

THE ISLANDS Grapevine
EST. 1981
HORNBY ISLAND & DENMAN ISLAND COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER


REMEMBRANCE DAY WAS FOUNDED TO ABOLISH WAR
THIS REMEMBRANCE DAY
LET'S REMEMBER ALL
VICTIMS OF WAR BY TAKING
ACTION TO END IT.


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Sundays and Holidays: Closed

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Half Moon Through Double Glazing
by Mark Prior

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• DENMAN: 825 • HORNBY: 525 •
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2550 Lake Road
Denman Island, BC
V0R 1T0
theislandsgrapevine@gmail.com
www.theislandsgrapevine.com





Publisher/Editor
Mike Van Santvoord

Associate Editor
Keith Porteous

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





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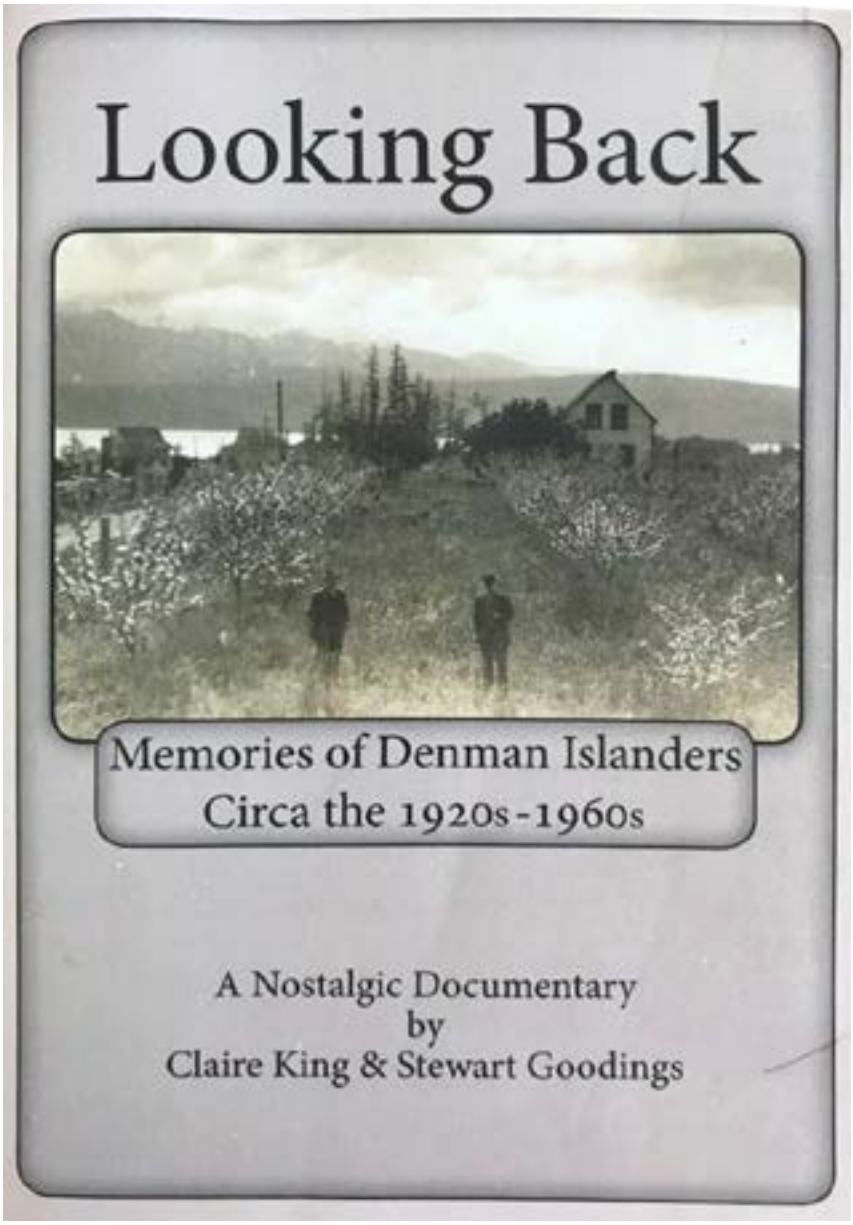

Denman Museum and Archives to Screen "Looking Back" Nov.22nd

By Judith Scruton

The museum and Archives Society is planning to show " Looking Back". Videos 1 and 2 at the Seniors' Lounge on Sunday, November 22nd at 2pm.

Looking Back 1 shows the early days on Denman island and some of the first Non-Indigenous people speaking about their days on our special island This video is about 45 minutes long. "Looking Back 2 -Back to the Landers" describes the lives of young people coming to Denman to start a new life away from the stresses of modern turmoil! It is quite short and shows the trials and tribulations of young people beginning a new way of life.It also shows the development of Denman Island as a haven for artists as these people became some of the first Potters on the Island.

Please join us to celebrate, and maybe reminisce about, our early days.

There will be a short break between the videos to enjoy a cup of tea and a cookie.

Entrance will be by donation towards improving the entrance of the Museum. We recommend you come early as the Lounge has limited space!

See you there!

TIDE TABLE

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

Time PT	(m)	(ft)
2026-11-05 (Thu)		
03:42	3.6	12.1
09:07	2.3	7.8
15:34	4.7	15.4
22:40	1.7	5.6
2026-11-06 (Fri)		
05:00	3.9	12.9
10:09	2.7	8.9
16:05	4.6	15.2
23:17	1.3	4.3
2026-11-07 (Sat)		
06:03	4.2	13.8
11:06	3.0	9.9
16:34	4.5	14.9
23:52	1.0	3.4
2026-11-08 (Sun)		
06:56	4.4	14.6
11:57	3.2	10.7
17:01	4.4	14.6
2026-11-09 (Mon)		
00:25	0.8	2.8
07:43	4.6	15.2
12:46	3.4	11.4
17:26	4.3	14.4
2026-11-10 (Tue)		
00:58	0.7	2.5
08:26	4.7	15.5
13:32	3.6	11.9
17:51	4.2	14.1
2026-11-11 (Wed)		
01:29	0.7	2.6
09:07	4.7	15.6
14:19	3.7	12.3
18:15	4.1	13.7
2026-11-12 (Thu)		
02:01	0.8	2.9
09:46	4.7	15.6
15:10	3.8	12.4
18:37	4.0	13.3

The Sacred Right Not to Be Disagreed With

By Cylon2036

We live in an age in which feeling safe has become indistinguishable from never feeling uncomfortable, and disagreement has been elevated from a condition of human existence to an act of moral aggression. The modern identitarian morality police have perfected this extraordinary inversion, where the freedom to speak now includes the right not to hear, the right to participate requires the right not to be challenged, and tolerance means agreeing with the intolerant so long as their intolerance is suitably fashionable. Difference is celebrated, of course, so long as it is decorative and performative.

Different identities are all splendid, but a different opinion? Now we are approaching violence.

The new orthodoxy demands not merely obedience but emotional compliance. It is no longer enough that you refrain from persecuting your neighbour, but that you must affirm their worldview, validate their feelings, endorse their preferred expression, and do so with sufficient enthusiasm to prove that your heart is in the right place. Anything less risks being branded harmful, problematic, or most damningly, divisive.

The word "divisive" is a masterpiece of ideological blackmail. It suggests that the person who introduces disagreement is responsible for the division, rather than the person who insists that disagreement must not exist.

Apparently, the peace of the village depends on everyone pretending the emperor is magnificently dressed. Pointing out his nakedness is not an observation, but an assault on the community. And so we construct ever more elaborate emotional fortresses, staffed by professional interpreters of injury, where every unwelcome argument is a micro-aggression and every dissenting voice a potential public-health emergency. The purpose of discourse is no longer to discover what is true, but to ensure that nobody leaves the room feeling insufficiently affirmed.

What a triumph of moral progress, with adults demanding the emotional conditions of infancy while congratulating themselves on their grown-up sophistication.

A genuinely tolerant society does not promise safety from ideas. It promises protection from coercion, violence, and persecution so that ideas can collide without people being crushed. It understands that being offended is not the same as being oppressed, that discomfort is not necessarily damaging, and that the right to speak is inseparable from the possibility of being contradicted.

The identitarian morality police have a different vision. They would prefer a society in which everyone is free to think independently, provided that independent thought produces the approved conclusions. They champion diversity until it becomes intellectually inconvenient, celebrate inclusion until someone includes an objection, **and preach compassion while sharpening the knives for anyone insufficiently compliant, by their own shifting standards.**

The ultimate irony is that a culture obsessed with safety has become terrified of the very thing that makes freedom possible, with uncertainty, friction, and the risk of encountering someone who thinks you are wrong. Perhaps the greatest threat to our collective well-being is not that we feel unsafe when challenged, but that we have begun to mistake the absence of challenge for proof of our virtue.

A society that cannot tolerate disagreement will eventually have nothing left to discuss, only doctrines to recite, heretics to identify, and an ever-expanding catalogue of approved feelings. **How safe we shall all be, and how utterly, magnificently, and intellectually dead.**

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The Wind Between North and East 2

Gabriel Jeroschewitz, October 23rd, 2026 Inspired by James Joyce and short stories, don't pay the mortgage or keep the trees from being cut down by greedy developers?

I saw the wind on a Tuesday; days in Clare are much like Mondays, but less likely to rain, and more like someone's sheep have finally decided the fence isn't a fence. The wind came down from the Bog of Allen with a hiss through the trees. Such thin air came to me, but before it ever reached my coat it rubbed along the inside of my sides. I spoke to myself half to myself and half to the hedge still clinging to the very edge of Mrs. O'Leary's Garden. My coat, the tweed coat passed down three generations, now flew around me like an injured albatross. The threads were worn, and each subsequent gust seemed to make the garment whisper.

The grass was notably damp with dew—each blade made me shiver underfoot. They looked like tiny spears held taut. The daisies, those yellow blooms always pushing through the grazing cattle's footprints, were all slightly bent. They looked as though they were waiting for something even worse than the farmer's curse. A sting came behind one of my eyes, and a hot, salty tear appeared out of nowhere on my cheek, spreading onto the grass and directly into the very spears just inspected.

"O luckless youth to sorrow born / Shun son of poverty," I said half laughing and half crying. The pastoral seems reduced to a joke. The landscape seems to be playing some game — an endless game of 'who can put out the most miserable sigh'. The prize seems to be a lifetime spent having one's memories trampled in the name of so-called 'progress'.

I stood in what had once been a common field, a green spot that saw hare-chasing adventures, May Day celebrations, and, from time to time, an errant piper trying to beat the wind with his tin whistle. The field was now scarred, deep furrows marked where big machinery had bitten into the ground. Mounds of broken stone looked much like ancient cairns. Then there were the saplings, all reduced to toothpicks, standing like a dead man's finger pointing skyward.

"The land and the meadows are no more, the pastures too are gone," I said, trying to keep my voice steady so I wouldn't alarm the single crow on the oxidized part of the Pirelli Michelin tractor tire. The crow looked at me as though a tax inspector surveyed a man who'd finally gone bust on a napkin. Its eyes ***continued on p.6...***

Call for Nominations

Denman Seniors and Museum Society (DSMS) Board of Directors



The Denman Seniors and Museum Society (DSMS), which operates the Denman Activity Centre, is inviting nominations from community members interested in serving on the DSMS Board.

The Activity Centre is a valued community facility, operated by volunteers on behalf of the community. As we approach our Annual General Meeting (AGM) to be held on December 8, we are seeking community members who would like to contribute their time, skills, and ideas to help support the Centre and its future.

We are particularly interested in people with skills or experience in:

- Leadership and communication
- Financial management — especially for the Treasurer role
- Organization and administration
- Computer skills
- Preparing agendas and taking minutes
- Facilities knowledge and management
- Working collaboratively as part of a team

No previous board experience required.
We would be happy to meet with potential nominees, answer questions, and provide information about the positions available. This could help you decide whether the DSMS Board is a good fit for your time and interests.

To learn more or put your name forward, please contact either:

Nancy Hoyano	JoAnne Shepherd	Anne Ryall
nancyhoyano@gmail.com	joanne.shepherd3210@gmail.com	vidler.anne01@gmail.com

Nomination deadline: Friday, November 6, at 5 pm

(You may also still nominate and put your name forward at the AGM on December 8.)

...continued from p.5

were black beads of judgment. I could nearly hear it thinking, "Well lad, you've certainly managed to turn a perfect idyll into the setting for a gothic novel."

I kept on my way, but the loam in my Brunello Cucinelli boots seemed quite alive. I could smell both decaying vegetation and newly cut timber. The smell brought to mind my grandfather's family stories of some 'black mass' rising from the bogs on a full moon night, with low whiskey. According to the stories — never trust the north-east wind. The wind bears the sighs of the displaced and the chuckles of those who profit from them.

A sharp gust tore through the gaunt remains of a hedge, sending a shower of dry leaves flying like confused moths. For a moment, I saw something that made my stomach flip, not in a bad way, but with that queasy feeling you get when slapstick goes wrong. The leaves eventually reassembled into the shape of a weeping woman, whose tears became tiny fish that flopped about before vanishing. The wind took the image of the weeping woman, leaving only the distant sound of an accordion playing a very sad version of 'The Foggy Dew', as if 'The Foggy Dew' were played on a broken concertina.

I then laughed, a short, sharp sound that made a rabbit leap into a zig-zag across the bare ground. "O hear my sorrows for my stream / You'll find an equal there," I said into emptiness, wishing the wind would answer. The wind came back with a swish of stalks and a moan of timber. This was after a lifetime of being blamed for every failed love, every ill-advised fight in a public bar that ended over the last slice of soda bread, every failed crop, and every lost love.

Further into the landscape, things took on an even more absurd turn. The last remnants of the area's old trees and hawthorns—survivors of hundreds of years of wind and shepherd curses—stood as sentinels, mantled in lichen mourning. The wind had distorted their branches into crooked shapes. The branches formed natural arches, each looking disturbingly like the ribs of some giant leviathan buried deep in the ground. Passing through such an arch meant the sky could no longer be seen, but rather some scene in flux. Faceless men carried briefcases filled with little flames. The men marched in perfect unison across the field, ignoring the weeping daisies below. Their faces were as smooth as stone (though occasionally a twitch hinted at a contained smile).

"These are the fools of mine and thee / these all here ruined and planned," I said with a ghastly chuckle, realizing this was no hallucination but a grotesque reflection of the men who'd ordered the woods felled. The briefcases didn't contain contracts, but the souls of the trees they'd felled. Each spirit was a tiny shimmering ember, meaning whenever one briefcase touched another, the embers popped and crackled. The briefcases gave off no heat, only dark shadows—dancing like caricatures on a fairground wall.

I approached the stubborn willow that declined to give up its knowledge. The willow had been split down the middle, both halves leaning away from one another as if embarrassed. Thick, syrupy sap oozed from the wound, carrying a peculiar smell. I can almost smell elderflower and regret. Dipping my finger into the sap gave me a bittersweet taste and an immediate warmth in my chest. It seemed like tasting the first dram of whiskey after a long cold walk. At this point, the willow spoke to me, not with words but with feelings. I felt memories of children swinging from this very willow. I felt memories of couples carving their names into the willow. I felt memories of old men sitting below the willow, telling stories of the Great Famine while the wind outside sang tunes of loss.

"Although their aching hands did wield / The axe that gave the blow / It was not them that owned this field / Nor plant its overthrow," I said out loud. The foolishness of what I'd just said sank in. Those who truly owned the land were certainly not the lumberjacks nor permit holders. The wind owned the land — the gust that carried the seeds of those very trees across the oceans. The wind which sang to seedlings until sleep. The wind, denied its due, exacted its revenge in a generalized melancholy that had penetrated every tear, every blade of grass, and every forced smile.

When the sun finally set over the land, the horizon began to bleed that pale orange. The sun looked worn out after the day's events and sank behind a hill that slumped up in front of me like a grave. The shadows seemed to merge, and the broken field turned into an inkblot of dark humor and desolation. I became an observer of my own absurdity, and an odd lightness took hold of me. This is how it feels after a good long laugh until one's lungs ache. But in this case, the giggle carried the knowledge that the joke was on everyone, and the punchline was part of the language of uprooted roots and silent, sobbing winds.

I laid me down upon all this

continued on p.8...

The Most Under-Discussed Political Reality Of Our Time

By Caitlin Johnstone
November 2nd, 2026

The most significant political reality of our time is also the most under-discussed political reality, and it can be summed up as follows:

There are a whole lot more of us than there are of them, and we can force revolutionary change whenever we want.

That's it. There are a whole lot more ordinary people suffering under the status quo system of capitalism, imperialism, militarism and authoritarianism than there are people benefiting from it, and we can use the power of our numbers to overthrow that system whenever we decide to.

It's self-evident, and so simple that you can sum it up in a single sentence. But because our society is so deeply indoctrinated and mind-controlled, it simply doesn't show up in the normal every day conversations people have about politics and the problems we face as a society today.

We are encouraged to discuss elections and party politics with great vigor. We are rewarded with amplification on large plutocrat-owned platforms if we fan the flames of divisive culture war wedge issues or mainstream partisan punditry.

But what we are absolutely ***never*** rewarded for and ***never*** encouraged to discuss is the fact that the oligarchs and empire managers who rule our society would be completely powerless to stop a people's revolution of sufficient scale.

We could all stop working and paying for things.

We could barricade all the roads, railroads and infrastructure.

We could demolish every bank, police station and government building. We could literally eat all the billionaires.

Just, you know, hypothetically.

We could do anything we wanted to do. No one could stop us.

All mainstream politics, media, and schooling is designed to direct our attention away from this political reality, while the people who rule over us never stop thinking about it. It haunts them. It consumes them. It keeps them up at night. They obsess over it.

That's why they're rushing to implement militarized robots, autonomous drones, and AI-driven mass surveillance.

That's why they're pushing for easily controlled digital currencies and digital IDs.

That's why they're working to re-centralize control of information to reverse the large-scale decentralization brought on by the internet.

That's why they've been hammering us with mass media propaganda for generations, and have been developing increasingly sophisticated mass-scale psyops in the age of AI and smartphones.

That's why we are actively herded into two mainstream political parties deadlocked in a perpetual tug-of-war to give us the illusion that we are engaging in meaningful political action.

That's why we are trained from when we are schoolchildren to believe we live in free democracies where people control the actions of their government using their votes.

It's because the rich and powerful are at all times acutely aware that the masses could turn on them at any instant, and must be kept in a perpetual state of manipulation and distraction in order to prevent this from happening.

I dunno, man. Sounds kinda unsustainable if you ask me. Especially given how discontented people are becoming as the capitalist empire stumbles over its own contradictions and runs out of arguments for its continued existence.

We're standing in a cage that isn't even locked. The door's not even closed. The only thing keeping us here is the recorded voice of the prison warden telling us "THERE IS NO ESCAPE" over and over again on repeat.

One day our gaze is going to turn to that door. And we will step out of it. And we will be free.





-Cupcake to Jody Taylor for being an excellent doctor and a good human being. We are very lucky to have her here on Denman.

--Cupcakes to all the people on Baikie Road and Dalziel for all the awesome Halloween treats and fun for the kids and parents.

-Great big ozone destroying Cow Pies to the people who show up to the medical clinic an hour early for the lab on Wednesday mornings and sit in their cars the whole time with their engines running to stay warm and listen to the radio while they wait for the technicians to open the doors. Some of whom are the very ones who like to get on Facebook and quack away and finger wag about climate change. Rules for me but not for thee I guess. Hypocrites.

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.6

whilst the wind within my coat seemed that of an impatient child looking for a story. While I walked away, though, I could catch the faintest reverberation of my own voice uttering the very first lines of the poem which had started such very macabre activity:

The wind between the north and east
Blew every chill and cold …

Somewhere outside beyond the reach of human ears, though the wind appeared to chuckle. It was a low, gravelly sound, like "Enjoy the joke, mortal." The field is truly gone, but the joke, the joke, is forever.

I tipped my hat to the emptiness before giving a rather serious nod to the crow still perched on the aged part of the tractor tire. I then headed to the nearest pub, where I was told there would be a warm pint and perhaps an even better argument about whether the wind, or just a convenient excuse, was truly to blame. I think in such a sphere, where land can be wiped out with a wave of a hand and a smile, the best we have is a good, dry laugh and a very sturdy pair of boots, if you ask me.

The End

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Harold Johannes Gleusteen
May 9, 1932 - August 19, 2026

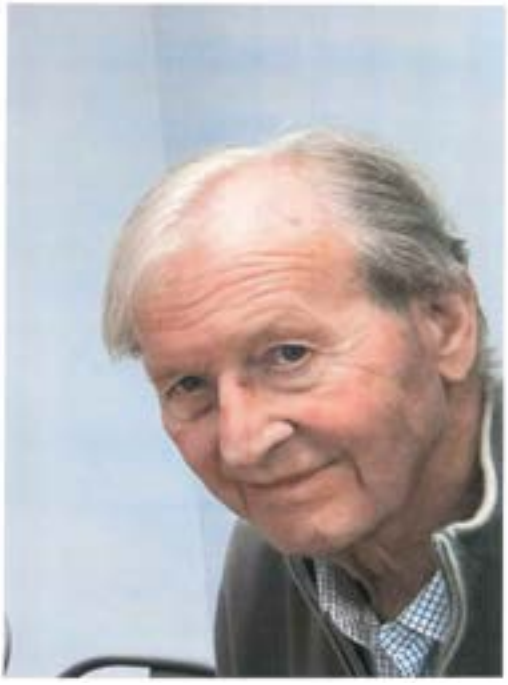
Harold Gleusteen passed away peacefully, surrounded by his family, on August 19, 2026, at the age of 94, in his beloved home on Denman Island, B.C.

Born in Hilversum, The Netherlands, Harold was the youngest of 4 siblings. His lifelong passion for freedom began early - frequently skipping school to spend every possible moment sailing or training his Doberman Pinscher.
The World War II years were very difficult for his family, but he found a strong spirit and clever strategies to survive. After what he jokingly referred to as an "illustrious stint" in the Dutch army, he immigrated to Canada in his 20s to study Engineering at the University of Toronto. He financed his education by working under gruelling conditions in the bush in Northern Ontario. While the job paid well, it left him with a legendary, lifelong hatred of flies - all sizes, no exceptions.

He fell in love with Elfi Meyer while at U of T, and they were married on October 31, 1958 (unbeknownst to the two Europeans that that was North American Halloween).

Harold's engineering career took the young couple to Houston and Weyburn and finally to Calgary. Harold always maintained that the single best day of his life was the day that he was fired from Canadian Reserve. The twist of fate prompted him to start his own small company in Calgary, where he took immense pride in having a one-man operation and never having to commute downtown. His hard work and luck in the oil and natural gas field successfully funded the building of an architecturally unique house in Springbank, vacations in Europe and Mexico, and his children's ambitious pursuits - horses and veterinary medicine for his daughter and music studies for his son.
Harold was an avid field hockey player and hiked with his family every Sunday in the spectacular Rockies or cross - country skied in the winter. Evenings were spent playing table tennis or playing cribbage or watching hockey games.

Retirement brought Harold to the West Coast, where he found his true sanctuary on Denman Island. He spent his days swimming in the ocean, chopping wood, or engaging in heated debates while holding strong political and environmental views.

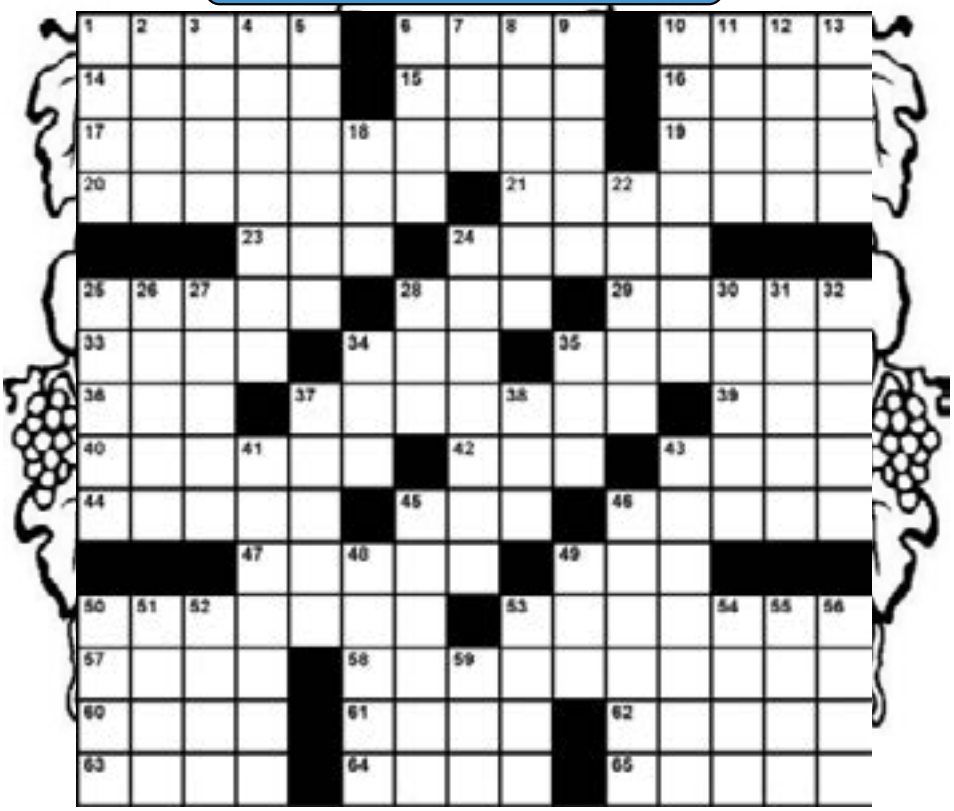


Harold possessed a deep love for excellent jazz and cherished hours spent listening to classical music and attending concerts. To his Denman Island community, he will be fondly remembered for his sharp wit, independent spirit, and his famously delicious homemade biscotti. Harold was intensely proud to have very generously financially helped many people, projects, and organizations.

Harold is survived by his wife, Elfi, his children, Yaela and Kai, and his grandchildren, Evan and Collin. He will be deeply missed by his family and friends.

Harold did not want a funeral. If you would like to remember Harold in any way, please donate to concertsdenman.com in his honour.

• GRAPEVINE CROSSWORD •



• *ACROSS* •

1. Listerine alternative
6. Units of energy
10. Alpine sound
14. Herb with show flowers
15. Decisive win
16. Eulogize
17. Richly supplied
19. As a result
20. Womanizers
21. Leak stopper
23. Absorb, as costs
24. Birds that honk
25. Having rounded projections
28. Archaic
29. Up to a time that
33. Opinion page, briefly
34. Actress Salonga
35. Hispanic
36. Colloid
37. Matt Dillon, e.g.
39. Bavarian peak
40. Having a funny twist
42. Classroom stand in
43. Highland hillside
44. Crowed
45. Attic sight
46. Gullets
47. Jamaican citrus fruit
49. Caught ya!
50. Refined
53. Ore haulers
57. Islamic bigwig
58. Reredos
60. Actress Kudrow
61. Emulate a lark
62. Over and done with
63. Extra seed coating
64. Featherhead
65. Eyes wickedly

• *DOWN* •

1. Bang the door hard
2. Castro's land
3. Comic strip penguin
4. Nitwit
5. Make beloved
6. Aquatic eagles
7. Deterioration
8. Swigged down
9. Designer's concern
10. Natural habitats
11. No-no in some diets
12. Gigantic
13. Common scent
18. Actor Carney
22. As expected
24. Eyewear
25. Holmes' forte
26. Aida, for one
27. Downstairs, at sea
28. Above, in poems
30. Coronet
31. Spouse's kin
32. Bounds easily
34. French lake
35. A small dog, for short
37. Gnat cousin
38. Boston, with The
41. Like Switzerland
43. 35th element
45. Droopy tree
46. Wedding site
48. Smallest possible
49. Bobby of the NHL
50. Big do
51. Abu Dhabi leader
52. Unless, to Cicero
53. Bakery bite
54. Give up
55. Maple genus
56. Beatty film
59. -chi ch'uan



• TEST YOUR MATH SKILLS •

	6							
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• Last Issue's Answers •

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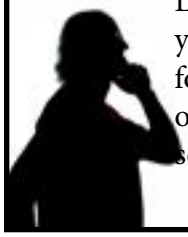
GRUMPISM



"The soldier was an expert electrician. He always took charge! Lest we forget. Thank you to current and former members of our military for their service."

• Last Issue's ANSWERS •

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

• CLASSIFIEDS •

• 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.

House Pros, 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 •

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

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

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

• WANTED •

Wanted to buy a small, older vehicle for winter driving. Please call Judith at 250 335 2069.

• COMMUNITY NOTICES •

MOVING/ESTATE SALE
NOVEMBER 14 FROM 10-3
3296 DENMAN ROAD
FURNITURE,POWER & GARDEN TOOLS,HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.
CASH ONLY

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



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 stead- fast 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)
• Wicked Shovel Excavating & Landscaping Doug Schmidt 250•222•8076 (ALL)
• Ray Ulovec Excavator/Backhoe, ROWP Septic Installer, Land clearing, ponds, site prep. 250•335•3145 (D/H)
• DB Excavations 250•465•1889 dbexcavations@gmail.com (D)
• Beech & Cedar Homes - construction, renovation & carpentry (D&H) 250•410•5154
• Black Wulf Timber L.T.D - New Construction,Renos, Excavation, Custom carpentry/Finishing. Fully licenced/insured 250•327•4953

• SERVICES •

• Peter T. Mason Land Surveying 250757•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 Serving Denman 19 years 250•898•7246
• Beech & Cedar Homes lawn, landscaping, gutter cleaning & proper maintenance (D&H) 250•410•5154
• Chocolate Chicken Farm Tractor Services - Ditch/Brush/Field Mowing, tilling field prep, road grooming , loader work. Insured 250•702•5933
• House Pros Exterior cleaning service, chimneys, windows etc. 250•465•8645 (Insured)

• 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 250•335•2584 (D)
• Acupuncture Jenny McCartney, R.Ac 250•508•8160 www.heartwoodacupuncture.ca (D)



JWR Designs
AUTO/MARINE
• Custom Lighting
• Custom Audio
• Custom Video
• Custom Fiberglass
• Custom Panels
• 12volt/110volt Inverters
Jason Rasmussen
Call or text 250-504-1833
New home builds or renovations, small or large projects
Servicing Denman & Hornby Islands
• FREE QUOTES •
HOME
• Backup Generator Systems
• Custom Home Audio
• Custom Home Video
• Custom Drywall Services
• Custom Taping Services
• Custom Lighting

FORTNIGHT EVENTS

5 Thur
• 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

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

7 Sat
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• RECYCLING CENTRE 9:30am-5pm
• BOTTLE DEPOT 9:30am-5pm
• FREE STORE 9-12:30pm
• DCA Conservation Land Celebration 1pm Back Hall

8 Sun

9 Mon
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Open Mic Night 7pm Hornby Arts Centre

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

11 Wed
❧REMEMBRANCE DAY❧
• Remembrance Day Service 10:40am 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

12 Thur
• 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

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

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

15 Sun

16 Mon
• Dora Drinkwater Library 1:30pm-3:30pm
• AA Meeting DIUC Gathering Place 7pm
• Open Mic Night 7pm Hornby Arts Centre
• DILTC Electronic Zoom Meeting 10am

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

18 Wed
• 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

19 Thur
• 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

