



THE ISLANDS Grapevine

EST. 1991
HORNBY ISLAND & DENMAN ISLAND
COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER



The Denman Island Garden Society will meet on Wednesday March 18th at 1pm at the Gathering Place at the United Church. Naomi Elliot will give a talk on Bulbs, Corms, Tubers and Rhizomes. New members welcome.



Join our mailing list at
corlan@telus.net
to get a notice for when we
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Cover image:

Behind the Graffiti Fence

by Mark Prior

facebook.com/markprior.images

THE ISLANDS GRAPEVINE

- DENMAN: 825 • HORNBY: 525 •
- E-SUBSCRIPTIONS: 105 •

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The opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the Publisher.

4TH Annual Repair Café!

MARCH 15TH, 1-4 PM.

**Fun, Waste reduction
and Functional Tools!**

*Sponsored by Denman Island Climate Action Network (DICAN)
and the Recycling Centre.*

If you are into maintaining, sharpening and repairing your tools and equipment, mark your calendars for Sunday, March 15th, 1-4 pm at the Recycling Centre, 5901 Denman Road.

Six expert Denman Islanders provide a wide range of services, ranging from sharpening, diagnosing, demonstrating, teaching and repairs. Most of these experts return year after year to enthusiastically participate.

Over the years, Graham Hayman, Peter Marshall and Michael Rapati have demonstrated chainsaw and garden tool sharpening resulting in like-new action. Michael Rapati and Mits Narusawa help you to figure out why that electrical device has stopped working, teaching basic repairs and new life for small appliances and musical instruments. David Scruton removes broken handles from tools (not easy) and provides some handles for tool heads and wheelbarrows. Many wheelbarrows become useful again after learning from and repairing with David. Peter Marshall brings many, many tools in order to make your neglected tools work again, such as frozen pole pruners and bicycles. And Remi Skolney fixes anything from a diesel heater to a computer and things mechanical and electronic.



This year, we are pleased to welcome Ron Smith, from Red Deer, Alberta, a certified auto mechanic with over 50 years of experience. How did we manage this? Confession: he is Lisa Pierce's uncle, who is quite keen to participate during his visit.

In advance of the Repair Café buy any parts you know you need (from our friendly, local hardware store), gather up those broken or dull tools and join us for a swell time.



Debating the Proposed Islands Trust Policy Statement

By Keith Porteous

EDITORIAL

Recently you may have noticed letters to the editor relating to the proposed Islands Trust Policy Statement that's currently under review, and an accompanying leaflet insert outlining a legal opinion from the private law firm of Don Lidstone. I'd seen this opinion previously in correspondence I received from the Green MLA for Saanich North and the Islands, Rob Botterell. It's very different from the legal opinions that the Islands Trust Council relied on to create a new and revised Trust Policy Statement (TPS) proposal.

The primary tension expressed in these differing opinions is the interpretation of the Islands Trust's mandate to preserve and protect, and more specifically in relation to the term "unique amenities." People that are critical of the proposed TPS claim that it opens our communities to more "development", while advocates of the proposed TPS interpret the mandate to include efforts to address the crisis of housing accessibility and affordability, recognizing human settlement as a part of our "unique amenities."

The Islands Trust Council, in consultation with the Province of B.C. that created the Islands Trust Act, and following review of several expert legal opinions, came to a consensus on their interpretation of the Islands Trust Mandate. "The object of the Islands Trust is to preserve and protect three specific elements:

a) the trust area; b) its unique amenities; and c) [its unique] environment, for the benefit of the residents of i) the trust area, and ii) of British Columbia generally,"

We can see where our human settlements are recognized as a part of the Islands Trust Council's legal interpretation of "unique amenities", and where the Trust mandate includes the benefit for "residents", and where opponents to the proposed TPS do not see the interpretation in the same way. The opinion of lawyer Don Lidstone that appeared in the insert in TIG, relies on a definition of "unique amenities" from a Policy Position published in 1986, 40 years ago, and prior to affordable housing scarcity of the last 20+ years.



My personal bias is toward "slow growth/no growth", but we are in an intensifying housing crisis where the marketplace has priced out most working families and individuals, and favoured retirees and the wealthy who can afford to buy land and homes in our community. This dramatic market shift increases the difficulty of sustaining the necessary demographic mix of residents, where more than half of our residents are over 60 years old, among the highest mean age in Canada, and this continues to trend upward.

We need to consider "carrying capacities" of water and the environment within a current Denman Offi-

TIDE TABLE

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

2026-03-12 (Thu)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
03:28	4.161	13.7
19:33	1.725	5.7
2026-03-13 (Fri)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
04:20	4.273	14.0
20:43	1.635	5.4
2026-03-14 (Sat)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
04:55	4.365	14.3
10:41	3.524	11.6
14:07	3.705	12.2
21:41	1.486	4.9
2026-03-15 (Sun)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
05:23	4.437	14.6
11:03	3.317	10.9
15:24	3.854	12.6
22:30	1.355	4.4
2026-03-16 (Mon)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
05:49	4.491	14.7
11:30	3.056	10.0
16:23	4.030	13.2
23:13	1.311	4.3
2026-03-17 (Tue)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
06:11	4.532	14.9
12:01	2.733	9.0
17:17	4.182	13.7
23:52	1.397	4.6
2026-03-18 (Wed)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
06:32	4.567	15.0
12:35	2.355	7.7
18:11	4.294	14.1
2026-03-19 (Thu)		
Time PST (m)		(ft)
00:30	1.623	5.3
06:53	4.599	15.1
13:11	1.945	6.4
19:06	4.368	14.3

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A Message from Avi Lewis

By Avi Lewis



Our party was born out of a movement of farmers, trade unionists, and feminists in an era where fascism was knocking on the door, and social solidarity was essential to resisting its rise. Together, this coalition of movements represented a new option

to serve the interests of everyday Canadians rather than that of endless corporate greed in the House of Commons.

And now, we are in a moment in time that is frighteningly similar to that of the origins of our party. In the face of global instability and threats to our sovereignty and democracy, we cannot accept austerity budgets, trampling of Indigenous rights for fossil fuel projects, and a government that refuses to condemn violations of international law. **We need a strong NDP now more than ever.**

It's no secret that the previous federal election was a difficult one for New Democrats. Yet, through this loss, we have an opportunity to reflect on what went wrong and create something new.

Today, I'm proud to release our campaign's party renewal plan – **A Political Instrument of the People.**

We can transform our party into a year-round organizing machine that is deeply rooted in communities. One that builds power not just in the form of political representation in the House of Commons, but is the voice of hardworking Canadians from coast-to-coast-to-coast.

A Political Instrument of the People means we will:



Make membership matter

– Empower our members and riding associations with trust, tools, and funding opportunities for their communities. Strengthen our party's regional and equity commissions. Govern with transparency and open communications. Fundraise with gratitude

and respect.



Build power to win change and elections

– Create a culture of year-round organizing. Increase training frequency and accessibility, ideally in person. Nominate candidates

early and review vetting processes and timelines. Demand an end to First Past the Post elections and the establishment of a Citizen's Assembly on Electoral Reform.



Have a clear path to victory with a big tent

– Foster a broad coalition of support across movements and our geographical diversity. Grow our party in the suburbs through deep

investment in community. Dedicate concrete efforts to rural, remote, and Northern ridings. Build towards a second orange wave in Québec through policies and practices that honour the distinct role Québec plays in Canada and an understanding of its unique politics, culture, and history. Support youth leadership development and opportunities within our party and engage in concrete outreach efforts to reconnect with young people.

I know that through reforms in our party, empowering our members, and dedicated efforts to talk to Canadians we have never reached before, we can be a powerful force in electoral politics once again.

Our party has faced difficult times before. There's no question that we are in one of those times now, but I know that our best days are still ahead of us. **Together, we can build the biggest tent the NDP has ever seen: a true party of the 99%. Join us.**

With hope and gratitude,

Avi Lewis

Advance polls are now open for the NDP Leadership. NDP Convention is Mar.27-29, 2026, in Winnipeg, Manitoba



The Book Report

By A Bae Hel

I have a few recommendations for you this time. Reading one of life's simple pleasures to escape the zeitgeist and horror scrolling. Take some time to scream into the forest, touch the trees and read or listen to a tale

Titanium Noir

By Nick Harkaway
Audiobook

Noir says Merriam Webster, "a genre of crime film or fiction characterized by cynicism, fatalism, and moral ambiguity". Much of it is American in tone with big guns and tough guys who beat up each other and call women "Dames". Titanium

Noir is all that, except the "Dames" part, plus a bit more. Throw in medically modified humans, with long lives and titanic proportions, way too much money and god delusions and you have a whole different Sam Spade.

Well written and witty, this is an easy read, with no graphic sex, but plenty of descriptions of physical violence and some interesting mysteries to be solved. And as Tolstoy told us, dysfunctional families are each unhappy in their own twisted way.

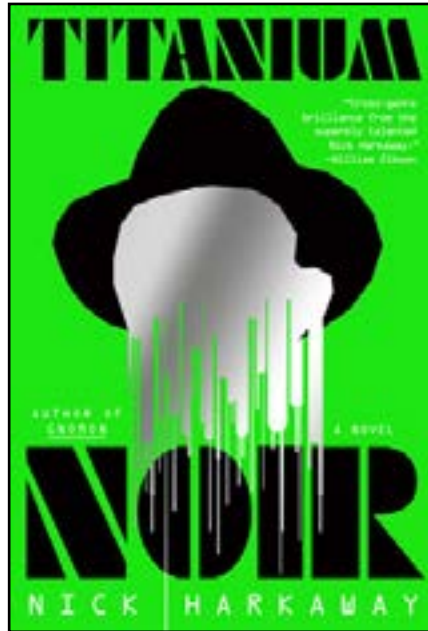
I recommend this quick, entertaining read and give it 4 stars. It's not deep, it won't keep you up at night, but it will entertain you for a few days.

Regrettably, I am about to Cause Trouble

By Amie McNee

A surprise find on Spotify audiobooks. Tutor England. The

continued on P.7...



...continued from P.3

cial Community Plan that has a planned "build out" of residential properties to a total of about 2000 residents, up from the current approx. 1600. Denman Island's growth rate by percentage has been amongst the highest in B.C.. The Denman Island OCP has a kind of soft cap on population, but allows for some exceptions that are not to exceed 5%, about an additional 100 residents. That additional 5% needs to be directed at affordability.

So far, there hasn't been much of any progress toward housing solutions in our community, including the initiatives of the Local Trust Committee to create opportunities for small secondary dwellings (minor increases in density). The Province's support for housing seems to favour urban projects where services can be most easily delivered, and there is a low priority for rural community housing initiatives. Every local home, business, community building, and farm has impacted the Denman environment and its carrying capacities.

Our challenge is to protect the environment, create more opportunities for conservation of habitat and natural resources, and to respect that our community needs affordability and diversity to sustain itself. The proposed TPS is an attempt to create a consensus on the Trust Mandate. It neither fully satisfies the protection of the environment nor the need to sustain a healthy human community. Whatever the outcome of this debate, there is much more we must do to find affordable housing solutions.

The Islands Trust Mandate: "The object of the trust is to preserve and protect the trust area and its unique amenities and environment for the benefit of the residents of the trust area and of British Columbia generally, in cooperation with municipalities, regional districts, improvement districts, First Nations, other persons and organizations and the government of British Columbia."

Denman Growers and Producers
Alliance - Annual General Meeting
March 23, 2026 7:00 PM
Activity Center Lounge
Everyone welcome



Monster Hunters ch.11

By Quinn Ireland

There was a warm, musty place that left an odor of beer and malt whisky. The muffled chatter of men enjoying their drinks. The darkness outside suggested nighttime was in progress. The tall wood ceilings and walls built up quite a large of what looked to be a tavern. Everyone in the building looked merry, just talking away over a pint. The men wore leather boots and a white shirt and wool pants. Out of nowhere the door was opened and slammed shut, like the sound of a bullet leaving a rifle. A young-looking man with a skinny build and hollowed cheeks came racing over to the bartender his breath barely heard. His long hair was soaked with sweat and his legs looked like they were about to give way. He leaned against the counter and shouted to the whole tavern; "THEY'RE TRUE!" Every single person gasped with disbelief. The man shouted again; "THE RUMORS, THEY'RE TRUE!" The man who was the bartender spoke up to the young fellow; "What dou' yuh' mean they're true, Mister O'henry?" The accents of the two men sounded thick of Irish. The young man O'henry answered; "Those rumors, abou' the monster roamin' the wee town of Dublin, it's true Lester, it's true. "Are yuh' absoluly' sure young lad," the bartender Lester asked with a look of edge on his face. "Yeh', jus' foun' a whole famly' dead in their barn, the Pilonko's" It felt like the breath was sucked out of the tavern. "It canna' be th' Pilonko's," one man said, "Ol' Danny cared for th' town's crop, kind ol' fellow." The attention was switched back to O'henry who had a look of extreme panic on his face. "There was' slashes across th' four bodies, they looke' noh' uman', like a moster brought from ell' ino' our worl'." He



continued; "I reccon tha' monster followed me, fel' like I was bein' wached' while I ran ere'." "Shall we leav'?" asked Lester now noticing the panicked look in O'henry's eye. "Yeh', clear out everyone, CLEAR OUH'!" "Bu' me bar's open till' eleven," Lester complained. "Lester, dear ol' Lester. Four people are dead an' if we don' hurry on out o' ere', we could ave' more bodies on our hans'." Lester gave his head a sharp nod; "Righ', EVRYONE' FIND SOMEWER" SAFE. STAY THERE TILL' MORNIN'!" Lester gave a head gesture to O'henry; "Thaunks' fer' wurnin' us, boy. Tak' care of yerself' an' the missus'." "Will do, sir," said O'henry. Every man who had sat down in hope for nights drink that night began to grab their coats, grumbling from the disruption of a mere boy of eighteen. Although they did believe him. The bodies of

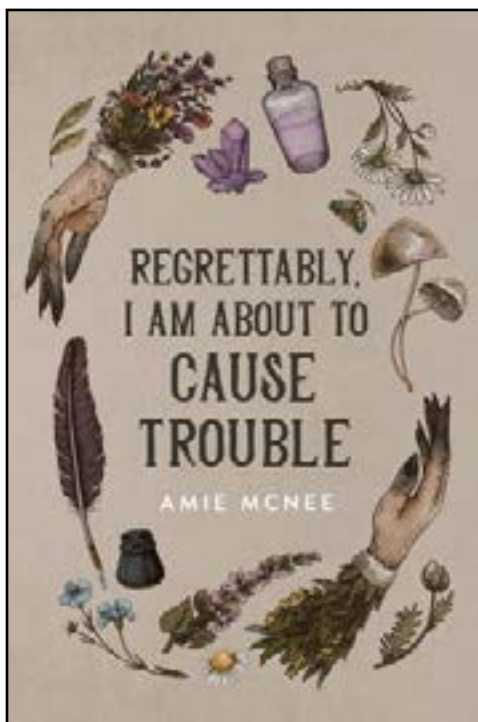
Mister and Missus Polonski along with the kids were clear proof. As the last chairs were pushed under the tables and mugs returned, a distant roar was heard deep from outside the cozy tavern. A roar that was heard even through the howling wind and thick forest. Panic now set in to every man in a matter of seconds. Shouts were heard over the scrambling boots and wooden door slamming shut as; "TH' MONSTER TIS" HERE!" or; "SATEN HAS ENTERED OUR WORL'

FROM ELL'!" Suddenly a crash was heard from a window opposite the door. A horrific sight appeared. It was a demon. But even worse than any demons in books or legends. This demon looked so unfatherly horrific, that it best not be described. The demon charged at Mister O'henry. Full speed. He was the last man out of the tavern, but not the last to be killed by this nightmare of a creature. The screams of O'henry ripped through the building. Just seconds later, the tavern sat empty of people. Although tables and chair were scattered, glass lay strewn across the floor, and the remains of a young man lay messily. With everyone gone, including the Demon, only quietness remained.



...continued from P.5

power of women under patriarchy. Betrayal. what's not to like? Maude has been brought up to be a pawn in her family's quest for a step up the societal ladder, yet her body hides a shameful secret that must remain under wraps. Obviously wedding night is going to be tricky. And of course it all goes wrong, so now Maude is about to find out how women live outside of privilege.



Our favoured daughter of the island has a gift for quirky characters- or maybe we are all quirky and it takes someone who can see that to bring it forth for the reader to discover. What kind of oddity dreams of an office job? The ones who will step beyond their inner guardrails to obtain a normal life I think.

Written well before today's immigration hostility, when undocumented persons were simply people trying for a better life, desperately seeking safety. The story of the desperation of both the immigrants and those that make money providing them with access to all the wonders of America. The story of the aimless desperate for a dream existence but unable to form the necessary actions. The story of small steps to disaster.

Like all of ESJM's work I am left in awe at how she crafts her tales and creates such avenues in my mind for the characters to remain. Definitely a 5 star nebula.



Young women of privilege take note the novel seems to say, a cautionary tale that your privilege is illusionary under the rule of men, and while you may clean up to acceptable arm candy, you are one step from the fall from grace into the world of witches, fairies and precarious firings. Maralago face can't save you when the king decides you are beyond your best by date.

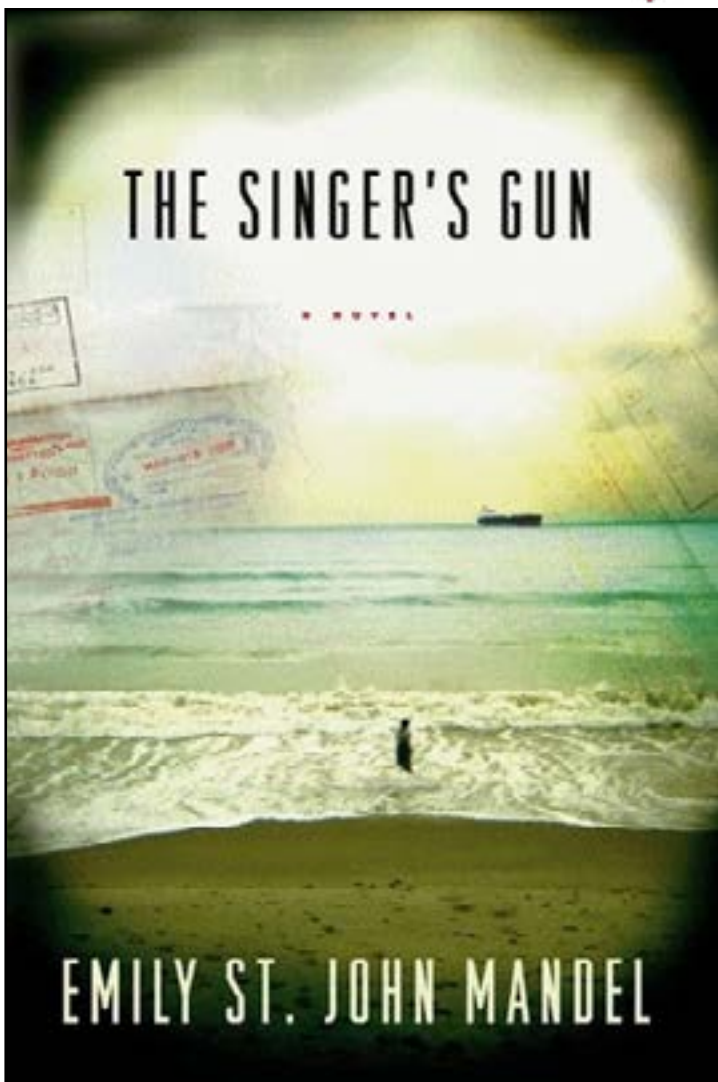
I gave this 4 stars. It didn't require a lot of brain power or cause me to wake up in the middle of the night wondering, which most days is fulfilled by the news performances. Simply an entertaining read, quick and easy.

The Singer's Gun

By Emily St. John Mandel

Library borrow

I love when I find another book by this author when I thought I had read all her previous books. A clumsy sentence, but you get my meaning. How I missed this one previously I don't know, but it was an unexpected gift. I accept she can't write as fast as I can read them, so this gift while waiting was appreciated.



Woons and Swoon

Gabriel Jeroschewitz,
January 10th, 2026

It became necessary for me to visit a doctor. His office lay behind a great wooden door in the district known only as the Swoon, where the streets seemed to curve away from themselves, and the air was thick with the smell of rotting fruit and candle smoke. The door was carved so heavily, so furiously, that it seemed less a door than a petrified wave. Entire scenes writhed in its surface — cherubs gnawing on human toes, saints with insect eyes, lovers whose mouths fused into a single, unbroken wound. It took me some time to find the handle, my head turning from side to side to peer beneath the pink planes of light that fell from cracks above. The light was not sunlight. It was a fleshy light, as if the sky itself were made of living meat.

“I have a cough,” I explained when the door grudgingly allowed me passage. “And these pink planes of light are following me everywhere.” I waved my hand through one beam and watched the flesh of my palm turn raw red. Through the gauzy rays I could see the doctor’s face — immemorial, sad, and hard as a beetle’s shell, a face that belonged to no living era. His cheeks bore the same carvings as the door.

Above us, the ceiling trembled. The monsters were in the sky again — angels swollen with longing, their eyes like gilt coins, their wings mottled with mildew. Some of them sang in voices pitched so high they could pierce enamel; others reached down with hands that were jointed like crustacean legs, seeking touch, seeking interchange, seeking the kind of intercourse that could never be real. I could feel their hunger pressing down through the beams, fraudulent and desperate.

They wanted love the way a thief wants a key.

“Pity me,” I said.

He instructed me to lie down on a carpet that smelled of centuries-old sweat and violets. While he brewed his herbs in a copper bowl, I thought of compassion — not the clean, noble kind they paint in sermons, but the kind that comes warped and trembling, born from revulsion. The kind you feel when you see something so wrong you cannot look away.

Outside, I heard cries on the wind that had been circling for two hundred years. The voices were stitched together by time, whole centuries compressed into a single breath. *Accursed creator!* one of them

wailed. *Why did you form a monster so hideous that even you turned from me in disgust?*

The grotesque confuses categories. Imagine a larval creature with fully developed eyes, staring at you knowingly from the soft folds of its unfinished body. Imagine youth crushed into age like a hand crushing a ripe fig. A giant baby whose gums are full of ancient teeth, or a little older man with the skin of a newborn.

I remembered the famine in another century — the starving children whose skulls glinted through their skin, whose fingers were long enough to pluck the strings of heaven. Their fragility was so pure it became unbearable. Usually, the grotesque makes you recoil or desire, but these small, aged children were meant to make you feel compassion. And yet what I felt was panic — they were too close to me, and I was still alive. That survivor’s guilt was a bridge between compassion and revulsion, and it hurt like a needle in my eye.

Above the Swoon, the angels shifted, their voices entangled. They sang counterfeit songs about love, about unity, about the world’s great heart beating as one, but each note was hollow, fraudulent. Their faces promised tenderness, but their hands promised theft.

We were joyful children once, my brother and I, laughing at the absurdity of it all — even the sacred songs. He could mimic voices, even the cracked drawl of those who claimed to heal the world through melody, and we laughed because the healing was never real. It was a performance. It was fraud.

The doctor approached with his steaming bowl, the liquid inside glowing rosy under the meat-light from the ceiling. His fingers were long and lacquered, ending in nails that curved like hooks. The smell of the brew was thick and sweet at first, then turned metallic, like blood kept too long in a basin.

“Feed me,” I said.

A child is dying somewhere — in the next street, in another country, in the sky above. My friend once spoke against the deaths of children in far-off lands. Someone replied to her: “You wish the other children were dying instead.” And she said, “That is monstrous.”

I have spent years searching for a better word than “monstrous” — terrible, vicious, cruel — but none of them hold the same truth. “Monstrous” is where the speaker placed himself with those words: outside the wall of compassion, beyond the reach of even pity. To deny a child compassion is to become something else entirely. Something the angels above would embrace.

continued on P.9...

...continued from P.8

I began to drink from the bowl. The liquid was hot, almost alive, and as it passed my lips, a prickling started under my skin, as if tiny mouths were biting from within. I understood I was reacting. The doctor watched without moving. His eyes reflected the pink beams, making them look like wounds.

The monster evokes, in equal measure, both compassion and its opposite.

I understood I would have to drink it all.

The beams above shifted again, and the angels descended lower, their fraudulent romance dripping like syrup from their mouths. One approached — her wings were made of stitched-together lovers' letters, stained and curling with age. She reached for me as if to kiss, but her lips were cold porcelain. Her breath smelled of iron. The kiss was not a kiss; it was an exchange of something nameless, something counterfeit, like a debt disguised as affection.

Around her ankles, other angels coiled like snakes, whispering promises in languages that no living heart could understand. Their bodies shimmered with beauty, but each movement was wrong — too slow, too sharp, too eager. The love they offered was an imitation, a forgery pressed against the skin until it bruised. The doctor dipped his fingers into the bowl and brushed them along my temples. I could feel the liquid seeping into me, changing me. My bones began to hum. My teeth grew warm. In the beams, my shadow was no longer mine — it was taller, broader, with wings that twitched like insect limbs.

Above, the angels laughed. One peeled the skin from her own face to reveal another face beneath, more beautiful, more false. Another plucked out his eyes and

rolled them across the floor toward me, the pupils spinning like coins. Wherever the eyes landed, the carpet sprouted flowers that smelled of rotting honey.

I drank again. The prickling deepened, becoming a crawling. I could feel something moving through my veins, mapping me. My compassion — my pity — began to flicker. It was as if the liquid was erasing the bridge between pity and revulsion, leaving me stranded on one side.

The doctor spoke at last. His voice was low and full of dust.

"You will leave here changed," he said. "The cough will remain, but the light will no longer follow you. You will follow it."

The angels pressed closer to the ceiling, their hands reaching down like roots. They were singing again — a song about love so convincing it almost hurt, but the pain was hollow. They wanted me to join them. To rise through the beams and dissolve into their fraudulent embrace.

I finished the bowl.

The prickling stopped, replaced by a heavy stillness. My skin was pale as wax. My breath came in shallow threads. The doctor turned away, as if my face now carried the carvings of his door.

I looked up into the beams and saw my own reflection in the angels' eyes. It was not me. It was something monstrous — a creature shaped by both compassion and its opposite, pressed together until they were indistinguishable.

The angels smiled. They had been waiting.



Say hey! The Islands Grapevine is also online!



- *Maybe you're away off-island and want to know what's happening.*
- *Maybe the postie missed your mailbox.*
- *Or maybe you burned your Grapevine in haste and now need to find the recycling depot hours.*

The Islands Grapevine has got you covered!

- *Downloadable .pdf's of every issue.*
- *Share Grapevine articles with far-flung friends.*
- *Comprehensive searchable archives.*

<https://theislandsgrapevine.com>

The Courage of Facebook Conflict

By Cylon2036 we/us

It began, as all great civic engagements do, with a Facebook post that started with the sacred words: *"I'm hearing things..."*

Naturally, I had no idea what had actually happened.

The details were murky, and mostly composed of a screenshot of a comment that someone's cousin's neighbour had wanted deleted.

But democracy demands participation, and participation demands that I immediately form the strongest possible opinion.

Within minutes I was wading into the conflict like a hero storming the beaches of Normandy, except the beach was a comment thread and the artillery consisted of vague insinuations. "I don't know

the full story," I wrote solemnly, "**but...**" The *but* did most of the work.

Soon I was bravely defending people I barely knew, condemning actions I did not understand, and quoting



rumours that were spurious. Someone mentioned a "source close to the situation," which I later learned was a person who once attended the same dinner party as the alleged perpetrator.

The thread grew to 147 comments. Alliances formed, and friendships ended. Someone posted a blurry photo as evidence of something unspecified. I responded with the digital equivalent of a torch and pitchfork, a paragraph beginning with, "Frankly, this says a lot about this community."

At no point did it occur to me to verify anything. That would have risked slowing down the momentum of

my moral outrage. Hours later, the original poster quietly admitted they may have misunderstood the situation entirely. The conflict, it turns out, had been about a missing cat and not the collapse of ethical civilization.

But by then it was too late. I had already taken a principled stand. And that, in the end, is what Facebook is all about, bravely

charging into battle armed with nothing but hearsay, rumour, and the unshakeable confidence that someone, somewhere, is definitely wrong.



The Grapevine Print Shop

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Denman's Village Voice

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OPINION

It Is Not Okay For Grown Adults To Believe Infantile Fairy Tales About Iran

By Caitlin Johnstone
March 8th, 2026



It's not okay for grown adults to believe the United States wages wars to promote humanitarian interests and bring freedom and democracy to oppressed populations.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe that US soldiers fight and die to protect their country and its citizens.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe US military interventionism in the middle east has anything to do with women's rights or making life better for women.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe good things come from the US military attacking middle eastern nations and toppling their governments.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe the US government tells the truth about its wars and the reasons it

wages them.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe the US are the Good Guys who are fighting evil Bad Guys like the heroes in a children's cartoon show.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe the US government is less murderous and tyrannical than the Iranian government.

It's not okay for grown adults to swallow obvious atrocity propaganda about horrific actions allegedly perpetrated by a US-targeted government.

It's not okay for grown adults to consume western news media about a war without extreme skepticism about all the information they're being fed.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe the US fights wars for self-defense.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe the government that allows its own citizens to die of poverty and disease cares deeply about the plight of the Iranian people.

It's not okay for grown adults to support this war because of some shit that was written in the Bible.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe the life of an Iranian matters less than the life of an American.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe the US military is used to make the world a better place.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe this war will make Iran more free and democratic.

It's not okay for grown adults to believe this war will benefit anyone besides Israel and western oligarchs.



250-335-9143

theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com

ADVERTISING SERVICES & PRICING

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All prices include GST

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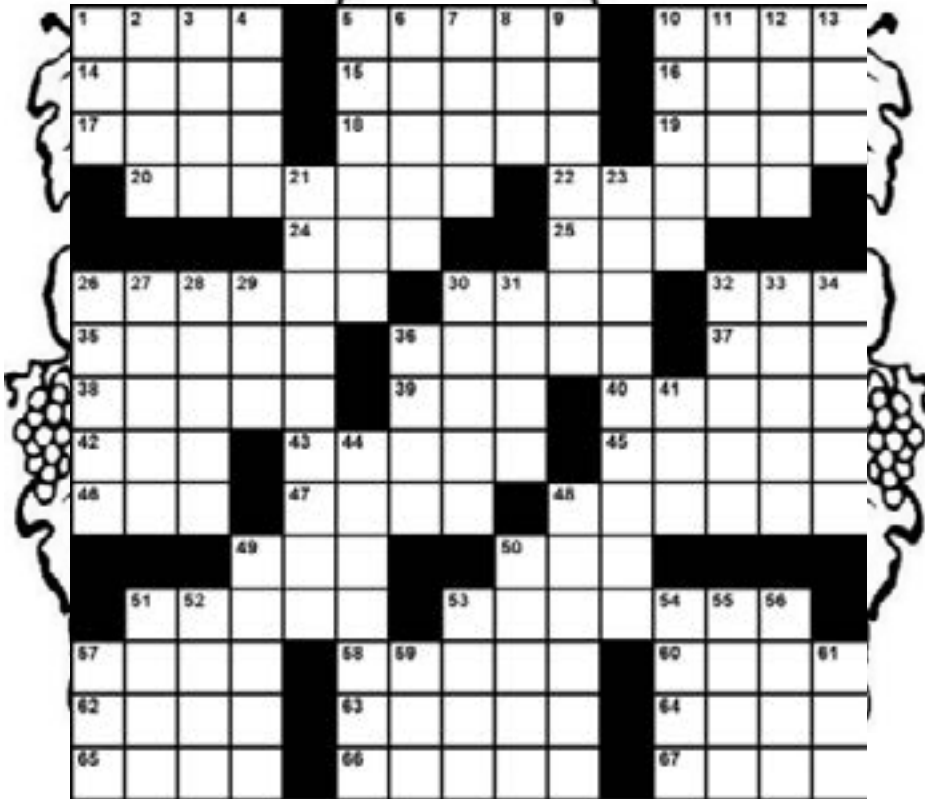
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• ACROSS •

1. Atlas dot
5. Frame for roses
10. Antarctic explorer
14. Brown meat
15. Condo luxury
16. Feast on Oahu
17. Big glob
18. Ballet company
19. As a result
20. Tears into
22. Full of wrath
24. Answers for Nanette
25. Above, in poems
26. Commotion
30. Cup on a green
32. Cramp
35. Light pancakes
36. Hydrophobic
37. Cultural collection
38. European blackbird
39. Appreciation for beauty
40. Pig noises
42. Answer on

Jeopardy

43. Like some water
45. Many of synonyms
46. Biblical possessive
47. At some other time
48. Disregard
49. Barnyard tyke
50. Chromosome letters
51. Virile
53. Fox series
57. Exposed
58. Habituate
60. Frightful
62. Money of Cambodia
63. Rock bottom
64. Approximation
65. Type of thermometer
66. Birds that honk
67. Bird food

• DOWN •

1. Belief, in brief
2. Authenticate
3. Emit amplified light
4. Formerly, once
5. Make inquiry about
6. Banisters
7. Hide, as treasure
8. John's Yoko
9. Stuffed pasta
10. Make fuzzy
11. Round tent
12. Be furious
13. A pair
21. Rhyme about letters
23. Harmonium
26. Das Boot craft
27. Luxuriant
28. Hazardous

29. Indivisible

30. Composer Franz Joseph
31. Be loyal to
32. Ballroom specialty
33. Ink sponge
34. Immobile class
36. Perform again
41. Atom fragment
44. Ageless
48. Fit into
49. Sound at sundown
50. Day or Duke
51. Large conduit
52. 2-D measure
53. Hardy hero
54. Some combos
55. Bugbear
56. Alternative word
57. Bandeau, for short
59. Denial in Glasgow
61. Biblical meaning "The Active Hand"

• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •

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

• Last Issue's Answers •

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

GRUMPISM

“ St. Paddy's Day tip: Don't iron a four-leaf clover as you don't want to press your luck. ”



• Last Issues's ANSWERS •

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



• CLASSIFIED ADS •

Exterior cleaning service. Offering cleaning solutions for your windows, gutters, roofs, decks, driveways, chimneys, siding, awnings, etc. Reasonable rates with professional results. Call or text Bjorn for free estimate. 250 465 8645

Denman Property Services: handyman repairs, chainsaw work, yard care, cleanup, small builds, window cleaning. Reliable, local. Call/text David at 778-585-2855 for homes, acreage, fair rates, flexible scheduling, island-wide support.

CARPENTRY: Alain \$50/hr
250-792-0605

GUTTERS seamless, supply and install also repairs, for free estimate contact Kevin at
250 335 1986 or cell at
250 667 3233. Serving All Areas.

• BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY •

Opportunity: islandhomekeeper.ca is seeking a partner in an island-based property security monitoring business (licensed and insured). Visit the website Contact page to reach out and start to explore co-ownership options.

• FOR SALE •

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.

WAGNER FIREWOOD. 2 cords to Denman, \$720 plus GST. Hornby, \$760 plus GST. Text or call Scott at: 250-334-7323

Denman Island local cedar kindling sales. Wildcrafted. Artisanal! Damn Cheap! Your fire will thank you! By burning!!

DISCLAIMER: "Denman Island natural cedar kindling" is not intended to diagnose or treat any medical condition. For external use only.
250-897-8184

• 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>

ISLANDS GRAPEVINE EDITORIAL POLICIES

**Opinions expressed in the Grapevine do not
necessarily reflect that of the Publisher.**

Inciting violence, hate speech and pejorative language will not be tolerated.

The following is our policy on content:

- Profiles of individuals, history, reviews and op-ed are published free of charge
- Promotional content for products, services, programs, and events will be published at going advertising rates.
- Public service announcements, notices of meetings, and news releases will be published for a fee. Exceptions will be made for emergencies where the public is immediately endangered.
- With regret, no exceptions can be made for non-profit status.
- Letters to the Editor are published free of charge.

The Grapevine is happy to provide an open, public forum for all islanders to speak and be heard. We are steadfast in our commitment to uphold freedom of expression.

As the record of our times, every issue of the Grapevine is a compilation of that week's submissions. We do not editorialize content, nor do we censor. We ask that writers moderate their own content. The Grapevine reserves the right to edit for brevity.

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!



• BUSINESS DIRECTORY •

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

• 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)
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• 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)
- Beech & Cedar Homes - construction, renovation & carpentry (D&H)
• 250-410-5154
- Black Wolf Timber L.T.D - New Construction, Renos, Excavation, Custom
carpentry/Finishing. Fully licensed/insured 250 • 327 • 4953

• 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
- Beech & Cedar Homes • lawn, landscaping, gutter cleaning & property
maintenance (D&H) • 250-410-5154

• 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)



AUTO/MARINE

• Custom Lighting
• Custom Audio
• Custom Tents
• Custom Displays
• Custom Plans
• (Trade/Wholesale)
• Inquiries

Jason Rasmussen

Call or text 250-504-1833

New home builds or renovations, small

or large projects

Servicing Denman & Hornby Islands

• FREE QUOTES •

HOME

• Heating/Cooling
Systems
• Custom Home Audio
• Custom Home Video
• Custom Drywall Services
• Custom Lighting Services
• Custom Lighting

FORTNIGHT EVENTS

THURSDAY 12

FRIDAY 13

SATURDAY 14

SUNDAY 15

MONDAY 16

TUESDAY 17

WEDNESDAY 18

THURSDAY 19

FRIDAY 20

SATURDAY 21

SUNDAY 22

MONDAY 23

TUESDAY 24

WEDNESDAY 25

THURSDAY 26

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 3:30-6:30pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm

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

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
• FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
• TRIVIA NIGHT 5pm D.I. Community Hall

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

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC
• D.I.L.T.C. Meeting 10am DAC

• 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

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 3:30-6:30pm
• Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall
• Hornby First Edition Deadline 11:59:59pm

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

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

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

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC

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

• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 2-5pm
• FOOD BANK Hub Comm. Hall 3:30-6:30pm
• FREE STORE 3-5pm
• Community Choir 2:30pm Back Hall

