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COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

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#### Cover image:

**Mt. Schofield (1183m)**

*by Mark Prior*

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

SPECIAL INTEREST

## DICAN Reports Another Exceptionally Successful Repair Café on March 15th

*By Heather McLean/Denman Island Climate Action Committee*

**D**espite the forecast for a wet, windy Sunday the rain was quite kind to the Repair Café. With the help of tents, tarps and being able to work inside the Recycling Centre, everyone stayed dry.

Our volunteer experts are so amazing: Graham Hayman, Peter Marshall, David Scruton, Michael Rapati, Mits Narusawa, Clark Siferd and Remi Skolney are our repeat contributors. This year we also had Ron Smith, (Lisa's uncle) a certified mechanic. Ron had such a great time that he plans to start a Repair Café in Red Deer, Alberta.

Joy Bockman brought some much appreciated gluten-free muffins. Coffee and tea were delivered to our intrepid volunteers to help keep them warm.

The event statistics do not tell the real story of how information from the event is taken home and amplified; even more items are maintained and repaired thus preventing or delaying that trip to the landfill. We would like to expand the number and range of events we do on Denman but we are limited by funds and volunteer capacity. The event every year has been sponsored by the Denman Island Climate Action Network (DI-CAN). We have a small budget and we give each expert a gift certificate to the local hardware store with a thank you card.

This year saw:

- 9 or more chainsaws fixed
- 2 weed whackers restored
- 30 tools sharpened
- 1 computer keyboard cleaned
- 1 barbeque taken apart and fixed
- 1 handle installed
- 2 wheelbarrows assembled
- 1 typewriter case opened



Overheard quote for the day: "Why haven't I come to this before?"

Many thanks to everyone who came and made the day so much fun.




**BEAUFORT WATERSHED STEWARDS**

**Local Aquifers:  
What Our Data Reveal**



**Presentations:**

- Aquifer model demo by Mike Wei, P. Eng., Physical hydrogeologist and adjunct at UVIC
- Beaufort Watershed Stewards' Aquifer Mapping Program: Mark Lake, retired Geophysicist
- Results of the Aquifer 419 (Fanny Bay) Study: Kate MacMillan, Honours student UVic
- What it all means and where do we go from here: Mike Mesford, BWS President

<p><b>25</b> <b>April 2026</b></p>	<p><b>2:00 - 4:00 pm, doors open 1:30 pm</b> <b>FANNY BAY COMMUNITY HALL</b> <b>7793 Island Hwy (19A)</b> More details: <a href="http://www.beaufortwater.org">www.beaufortwater.org</a></p>	
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**TIDE TABLE**

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

<b>2026-04-09 (Thu)</b>		
<b>Time PST (m)</b>	<b>(ft)</b>	
01:04	4.252	13.9
17:27	1.624	5.3
<b>2026-04-10 (Fri)</b>		
<b>Time PST (m)</b>	<b>(ft)</b>	
02:15	4.279	14.0
18:37	1.718	5.6
<b>2026-04-11 (Sat)</b>		
<b>Time PST (m)</b>	<b>(ft)</b>	
03:09	4.330	14.2
10:11	3.345	11.0
12:05	3.370	11.1
19:50	1.740	5.7
<b>2026-04-12 (Sun)</b>		
<b>Time PST (m)</b>	<b>(ft)</b>	
03:48	4.377	14.4
10:14	3.100	10.2
14:10	3.443	11.3
20:54	1.735	5.7
<b>2026-04-13 (Mon)</b>		
<b>Time PST (m)</b>	<b>(ft)</b>	
04:18	4.410	14.5
10:35	2.783	9.1
15:27	3.641	11.9
21:49	1.771	5.8
<b>2026-04-14 (Tue)</b>		
<b>Time PST (m)</b>	<b>(ft)</b>	
04:43	4.432	14.5
11:03	2.393	7.9
16:31	3.877	12.7
22:38	1.894	6.2
<b>2026-04-15 (Wed)</b>		
<b>Time PST (m)</b>	<b>(ft)</b>	
05:05	4.455	14.6
11:34	1.946	6.4
17:31	4.115	13.5
23:24	2.115	6.9
<b>2026-04-16 (Thu)</b>		
<b>Time PST (m)</b>	<b>(ft)</b>	
05:28	4.487	14.7
12:09	1.476	4.8
18:29	4.335	14.2

**Shucking Oysters:  
Timber!**

*By Alex Allen*

OPINION

If a tree falls do you hear it? I sure do, at least twice a day ... But I digress. There is something awe-inspiring about being surrounded by a bunch of huge trees. You can feel the strength and smell the history. Forests are not only connected creatures they are social and cooperative. When a forest is clear cut we see it and all creatures great and small are paying for it. Marbled murrelets, western screech owls, and spotted owls are all endangered, to name a few. The replanting seedling programs are an insult to forests and nature – skinny tree factories. “Look mum, skinny trees! Can I hug them?” “No Jonah, don’t touch, you’ll hurt them.” And most contentious of all, BC is

*continued on P.5...*



**ADIMS 21<sup>ST</sup> Annual Denman Island Community Beach Cleanup  
will be held during Earth Week April 19<sup>th</sup> -25<sup>th</sup>, 2026**

♥ *Our goal is to clean every shoreline on Denman Island to protect our ocean life from the negative impacts of plastic and marine debris.*

***Please join us by signing up at our registration table or contacting our Cleanup Coordinator.***

**REGISTRATION** -ADIMS will have a registration table Saturday April 18<sup>th</sup> at the Old School Market where volunteers can register and sign the participation form. You can choose to clean a specific area of shoreline or join one of our trucking, sorting or other teams. We will have some gloves, sacks, and flagging material available for volunteers as needed. (See contact information below if you are unable to attend on Saturday.)

**DROP OFF** – Volunteers can drop off debris anytime during the week of April 19<sup>th</sup> (Sunday) until April 24<sup>th</sup> (Friday) at a designated area at the Old School. Contact Lisa, our Beach Cleanup Coordinator if you need pickup assistance or information.

**THE BIG SORT** – The final drop-off and sorting event will be held on Saturday, April 25<sup>th</sup> starting at 9:30am. All items will be sorted and loaded into a trucking container that will be going to the Ocean Legacy recycling plant.

ADIMS Beach Cleanup Coordinator

Contact: Lisa Pierce [downtoearth27@gmail.com](mailto:downtoearth27@gmail.com) or (250) 218-0799 call/text

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*...continued from P.3*

allowing logging of old-growth forests (old, as in 250 years and older).

In BC you are either a tree hugger or a tree cutter. On Hornby, some think trees are dangerous; others think trees are friendly. But when it comes to old-growth forests, why are we still cutting down these noble, ancient giants? Many of the remaining old-growth forests in BC continue to be logged – even though the provincial government promised to “protect” them. Wade Davis wrote in *The Wayfinders*: “The key indicator, the canary in the coal mine if you will is language loss ... every language is an old-growth forest of the mind, a watershed of thought, an ecosystem of spiritual possibilities.”

In 2019 the province appointed a team of professional foresters to hear perspectives on BC’s old-growth forest management practices. In the report, *A New Future for Old Forests*, they wrote “many of these ecosystems and old forests are simply non-renewable within any reasonable time frame.” Despite being called a renewable resource, it would take 500 to 750 years for an ancient coastal forest to grow back after logging.

During the 2020 election campaign, the BC NDP promised to protect “more of BC’s old-growth forests” by implementing all 14 recommendations in the report. Instead, over 31,000 hectares of forest recommended for deferral in 2021 was destroyed. Old-growth forests should be viewed as ecosystems, not just a source of timber.

In 2021, author’s of BC’s *Old Growth Forest: A Last Stand for Biodiversity*, mapped and recommended over two million hectares of at-risk old-growth forests to be deferred – a temporary status that would keep them from getting cut down until land use planning decisions took place. “It was intensely disappointing to see how badly they failed,” lead author and ecologist, Karen Price said. The report found that in four years, around 113,000 football fields worth of old-growth deferral zones were logged. In March authors of the report wrote to Eby that the proposed deferrals were meant to be an interim measure to reduce the risks of logging.

As we so often witness, government’s do not always see the forest for the trees. BC’s own logging agency continued to approve logging in old-growth forest zones that a government report flagged for protection. As Price noted, “Purposely causing extinction is not just a moral failure but also a high economic, ecological and social risk.”

The Special Tree Protection Regulation was also meant to sound good to the public while continuing to protect the interests of the logging industry. Trees above a certain size are protected from logging. But when two women from the Discovery Islands measured trees near their homes, they found “none of the few remaining giants, nor any of the first growth stumps, were big enough to qualify for provincial protection.” Even in Cathedral Grove only three of the iconic trees would meet the province’s threshold. If the grove wasn’t in a park, almost all of it could be logged, despite the regulation.

Last year, Premier David Eby told his forestry minister to raise BC logging levels 50% over the previous year. Grand Chief Stewart Phillip, president of the Union of BC Indian Chiefs, cautioned: “As the climate crisis deepens, allowing these irreplaceable forests to be logged is reckless and short-sighted.”

A report commissioned by Sierra Club BC last year showed BC forests were four times more likely to be logged inside the recommended deferral zones than outside. The report warned ominously that the “century-long feast on big old trees is approaching its end.” How many will be left?

Old-growth advocate Joshua Wright said he appreciates the regulations to save some of BC’s biggest trees, but it amounts to “green-washing” by the BC government as it continues to approve the logging of ancient forests while pledging to protect them. “I think the issue isn’t why are trees like this being cut down, it’s why are places like this being destroyed? That’s the bigger question.”



**The Denman Island  
Garden Society  
will meet on April 15th at 1pm  
at the Gathering Place  
at the United Church.  
We will have a plant exchange  
starting at 12:30 pm, and the  
speaker will be  
Mark Benard  
on the topic of Permaculture.  
New members welcome.**



## Phoenix Riting!

By Phoenix Bee

Oh my, it's been a minute! Let me catch you up. A bunch of things are going on for me right now, unrelated but somehow all connected.

First, I feel wretchedly unwell, in the now in which I am writing this.

Second, I intend to be well by the time you read it, because when that now comes, it is my birthday. Happy birthday to me!

I will be (am) entering the final year of the decade I currently occupy, and have for the last nine years. It's a big number. If you counted up to this birthday, starting at one and going all the way to the number of years I've been alive, it would take a while. I wouldn't bother.

After all, it's only a number. I am still the same person inside that I have always been, just a bit wiser, more experienced, more deliberate, I suppose. But not "old." Oh no, never that.

To prove that I am not "old," here comes the third thing. I am breaking out of a mold I poured myself into when I first learned to play guitar at age 40. It has never felt completely natural. The truth is, I always feel slightly stressed when I perform with my instrument.

I love my guitar. I love playing it, we have a wonderful time. But put me in front of an audience, and my guitar gets in the way. I feel stressed. Unfree. Not flowing. Not the same. No matter how well practiced I am, no matter how thoroughly I prepare. I have tried for nearly thirty years.

When it was just me, my voice and my songs, on stage, I was free. Uplifted, I flew! I could do anything. I could make a crowd stop and listen. I toured. I sang in the city, on Co-op Radio, on other islands. The whole time, I told myself what I really needed was to play an instrument. What I did wasn't "normal," and I was told so often enough that I let it change what I knew about myself.

My peak moment was a big show at the Hall before I moved to Edmonton in 1995. It was my birthday. I called it, It's My Party And I'll Sing If I Want To. I stood on stage in front of a hall full of people and sang every song I'd written in the eight years I'd lived on Hornby, as a tribute to my time there.

(Note: that was a mistake. I included a couple of highly triggering songs. I shouldn't have. I don't do that anymore.)

I sang to a full house, received an enthusiastic standing

ovation, and there was even a conga line after. I was showered with outrageous praise. My ego, and my hungry heart, loved that.

And yet, my guitar-playing self has never garnered much response.

It's taken me a long time to understand what has been missing: my authentic self.

With the help of our Monday evening Songwriter Circle, I have come to accept that a cappella singing is not just something I do, it is a core part of who I am. It comes from my root, and it shows. Musicians I respect have told me, "You sound like a different person without the guitar." It's a whole new level.

I love singing again.

With trepidation, excitement, and great rejoicing, I am opening the door to my true self again, to come out in public. It is my birthday gift to myself this year.

People often say, "That's so vulnerable, so naked, I could never!"

I feel the opposite. I feel powerful and whole when it is just me and my voice, singing the songs and stories that come from my heart.

I do know that nobody else does it quite like this. That's why I tried so hard to stop, to pick up an instrument, to take it in a different direction. But it's simply not who I am.

Friends, this is me.

I hope you will come out to hear me, to support this new direction. It is a return to the old, yes, but it is also new. I have improved as a singer, not a little, but a very great lot. There will be art, too. I have been working on these pieces, each a blend of photography and digital painting, no AI whatsoever, I promise, for two years now. I have nearly 40 of them, and they will be shown on the big screen behind me. I haven't been posting these on social media, except for the two or three that became posters for this event.

Denman Islanders are welcome, it will be a late ferry day. Here's the info:

An intimate fusion of art, story and melody: Phoenix Bee

at the Arts Centre, April 17

Doors at 7:00 • Show at 7:30

By donation (suggested \$20)

No one turned away for lack of funds

I welcome feedback and questions. Email me at:  
phoenixhornby@gmail.com



# What should **Animal Control** look like on Denman & Hornby?



The Comox Valley Regional District is gathering feedback from residents of Denman and Hornby Islands about animal control in their communities.

Residents are invited to share their experiences and perspectives to help inform future options.

Take the Survey  
Survey closes May 1, 2026

Scan the QR code or visit:  
[engagecomoxvalley.ca/animalcontrol](https://engagecomoxvalley.ca/animalcontrol)



## The Bells and the Book

Gabriel Jeroschewitz,

January 4th, 2026: *This is a true-ish story?* 1966

When I was twelve, my mother got me a job in a church library that nobody visited. That was the first sign something was wrong — not wrong in the moral sense, but wrong in the way a painting is bad when it's hung slightly crooked, and no one bothers to fix it. The air smelled like dust and candle wax, which is to say: it smelled like the inside of a memory. Sunlight came in through the stained glass at odd angles, falling across rows of theology books whose spines had lost the will to tell you their names. It was the kind of place where time didn't move forward so much as it puddled around your feet.

I wasn't there for God. I wasn't even there for money. I was there because the quiet felt like a kind of witness — not to my life, not to anyone else's, but to the fact that there was a space in the world where nothing was expected of me except sweeping and dusting. Sometimes I read whatever I find lying around.

It was on one of those afternoons that I found the book. A slim, cracked volume called *The Sickness Unto Death*. I didn't know who Søren Kierkegaard was. I assumed he

was either a dead theologian or a Scandinavian metal guitarist.

The first line stopped me cold: *The greatest danger, that of losing one's self, may pass off as quietly as if it were nothing at all.*

I remember sitting there after closing, the doors locked, the light fading into that peculiar blue that makes everything look like it's underwater. The words frightened me — but not with fire or brimstone. They scared me with recognition.

Kierkegaard wasn't talking about sin the way Sunday school had. He was talking about something slower, quieter: a sickness of forgetting yourself. Not sorrow, but despair. Sorrow, he said, is when the world wounds

you. Despair is when you wound yourself by either pretending to be someone you're not or refusing to be who you are meant to be.

That sounded reasonable... until I started thinking about it too much.

The bells rang every hour. They didn't change, but their meaning did. Some days, they felt like reminders. Other days, they felt like accusations. I began to suspect they were trying to communicate something to me — but in a language too old to translate.

By the third week, I had stopped sweeping. The dust seemed to want to be there. It had settled into the corners with a kind of monastic dignity. I didn't have the heart to disturb it.

Instead, I began cataloguing the people who didn't come—this required imagination. I invented an old

woman who had been visiting the library every day for thirty years without actually stepping inside. She would stand in the doorway, sigh, and leave.

Then there was the man who came only on Wednesdays, dressed in a tuxedo, who never spoke but left an unmarked envelope on the desk containing a single feather.

These people were more vivid to me than the real ones, which mainly consisted of Father Bernard — a man with a face like a walnut and a voice like a leaking faucet — and Mrs.

Calhoun, who came in once

a month to borrow books she never read, so that she could scold me for dust on the hymnals.

The surrealism began slowly.

One afternoon, while reading Kierkegaard's bit about the finite and infinite, I noticed that the words on the page were changing. Not in a supernatural way — more in the way your memory changes when you look at it too long.

"Faith," he wrote, "is balance."

Except now it said: "Faith is balancing on a chair with only one leg, in a room that is slowly filling with bees." I blinked. The words returned to normal.

I told myself I was imagining it, but over the next few days, other changes began to



*continued on P.9...*

...continued from P.8

appear.

“The one who only believes in the finite sinks into meaninglessness,” became: “The one who only believes in the finite sinks into a large vat of lukewarm pudding.”

“The one who only believes in the infinite drifts into fantasy,” became: “The one who only believes in the infinite drifts into a fantasy where he is married to a giant talking fish named Geraldine.”

I began to wonder if Kierkegaard himself had been messing with me.

The bells grew stranger, too.

At first, they struck the hour as usual. Then they began adding extra chimes — five at three o'clock, thirteen at noon. Then they stopped altogether.

One day, instead of bells, I heard the shuffle of cards.

Another day, the bells rang in reverse, starting high and descending into a dull metallic cough.

I mentioned this to Father Bernard, who said, “Ah, that’s just the church adjusting itself.”

Adjusting itself to *what*, he didn’t explain.

By mid-summer, I’d stopped leaving at closing. The library felt more real after everyone had gone. The shadows behaved themselves better. The books whispered less.

That was when I started talking back to the book.

“I understand,” I told Kierkegaard one night, “but what if the self you find is boring? What if

the self you find likes boiled vegetables and hates music? What if the self you find is actually somebody else’s?”

The book didn’t answer — at least not directly. But I swear the next time I opened it, it had inserted a sentence that hadn’t been there before:

“It is better to be yourself badly than to be someone else perfectly.”

I began experimenting.

One week, I tried living entirely in the finite. I swept, dusted, counted the number of tiles in the library (827), and refused to think about anything beyond it.

Result: The bells began ringing in what I can only describe as Morse code for “Stop.”

The following week, I tried living entirely in the in-

finite. I stopped sweeping altogether, read only Kierkegaard and imaginary books, and convinced myself I could hear the thoughts of the dust particles.

Result: The bells didn’t ring at all. Instead, the stained glass began to hum.

Toward the end of the summer, something changed.

I came in one morning to find *The Sickness Unto Death* missing from its shelf. In its place was a mirror.

It wasn’t a standard mirror. It was slightly warped, like a funhouse mirror that had been told to behave.

When I looked into it, I didn’t see myself exactly. I saw a version of myself who was clearly waiting for me to make a decision.

“What do you want?” I asked.

The reflection shrugged.

Last week, the bells rang every hour as usual, but now each chime seemed to erase something. I would hear a bell and forget the name of a colour. Another bell —

and I couldn’t remember my own birthday.

The final bell came just as I was closing the library for the last time.

It took away my memory of why I’d come there at all.

Years later, I found another copy of *The Sickness Unto Death* in a secondhand shop. The same sentence waited at the beginning, patient as ever: *The greatest danger, that of losing one’s self, may pass off as quietly as if it were nothing at all.*

I read it and felt the same strange recognition I’d felt that summer.

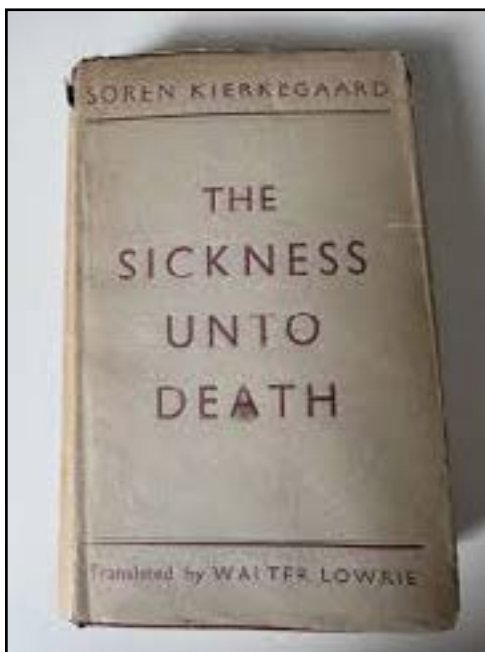
Except this time, I wasn’t frightened. I realized that losing yourself isn’t always a tragedy. Sometimes it’s just the church bells ringing in a language you’ll never learn, and you standing there, deciding whether to listen.

And if you ask me if Kierkegaard was right, I’ll tell you this:

The sickness unto death isn’t dying. It’s forgetting to live with the part of yourself that wants to rise — even if it rises into something absurd.

Because absurdity, I’ve learned, is just the infinite wearing a silly hat.

And the finite? The finite is the dust settling in a church library no one visits, dignified as ever, waiting for someone to notice.



## Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,


I write today in a state of profound distress, bordering on literary whiplash, after encountering what your publication had the audacity to label as “satire.” I demand that something be done about the reckless and insufficiently signposted irony that has clearly been unleashed upon an unsuspecting and vulnerable readership. First and foremost, the piece in question employed quotation marks around fictional statements. Fictional! And yet, these quotations were presented with such grammatical integrity and proper punctuation, that one could be forgiven for assuming that someone, somewhere, had actually said them. This is an outrageous breach of readerly trust. If a quotation is not real, it should be accompanied by flashing lights, klaxons, or at the very least a footnote reading: “DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES BELIEVE THIS.”

Furthermore, the exaggeration was dangerously restrained. At no point did the author have a character declare themselves “Supreme Emperor of All That Is Absurd,” nor did anyone ride a flaming unicycle throughout the article. Instead, we were given mildly inflated scenarios and plausibly ridiculous dialogue, which is precisely the sort of thing that can be mistaken for reality in these confusing times. Satire, if it is to be practiced responsibly, must be so exaggerated that it collapses under its own weight like a soufflé made entirely of sarcasm. Irony, too, was deployed with a subtlety that I can only describe as negligent. Where were the bold disclaimers? The italicized warnings? The helpful narrator stepping in every third paragraph to whisper, “Dear reader, this is a joke”? Must we now read between the lines like scholars? Are we expected to interpret tone? I did not read your paper to engage in interpretations.

Let me be clear: I am not opposed to satire. I simply believe it should be conducted in a manner that is unmistakable, unavoidable, and ideally accompanied by a large banner reading “THIS IS SATIRE” in a friendly but firm font. Anything less invites confusion, introspection, and most dangerously of all, the possibility that readers might momentarily question whether the absurdities presented are, in fact, reflections of reality.

I trust you will take immediate action to ensure that future satirical works meet the necessary standards of obviousness. Perhaps a rating system could be introduced, one to five exploding whoopee cushions, indicating the level of exaggeration. Or a certification seal guaranteeing “100% unmistakable irony.” I leave these solutions in your capable hands.

Yours in unwavering literalism,  
a Concerned and Thoroughly Confused Reader,

Cylon2036. We/Us 



## Anti-Imperialists Want To Improve The World; Liberals Just Want To Feel Good About Themselves

By Caitlin Johnstone  
April 5th, 2026



Ultimately what separates the anti-imperialist left from mainstream liberal “humanitarians” is whether you’re in it for humanity or for yourself. For the liberal, wanting peace and justice is more of an abstraction than a desire to fight the concrete power structures responsible for the lack of peace and justice in our world. If you’re a liberal you oppose the idea of children being killed and starved in the abstract, because thinking of yourself as a moral person allows you to feel nice feelings about yourself, but you have no interest in taking a well-defined stand against the empire which routinely kills and starves children via genocides, wars of aggression, and siege warfare. You don’t want families living in poverty because it would make you feel like a bad person if you did, but you also don’t take a concrete stand against the capitalist system whose very existence depends on the perpetual creation of poverty and scarcity. You kinda-sorta want everyone to have happy and plentiful lives free from fear and tyranny, but you don’t want to consider the possibility that your own country is responsible for abusing, terrorizing and exploiting the global south. Because that would make you feel uncomfortable feelings.

It’s not about *continued on P.11...*

*...continued from P.10*

wanting to actually help humanity and fix the world's problems, it's about you and your feelings. Those who oppose the capitalist empire are actually interested in bringing health and harmony to our species. They do not shy away from uncomfortable truths about their own government's abuses, the dystopian nature of western civilization, or the way their own creature comforts are built on the backs of workers in impoverished countries. Because for them it's not about feeling nice feelings, it's about creating a better world. The western anti-imperialist has no problem recognizing that their own society is the main villain on the world stage, because they're actually looking at the sources of the abuses and injustices in our world. The liberal "humanitarian" prefers to see evil only in foreign regimes, because being the bad guy doesn't feel nice. The western anti-imperialist recognizes that both mainstream political parties in their country promote the warmongering, militarism, capitalist exploitation and imperialist extraction which sustain the western empire, and they oppose the abuses of both parties whoever happens to be in office. The liberal "humanitarian" only recognizes wrongdoing in one mainstream political faction while proudly supporting and vot-

ing for the other, because this allows them to feel like they're helping. The western anti-imperialist accepts that standing on the morally correct side means eating loss after loss and receiving disappointment after disappointment, because the push for revolutionary change is swimming directly against the current imposed on every institution in our society. The liberal "humanitarian" feels nice feelings about their position because their side wins elections half the time, while smugly sneering at those to their left who never get their people into office. The western anti-imperialist will stare unflinching into the carnage from Palestine, Lebanon and Iran, feeling all the anguish and rage from witnessing those atrocities supported by their own nation. The liberal "humanitarian" tries to avoid looking at those things, because their entire worldview is built upon psychologically compartmentalizing away from reality in order to prioritize their own feelings. Basically it's the difference between actually BEING a good person and just wanting to FEEL like you're a good person. The former is hard, while the latter is easy. Which one do you want to be?





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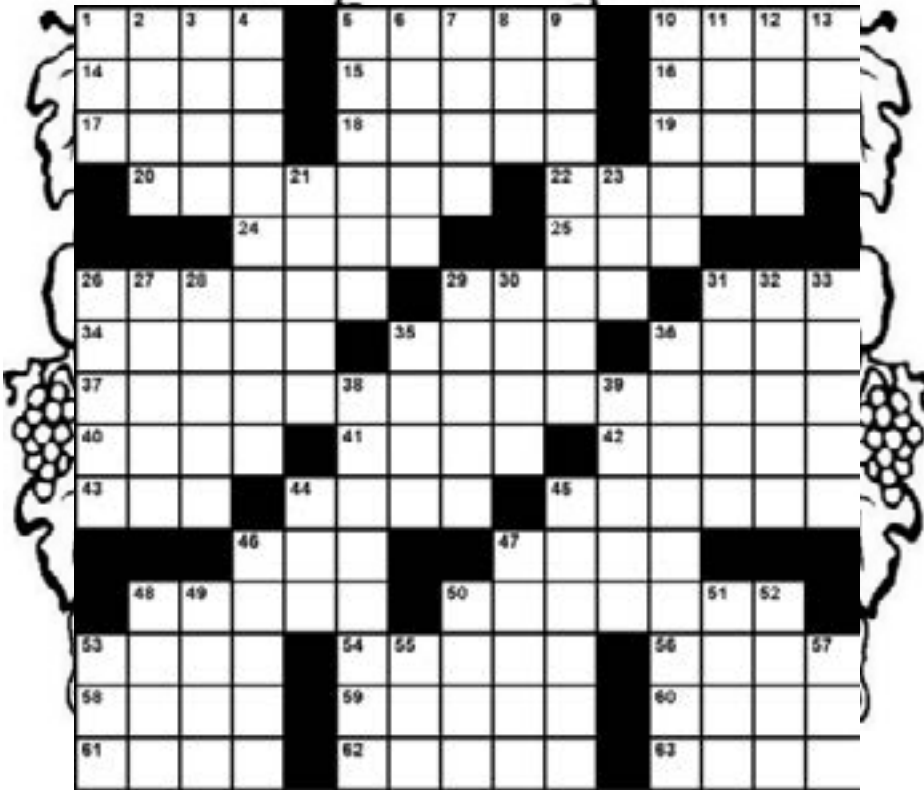
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• ACROSS •

- 1. Entreats
- 5. Deuce toppers
- 10. Kind of bread
- 14. Sharpen
- 15. Home of the slave
- 16. Anemic's supplement
- 17. Creeping palm
- 18. Destined to diet
- 19. Diversify
- 20. C, A, K and E
- 22. Black wood
- 24. Exuberance
- 25. Cooking utensil
- 26. Met men
- 29. Fill the hold
- 31. Ball park souvenir
- 34. Acid in proteins
- 35. Actor Bridges
- 36. Las Vegas game
- 37. Wastrels

40. Stamp backing

- 41. Beatty film
- 42. Follow in order
- 43. At this time
- 44. Papas
- 45. Deliberate loser
- 46. Assembled
- 47. A tense situation
- 48. Culinary hot stuff
- 50. Garden crop
- 53. Frost creation
- 54. Carry on
- 56. Almost black
- 58. A lot of land
- 59. Stenographer
- 60. Alternative to a rapier
- 61. Passable
- 62. Crystal ball user
- 63. Village, of yore

• DOWN •

- 1. Barley bristle
- 2. Hood's knife
- 3. Military chapeau
- 4. Home, to Yanks abroad
- 5. Comedian Danny
- 6. Batman's pal
- 7. Bump free
- 8. Affirmative reply
- 9. Camp
- 10. Central point
- 11. Ayatollah territory
- 12. Loyalists
- 13. Even the slightest
- 21. Coldly distant
- 23. Accept applause
- 26. Hardly snug
- 27. Agave root
- 28. Hog nose
- 29. Faxes, maybe
- 30. Artist's mecca

- 31. Shakespearean contraction
- 32. Debate
- 33. Baffling question
- 35. Brought up
- 36. Tweaked
- 38. Big speeches
- 39. Crook's caper
- 44. A neighbor of Pa.
- 45. Library gadgets
- 46. Photocopy's ancestor
- 47. Actor Falk
- 48. Chanel's nickname
- 49. Milady's
- 50. After time
- 51. Crime boss
- 52. At any time
- 53. Ballet step
- 55. Baby fish
- 57. Nope's opposite



• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •

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

• Last Issue's Answers •

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

GRUMPISM

“ My boss asked me for a time frame so I gave him a painting of a clock. ”



• Last Issues's ANSWERS •

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

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**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 •

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• 250-650-9986 (D/H)
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- Beech & Cedar Homes - construction, renovation & carpentry (D&H)  
• 250-410-5154
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or • 250-335-2260
- Massage Clinic • 2796 Northwest Rd. • Leyah Kelly • 335-2584 (D)
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• www.heartwoodacupuncture.ca (D)



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**Jason Rasmussen**

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Servicing Denman & Hornby Islands  
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Systems
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- Custom Home Video
- Custom Drywall Services
- Custom Taping Services
- Custom Lighting

**FORTNIGHT EVENTS**

**THURSDAY 9**

- 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

**FRIDAY 10**

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

**SATURDAY 11**

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
- FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
- H/D Health Advanced Care Planning 2-4pm DAC

**SUNDAY 12**

- 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

**MONDAY 13**

**TUESDAY 14**

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

**WEDNESDAY 15**

- 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 16**

- 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

**FRIDAY 17**

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
- Deadline for May's edition of The Flagstone

**SATURDAY 18**

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
- FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
- H/D Health Advanced Care Planning 2-4pm DAC

**SUNDAY 19**

- Hornby First Edition deadline 11:59:59pm

**MONDAY 20**

- 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

**TUESDAY 21**

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

**WEDNESDAY 22**

- 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 23**

- 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

**Worm News**

