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- E-SUBSCRIPTIONS: 105 •

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Denman Island, BC
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SPECIAL INTEREST

Free Palestine: An Interview With Suspended Student Activist Sara Kishawi

By Keith Porteous

On November 13th I attended a screening of the Academy Award winning film “No Other Land” at the Denman Island Community Hall, hosted by the Denman Palestine Solidarity Group. The evening opened with a talk by Sara Kishawi, a student and community organizer, and spokesperson for the Palestinian Solidarity Encampment at Vancouver Island University (VIU).

Kishawi, a sociology graduate, was born in Gaza and is a student leader in support of Palestinian human rights and liberation. VIU has suspended Kishawi for her activism, and she has taken the university to Court for violating her rights, with a pending ruling that may take several more months to obtain. The following are the answers I received to my questions for her.

Question: Given that the United Nations has declared that Canada is complicit with the U.S. and 61 other countries in funding, arming, and giving diplomatic cover to Israel's atrocities in Palestine and Gaza specifically, can you comment on Canada's “conditional recognition” of Palestine?

Kishawi: This so-called recognition is a deliberate attempt to absolve Canada of its complicity in ongoing genocide, offering a superficial solution designed to pacify protesters, deflect boycotts, and relieve international pressure on Israel. Its conditional nature exposes it as a performance and an empty gesture masquerading as meaningful action. The conditions themselves are deeply problematic, reinforcing the two-state solution that demands Palestinians abandon their right of return and coexist with the very entity responsible for their ethnic cleansing. The same entity that refuses this **continued on P.3...**



Sara Kishawi

...continued from P.2

recognition and refuses the two state solution.

Critically, this recognition does nothing to stop the violence, alleviate suffering, or confront the ongoing genocide. It is the epitome of symbolic politics: a gesture crafted to ease the conscience of the privileged while leaving oppression intact, masking injustice under the illusion of progress. With all that said, the recognition does have some pros as well. It shows us that Canada's hands are not tied in terms of the demands protestors across the country are asking for. And so it should serve as encouragement to keep protesting and fighting for the end of the genocide and for the liberation of Palestinians.

Question: Can you comment on the public statements by the Canadian government vs the reality, and how corporate media has reported on the Gaza genocide, Palestine, and the Israeli occupation, settlements, and apartheid policies?

Kishawi: In short, the Canadian government and corporate media not only enabled Israel's actions but actively manufactured public consent for the genocide of Palestinians, rendering them equally responsible and complicit in the occupation and ethnic cleansing of Palestinians.

Question: Can you comment on the possible parallels between the symbolic gestures aimed at "justice" for the citizens of Palestine and First Nations people in Canada?

Kishawi: In systems built on colonialism, like in Canada, or on apartheid and occupation, like in Palestine, there are groups of people who benefit directly from these structures of oppression. This unequal distribution of power and privilege makes the fight against such violent systems less likely, as those who benefit are often unwilling to surrender the advantages they enjoy. It is within this context that symbolic actions arise, gestures that create the illusion of change while leaving the underlying harm untouched, akin to placing a bandage on a gunshot wound.

An example of such acts is the recognition of Palestine by Canada or Land Acknowledgments as a "solution" in Canada. These acts serve a dual purpose: they ease the conscience of the privileged while allowing them to continue benefiting from the system, and they stage a performance of justice for the oppressed, subtly discouraging resistance and maintaining the status quo.

Question: Can you tell us when you expect the Court's ruling on your suspension from VIU?

Kishawi: I think regardless of the ruling, VIU has shown its true colours and set itself back. Please see this statement from the Students for Palestine Committee:

"We want to extend our heartfelt thanks to everyone who showed up and filled the courtroom for two full days. Your presence and support mean everything, and they remind us that we are not alone in this struggle. We also want to thank our legal team for their incredible work and tireless commitment throughout this process. More statements will be released addressing VIU's court submissions in detail, and we recognize that a decision from the court may take up to six months. Regardless of the timeline, our commitment remains unwavering: to stand firmly with Palestine and against racism, colonialism, and genocide."



TIDE TABLE

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

2025-12-04 (Thu)

Time PST (m) (ft)

06:10 4.918 16.1

11:02 3.697 12.1

15:44 4.764 15.6

23:25 0.058 0.2

2025-12-05 (Fri)

Time PST (m) (ft)

06:57 5.123 16.8

11:58 3.762 12.3

16:29 4.733 15.5

2025-12-06 (Sat)

Time PST (m) (ft)

00:10 -0.049 -0.2

07:43 5.239 17.2

12:54 3.750 12.3

17:19 4.633 15.2

2025-12-07 (Sun)

Time PST (m) (ft)

00:54 0.014 0.0

08:27 5.280 17.3

13:52 3.668 12.0

18:13 4.453 14.6

2025-12-08 (Mon)

Time PST (m) (ft)

01:39 0.239 0.8

09:10 5.267 17.3

14:54 3.514 11.5

19:11 4.199 13.8

2025-12-09 (Tue)

Time PST (m) (ft)

02:24 0.605 2.0

09:52 5.214 17.1

16:03 3.282 10.8

20:16 3.891 12.8

2025-12-10 (Wed)

Time PST (m) (ft)

03:09 1.083 3.6

10:33 5.133 16.8

17:15 2.968 9.7

21:32 3.580 11.7

2025-12-11 (Thu)

Time PST (m) (ft)

03:55 1.635 5.4

11:12 5.026 16.5

18:22 2.593 8.5

23:06 3.356 11.0

Phoenix Riting!

By Phoenix Bee

In 1970, *Future Shock* by Alvin Toffler was published. The book addressed the psychological paralysis induced by too much, too swift societal and technological change.

To most of us now, 1970 seems a far simpler, more innocent time. Yes, massive upheavals were underway, such as civil rights, feminism, anti-war movements, psychedelics, peace, love, revolution, with innovations arriving at breakneck speed. In fact, pollution was worse then than today. Smog blanketed cities; people died on bad smog days. Acid rain was a big problem. It was an unprecedented time. Yet, compared to life at the end of the first quarter of the 21st century, it seems slow, measured, almost pastoral.

What do we call what's happening now? Technology is eating the planet. Suffering, human and animal, is off the scale. Social changes move too fast to track. AI is being rolled out—pushed out—without restraint.

Nearly as many data centres are under construction as already exist in the U.S., many in residential areas. The Trump administration is forbidding all regulation on AI development and rollout, and European countries are adopting this stance to imitate (and placate) the Americans.

The speed of change today feels light years beyond that of even three or four years ago. It keeps accelerating. There seems no way to slow the train, let alone get off. It's dizzying, worse than dizzying. It's numbing, hypnotizing, mentally enslaving us. We did not evolve to navigate these conditions. Our brains can't keep up. As always, it's hardest on the young. Growing up in this world is turning many children into tired, cynical veterans of change. Young people now face a choice. Some ride the train, play by the rules, invest everything they are in the pursuit of advancement and, let's face it, survival. Others feel forced to choose hedonism and a virtual existence.

It's too hard to make friends as an adult. Dating apps are a nightmare, and there's no other way to meet

people because everyone is either constantly busy or staying home, waiting for the end of the world. These young people live online, joining subcultures, adopting a virtual existence not because they don't want real life but because, for so many embedded in urban internet land, there is no real life left.

It's a disheartening view of modern culture, but a common one. And it makes me hyper-aware of two things: God, we are so lucky here! Hornby kids are still kids, immersed in nature. And God, we are so endangered. We are a vanishing breed. The bulldozers are chewing up the world, and we are in the way.

Do we sit back and enjoy our blessed existence until the changes eat our island too? Shrug and say, oh well, you can't stand in the way of progress? Give up, sigh, shrink, pretend it's okay or quietly hate what's happening?

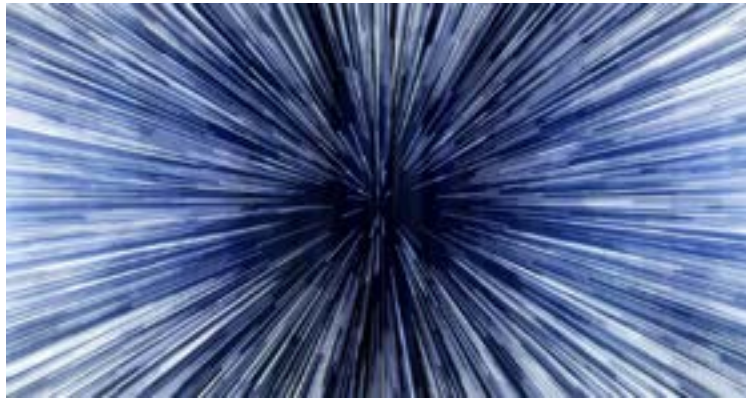
What else is there to do? Everyone has a voice, a pulpit, a medium, yet nobody gets a real say. Democracy isn't a thing anymore, if it ever was. We can say whatever we want, and none of it affects those in power. Will the world change because I want it to? Not likely. Will it change if everyone here bands together, stands

firm and demands it? On a global scale, also not likely.

The bulldozers are inexorable. Yes, we can slow them, stop some, direct the changes to minimize damage, if we stand firmly together. But one community standing apart can have little

greater effect on the whole than a single individual. First, we need to come together to take a stand, then band with other communities doing the same. In that way, we might organically grow a true grassroots revolution to change society's priorities from the ground up. If enough of us say no, perhaps we'll buy time to find more sustainable, earth-loving technologies, a way forward to a future that includes nature and the wild world. We need that.

So many discoveries are emerging to teach us a better way. Science has made it undeniable that Earth is a living, interdependent, cooperative community—not an inert ball of resources. Animals are sentient beings that should not, in any world, be treated as products. *continued on P.5...*



...continued from P.4

Evidence is growing that the universe itself is an interconnected field of consciousness. As a species, we are committing appalling crimes against nature, life, consciousness, and the planet that made us.

What's being done in the name of our appetites is monstrous, perverse, impossible to conceive. It hurts my brain to think about it.

And yet, I must think about it. It's the least I can do. Denial will dig our grave. We have to break out of it, one brain at a time. I'm doing my part in my way.

Small things can have a great result if enough people participate. We don't need to give everything up or return to a hunter-gatherer life (though, if we continue

down this path, we may be forced to!).

For instance, if I don't upgrade my phone until I actually need to, that has a tiny effect. If more and more of us choose to make things last instead of racing for the newest, bestest thing—well, as long as there's demand, there will be supply. There are so many small changes we could each choose.

Yes, the biggest things are out of our control. I don't know what to do about them. But it can start small. What underlying human needs drive our desire for the newest thing? What can we do differently? It's something to think about. I think about it constantly.

That's what I think. What do you think?

Email me at phoenixonhornby@gmail.com



A Number of Words on My Heroic Crusade Against Unapproved Thoughts

By Englebert Vigilante,

Denman Island's Guardian of Acceptable Opinions

SATIRE

Citizens of Denman, gather close, I bring tidings of victory. This week, I personally saved the island from ideological chaos by exercising the noble, delicate art of **silencing others**, a skill for which I am, admittedly, naturally gifted.

It began when someone posted an opinion about slow internet service that was not on the Officially Approved List. ("A bit slow", he said. Incorrect. The sanctioned phrase was "refreshingly deliberate.") Naturally, I sprang into action. Within minutes, a hastily assembled Tribunal of Concerned Islanders (me plus two passersby who thought they were signing a petition for better ferry service) officially **canceled** the author of the offending comment. Some say I "overreacted." Others say I "invented the Tribunal." But history, which I plan to personally edit before publication, will remember this as the moment Denman was saved from free-range thinking. Since then, requests have poured in, well, one request, from myself, to expand my influence. I am considering mandatory pre-approval for all island conversations, facial expressions, and wistful sighs. Am I a hero? I don't like to say it out loud. I prefer to print it in the newspaper.

These are a number of MY words. Naturally.



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The Heart Beneath the Glass

Gabriel Jeroschewitz,
November 16th, 2025,
Inspired by Mary Shelley

I first saw her in the winter of 1792.

Florence was shrouded in the kind of cold that makes the air taste of stone dust and the Arno's water run sluggish, like oil. I had come for paintings—Titian's Venus, Botticelli's mother of seas—and stayed, as so many did, for the whispers of a new marvel housed in the Museum for Physics and Natural History. They called her *La Venere Anatomica*—the Anatomical Venus.

She lay beneath a windowed dome, as if in a coffin from which she might awaken at any moment. Her skin, pale as candle wax yet somehow warm in hue, gleamed beneath the morning light filtered through high windows. A chain of pearls encircled her throat, its lustre faint against the uncanny smoothness of her flesh. Her hair—real human hair, it was said—tumbled in loose coils across her bare shoulders, arranged artfully yet with the disobedience of something that once belonged to a living head. She was beautiful in the way marble statues are lovely—perfect, immutable, and wholly indifferent to the trembling mortal heart.

Tourists muttered around me, shuffling in devotion or curiosity, but I did not hear them. My attention was fixed on the delicate rise and fall carved into her breastplate, the illusion of breath held just long enough to fool the eye. I knew, even then, that it was not only beauty on display. It was something else—a test, perhaps, in how far beauty could be stretched over truth before the mind recoils.

The docent, a thin man whose voice carried like dry parchment, made his way through the crowd. He spoke of Clemente Susini and Felice Fontana, masters of their strange art, describing the seven removable layers of the Venus as if recounting the petals of a divine flower. The words “odour-free,” “incorruptible” rose in the cold air, oddly clerical in tone, as though holiness were now a matter of preservation rather than faith.

And then, deftly, almost reverently, the man removed her wax breastplate.

The room seemed to tilt.

Beneath the smooth ivory of her outer form was a nest of organs sculpted with obsessive care: heart, liver, pancreas, each painted to the precise shade of living tissue. Across them, silk threads and linen fibres webbed delicately, imitating veins, nerves—an entire universe of

sensation frozen in place. No seam was crude, no accent rushed. What Susini had made was not mockery, nor horror—it was the body as a cathedral.

But it was the last layer that undid me.

Nestled deep within her waxen womb, like a puzzle piece never meant to be displaced, lay a perfect fetus. Eternal, untouched by the decay of time. It curled in repose, and I felt—perhaps for the first time in my life—the full gravity of human stillness. She was not merely a Venus; she was the memory of life interrupted before it began.

I had been standing beside a young physician when that final layer was revealed. He inhaled sharply, eyes wide, though not in shock, in longing. We exchanged no words then, but later—outside, on the marble steps—he confessed he had studied medicine under Fontana's direction. “I dreamed,” he said, “once, of opening the womb of a woman who had died in childbirth. She was beautiful—too beautiful for the hands of the living to defile. This Venus... she is that dream, preserved without sin.”

His name was Lorenzo. His voice carried sadness, but not shame. I told myself I ought to be disturbed by his yearning, but there was something in it that mirrored my own—the way we both saw her not as an object, but as someone caught between states: woman and sculpture, saint and specimen. Death and desire held her equally.

We met again in the museum a week later. We stood before the Venus longer than was polite, watching tourists shuffle past in quick gulps of sensation. He told me bits of her making—how some of her organs had been modelled before science could name them, how Fontana believed this would end dissections altogether. “She is incorruptible,” he whispered. “Imagine such faith in a thing of wax.”

In those weeks, I learned the truth about the museum: it was not science alone, nor art alone, but something more profound. Florence, after three centuries under the Medici, now wore Enlightenment like a fresh robe—and yet in this room, beauty was not separated from death. The Venus did not need to breathe; she inspired breath in others.

It was Lorenzo who quietly suggested that we see her in private. A request, when made to the right attendants, was possible for scholars—though I was no scholar, only a man capable of convincing others I was. We paid in coin, waited for dusk, and entered the hall alone.

Shadows swam across the

continued on P.7...

walls, thrown by the oil lamps. The lustre of her skin was deeper now, her hair blacker against the pale curve of her cheek. Lorenzo touched the glass of her case, as if to wake her.

"Do you think she feels it?" he asked.

I did not laugh. "She feels what we give her," I said. We removed the dome and the layers in silence. His hands were steady, unafraid. Mine trembled—not in fear, but in something older, stranger. When her heart lay revealed, I thought of the strange symmetry of its shape, how it seemed to wait for a pulse that would never come.

And yet in that room, lit by lamplight and the scent of melting wax, I swear she was alive. Not in the sense of breathing, but in presence—like the Venus of Botticelli's canvas stepping from her painted sea, or the goddess from Titian's bed turning her eyes to meet yours.

We lingered over the seventh layer. The fetus seemed smaller in the dim light, impossibly fragile. Lorenzo's voice was low: "I think she dreams. Of a shore she will never see. Of a child she will never bear."

He closed her again, piece by piece, until the final breastplate came to rest over her immaculate torso. We stood, heads bowed, as if at mass.

Outside, the night had dropped upon Florence with its quiet procession of lamps and shadowy alleys. We walked together, and I found I could not speak of what we had seen. It was not an experience in need of telling; it was one meant to be carried, like a relic in the pocket of the mind.

Lorenzo left the city months later. War had spread its claws across the continent, and physicians were in demand. I returned to the museum alone, more than once, always stopping before her case.

Years passed. The Enlightenment gave way to other ages—each drawing its own lines between art and science, beauty and truth. And yet, even now, she lies there. Supine in her coffin, pearls at her throat, hair flowing like a river across the slope of her shoulder.

Seven layers between the world and the quiet unborn at her core.

I believe Lorenzo was right: she dreams.

Not of us, who come and go with our own fragile hearts, but of the moment her creator's hands gave her form. In that instant, she was both an offering to God and a mirror to man—a work of love, sharpened by death.

And for those of us who have stood before her—alone, or in the hush of another's company—there is a sense that she keeps something of us as well. A touch against glass. A mouth that almost spoke. The shadow of a longing that will never be returned, yet will never fade. She remains. And beneath her perfect surface, the heart still waits.



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Don't Let The Empire Gaslight You Into Believing You Are Powerless

By Caitlin Johnstone

November 27th, 2025

OPINION

Don't let the empire gaslight you into believing you are powerless and helpless. There are always things you can do to fight the bastards, and there are always things you can do to improve your own life.

It's so easy to fall into the trap of believing there's nothing we can do. Nothing we can do to fight the machine because it's too large and entrenched, and nothing we can do to change our own personal circumstances because the deck is stacked so unfairly against ordinary people. It's a strong illusion because at a surface glance it appears to be true. Our political systems are locked down by the rich and powerful to ensure that our votes don't inconvenience them in any way, and any new political movement which challenges establishment power structures will find itself facing sabotage from the outside and from within. Our voices are kept marginalized and our countrymen have been turned into mindless empire automata by a lifetime of propaganda indoctrination.

And at first glance we appear to be just as powerless in our personal lives as well. Unless you're lucky enough to have obtained some capital which you can use to extract labor from the working class or to possess some special aptitude that our system happens to value, you can spend your whole life struggling in poverty. The life of a worker is getting harder and harder, and it's easy to feel like there's nothing you can do about your own unhappiness and psychological dysfunction because you're laboring under a system that's so abusive and unfair.

So while it is true that there are many doors that are closed to a denizen of our dystopia, that doesn't mean you are powerless to change things. Believing that you are powerless serves no one but the powerful.

We are never truly powerless because we always have the ability to help foment a revolutionary zeitgeist, and because we always have the ability to heal ourselves. As a collective we have the power to inform and educate the public to help them understand that they've been deceived their whole lives about our society, and that a better world is both needed and possible. As individuals we have the ability to do inner work to heal our trauma and liberate ourselves from the delusion of ego, which will have radically transformative effects on our quality of life in a whole host of ways.

There is nothing our rulers can do to take these abilities

away from us. We will always have the ability to do something to help awaken the people to the need for revolution, and we will always have the ability to heal our inner wounds. Every single day there are concrete actions we can take toward both of these ends. It serves nobody but the powerful to believe there's nothing we can do to change things. Too many socialists are content to just sit around smugly knowing better than everyone else and having all the correct opinions about things while expressing disdain for everyone who tries to expand awareness or make the world a better place. Get active in your community. Produce dissident media. Make revolutionary art. Have conversations. Change minds. Open some eyes. Wake people up so that one day there will be enough of us to force real change.

It serves nobody but the powerful to believe you are doomed to a life of misery. Too many socialists are content to blame all their internal dysfunction on the abuses of capitalism and just spend their days masturbating their inner wounds in meetings and online without doing the rigorous inner work necessary to come to inner peace. Get curious about your internal processes. Research the many modalities for inner healing that are available online. Listen to the brilliant minds who've been sharing groundbreaking new insights about trauma and inner work lately. Investigate the possibility that spiritual enlightenment is a real phenomenon that is entirely achievable in this life. Take responsibility for your own inner wellbeing, and start doing something about it. We don't need to sit around paralyzed by power-serving learned helplessness. We don't need to sit idly by waiting for some deus ex machina resolution to our plight. We don't need to resign ourselves to a life of suffering and making the same mistakes over and over again because we're being whipped about by unconscious forces within us that we've never taken the time to investigate.

There is always something we can do. We can never do everything, but we can always do something. There's no good reason not to do that something we can do, every single day of our lives.



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We are open to contributions from all Denman & Hornby Islanders. If you've something to say, send it our way! No copy and paste submissions. In your own words, please!



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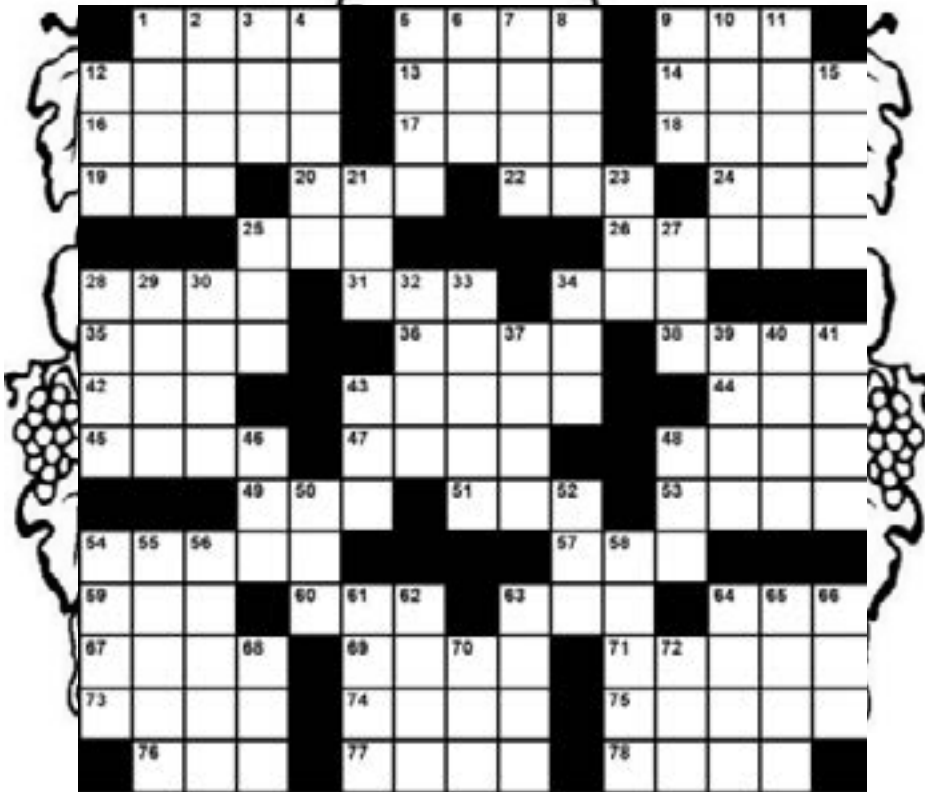
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14. Early carmaker
16. Partner of dangerous
17. Colliery entrance
18. Cool one's heels
19. Heart of the matter
20. Caravansary
22. Biblical possessive
24. Born as
25. Air hero
26. Caulking stuff
28. Hit a puck too far
31. Ashen
34. Fella
35. Deceased
36. Chalky cheese
38. Accessible
42. 10th mo.
43. Body of troops
44. Blow away
45. Emit amplified light
47. Lifted with effort
48. Aspen, for one

49. Actress Salonga

51. Claus aide
53. Challenging
54. Hardly graceful
57. Arctic surface
59. Dos Passos subject
60. Baa sayer
63. Angry state
64. Writer Grafton
67. Go round and round
69. Caesar's bad time
71. Change pieces
73. Monkey or tree
74. Money box
75. Opens, in a way
76. Edible mushroom
77. Eyelid malady
78. Be introduced to

• DOWN •

1. Andes Nation
2. Elia, really
3. Bard's before
4. Measuring equipment used in water
5. Bandleader Kenton
6. Itsy bit
7. Beltway sign
8. Kind of helmet
9. Female hog
10. Platform part
11. French farewell
12. A Darling dog
15. Derive from
21. Contemporary
23. Addressee
25. Annex
27. Blood system group
28. Baal or Mammon
29. Large intestine

cavity

30. Beanery sign
32. Bushy do
33. Daredevil's need
34. Chesapeake or Hudson
37. Asian weight unit
39. Belem
40. Big pitcher
41. Call for
43. Caught ya!
46. Benevolent guy
48. A relative
50. Appreciation for beauty
52. An evergreen
54. Air force
55. Clear jelly
56. He played John Boy's pop
58. Large intestine cavity
61. Funny sorts
62. Amend a draft
63. Atlas dot
64. L or XL
65. Apartment
66. 6th sense
68. Dog bite
70. Actor Ron
72. Ace, when not eleven

• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •

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

• Last Week's Answers •

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

GRUMPISM

☹ Just got hospitalized due to a peekaboo accident. They put me in the ICU. ☹



Thank you anonymous.

• Last Week's ANSWERS •

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

• CLASSIFIED ADS •

• SERVICES •

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• COMMUNITY NOTICES •

NEED HELP? Alcoholics Anonymous 250-338-8042

COMOX VALLEY TRANSITION SOCIETY EMERGENCY CRISIS LINE: 250-338-1227 or Text: 250-218-4034 For more info visit <https://cvts.ca>

HIRRA meeting: Wed., Dec 10, 7:30pm. At the Hall and by Zoom. **AGENDA:** Water Stewardship, Ballpark and Ferries updates. Discussion of DRAFT AI Digital Assistance Use Policy. View at: hirra.ca.



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• (FB) Fanny Bay • (C) Courtenay/Comox •

• ACCOMMODATIONS & RENTALS •

• Denman Activity Centre (Seniors) Rentals 335-3027 (D/H)

• REAL ESTATE • INSURANCE • FINANCIAL SERVICES •

• Jordan McDonald • Re/Max Ocean Pacific Realty • 604-616-1137 (D/H)

• BUILDING • CONSTRUCTION •

• Excavator/Backhoe/Tandem Gravel Truck & Transfer Trailer
Kenny Mather • 250-703-6512 (All) • John Isbister • 250-335-2565 (D)
• Tandem Gravel Truck & Transfer Trailer • Lora Mercieca

• 250-650-9986 (D/H)

• Wicked Shovel Excavating & Landscaping • Doug Schmidt •

250-222-8076 (All)

• Ray Ulovec Excavator/Backhoe, ROWP Septic Installer, Land clearing,
ponds, site prep. 250-335-3145 (D/H)

• DB Excavations • 250-465-1889 • dbexcavations@gmail.com (D)

• SERVICES •

• Peter T. Mason • Land Surveying 757-8788 (All)

• Able & Ready Septic Pumping Service • 250-338-8822 (D/H)

• Bottled Water Delivery • DenmanWater.ca • 250-228-7161 (D)

• True View Tree Care • Wild Bill - Senior's Discount • 250-898-7246

• HEALTH & WELLNESS •

• Spectra Health • Physiotherapy & Therapy • Acupuncture & Traditional
Chinese Medicine, Osteopathy. (D/H) www.spectrahealth.net

or 250-335-2260

• Massage Clinic • 2796 Northwest Rd. • Leyah Kelly 335-2584 (D)

• Acupuncture • Jenny McCartney, R.Ac • 250-508-8160

• www.heartwoodacupuncture.ca (D)

• Good Medicine Massage • Carly Woolner • (250)879-0979 • Myo-fascial,
cranio sacral + • By appt. only, 3305 Kirk rd, Denman Island



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FORTNIGHT EVENTS

THURSDAY 4

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall

FRIDAY 5

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm

SATURDAY 6

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
• FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
• FARMERS MARKET Old School 9:30-12:30
• Denman Island Christmas Craft Fair 10am-4pm

SUNDAY 7

• Denman Island Christmas Craft Fair 10am-4pm

MONDAY 8

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC
• Volleyball 6:30-8pm School Gym
• Songwriter's Workshop 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

TUESDAY 9

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm

WEDNESDAY 10

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• Choose to Move 11:30-12:30 Gathering Place

THURSDAY 11

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall

FRIDAY 12

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Moonlight Madness 5-9pm-ish Downtown D.I.

SATURDAY 13

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
• FARMERS MARKET Old School 9:30-12:30
• FREE STORE 9-12:30pm

SUNDAY 14

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm

MONDAY 15

• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC
• Volleyball 6:30-8pm School Gym
• DSMS AGM 7pm DAC
• Songwriter's Workshop 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

TUESDAY 16

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• DILTC Meeting 10am DAC

WEDNESDAY 17

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• Choose to Move 11:30-12:30 Gathering Place
• DIGS Meeting 1-3pm The Gathering Place
• DAAC Open Mic 7:30pm Back Hall

THURSDAY 18

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• CAP SITE Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 4-7pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall



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