, and so took him at face value. A winger I was, and as instructed, I went to stand 'over there'. Huddled in a small group of boys with similarly goose-pimpled and purple-mottled thighs on a cool September afternoon, it was immediately clear that diminutive size (or worse: apparent wimpiness) was the main characteristic by which I had been chosen for this particular position. By inference the principle seemed to be that the further away from the pack we were placed (and apart from full back, it doesn't get much further away than

... continued on Page 7 ...

... continued from Page 6 ...

on either wing), the less was the likelihood of us being broken into unpleasantly mushy lumps of bloodied flesh.

There I stood, eleven years old, approximately four feet six inches tall and weighing ninety pounds on a wet day. My rugby kit, such as it was, was not new: it had been saved by my parents ever since my closest brother had gone through the same process in the same school a whole five years earlier. Consequently it was ill-fitting, tattered around the load-bearing bits, more than a little faded and attractively accented by faint and mysterious stains from a bygone era. In a school heavily supplied with pupils from definitively middle class families, my working class roots were showing. My rugby boots were likewise 'previously loved'; two sizes too big on the inside and about fifteen sizes too big on the outside, complete with their own individual gravitational fields. These behemoths appeared to have been fashioned from one entire cow, and all of the hide had clearly been used in the process; they were thick, ugly, sported *leather* laces, reached halfway up my calf, and weighed about three pounds each. I felt - and looked - like a circus clown as I lifted each foot artificially high to avoid catching the toe of the boots on the ground. Standing still, due to a combination of outsized footwear, baggy kit draped on a skinny body and a perfectly spherical hair cut courtesy of my mother, my silhouette was not unlike a folded patio umbrella. I did not exactly strike fear into the hearts of my opponents.

As the youngest child of a low income family I had not had the best nutritional start in the world, but I knew that I was fast and agile on my feet, as countless schoolyard games of 'British Bulldog' had proven. My priorities were therefore to avoid being trampled, punched, bitten, trampled again or in any way mangled, and to run as fast as possible either around - or even better, *away from* - any signs of trouble. Survival on the sporting battlefield was, in those earliest days, my *only* objective.

At first, however - after the teachers had painstakingly organized us into something approaching a couple of teams - it seemed that I had been worrying about nothing; the initial few instructional games were frankly very boring. All I seemed to do was walk forwards a few paces, stop...back a few paces, stop again...forward...and so on. Typically for school rugby being played by boys with no prior experience of the game, the ball (full sized, rubbed clean of any markings, slick to the point of being polished, over-inflated and HUGE to our child's eyes and hands) very rarely made it far out of the pack to the half backs or centres, and absolutely never out to the wing; not even, it seemed, by some freakish accident. Watching sixteen other boys fight one another as they rumbled around the central forty percent of the pitch was about as dull as sport could get for me, and to be honest I saw no future in it...Rugby, I was convinced, sucked.

Then...one day...the impossible happened. Wandering about miserably and aimlessly near the touchline, staring vacantly over the neighbouring fence into a field of freshly harvested corn (I had only just realized that it didn't grow in cans), I noticed with alarm that the typical noises of the game (mostly shouting) seemed to be closer than usual. I looked up just in time to reflex-catch the ball as it flew towards my face. There was a moment's hesitation followed by some supportive encouragement and instruction from the coach: "Run with it you little idiot!" As the very real prospect of an imminent mangling fizzled into my awareness, I did just that; sprinting as fast as my little legs could carry me while wearing ankle-high rugby boots, spurred on by the terror of having the much larger boys (that would be all of them, then) catch me, throw me to the muddy ground and trample me therein. Initially I was directionless; all I wanted to do was head towards 'away' and I half expected to be crushed at any second. To my surprise, however, after running the wrong way for several seconds, I found myself running towards the opposition's goal posts through a slow-motion world; giant filth-covered galloots swung and missed, grasping hands reached out just too late to grab the fluttering hand-me-down jersey which hung down below my shorts, and cursing centres jinked the wrong way in response to my own instinctive side step. I had no idea what I was doing, but it worked! Soon, only the full back stood forlornly between me and unexpected glory. His name was Simon Bumfort. With a name like that he was just asking for trouble.

Luck was on my side: he was just about the only boy on the pitch smaller than me, and I knew that I had a slim chance of victory. As I advanced, he danced about nervously, unsure of what to do (which made two of us). I jinked; he jinked. I jinked the other way; he followed my move once more. I could hear nothing - the roar of the wind in my ears totally obscuring the high-pitched, screamed (eleven year old boys sound every bit like eleven year old girls) encouragement of my team mates and the instructions of the coach. So far, the only tries scored in our instructional games had been when one pack or the other more or less accidentally fell over the try line with somebody underneath the pile still miraculously clutching - or more likely, lying upon - the ball. This, then, was an opportunity to make a name for myself. Simon jumped about opposite me until the amount of grass between us had almost totally disappeared and then, having run out of jinking ideas and in a state of mild panic, I ran -

... continued on Page 8 ...

... continued from Page 7 ...

much to my own surprise - straight through and over him. He squealed feebly (rather like a dog's squeaky toy) as I did so, which served only to awaken my latent blood lust, and laughing manically like a miniature Christopher Walken, I triumphantly crossed the try line, leaped theatrically into the air (as I had seen players do on TV) and flopped to the ground in the corner, about as far from the posts as it was possible to get. I landed on the ball and knocked all the air out of my lungs, but it didn't matter - I'd scored! Unbelievably, I had really scored a try. Rugby was, suddenly, actually extremely cool!

From that moment on, I looked forward to every games session - two hours of rugby each week during which I entertained the dream of recreating my glory with another scintillating run. I ached to get the ball in my hands once again. My excitement was partly due to the fact that I had unexpectedly discovered a sport which suited my fleetness of foot as well as my agility...just as long as I didn't have to tackle anyone. I tried not to think about that too much. The state of the schoolboy game in the 1970s was such that we were all very much beginners; mini-rugby did not exist and eleven was the entry age for young players. As a result, most games - training or otherwise - consisted largely of two packs of chubby and lanky kids huddled over the ball, engaged in an endless wrestling match in the muddiest part of the pitch, with an occasional decisive breakaway. While extending the boring element of being on the wing, it also meant that I could deliberately spend some time looking enthusiastic about tackling someone without much danger of ever having to actually do so. I could survive by bluff...or so I thought. The first time it actually happened, I rather stupidly tried to tackle the largest, ugliest and nastiest kid on the pitch - Martin 'Bones' Powell - and for my feeble efforts found myself lying on my back with a boot print on my chest, quite unable to breathe for a while, as the game continued around me. The second time, despite having taken an oath to never try anything so stupid in the future, it was, remarkably, Martin who again faced my terrifying wrath (although he may understandably have mistaken my wrath for trembling knees, a faint whimpering sound and quivering lips). I could see him grinning as, having broken free from the pack with a mighty roar and with flames (well, almost) snorting from his nostrils, he bore down upon me, knees pumping like enormous, mud-caked pink pistons and eyes glowing with hatred. Clearly, he anticipated another trampling. 'Oh crap.' I thought, somewhat less than fearlessly. Driven more by the embarrassment of the previous week's effort (I told you we didn't get to make many tackles) than anything else, I forced myself to try again. This time I cunningly avoided the head-on foolishness of my first attempt and allowed him to almost pass me before leaping on him, not unlike Gollum onto a fat Hobbit. Since Gollum-like biting and clubbing were frowned upon even in those days, I hung on to him like a frightened Octopus, and tried my best to bring his relatively gargantuan mass down.

It immediately became clear - as we proceeded down the pitch at undiminished speed - that he had forgotten I was there, and I was forced to adopt a more cunning strategy; sliding down his bulk - sustaining blows from his pumping knees in the process - until my arms were around his legs. At that point, despite being shaken like a rag doll, I gripped as tight as I could, closed my eyes and dragged my legs along the ground. To my astonishment, with a howl of outrage and dismay, he suddenly toppled forwards on top of the ball. Within a second the chasing pack were on us, carefully and enthusiastically trampling on Martin and - thank you, sweet Jesus - avoiding my own delicate limbs. Martin - not a very popular kid due to his propensity for bullying - howled and yelled and then cried like a baby as scores of boots rained down their revenge upon his bulk, while I, curling into a foetal position, escaped with nary a mark from an accidental kick here and there. Lying there under the pile of bodies and with mud in my nostrils, I grinned to myself. Rugby was genuinely cool, even when it hurt a bit.

What was it then, that appealed to a small boy who until then had only played soccer, both for fun at home and for his junior (elementary) school team? Well...to be blunt: nothing at all, really. At the outset, I was certainly scared of getting hurt - and getting hurt badly. As a small kid I survived on my wits, making my friends laugh and avoiding fights, but rugby seemed to require the exact opposite of me. On the face of it, rugby was an intimidating, gladiatorial and downright frightening sport that until then I had only watched with horrified fascination on TV. Being almost literally thrown into it at school with no choice in the matter was the only way I was ever likely to encounter it as a playing experience. My very earliest experiences were all negative (thankfully not overly painful or terrifying), but once I had experienced the thrill of scoring a try with almost my first touch of the ball (it was a good thing I hadn't needed to try to *pass* the darned thing), and then faced my worst fears and successfully tackled someone, everything in the garden appeared to be rosy. I had, of course, yet to experience the embarrassments of dropping the crucial catch, missing the vital tackle, kicking fresh air where a moment before there had definitely been a ball, and of course the indescribable and unforgettable delights of being on the receiving end of a perfectly timed hand-off to the face.

These fleeting disasters were all unimagined moments as, with a shaft of heavenly sunlight falling upon me and an orchestra playing a crescendo of inspirational music in the background, I lay in a pile of mud and quietly fell deeply and irrevocably in love with the game...



THE COMMITTEE *By Bill Engleson*

ARTS&LIT

I was down at the General Store

I stocking up on my usual supply of canned anchovies when someone mentioned, and I don't remember who t'was, it might have been Fred Biddle or maybe it was Ernie Blue, but that don't mean anything, point is, I heard something along the lines of "Did you hear what that dad-blasted committee did?" Well, my first thought was to wonder, "Do we actually have a Committee that's done something?" Naturally I got curious, this being a new phenomenon and all, so I said, "Don't think so. What'd they do?" And Fred or Ernie or maybe it was someone else, told me what they'd heard, that something had been done and how everyone was getting worked up about it 'cause it was being done without asking everyone in town Iffen we wanted it done.

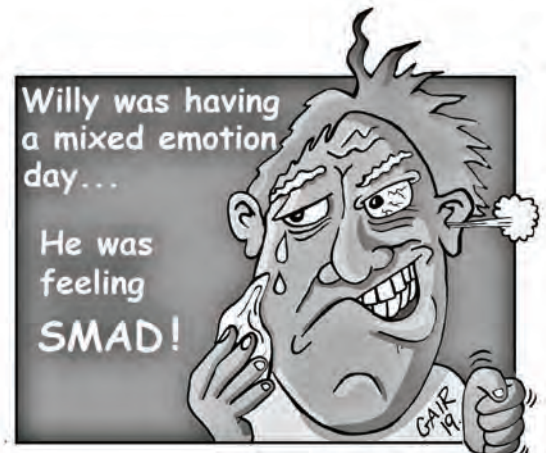
Later, I sat down at my computer and checked in on the real lowdown news source these days, the Community Facebook page, and there it was again. Someone was up in arms about what the Committee had done, even though it seemed to me that the Committee was doing their job, what they were intended to do, what we in our democratic silence and historical acceptance expected them to do. Now, mind you, I suppose I or anyone could have attended a meeting somewhere along the way and offered up my, or our, two bits, but truth is, we got a lot of Committees, A turnip truckload of Committees doing the work that needs doing here. Anyways, I don't usually have the time for such nonsense. Others might, but I don't. All that aside, there might be a meeting to let the Committee know that we don't want any Committee doing anything without checking with us first. I know that may seem onerous, but you can't let anything get done without everyone offering up an opinion. Everyone's got an opinion it seems and by cracky, these Committees gotta start listening before they get too big for their britches.

Well eventually, everything settled down, or so I was told. The windy ones got to pass gas at the meeting, most everything was explained, some were satisfied, some weren't, and wouldn't you know it, I ran out of cans of anchovies again and had to go down to the General Store again and pick up a few of my most essential staple, and someone, it might have been Fred Biddle, or maybe it was Ernie Blue, said, "Did you hear..."

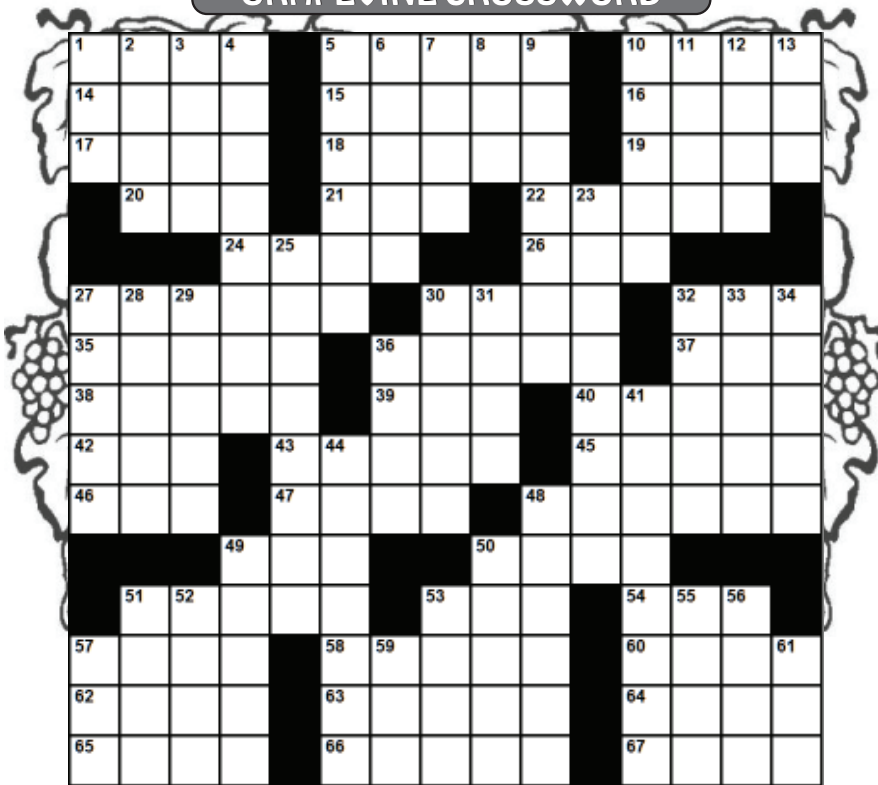


Le Rappel by Thomas Provençal

*La mère me chante,
Me rassurant,
Tranquille et amoureuse.
De l'horizon
Me vient glissant
Une blancheur écumeuse.
Ces langues douces
M'entourent de mousse
Et caressent mes mollets.
J'avance dedans
Dorénavant,
À l'origine lié.*



• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• ACROSS •

1. Formerly, once
5. Large stores
10. Docking spot
14. Actress Jean
15. Greeting on a lanai
16. Advance an argument
17. Citrus hybrid
18. Fall as ice
19. Arabian port
20. Cry out loud
21. Opposite of trans
22. Flow out
24. Current with
26. Aspen gear
27. Brownie additives
30. Drum's partner
32. Antlered animal
35. Nigh, in poesy
36. Woman soothsayer
37. Funny Leno
38. Biathlon need
39. Indivisible
40. Plant problem
42. Approx.
43. Common cleanser
45. Be silent
46. Susan of L.A. Law

47. Angler's gear

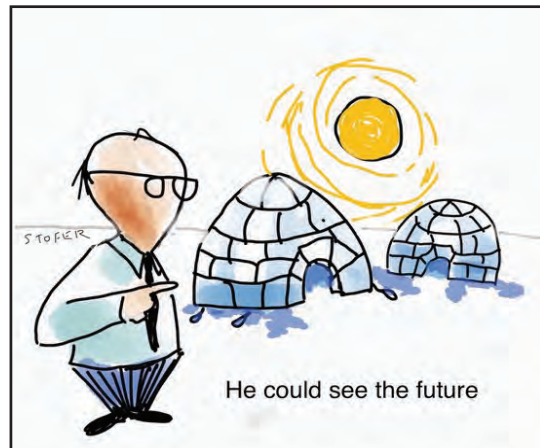
48. Bloody channels
49. Became one
50. Gone to the bottom
51. Carnival day
53. Baby pug
54. Additionally
57. Stereo setup
58. Holy sculpture
60. Coat, in a way
62. Peruvian plants
63. Wombs
64. Camelot lady
65. Hair feature
66. Bat signal
67. Equinox mo.

• DOWN •

1. Cassowary cousin
2. Carpeting
3. Barn neighbor
4. Court of justice
5. Game animal
6. Dog-tired
7. Baby shad
8. A relative
9. Hit the spot
10. Seeming
11. Pakistani tongue
12. Awry to Scots
13. Far Eastern money
23. Closet occupant
25. Pedigreed animal
27. Spent extravagantly
28. Biscotti flavor
29. Grove or Gomez, e.g.
30. Conclusive
31. Wild mountain goat
32. Thrust out
33. Female vampire
34. Currencies of Myanmar
36. Aching
41. Certain historical period
44. Solver of the Sphinx's riddle
48. Nanny's kin
49. Ankle opposite
50. Type of Sanskrit literature
51. Isinglass, e.g.
52. A ways off
53. Hammer ball
55. Baseball team
56. Coffee type
57. Bunny leap
59. Skater Midori
61. Banned substance

Mr. Stofer

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• LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS •

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

• CARPOOLING

RIDE OFFERED TO DEPARTURE BAY FERRY, typically Mondays from the 6:40 am. RIDE OFFERED FROM NANAIMO TO BUCKLEY BAY, typically Thursday afternoons.
Max 335-0364

HAVE ROOM FOR A PASSENGER? NEED A RIDE? Carpooling offers and requests are free to run in The Islands Grapevine. Contact us to place your ad today. 335-9188, theislandgrapevine@gmail.com.

• FOR SALE

WAGNER FIREWOOD.
FIR FIREWOOD FOR SALE. 2 cords to Denman, \$540 plus GST. Hornby \$560 plus tax. Text or call Scott at 250-334-7323

APPLIANCES FOR SALE.
Ranges, washers, dryers, fridges, dishwashers, gas/electric range. All fully restored and come with a full six month warranty. Call Rick Graham 335-0954.

• SERVICES

PAINTING/DRYWALL REPAIR.
Need a second set of hands for that project? I can help. I have experience in plumbing, electrical, framing, roofing, insulation/vapour barrier and many other things. Call Tom 250-218-7682 or email taucht@telus.net (Denman/Hornby)

WOOD SPLITTER AND STACKER: \$20 ~ \$30 /hr sliding scale or flat rate.
• Splitting maul/wedges only.
• No stinky gas engines!
• Specializing in difficult access. : 604-265-1577
Please leave a message



• CLASSIFIED ADS •



A PRACTICAL AND HANDY MAN • Electrical • Plumbing
40 plus years experience as an electrician. Licensed as a Master Electrician, Insured. Extensive experience renovating houses. Ty Runkle 250 702-1247

RICHARD MENARD CARPENTRY – RENOVATIONS and INTERIOR PAINTING, decks, studios, tiny houses, highly-skilled woodworking & interior finishing, custom doors, woodcarving, etc. Courteous, reliable, excellent references: 250-334-7978 (cell) or home 250-335-1877 (DI/HI)

HIGHLY-EXPERIENCED DOG WALKER AND BOARDER now available on Denman! Going away and need a safe, fun place for your pooch, for a few days? Or just need someone to walk your dog, when time or health doesn't allow? I provide a comfy home with lots of attention and exercise for dogs, at highly reasonable rates. Contact joelo554@hotmail.com or 604-868-1611 for more information.

YVONNE'S BAKING
335-0460

THORLACIUS TRUCKING Top soil, bark mulch, gravel and sand. Denman stockpile for smaller loads. Call Chris & Lora, 250-650-9986. thorlaciustrucking@gmail.com

MR. FIX-IT PLUMBING & All household major and small appliances. All large and small machinery. Yard machinery, chainsaws, outboards, automotive, sharpening, welding and fabricating. Call Rick Graham 335-0954.(HI)(12/20)

MAGNIFICENT TOPSOIL, Bark Mulch, all gravels, Bison compost, Treework, site clean up, fir mill end firewood, roof tear off, demolition. High grade lumber. 30 years local Entrp. Call Dave 218-9667.(DI)

• COMMUNITY NOTICES

MEDITATION
interested in silence ? like to contemplate ? do both at the hermitage. 7131 denman long drive in. every Wednesday. 7pm in the yurt. cushions benches and chairs available.
time of "sit" 45 mins. by donation. info --- lindsay -- 604 254 9481

DENMAN ISLAND NATURAL BURIAL CEMETERY AGM. Monday Jan 13 7 PM. Conservancy Room at the Old School. Short reports by the directors, presentation of the 2019 Financial Statement, and election of directors for 2020. Everyone welcome. Come a few minutes early to renew your membership or join.

• RENTAL WANTED

MATURE AND RELIABLE environmental professional looking for long-term rental, (preferably dog-friendly). I've long visited the Gulf Islands either as a woofer or visitor, and love the nature and culture. I'm a responsible, clean and reliable

tenant who works remotely, with a low-impact lifestyle, and enjoy hiking, yoga, travel and volunteering. References and security deposits available. Contact Joel at 250-335-0980 or email: joelo554@hotmail.com

• FOR RENT

PRIVATE OFFICE SPACE FOR HIRE Contact Abraxas - 335-2731 or drop in for availability & rates.

• HELP WANTED

CHILD CARE PROVIDERS for Parent Support Group - Hornby and Denman Community Health Care Society seeks two child care providers for a parent support group on Denman Island. 6 Tuesday afternoon/evenings starting January 28, 2020. Please forward your expression of interest by Jan. 15, 2020 to mike@hornbydenman-health.com

• WANTED

SIX YEARS LOCAL RESIDENT, recovering from chronic injuries with serious housing challenges, income from provincial disability. Looking for materials to build a small waterproof, rodent-proof 8x12 shack to keep dry and safe in. please email tinyshack11@gmail.com for detailed information.

JANUARY CALENDAR CORRECTIONS



• St. Saviour's Anglican Church
Services are January 12th & 26th
-NOT-
January 5th & 19th

• BUSINESS DIRECTORY •

• (H) Hornby • (D) Denman • (UB) Union Bay •
• (FB) Fanny Bay • (C) Courtenay/Comox •

• ACCOMMODATIONS & RENTALS •

- Denman Activity Centre (Seniors) Rentals 335-3027 (D/H)
- Denman Community Hall Rentals 335-9177 (D/H)
2 halls, commercial kitchen, new sound system
suitable for concerts, plays, meetings, weddings, etc.

• REAL ESTATE • INSURANCE • FINANCIAL SERVICES •

- Bente Pilgaard, RE/MAX The Islands 335-2510 (H/D)
- Cloutier Matthews LLP, Chartered Professional Accountants 338-7367 (All)
- Donna & Janessa Tuele • Royal LePage Hornby 335-1720 (D/H)
- Sylvie Schroeder • Royal LePage Denman Island 335-2551 (D/U)

• BUILDING • CONSTRUCTION •

- Bobcat and Compact Excavator • Steve Isaak 335-1853 (All)
- Cal's Bobcat Services • Auger, Grapple, Rake 613-447-8873 (D/H)
- Dean's Digger - Mini Excavator & Small Haul 218-4534 (D/H)
- Denman Electric, Licensed, Fully Insured & Bonded 335-3122 (D/H)
- Excavator/Backhoe/Tandem Gravel Truck • Kenny Mather 703-6512 (All)
• John Isbister 335-2565 (D)
- Gutters Supply & Install • Kevin 667-3233/335-1986 (D/H)
- Kinetic Electric, licenced, bonded & insured 335-1741 (D/H)
- Ray Ulovec-Backhoe/Excavator, Septic Installation 335-3145 (D/H)
- Renaissance Stoneworks • natural stone/slate installation 335-0220 (D/H)
- Richard Menard • Carpentry, Construction & Renos 335-1877 (D/H)
- Roc-Isle Drywall, Harvey Hodgins • 35 yrs exp. 'certified' 334-4776 (D/H)
- Seaside Electric • Licenced, Bonded & Insured 702-0570 (D/H)
- Tandem gravel truck & transfer trailer • Grant Morrison 335-0702 (D/H)
- Water Tanks and Cisterns • Steve Isaak 335-1853 (All)

• SERVICES •

- Acupuncture, Herbs • Dr. Willo Walker, Dr. TCM 335-1535 (D/H)
- Bio-Energy Healing, Empowerment, Laughter Yoga • Shari Dunnet
335-1877 (D)
- Chiropractic Care on Fridays • Dr. Dawn Armstrong, DC 465-8482 (D)
- Denman Works! • Tony Greeson 1-778-838-7110 denmanresource@gmail.com (D)
- House Cleaning & Massage • Ruth Kirwin 250-650-3132/250-335-0822 (D)
- Massage Clinic • 2796 Northwest Rd. • Leyah Kelly 335-2584 (D)
- Peter T. Mason • Land Surveying 757-8788 (All)
- Physiotherapy & Acupuncture • Carmen B-Gautrais RPT, RTCMP
335-2260 (D/H)
- Tree Service - Darian Chase • Arborist 218-0404 (All)
- Tops n Toes • Mobile Haircuts & Footcare • Sandy Shaffer 778-585-9356 (D)
- Trueview Treecare, seniors' discount • Wildbill 898-7246 (D/H)
- Yoga Classes, Holistic Massage, 30 years exp. • Fiona Walker 335-1535 (D/H)

FEBRUARY CALENDAR

DEADLINE IS
FRIDAY JANUARY 24TH

theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com
250-335-9188



NOTICE

Check out The Islands
Grapevine on the web
• theislandsgrapevine.com •

to keep up to date and check out any extras that
didn't make it into the printed copy.

THE COMING WEEK'S EVENTS

DENMAN ISLAND (DI) HORNBY ISLAND (HI)

THURSDAY 9

FRIDAY 10

SATURDAY 11

- THE HARDLY HANDSOME'S concert 7pm • Guesthouse (DI)

SUNDAY 12

MONDAY 13

- QUILTER'S GUILD meeting 9:30am • United Church (DI)
- DI MEMORIAL SOCIETY AGM 7pm • Old School (DI)

TUESDAY 14

WEDNESDAY 15

THURSDAY 16

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING
ON DENMAN OR HORNBY REGARDLESS OF
WHERE YOU ARE?

- WHEN IS THE NEXT CONCERT AT THE COMMUNITY HALL? •
- WHEN IS THE NEXT GATHERING OF NIA ENTHUSIASTS? •
- IS THE HIRRA MEETING AT 7 OR 7:30? •
- IS PICKLEBALL STILL HAPPENING ON MONDAYS? •
- IS CATHOLIC MASS STILL HAPPENING THIS SUNDAY? •

CHECK OUT THE DETAILED
EVENTS CALENDAR AT
theislandsgrapevine.com

ARE YOU PUTTING ON AN EVENT OR HOSTING WORKSHOP OR
PROMOTING A CONCERT? CONTACT theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com WITH
THE DETAILS SO WE CAN LIST IT ON OUR EVENTS CALENDAR!!