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by Mark Prior

facebook.com/markprior.images

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2550 Lake Road
Denman Island, BC
V0R 1T0
theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com



Publisher/Editor
Mike Van Santvoord



Associate Editor
Keith Porteous

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

A Mediator's Eye View

Essays on War, Peace
& Shared Humanity



Sally Campbell

With this absorbing and lively
collection of essays,
Sally Campbell widens her
focus to encompass an
informed investigation of
global conflict.

Book Launch Abraxas Books

Denman Island
Saturday, September 5th
12:30-3:00 pm

CHARITY AUCTION AND GARAGE SALE!!

Sunday, September 20th

10 am

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- Tuesday, Sept 15, 10 am-8 pm
- Wednesday, Sept. 16, 10 am-8 pm
- Thursday, Sept. 17, 10 am-8 pm

Auction Preview:

10 am-3 pm Saturday, Sept 19
Sunday 9 am – 10 am

Auction starts at 10 am Sunday

Register to bid: Friday and Saturday 10am – 4pm &
Sunday 9am – 10am at the Community Hall

Garage Sale in Outdoor Covered Rec Area

Friday and Saturday 8am-4pm

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K'ómoks First Nations call shipbreaking fines 'toothless'

Re-printed with permission, By All Things Union Bay

The K'ómoks First Nation has said it finds shipbreaking fines "toothless" when it comes to protecting Baynes Sound from contamination.

According to a press release issued on Aug. 25 from the First Nation, the Province of B.C. has issued more than \$95,000 in fines to Deep Water Recovery Ltd. due to unsafe shipbreaking activities in Union Bay over the last six years.

"The operators continue to pollute the land and water with heavy metals and toxic chemicals – contaminating B.C.'s biggest hub for shellfish harvesting and the local marine food chains in Baynes Sound," reads the press release. "K'ómoks people have a deep connection and stewardship obligation to these lands and waters, appreciating the interconnected nature of all things, harvesting resources sustainably, and ensuring the ecosystem is balanced."

The press release also says there are currently significant gaps between federal, provincial and municipal regulations on the ship-breaking industry, calling the industry a regulatory grey zone with limited enforcement.

The most recent fines, say the First Nation, are not a true deterrent.

"We rely on government regulations to protect people, lands and water from harm. The regulations are failing us. These fines don't go far enough," says K'ómoks First Nation Chief Councillor Nicole Rempel. "Shipbreaking has been contaminating Baynes Sound for six years, and nothing has changed. We're calling on the federal government to step up, to finally stop these heavy metals and chemical toxins from leaching into this delicate ecosystem. What are we waiting for? 50 per cent of B.C.'s shellfish are harvested here. No one wants more lead and copper in their food."

The Nation says they have been working with local and provincial bodies to stop the contamination for six years, without success.

"The federal government needs to start taking action to enhance and better enforce shipbreaking regulations to end these reckless practices."



TIDE TABLE

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

2026-09-03 (Thu)		
Time	PST (m)	(ft)
03:50	1.17	3.8
11:15	4.14	13.6
15:48	3.50	11.5
20:59	4.42	14.5
2026-09-04 (Fri)		
Time	PST (m)	(ft)
04:48	1.05	3.5
12:45	4.24	13.9
17:10	3.73	12.2
21:47	4.31	14.1
2026-09-05 (Sat)		
Time	PST (m)	(ft)
05:52	0.98	3.2
14:00	4.38	14.4
18:45	3.76	12.4
22:56	4.19	13.8
2026-09-06 (Sun)		
Time	PST (m)	(ft)
07:00	0.92	3.0
14:58	4.50	14.8
20:06	3.62	11.9
2026-09-07 (Mon)		
Time	PST (m)	(ft)
00:24	4.12	13.5
08:05	0.87	2.9
15:43	4.59	15.1
21:09	3.37	11.1
2026-09-08 (Tue)		
Time	PST (m)	(ft)
01:47	4.14	13.6
09:04	0.86	2.8
16:21	4.64	15.3
22:01	3.04	10.0
2026-09-09 (Wed)		
Time	PST (m)	(ft)
02:59	4.20	13.8
09:56	0.93	3.1
16:54	4.68	15.4
22:48	2.67	8.8
2026-09-10 (Thu)		
Time	PST (m)	(ft)
04:03	4.27	14.0
10:44	1.11	3.7
17:23	4.71	15.5
23:31	2.28	7.5

Shucking Oysters: How Was Your Summer?

By Alex Allen

Aaah September: my favourite time of the year for many reasons. September has always represented a new beginning. It must be a school thing. The January new year has never resonated with me. Why should I be forced to stay up until midnight and make resolutions that I will never follow? No,

September is when I start new projects and ponder deep thoughts (like the varying surface tension of coffee). Another reason. We get our island back.

I don't know about you but each year I find myself saying, "that was the busiest summer, ever." Like the weather, every year we get hotter. Sometimes I ask myself, can our island even handle getting busier every year. Is it sustainable? Why can't we be like a nightclub and only let the same amount of people in

continued on p.5...

The Book Report

By A Bae Hel

Some heavy books this report, but life isn't always flowers and fairies. Sometimes you must veer into the darkness to understand the light.

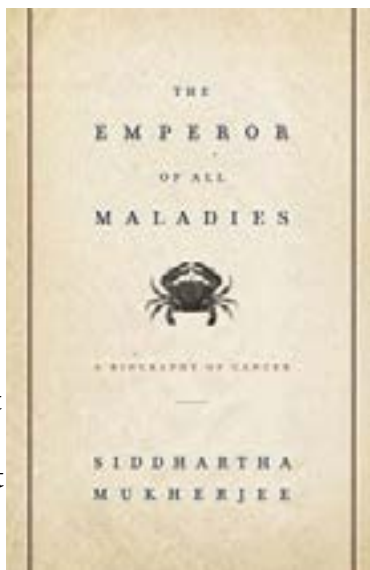
The Emperor of All Maladies: A Biography of Cancer

Siddhartha Mukherjee

5 years ago when I found the lump my initial thoughts were not that this was cancer. In fact, I pretty much ignored it for several months assuming it was related to something else entirely. When I brought it up to my GP about 6 months later she waved it away as well. It was only 6 months after that when I returned to her and said it was getting bigger that she took a closer look and with a stricken look said she was sorry and hustled me off into the jet stream of cancer.

I have always liked to understand what the hell is going on. I like details and knowing the secret knowledge of healthcare. So, before I saw her this last time I had begun googling possible things it could be. I can up with some fairly obscure and rare cancers, so was PREPARED. I knew I had cancer, just what type remained to be determined.

Know your enemy is essential advice for all kinds of things and I was fortunate to have a very well-rounded experience in healthcare that gave me a lot of broad knowledge on various different specializations. I entered into the battle with my cells secure with an understanding of what was to happen.



Trying not to die is exhausting and traumatizing beyond anything I ever expected. I could not have read this book until now. During my Trying-not-to-die period I could not have held the concepts in my befuddled brain.

Initially I was a bit put off because it seemed the entire book would be about cancer discoveries in America, but fortunately he rapidly delved into the history of cancer. Going back to ancient mummies and records of early surgeries built the bedrock of the dramatic options to come.

This is a very sciency book. Extreme science. Details of cell division, genetic codes, drug mechanisms of actions on the cells are interspersed with narratives about the people who not only sought to treat and find a cure, but the patients they struggled to save. It is also deeply traumatic. It does not gloss over the horrors that was the early radical surgery protocol and the zeal with which those surgeons approached a mass. Similarly with the early radiation treatment regimes and discovering of how to poison right up to the edge of death.

The writing is often beautiful and full of compassion as well as science. The level of details is often into the textbook genre, but in spite of this, the biography of cancer brings the disease into the personal realm. We will all be touched by this and the desire to understand the hows and whys driving those looking for a cure. Can you skip over the parts about genetic code details mutations on which genes turn it on or off? Absolutely! You can still come away from this book with a more profound understanding of the enemy that lurks within us all.

Nobody's Girl

Virginia Roberts Giuffre

This is a difficult book to read. Yet Virginia herself acknowledges that and asks us not to stop. Take a break, takes as many breaks as you need, but please hear her story.

Very likely you have heard her name before and you know she spoke up about

continued on p.12...

...continued from p.3

when the same amount of people leave? Six of you? Sorry, only two couples have left, and no, children do not count as pets.

Let's be honest, living and working on Hornby in the summer can be a challenge. Everything we take for granted in the off season is null and void in the summer. A seemingly simple jaunt to the Co-op can provoke road rage, where a six-minute journey turns into 20 minutes. Even if you time your commute with the ferry arrival, it doesn't work because they're constantly shuttling. So just sit tight and wait for the 40 vehicles to go by and relaaaaaax.

The Urban Dictionary defines an emotional meltdown as "what happens when a person freaks out, cracks, or loses control of themselves." We know the feeling. You're following a group of bicyclists who insist on taking the entire road, oblivious to your need...to get....home...now. Instead of honking, you gun the engine, and the bicyclists scurry to the side of the road like startled wood bugs. I can hear you laughing crazily as you drive by. Why do we even use the word meltdown to describe a loss of decorum? Joel Hinrichs writes: "This is one of those over-the-top exaggerations. A nuclear meltdown is pretty dramatic don't you think? Chernobyl, anyone?" Umm, I'll get back to you.

Lie comfortably on a couch or bed. Make believe that you are floating on a cloud. Be the seaweed in the ocean floating back and forth.

There seems to be four kinds of summer drivers this year, the:

1. I brake for anything driver: an approaching car, a bicyclist on the other side of the road, the view, a driveway, possibly a pine cone, I'm not sure.
2. No, I won't pull over driver. I know where we're going. OK, I lied, I have no idea. But I sure as hell, won't admit it. Ever!
3. 40K then 30K then 20K driver. Often talking on their cell phone. Completely oblivious, but one with Hornby, oh yeah.
4. The aggressive, giant diesel truck driver. Stinky fumes and attitude. Likes to drive in the middle of the road and usually brings his propane BBQ, ATV,

and SeaDoo along.

The four-way stop. What is it that people don't get? It's not a duel. It's not a contest on who has more attitude and or who will win. Repeat after me, if two vehicles arrive at the same time, the driver on the right goes first. Otherwise, be prepared to have a staring match with the guy in the diesel truck over who has the entitled right of way.

Start with your feet. First, turn each foot a few times; then think of your feet as being very loose, dangling like a pair of socks, Now relax your thighs. Then let your legs lie heavy. Think of your legs and feet as completely relaxed.

Back in 2005, an article on Hornby Island in BC Magazine noted: "It's not always easy, on an island of 1,000 free spirits, to find consensus. But there are two topics sure to get islanders nodding: the rare beauty of their island and the impact of visitors on it...You can understand, then, why islanders might feel some ambivalence toward visitors: in peak periods holidayers may outnumber residents 10:1." The author added, "yet we tourists are the lifeblood of the economy...It's ecology versus economy, a paradox acknowledged annually in a symbolic Hornby ritual..the Wave-Off." There lies the paradox, indeed, and that was 21 years ago.

Take a few breaths as deep as possible. Breathe gently out and then in. Feel your body sink. Get rid of every thought of tension. Instead, tense your arms; stretch them as far as you can. Tense your fingers, *spread them as apart as rigid as you can. Make tight fists as though you were boxing.*

As someone said, "everybody wants Hornby to stay exactly the same as the day they moved here." How do we grapple with the ever-growing influx? How do we move together toward a future we want, in all our different ways? Maybe a good place to start is to ask ourselves: What's important about this place and what made us all come here? Sure, Hornby has managed to retain some of its unique ways, but it's not what it was seven, let alone 15 years ago.

In the meantime, I'm going to go to the woods and hug a tree and complain to it for 15 minutes. Next summer? Like a piece of seaweed in the ocean, I'll probably be in the fetal position daily rocking back and forth on the living room floor.



Food Insecurity and the Loss of Denman's Farmland

By Cylon2036 We/Us

Farmland makes up roughly 4.9% of B.C.'s total land base, protected under the Province's Agricultural Land Reserve (ALR). B.C.'s geography heavily limits large-scale agriculture, as it is dominated by mountain slopes and forests. Because arable land is scarce, B.C. records the highest average farmland prices per acre in the country, while ranking #1 in farm productivity yields per acre.

Only 3% of the Vancouver Island and Gulf Islands region is designated as usable farmland. The actual amount of land actively farmed is even smaller, at 1.5% of the region's total land base.

Vancouver Island farmland is limited to the southeast coast of Vancouver Island, the Comox Valley, and specific pockets on the Gulf Islands, including Denman Island, where farmland prices keep rising.

Due to the extreme scarcity of arable land and intense competition from development, farmland prices on Vancouver Island and the Gulf Islands are exceptionally high. And because usable farmland is so limited, the islands are heavily reliant on food supply chains, with well less than 10% of the food consumed on Vancouver Island grown locally, a vulnerably low level of food security.

British Columbia has lost roughly 1.1 million acres of farmed land, marking an overall decline of 16% in active farmland over a two-decade span. Because the land is prohibitively expensive, it is often bought by non-farmers as real estate investments and for development other than food production. Nearly half

of the ALR sits unused for agriculture because aspiring young farmers simply cannot afford to buy it.

Areas like the Comox Valley and Gulf Islands have faced steady declines in farming acreage. Land has increasingly shifted out of food production into other non-farming uses, where a massive cost barrier of island real estate has made it nearly impossible for a new generation of food producers, leading to older farmers retiring, and making any loss of farmland here highly critical, especially for food security.



Farmland loss on the Gulf Islands follows the same downward trend as the rest of British Columbia, but it plays out on a much more fragile, hyper-local scale, and because the islands have such a small agricultural footprint to begin with, even a minor loss of farmland has a major impact. This problem is amplified by the islands' status

as a luxury real estate and retirement destination.

Land values routinely match the highest rates in the Province, with a high percentage of the islands' ALR land owned by speculative investors or part-time residents. Because these owners do not rely on farming for an income, the land simply falls out of active cultivation, widening the local food security gap.

Several local groups help protect and support food security, like the Denman Island Growers and Producers Alliance (DIGPA), the Denman Farmers Market, Farm to Family Society, the Food Bank, the Gather Farm and Kitchen, with big shoutouts to 2 Roads and Ruby Slipper farms, The Snag, Corlan Vineyards and others, for delivering Denman Islanders the valuable gift of delicious local food.



Hi community, it's been a minute... I've had a very busy summer at the market. As often happens over the years, I've heard comments, received a bit of side-eye, and I have thoughts in the aftermath.

What I do isn't exactly mainstream, I admit. Doing card readings and astrology is the very definition of woo to those who don't understand what it is. Complicate that with the many practitioners who love to play up the woo and act like they are elevated all-knowing seers who know everything about you, who promise to guide you through the maze of occult visionary knowledge that only they can navigate, and it's understandable why I am so often side-eyed.

But here's the thing. When I do a reading it isn't about me. I am not a psychic. I don't read people's minds, auras, pasts or futures. I am barely able to read facial expressions in fact, and it's taken many years to puzzle those out.

I look at the pictures and symbols, and I find a story that weaves them together and makes sense of them. The pictures on the cards, the symbols on the chart tell a lucid and meaningful story. My skill lies in translating that story into words that make sense to you. It's a process similar to the one behind the creation of a song, or a novel, or a theatre piece. I do it because it is fun, I love it. It is incredibly rewarding to witness and experience the connection that the story makes with my audience of one.

I've come to believe that the universe and everything in it is composed of intelligence and meaning, just as much as it is matter and energy. I have learned to engage with that intelligence, to tease out meaning and to translate the story. The magic is not in me. It's in everything.

Everything is alive, in us, around us, above and below us. It's a living, breathing, interactive universe. I don't see myself as a fortuneteller. I find the label off-putting. I don't tell fortunes. I tell stories. I am a storyteller. It's not my doing that the stories turn out to be true. I can't take credit for that. I am tapping into a rich vein that has been mined by creatives, mystics

and intellectuals since we first began noticing the stars overhead and seeing the living stories that play out among them and noticing the connection to our human relationships and experiences.

My point is, I won't read your mind. I don't know anything about how to find a missing person, or how to speak to your spirit guides, though I could probably make something up and who knows, maybe it would turn out to be true.

What I offer is validation. The one thing nearly every one of my clients says, in one form or another, is, "There are no surprises here. I already knew this." That is the most surprising thing. We do already know what we need to know. But we don't know that we know it. We have been trained out of trusting our own sense of the world.

But the world is available, right there, in the random fall of the cards, in the vast ponderous movements of the planets, talking to us, validating what we know about ourselves and our choices. It never fails to astonish me. I do what I do because I love the sense of awe, of meaning, of profound connection to something vast, strange and deeply personal, that cares, that speaks intimately to each soul that quests. It's something that society tries hard to train us out of. But reality is alive, talking to us all the time, and it won't go away just because we don't believe in it. I love reading for skeptics; they are the most fun. They walk away puzzled, unchanged for the most part, saying variations of, "I don't believe in this stuff, but that was exactly right." And perhaps some of them are given food for thought, enough to open up a crack to wonder, even awe.

Reality is strange, and extremely responsive to consciousness. I believe that what I do is, yes, weird, because the nature of existence is weird. Or maybe it only seems weird because we are trained to believe in some sort of linear, mechanistic illusion of 'normal' that has no connection to reality.

I find this deeply comforting.

That's what I think. What do you think? Email me at phoenixhornby@gmail.com



The Canada Investment Garage Sale

By Keith Porteous

P rime Minister Mark Carney is throwing a party for the people who already own the house. He calls it the Canada Investment Summit. The government calls it nation-building, while investors will presumably call it an opportunity. Working people will be encouraged to call it independence, but it's not independence, it's customer service.

The summit is scheduled for September 14–15 in Toronto, where the federal government plans to gather the world's biggest investors and pitch Canada as a destination for \$1 trillion in new investment over five years. The guest list includes American billionaires, global CEOs, institutional investors and the financial giants who have never encountered a public asset they couldn't imagine turning into a revenue stream.

Apparently, the best way to make Canada more independent is to invite the people with the deepest pockets to decide what the land and resources are for. Carney insists this is about independence, and that is a particularly exquisite joke. We are told Canada must become stronger and more independent in an unstable world, so Ottawa is shopping the country around to foreign investors.

Fossil fuels, critical minerals, ports, infrastructure, data, technology and defence is what the government proudly boasts that it is catalyzing for a trillion dollars of investment, while offering investors the most tax-friendly environment in the G7. **Nothing says economic independence quite like putting the national economy on the showroom floor and inviting multinational corporations to make an offer.**

And this is where Carney's particular brand of political theatre becomes almost perfect. The former broker and central banker speaks the language of national resilience, strategic autonomy, and economic strength. But beneath the hyperbole and rhetoric lies an older, simpler creed, where capital must be made to feel comfortable. Canada must be "competitive." Translation: make sure investors like the regulatory climate.

"We must build at scale and speed." Translation: get projects approved and financed before anyone asks too many inconvenient questions. We must become an "energy superpower." Translation: there will be plenty of room at the table for fossil-fuel capital. We must build a "defence industrial base." Translation: the military-industrial complex has discovered a new market with a maple leaf on it.

It is remarkable how often the magic of trickle-down economics returns wearing a hard hat. The government says the summit will direct investment toward "clean energy", critical minerals, new technology and AI, but the broader investment drive encompasses oil and gas, shipping and transportation, data and defence.

The "green" future and the war economy arrive together, hand in hand, like two corporate executives sharing a limousine. We are told that independence requires military spending, pipelines, ports, mines, and gas. Apparently, the final ingredient is reassuring investors that the government is prepared to absorb all the risk. What could possibly be more independent than socializing the risk and privatizing the profit?

Money does not arrive virtuously, it arrives looking for a return, and where investors are very good at finding one. Who will own what they build, who will profit from it, and who will pay when it fails? Those questions are considerably less glamorous at a Toronto ballroom full of billionaires.

Carney's answer to foreign dependence is to deepen Canada's integration with global pools of private capital. **The problem is about the political power lost when governments become desperate to attract capital, and capital acquires even more leverage.**

A climate policy that simultaneously treats Canada as an "energy superpower" and accelerates massive resource development cannot simply be baptized "green" because the press release contains the words "clean energy." The climate does not care who writes the cheques.

Do the raw resources belong to a public with control over their future, or is this land destined to become one enormous investment opportunity with a national

continued on p.12...



Denman Island Local Trust Committee

PUBLIC HEARING NOTICE

Proposed Bylaw Nos. 260 and 264

Major Project: Denman Island Housing Review (Official Community Plan and Land Use Bylaw) Review

The Denman Island Local Trust Committee invites the public to attend a Public Hearing beginning at **10:45 am, Tuesday, September 15, 2026, Denman Activity Centre, 1111 Northwest Road, Denman Island**, to hear your views regarding **Proposed Bylaw Nos. 260 and 264**.

10:30 AM – Community Information Meeting will be held prior to the Public Hearing to provide an overview of the purpose and content of the proposed bylaws and provide an opportunity for the public to ask technical or clarifying questions. Comments or views on the proposed bylaws will be heard at the Public Hearing.

10:45 AM – Public Hearing an opportunity for the public to provide comments and share their views on the proposed bylaws with the Local Trust Committee.

What are Bylaw Nos. 260 and 264 about?

Bylaw 260 (Official Community Plan)

Amendments:

- Update housing objectives to focus on addressing housing needs while protecting the environment and acknowledging First Nations interests;
- Transition from the density bank policy to a broader policy framework that guides housing and development in a manner consistent with community values and environmental protection;
- Support affordable and attainable housing through expanded housing and subdivision policy directions;
- Support alternative housing forms, including RVs and yurts, in appropriate areas;
- Support applications to the Agricultural Land Commission (ALC) for exclusion from the Agricultural Land Reserve (ALR) for affordable housing; and
- Increase flexibility for subdivision to facilitate parks and protected areas, cultural heritage protection, affordable and attainable housing, special needs housing, seniors' housing, and community service needs.

Bylaw 264 (Land Use Bylaw) Amendments:

- Increase minimum lot size requirements to prevent subdivision that would create additional private lots;
- Reduce the number of permitted dwellings on larger lots;
- Permit dwellings in Industrial zones;
- Remove Temporary Use Permit requirements for secondary dwelling units;
- Increase opportunities for secondary suites and detached secondary dwelling units in certain zones;
- Reduce maximum lot coverage and floor area limits; and
- Require freshwater catchment and storage cisterns for all new builds.

How Do I Get More Information?

Copies of the proposed bylaw, the Public Hearing Binder and other information is available **online** from September 4, 2025 to September 15, 2026 here: <https://islandstrust.bc.ca/island-planning/denman/projects/> and at the Islands Trust Northern Office, 700 North Road, Gabriola, BC V0R 1X3 from 8:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., excluding statutory holidays.

Enquiries?

Contact the Islands Trust Northern Office, by **email**: northinfo@islandstrust.bc.ca, or **phone**: 250-247-2063.

Written submissions?

Written submissions will be accepted until 4:30 p.m., September 14, 2026 to: Islands Trust, 700 North Road, Gabriola Island, BC, V0R 1X3 or email: northphsub@islandstrust.bc.ca

Written submissions made in response to this notice will be available for public review. Written submissions received after the deadline will be considered late and will not be accepted by the Local Trust Committee. However, comments can still be made until the close of the public hearing in the following ways:

- Speaking during the public hearing (either yourself or by someone present on your behalf).
- Hand-delivering your written comments to the Public Hearing Secretary at the meeting.

NO WRITTEN OR ORAL REPRESENTATIONS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE DENMAN ISLAND LOCAL TRUST COMMITTEE, OR ITS MEMBERS, AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF THE PUBLIC HEARING.

Nadine Mourao,
Deputy Secretary

Monsieur Housefly took a breather.

*Gabriel Jeroschewitz, August 1st, 2026,
inspired and dedicated to, all House flies
Hornby's Fire brigade and Tom Waits*

Literary

It was in the kitchen where the fire started. There was an orange flame that was exploring the pantry door in the kitchen. Outside the house, the garden was settling into twilight with ladybugs on the rose bushes. Inside the house, the two children in pajamas were on the sofa with a biscuit and a rabbit who had lost an ear in the laundry. Their mother was searching for the cell phone to call the fire brigade while her husband was arriving through the back door with a water bucket.

Amidst this chaotic scene, a house fly named Buzz was hovering over the bedlam. Buzz was keeping watch over the fire, the children, and the mother, who were attempting to extinguish the kitchen fire with nothing but a dishcloth. The wings of Buzz emitted a faint buzz that hovered just beneath the buzzing of a mosquito.

Buzz is a reincarnated insect who came out of the trash can behind the bakery, where he had lived as a maggot. While in the trash can in his pupation phase,

Buzz emerged from his cocoon as an insect who had been a man. And reincarnated that defied the sensibilities of humankind. Buzz had a relatively short lifespan, reflecting his weariness of existence.

Buzz had 360-degree see-around eyes, which always allowed him to see the fire from any angle in the kitchen. Buzz had wings that buzzed whenever he flew through the kitchen, creating a cacophony of sounds ranging from the hiss of the culinary flames to the crackle of the fireplace, the kitchen smoke alarm, and the distant siren.

When Buzz was young, he was a larva and did not know of the world outside of his creation. During this stage of his life, Buzz experienced famine due to a lack of food in his pantry, conflicts with other flying insects that inhabited the kitchen year-round, and danger from the ceiling fans that seemed to be on constantly.

Despite the threat of destruction to Buzz during this phase of his life, Buzz had endured. Buzz eventually found himself landing on a trombone at a FIFA game

orchestra. During that same game, on a discarded hot dog of Mick Jagger's, he regurgitated the mustard and left it on a FIFA cup. In a Singapore Chinese restaurant, Buzz tasted the eye of a dead fish, a delicacy among the Chinese, yet no one cared about Buzz's opinion on the matter. Finally, Buzz landed upon the clothing of a reincarnated child monk visiting Vancouver and attempted to taste the sweetness on the child's fingertips after the child had consumed a piece of candy.

Buzz's experiences in this house took a tragic turn in a comedic fashion. A fire started in the old wiring behind the refrigerator and began to eat into the house's furnishings. The children, unaware of the danger of the fire, were having fun and laughing at the idea of the fire's flames dancing on the wallpaper in the living room.

A neighbor who came to borrow a half-cup of sugar found themselves in a situation of horror and fascination at the sight of the flames and smoke in the house. Buzz landed on each object of beauty and shit within the neighborhood with the same opportunism.

With which he approached each object in Buzz's own burning house. The pesky house fly took a breather on each object to reflect on the absurdity of its existence as a creature with limited ability to move and to experience danger in the burning household.

House fly, house fly,
Go to sleep, say goodbye.
No one will weep when you die.

The lyrics to this nursery rhyme seemed appropriate for the insect who was getting no attention from the humans in the house—a somber lullaby for a fly overlooked by all.

The fire burned hotter into the kitchen. The heat distorted the air in the kitchen, transforming the space into an illusion. Buzz's wings, typically a blur of blue-green, flashed red spots in the fire's blaze. Buzz hovered over the children, using his proboscis to sip on the tears on their cheeks in the smoky space.

Despite the chaos around him, the insect displayed a form of dignity. Buzz was an adventurous insect who endured the world's indifference and experienced the full range of human emotions in the span of a life. Buzz had observed the world from within a couch, under a ladybug's wing, and atop a burning match. He had seen

the world's history from his unique perspective, if no one else ever knew of it.

When the fire brigade arrived at the scene of the accident, they worked hard to extinguish the fire. The fire brigade hoses shot torrents of water into the broken kitchen window until the fire was extinguished. And the living room walls were just scorched, but the kitchen was now steam-filled, as if it were a sauna within a surreal dreamworld. Buzz lay upon the kitchen floor, still holding onto the charred spoon. Despite Buzz's efforts to fly out of the kitchen one last time, his wings prevented him from doing so. He fell. The observer saw Buzz fall from the kitchen shelf to the floor. The children, escorted out of the kitchen by the firefighters, passed over Buzz on the floor where he had fallen as they became engrossed in the firefighters and trucks escorting them out of the house.

No one mourned the life of the house fly that perished in the house fire. No one acknowledged the passing of the house fly whose existence was limited to alighting upon cakes, windowsills, and the passing brows of humans. Yet, an unusual elegy emerged in the mind of the individual who watched the house fire destroy all that lay before it.

He thought of the ladybugs stuck on the roses, helpless to escape the disaster befalling their home and destroying their neighbors. He thought of the children who would tell tales of the parents' and the fire brigade's bravery, leaving out the insignificant fly that shared in their fears that fateful night.

He thought of the lines from the poem about the house fly: "You've got those 360-degree see-around eyes... You've got wings so fast, they buzz when you fly... A maggot is what you are in your early cocoon... They probably find flies all the way on the moon... Even weeds don't ever want to die, is it any different for a fly?" These lines, spoken with humor, express the absurdity of a house fly's existence yet also the remarkably resilient nature of its species.

When the last ember of the fire faded and the firefighters began to gather their equipment, the narrator remained in the midst of the destruction caused by the fire. The smell of the burnt wood and

the sweetness of the burnt cake filled the air. He sighed with a half-hearted attempt to clean up his jacket sleeves and contemplated the nonsense of it all.

Despite the destruction of reality that evening, he found humor in the existence of the houseflies that buzzed around the area. Even in the midst of the destruction of the home, a buzz would occasionally fill the air, reminding him of the potential of even the shortest lives to leave a mark on the world. 

Opinion

Letters to the Editor

trump paper: a new name for toilet paper

In retaliation for the attempt to rename Lake Ontario here is a new name for toilet paper: trump paper. The name "trump" conveniently contains the word "rump" as a reminder of what "trump paper" is used for.

Harvey Abramson
Denman Island, BC



Colonial Mentality

First they came
for the elk.
Then the haven.
Now its AI money
that they're cravin'.
Poe me,
says the raven.
Never more!

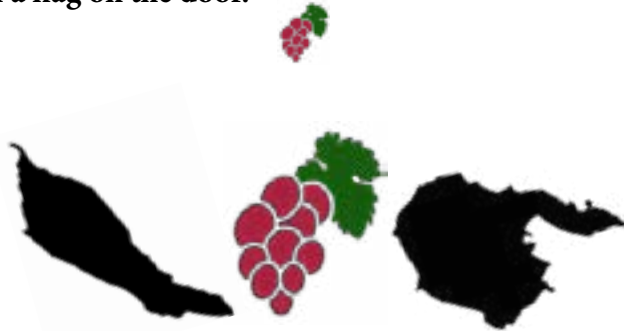
Ron Sakolsky



...continued from p.8

anthem, where the State will provide the infrastructure, absorb the risks, accelerate approvals, cultivate the investors, and subsidize industrial exploitation? Private capital will always arrive to collect the upside.

Call it what you like, but the rest of us will call it a garage sale with a flag on the door.



-Cupcakes to Wild Haven Performing Arts Camp! We went to the show at the hall and it was fantastic! Gratitude for everyone who made this happen and also to the Denman school for the instruments!



-Cow Pies to the mooching moochers and the people that enable them.



-Cupcakes to the Power Tools band for the great shows on Hornby last Friday and on Denman Saturday. What a spectacular group of players!!



-Cupcake to Bjorn Eriksson for the great job cleaning my chimney this year. On time and very attentive and a great job.



If you have a Cupcake or a Cow Pie we'd love to hear it!

Please submit yours to:

**theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com /Attn: Dusty Pickles
and we'll do our best to get it into an upcoming issue!
(Discretion and anonymity assured)**

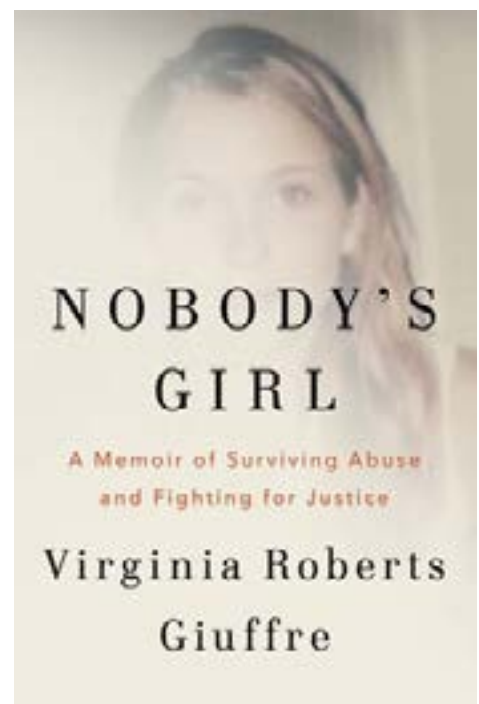
...continued from p.4

being trafficked by that billionaire to other billionaires, yet her story is so much more than that. It is a story of how such abuse as a child will form who you become and how you respond. It is about how trauma shapes us and about how difficult the struggle is to break free of the bonds which constrain those trafficked and abused.

Virginia shows us such courage and bravery. She knows that she will be cast as the whore and a liar by very powerful people, and who has ever known the powerful to lie? She steps up and refuses to accept that tag. She built a new life. One with a burning to ensure these monsters are held accountable.

We continue to wait for that accountability to happen.

The book ends with a hopeful note in 2024. Can it possibly be more tragic to discover that behind this hope was continuing abuse at the hands of the man she portrayed as supportive and loving. Her need to matter, to find protection and safety even though she could speak out about past abuses would not allow her to name the one she protected for so long. I find this the ultimate tragedy of her life.



Unsedated And Undeterred

By Caitlin Johnstone
August 29th., 2026



The empire shall not dull your kindness.
The cruelty of the bank boys
shall not drain the brightness from your eyes.
You are not like the others.
The dollar-drilled and Pentagon-pilled.
The ones whose youthful rebelliousness
prolapses out their assholes
the second they have a kid
and buy a minivan
and inherit that property in Gentrificationville.
The ones who stop caring
because things didn't turn out as they'd hoped
and because that protest they went to didn't work,
and because online leftists are annoying,
and because that mountain of corpses
on their chest at night
keeps getting heavier and heavier.
No.
You shall not turn out like those ones.
You shall retain your tenderness.
Protect it like a baby hummingbird in your hands.
You shall not let them numb you,
as hard as they might try.
You shall feel.
Feel it all.
The awe and elation.
The disappointment and decay.
The stars and the Starlink satellites.
The stunning seagulls in the sunset
and the screams in Sudan.
You shall not deprive yourself
of one second of this treasured existence.
You remain unsedated and undeterred.
You stride through this glorious madhouse
with your chest cave splayed wide open
to the world. 🍇

Too Pee or Not Too Pee

By Bob Morley

It was a Saturday, and waiting to be re-cycled by Mike, I chanced to see an octogenarian lady looking, looking as it turned out for a place to pee.

So, I escorted her to a hidden outhouse which was padlocked to prevent a B&E to pee. For me to pee I would venture into the woods, but this would not do to poo so, a toilet thought occurred and it was directed to ye old school house which might not be barred and within its bowels might possible, contain said toilet. It did! Although no sign on our farm market grounds informs the people where they might pee - (a pause for a toilet tune) T is for time, O is for overtime, I, is for incontinence, L is for leak, E is for Emergency, T is Too Late!

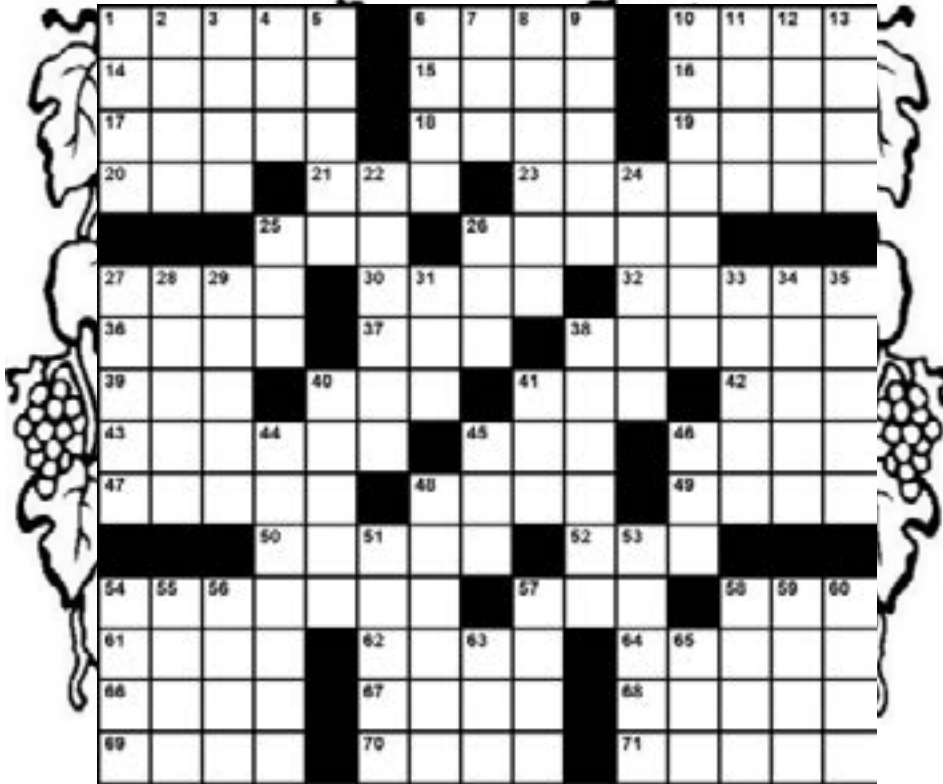
I keep seeing signs to keep Denman Weird, but where are the weird porto potties when one needs to urgently urinate? Running is an unnatural act, except to the bathroom, but where to run?

Mahatma Gandhi, when asked what he thought of Western civilization replied, 'I think it would be a good idea.' Having recently returned from the civilized nation of Japan where there are lovely lavatories opened everywhere, 24 hours a day, I believe being civilized would be a 'good idea'. The alternative is we can give up smoking, drinking, sex, rich food and AI and be healthy right up to the time we need to pee!

This disease is not limited to Denman, it is rampant in all of the B&C. 'As old age is the only disease you don't look forward to being cured of', let us be a forerunner of providing prudent potties inviting us to leisurely partake in the act of relieving us on the seat of ease. Cheers!

Bob Morley 🍇

• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• ACROSS •

1. Measured in 3-D
6. Centerward
10. Change copy
14. Like a chimp
15. Brush carelessly
16. Chilean money
17. Actress Shearer
18. Bugbear
19. Bones in pelvises
20. Author's last word
21. Basis of light
23. Protestant follower
25. Australian runner
26. Rodeo cry
27. Bidding word
30. Adult-to-be
32. Funt's directive
36. Alibis
37. Act the bandit
38. Aggregate of e-bulletin boards
39. Bake sale grp., maybe

40. Convent dweller

41. "A Chorus Line"

42. -di-dah
43. Hay fever cause
45. Bran base
46. Be down with
47. Out of line
48. Bushy do
49. Big pitcher
50. Printer's stroke
52. Bar concern
54. Mobile dwelling
57. Cooper's tool
58. Big head
61. Drifter
62. Actor Sandler
64. Luggage lugger
66. Congregational cry
67. Baby's place
68. Extol
69. Catches cod
70. Neophyte
71. Fluid filled sacs

• DOWN •

1. Chaplin prop
2. Current with
3. Canary or wren
4. Belief, in brief
5. Fissure
6. Baal or Mammon
7. Annoyer
8. Wound headdress
9. West Indies sorcery
10. Perfect example
11. Cold cut place
12. Horned goddess
13. Perfectly
22. Best in a race
24. Desperado's fear
25. 19th of 26
26. Attic sight
27. Momma's mate
28. Cars
29. Celery serving
31. 1 billion years
33. Spouse's kin
34. Fall faller
35. An anesthetic

38. Incalculable

40. Stair post

41. Blade
44. Wounds
45. Disconnected
46. Cut with an ax
48. Hang on the line
51. Change chemically
53. Cortez foe
54. Compared to
55. City of seven hills
56. Aid a thief
57. Early pulpit
58. Depot info
59. Yiddish money
60. Doggie bag bits
63. Affected manner
65. Dull and bovine

• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •

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

• Last Issue's Answers •

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

GRUMPISM

“ How do you repair a broken pizza? With tomato paste. ”



• Last Issue's ANSWERS •

LUG			WOW				ERA
UGLY			DOGIE				OVEN
FLEE			AORTA				VETO
FINALIZE						RWANDA	
			ROSY			ALE	
BOUNTY						ARDENTLY	
OWN					HUGO		THOU
ANIS			BUXOM				HARM
RETE			OMIT				NIM
DRYCLEAN						CUTESY	
			EON			WORE	
DEFEAT						REMNANTS	
OVER			IBEAM				SARA
PIER			ARENA				EPIC
ELD			ADS				EMS



• CLASSIFIED ADS •

• SERVICES •

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.

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

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.

• FOR SALE •

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

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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>



THE 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

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Email: lecia.hansen@hotmail.com

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prep, road grooming, loader work. Insured 250-702-5933

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- Massage Clinic 2796 Northwest Rd Leyah Kelly 250-335-2584 (D)
- Acupuncture Jenny McCartney, R.Ac 250-508-8160 www.heartwoodacupuncture.ca (D)

FORTNIGHT EVENTS

3 Thur

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

4 Fri

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

5 Sat

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
- FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
- Sally Campbell Book Launch Abraxas Books
12:30-3pm (see p.2)

6 Sun

- Blackberry Faire

7 Mon

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
- Songwriter's Workshop 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

8 Tues

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

9 Wed

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

10 Thur

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

11 Fri

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

12 Sat

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

13 Sun

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
- Songwriter's Workshop 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

15 Tues

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- Employment Services 9am-3pm DAC
- I.T. Public Hearing D.I. Housing Review 10:30am
Denman Activity Centre

16 Wed

- Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
- RECYCLING CENTRE 1-5pm
- BOTTLE DEPOT 1-5pm
- Choose to Move 11:30-12:30 Gathering Place
- D.I. Garden Society meeting 1-3pm Gathering Pl.
- DAAC Open Mic 7:30pm Back Hall

17 Thur

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





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