

Caulfeild's own Gold Medalist: Christa Bortignon



People & Profiles

Lindy Pfeil

Christa Bortignon is proof that dynamite comes in Very Small Packages. She is tiny, but fierce... and I mean that in the best possible way.

She is the only Canadian to ever be named World Master Athletes' Female Athlete of the Year, the highest award in Masters Athletics. She received this honour in 2013, and is ranked first in the world in the WMA rankings in all of her seven record events. In the same year, Christa was also named the Canadian Masters Athletics Female Athlete of the year and BC Athletics Female Track Athlete of the Year. She has also been selected, two years in a row, as Sport BC's Masters Athlete of the

Year. Competition for this is stiff as both male and female athletes from more than 26 sports vie for this prestigious title. I should mention that Christa is 77 years old. But more impressively, she only started running at age 72. A mere four years later she won five gold medals at the World Masters Games in Torino, Italy in August 2013, the maximum allowed. In October of the same year, she won 8 gold medals in Porto Alegre, Brazil, at the World Masters Athletic Championships.

(Cont. on page 10)



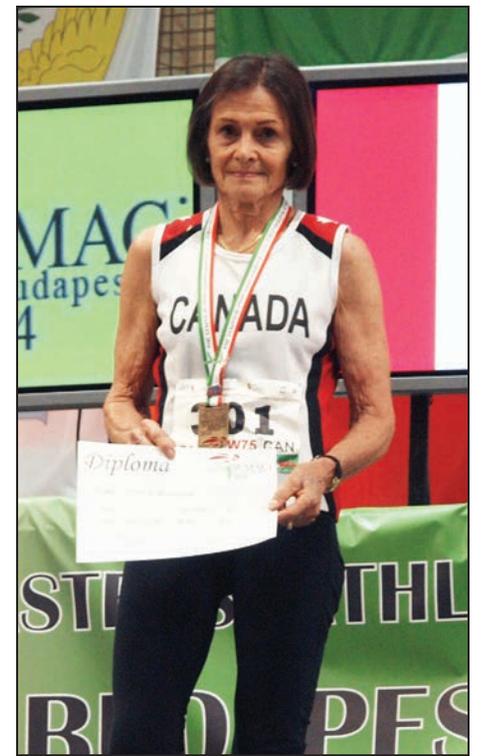
Setting a record, triple jump, Huntsman World Games in St. George, Utah.

Photo: Attilio Bortignon



Christa at the World Masters Athletic Championship in Budapest, March 2014.

Photo: Attilio Bortignon



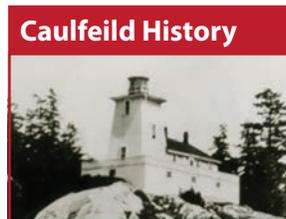
In This Issue



Page 2



Page 3



Page 5



Page 9



Page 14

Landscape Design

Installation

Maintenance



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The Very First Mother's Day

—How it all began...

Ann Maria Reeves' birth on September 30, 1832 was quite ordinary. As was her marriage, 18 years later to Granville Jarvis. Nor was it particularly exceptional that over the next seventeen years she bore between eleven and thirteen children, losing all but four of them to diseases such as measles, typhoid fever, and diphtheria. But what she did in 1858, while pregnant with her sixth child, was quite out of the ordinary. Inspired by her losses, Ann founded Mothers' Day Work Clubs in five cities, to improve health and sanitary

conditions. During the American Civil War, the clubs declared neutrality, and they fed, clothed and nursed both Confederate and Union soldiers. When the war ended, at the request of public officials, Ann planned a "Mothers Friendship Day" for soldiers and their families from both sides. Bands played "Dixie" and the "Star Spangled Banner", and the event ended with everyone, north and south, singing "Auld Lang Syne" together. And so the healing began.

Ann died on May 8, 1905, surrounded by her four children. Her daughter, Anna, started planning a memorial service to honour her mother. And on May 10, 1908 the first public service was held. That afternoon 15,000 people attended a second service. Mother's Day was born. ■

While our gestures can't always be as grand as those of Anna Reeves, smaller, heartfelt celebrations are just as meaningful.



Thank-you, Mom



Parenting

Louise Clarke

Thank-you Mom for being the best mom ever. You could turn your hand to almost anything: chef, event planner, chauffeur, algebra tutor, cleaner, diplomat, bike mechanic, peacekeeper, vet, handyman, artist, nurse, personal assistant, time keeper, game maker-upper, tennis umpire... have I missed anything and did you honestly think you would never see another fraction after graduating from high school?

For me, it was really when I became a mother myself that I gained a newfound appreciation for everything my Mom has done for me. The unconditional love, the unwavering support, the eternal shoulder,

the person who is always there for me, 24/7 and last, but by no means least, the values she instilled in me.

Mom, you allowed me to be me, to be proud of who I am today. You taught me right from wrong. You set fair limits and boundaries in which I could learn and feel safe. You encouraged me to play and be creative. You made sure that I got enough sleep even when I objected to being the only one that had to go to bed THAT early. You cooked me lovely meals. You wiped my brow when I was sick. You made my favorite cookies and then taught me how to make them for myself. You taught me to persevere and not give up, to keep on trying until I got it right. You tolerated all my childish and teenage "moments". You gave me appropriate responsibility and let me be in charge of myself where it was safe to do so. You were encouraging and enthusiastic even in the hardest of moments. You allowed me to follow my passions and make my own choices, where

appropriate. You guided and supported me when I needed it. As a parenting advisor, many of the things my Mom taught me remain some of the most fundamental things for raising happy and successful children. Although today's world is a very different one to that of only one generation past, we can learn a lot from our own moms. Thank you, Mom! ■

For more parenting information, please visit www.yourparentingpartner.com.



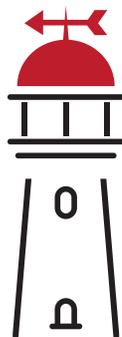
Louise and her mother.

Photo: Louise Clarke

Deadline for the next issue of **The Beacon**

June 15, 2014

Details about submission of articles on page 10.



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Tribute to my Father



"I love my mommy because she loves me SOOOO much."

Zachary, age 2.5 years



Lindy and her father 45 years ago.

John Mayer urges fathers to be good to their daughters in his soulful song "Daughters", because "you are the god and the weight of her world." My father was, and I idolised him. He adored my sister and I, believing we could do no wrong, despite the many times we disproved this theory. He was a superb athlete, and was blessed with a daughter (that would be me) who had zero hand-eye coordination, and the speed of a sloth. But instead of bemoaning his fate, he embraced my world of tights and tutus, and found great delight in taking me to every ballet that came to town. I'm not sure that he actually enjoyed *Swan Lake* or *Giselle*, but he knew how much I loved this magical world where anything could happen, and dreams could come true.

Over the years there were some obvious highlights: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Don Quixote*. But the performance that will stay with me always is Maina Gielgud's *Squeaky Door*. Up to that point, all the ballerinas I'd seen were sylphlike creatures, more reminiscent of really graceful stick insects than flesh-and-blood human beings. Not Maina. Maina was life-sized. She had the hard body of an athlete, and muscular legs and arms, like mine. I was thrilled. I was never fragile. In a peculiar case of irony, I entered the world with my father's muscle-bound body, but not a drop of his athletic blood. So I was mesmerised by Maina. Not soft or fairylike, she was pure strength and determination. A warrior in a white unitard, she danced to squeaks and creaks,

balancing her sinewy self on one pointe shoe for what seemed like hours. Every muscle rippled with graceful ferocity, her arms and torso tautly precise in a way that seemed both completely familiar and horribly foreign to me. The sharply discordant creaks and the angles her body made took my breath away. It was so unexpected, so brash, so unconventional. My father leaned towards me, and whispered, "You could do that." And in the darkness of make-believe, at that very moment, I imagined I could. Because my father said so.

John Gregory Brown, in his novel, *Decorations in a Ruined Cemetery*, writes, "There's something like a gold thread running through a man's words when he talks to his daughter, and gradually over the years it gets to be long enough for you to pick up in your hands and weave into a cloth that feels like love itself." Reading these words, I understand how lucky I have been. I am profoundly grateful for all the words my father wove for me. Growing up

with this man, who was indeed the 'god and weight' of my world, it never occurred to me that he would succumb to something as mortal as death. But of course he did, and at far too young an age. So he never met his grandchildren. Never saw how his athletic genes finally found their expression. Or his gentleness, his humility, his kindness.

And he never saw me take my first professional twirl onstage, many, many years after Maina, when I was already 47 years old. Standing backstage in the darkness, I was terrified. My father died nearly a quarter of a century ago, yet in that moment of sheer panic his words came spinning back through time and space. I wrapped myself in them, stepped into the spotlight, and I danced. Because my father said I could. And that makes him immortal after all. ■

(An excerpt from Lindy's second book, *Dancing in Circles*, coming sometime soon.)



What my mom does for me

She helps me with my homework.
She makes sure I'm safe.
I love you mommy, anywhere
And it will never be fake.

Happy Mother's Day.
Ariya (age 8)

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You've Come a Long Way, Daddy!



**Psyched
Out**

Ian Macpherson

It took about 50 years after Mother's Day was established to make Father's Day official. We have always put much greater emphasis on mother love. Even professionals have been guilty of over-emphasizing the role of moms. Fathers, on the other hand, were let off the hook or ignored. It was presumed that as breadwinners, they would not be present physically for much of the time, and very often be absent emotionally too. This acceptance of remoteness was tied to the belief that a close father connection was

unnecessary, and possibly even harmful, to learning self-reliance.

In the early 1900s, along came a British aristocrat named John Bowlby. Even by the standards of the time, his parents were

pretty distant. His surgeon father took the prize in neglect by seeing his son for only one hour every Sunday. Not too ironically, Bowlby junior invested his

life in the study of human nature, focusing on the importance of a child's emotional attachment to the parent and its impact on personal development and the quality of future relationships. In the beginning, he was opposed by both societal convention and the psychiatric establishment. But

wisdom prevailed, eventually even rewarding him with a knighthood.

A lot of what we learned from Sir John, and the researchers who followed him, unfortunately came from the realization

Lack of a nurturing closeness with a father figure compromises ... the ability to have intimate relationships.

of the harm caused by disconnected fathers. Lack of a nurturing closeness with a father figure compromises secure identity formation and the ability to

have intimate relationships. Wounded sons who become fathers, repeat the cycle. Daughters with detached fathers suffer too. Like their mothers, these wives also attempt to compensate for their afflicted husbands. But more mothering does not replace the missing father.

The good news is that this repetitive negative cycle has been breaking down in recent years. Likely starting about half a century ago, with the tradition-challenging Scandinavian "hemmaman" (house husband), we have been increasingly more accepting about father being freer in how he carries out his psychologically important role. Hopefully the time will come when most fathers and mothers will share in their ability to parent with emotional intelligence.

On June the 15th, when we say "Happy Father's Day", let's be mindful of the long and often bumpy road that fathers and grandfathers have had to travel to achieve recognition.

Ian Macpherson lives and practices in Caulfeild. More information at www.westvancouvertherapist.com

Happy Father's Day

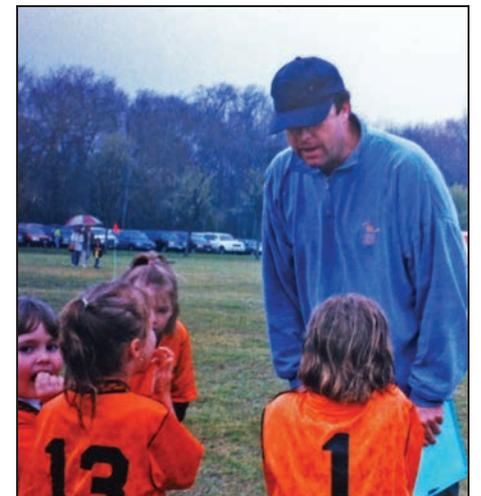
Kate

Growing up, people would always tell me how great my dad was. Usually I would respond with an eye-roll, or a monologue of his most epic parenting failures. I would describe how his "dad" jokes were lame, how his antics publicly humiliated me, and how his rules were "way too strict" and "entirely unfair". Not that I don't love my dad. I do. I've just become accustomed to expressing my gratitude and I-love-yous through insults and shoulder punches,

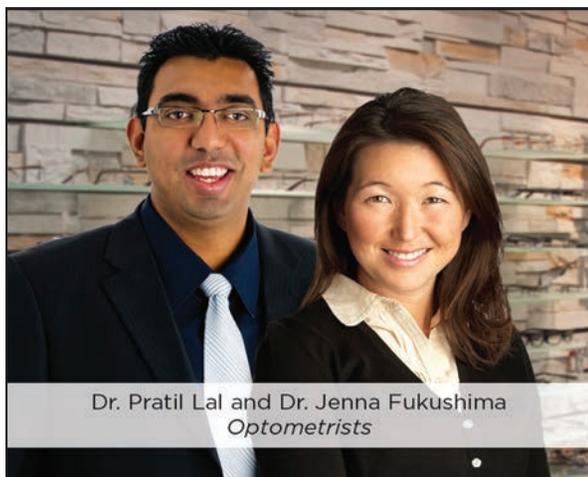
or at the end of my emails asking him for money.

So thanks Dad, for being unwavering in your support and love for me despite my stubbornness, my slightly mean-spirited sense of humour, and my habit of draining your bank account. For standing on the sidelines of every soccer game, and for genuinely trying to understand the multiple components of female adolescence—like boyfriends and self tanner. Thank-you for loving me enough to lecture me, embarrass me, and protect me. For having faith in my decisions, and respecting the choices I've made - even the bad ones - and for allowing me the freedom to become my own person.

Thank-you for speaking loudly enough to be heard, but never raising your voice, and showing me how to do the same. You have shown me that a sense of humour can combat even the worst of situations, and that intelligence and a strong sense of self are what make you beautiful. You've transitioned between being my friend, my confidant, my biggest fan, and my rule-maker when I needed one, and you've somehow found the balance between treating me like a little girl and an adult. I'm so proud to call myself your daughter, and I can only hope that one day my own daughters are lucky enough to have a father like you. ■



Kate and dad David 15 years ago.



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Point Atkinson Lighthouse

—Our very own Beacon



Caulfeild History

Francis Mansbridge



Point Atkinson Lighthouse, 2014.

Photo: Michael Rodgers

Lighthouses have for centuries lit beacons to ensure the safety of wayfaring sailors. Lighthouse keepers have often saved many from maritime disasters. Modern technology has in recent years made both marginal to seagoing life, but their memories enshrine an essential part of our heritage. Life for the keepers and their families has always been difficult.

Captain George Vancouver named Point Atkinson's rocky bluff after his friend Thomas Atkinson, who later served in the Battle of Trafalgar with Admiral Nelson. Arthur Finney built the original lighthouse for \$4,250. The light, visible for twenty-two kilometres, was first lit March 17, 1875; a fog alarm was installed in 1889. The original building was replaced by an eighteen-metre reinforced cement structure, whose first light shone November 25, 1912.

Edward Woodward was the first keeper. During their time here his wife Ann saw a non-native woman only once. On April 25, 1876, she gave birth to a premature son, James Atkinson, with no medical help. Many years later James recounted the circumstances of his birth: "My father wrapped me in a blanket and laid me aside for five hours, when my mother got up and washed me".

Walter Erwin succeeded Woodward as keeper from 1880 to 1910. In 1883 his wife Jane fell ill; Moodyville nurse Susan Patterson braved stormy seas to rescue her with the help of Indian boatmen. Her exploits are memorialized in the poem "The Heroine of Moodyville" by Nora Duncan.

Thomas Grafton's tenure as the next keeper ended October 6, 1934, when he was accidentally killed while using

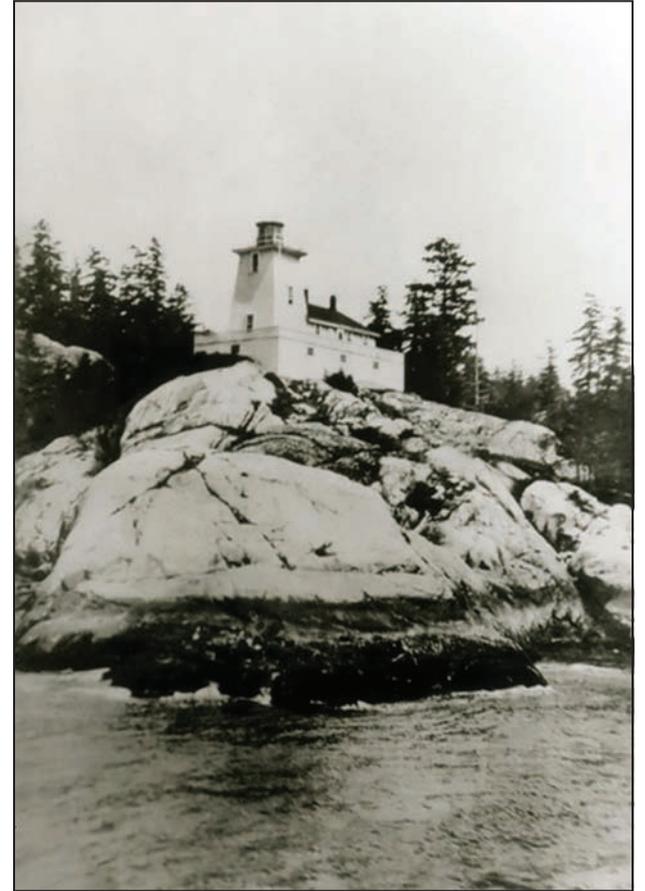
weighted dynamite to secure herring for salmon bait. He was succeeded by Ernest Dawe.

In 1942, Japanese invasion of the West Coast appeared imminent. Eighty conscripts were billeted in new cedar barracks behind the Port Atkinson station, and searchlights and gun emplacements were installed. The enlisted men's dining hall remains as the Phyl Munday Nature House, while the former bunkhouse has been named Skiwitsut in recognition of a First Nations family who lived in this area in the mid-1800s.

In more recent years this lighthouse did not escape the push to modernize. Airchimes replaced the traditional fog horn in 1974. In 1996 the switch to automatic controls supposedly made the human presence redundant.

The last lighthouse keeper, Peter Graham, has left two valuable books on lighthouses as an enduring legacy. While he passed away in 2003, his wife Elaine, as head of the West Vancouver Historical Society's Point Atkinson Light Station subcommittee, ardently promotes the necessity of its preservation.

The lighthouse was declared a National Historic Site in 1994 because of its distinctive hexagonal reinforced concrete



West Vancouver Archives. Rupert Harrison collection. 0376.WVA.RAH Original Point Atkinson Lighthouse, 1909.

tower. The park and lighthouse remain one of the most popular attractions in West Vancouver, with over 60,000 visitors annually enjoying the rugged scenery and magnificent trees; talks on ecology, history and other subjects raise public awareness. Next time, The Beacon will look at issues of this site in a contemporary context. ■

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A Culinary View: Whitewater Cooks

Home & Living

Maureen Goulet

Shelley Adams is a local success story. She grew up in West Vancouver, went to West Bay Elementary, and started a professional life as a caterer for the film industry. When her husband, Mike, became the owner and manager of Whitewater Winter Resort in Nelson in 1985, Shelley ran the resort's Fresh Tracks Café. "It developed a reputation," said Adams. "People were coming there just for the food and it won all sorts of awards from Ski Canada and Best Hilltop Restaurant in North America." Shelley has written three award-winning cookbooks, *Whitewater Cooks*, with a fourth on the way this fall. The simplicity of the recipes contributed to the book's success. The dishes are easy to make, with ingredients that are accessible to most. For

something simple, and perfect for Mother's Day, try Ahi Tuna with Wasabi Lime Sauce. Ahi Tuna (Yellow fin Tuna) is extremely low in saturated fat and sodium. It is also a good source of magnesium, phosphorus and potassium, and a very good source of protein, thiamin, niacin, Vitamin B6 and selenium.

Ahi Tuna with Wasabi Lime Sauce (Serves 4)

- 4-6 oz Ahi Tuna fillets (available from fish stores or a whole loin can be found in the freezer section)
- 2 tsp fresh dill, chopped
- 2 tsp oil

Brush tuna with oil and dill. Cook on a medium-high barbeque or in a skillet for approximately 3 minutes per side. Ahi tuna should be served rare.

Sauce

- 1/2 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 cup lime juice
- 1 tsp wasabi paste
- 8 tbsp cold butter cut into small pieces
- 1/4 cup green onions, chopped
- 1/4 cup cilantro, chopped

Combine soy sauce and lime juice in a saucepan. Let reduce for 10 minutes or until thick. Whisk in wasabi paste. Whisk in the pieces of cold butter one piece at a time until incorporated; the sauce should look shiny.

To Serve

Drizzle sauce over Tuna. Sprinkle chopped green onions and cilantro over top. Delicious!

Serve with Asian Risotto (recipe can be found in Shelley's first cookbook, *Whitewater Cooks*). ■



Shelley Adams, *Whitewater Cooks*.

Photo: David R. Gluns

Maureen Goulet is the owner of Ambrosia Cooking School. To share great Chefs' culinary secrets, visit www.ambrosiaadventures.com.

Glenn's Corner

Can you guess this spot in the community?



Meet Caulfeild resident and retiree, Glenn Owen, who is our Beacon photographer. Glenn can be seen taking photos anywhere of anything in the community.

Glenn is featuring a quiz that will be seen in every publication, called "Can you guess this spot in the community?" The answer will be published in the following edition of the Beacon. ■

Can you guess this spot in the community?



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Jerry Boey Trio

Spring Update for Tired Seats

Home & Living

Celesse McCarthy

Sofas and chairs play a major role in our everyday lives and are a reflection of our lifestyle and taste. Unfortunately, with extensive use and time, these pieces can look dirty and worn. If your furniture is in need of some serious TLC but has great bones, you could try a custom-made slipcover. Says Pippa Cassidy, owner of The Natural Textile Company, "Gone are the days of the loose, baggy, shabby chic slipcover; now we look for more tailored covers that fit snugly. With clean lines and an up-to-date pattern or plain, a worn upholstered sofa can become a beautiful

thing." Having studied at both the New York School of Interior Design and the Inchbald School of Design, Cassidy has acquired a strong sense of European style. After living in England for years, and working with an upscale design company, she and her partner Damian (now living in West Vancouver) created The Natural Textile Company to reflect their appreciation for European design. "Although older furniture is often better constructed than some of the newer, pre-fabricated pieces, older furniture is often overlooked because it looks tired and dated. But, you can take a traditional chair or sofa and, cover it with modern fabric to transform it from dated to upgraded." ■

For more tips, check out www.naturaltextiles.com.



Antique chair slipcovered for designer Wendy Watts, founder of the furniture store Liberties.



Before: Armchair with loose, poorly fitted slipcover

After: Tailored and fitted in a fabric designed by Iman, David Bowie's wife, who has come out with her own line of fabrics.

Local Flora makes your Garden Gorgeous

Avoid lawn to save money and the environment

Home & Living

David McKay

As a seasoned irrigation designer and technician, you'd think I'd benefit most if my byline said something like "sprawling lawns and tropical plants are a must-have phenomenon this gardening season." If I were willing to sacrifice local insects and wildlife, the environment—in terms of pesticides, fertilizers, water and air quality—just in order to make a buck, the

Sprawling Lawns byline would be the one I'd pick. But cultivated lawns require:

- more time (someone has to mow and fertilize them)
- more money for upkeep (lawn maintenance equipment, watering systems, and the financial output connected to the above time factor)
- more fertilizers to keep them a luscious green
- pollution-inducing gas lawnmowers (unless you're 'old school' and use a manual non-motorized push mower)

And they provide little to no benefit to native insects, birds or small mammals.

They also produce less oxygen and bind carbon dioxide less efficiently. In short, they clean our air less well than native plants trees and grasses. But there are options to take positive action:

- replace sections of your lawn with natural grasses, low bushes, rock gardens and native ground cover
- monitor your manual water usage or irrigation system to use the minimal amount of water necessary to sustain the life of your garden (native plants require very little watering other than what nature provides)
- ask at garden centers for native plants that have been grown from seed and

which require no additional fertilizing or pesticides (no tropical plants from lower Borneo, please!)

The initial investment will save you time, effort and money, probably within two seasons. Switching away from lawns and toward native flora and fauna will help the environment immediately and far into the future. ■

More tips at www.qualityirrigationwestvancouver.com

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**Alistair Duncan
& Ian McBeath**

Volunteer marine search and rescue has been part of our community for more than 30 years, a reflection of the importance of boating to the area, both commercial and recreational. The Royal Canadian Marine Search and Rescue (RCM-SAR, formerly the Canadian Coast Guard Auxiliary) Station 1, now based at the Horseshoe Bay pier, has been there from the beginning. Station Leader Dugal Purdie noted, "Station 1 is the busiest of the 40 plus RCMSAR stations around the BC coast and last year alone responded to 79 marine emergencies and spent 570 hours on the water responding to those emergencies

and training crews." The 40 members of Station 1, all living within 15 minutes of Horseshoe Bay, continuously train to hone emergency response skills. In 2012, RCMSAR Station 1 took delivery of a new Falkins Class Fast Response Rescue Vessel, christened the Craig Rea Spirit, after a long-time member and supporter. This state of the art vessel cost over \$600,000 and is capable of operating in heavy seas with a maximum speed of 40 knots allowing fast response times. This new lifeboat with its crew of four, significantly increased operational capabilities and is equipped to handle most on-water emergencies including people in the water, breakdowns, boats aground and medical emergencies. The public is welcome to tour the boat anytime a volunteer crew is present, most evenings and weekends.



RCMSAR1 off Point Atkinson.

Photo: RCMSAR1



Joint exercise off Cates Park with 442 Rescue Squadron, Comox.

Photo: RCMSAR1

RCMSAR Station 1 is supported by the West Vancouver Marine Rescue Society, a registered charity. Society president Scotty Grubb says, "The Society raises funds to equip the crews and to cover operating and capital costs. While some funding is received from the federal government to partially cover the cost of responding to emergencies and training, the balance of monies to cover operating costs and capital costs is raised from the community on a year by year basis."

This year has seen the start of a campaign to raise \$350,000 to replace the smaller reserve Howe Sound Rescue boat, moored in Fisherman's Cove, which is over 30 years old and has reached the end of its operational life. The plan is to replace it with a new Type I Fast Response Vessel

that can be operated by a two-person crew. This will improve the station's ability to respond to weekday emergencies when crew availability is more restricted. Having two boats will also allow operations to continue if either vessel is out of service. As part of the fundraising efforts, local artist Craig Yeats (featured in the last edition of the Beacon) has generously donated an original artwork to be raffled. Ticket sales start May 3 with the draw being held at the Horseshoe Bay "Dinner on the Dock", on July 17, 2014. 800 tickets are being sold, \$25 each.

For more information, check out the website at www.rcmsar01.ca.

Scotty Grubb

President



Scotty immigrated to Canada from Scotland in 1967. Inevitably, he met and fell in love with Annie, a West Vancouverite. After their two boys were born Scotty fell in love again, this time with this amazing coastline. The community had been good to his family and it was time to give back, so in 2008 he joined the Coast Guard Auxiliary which later became RCMSAR. Scotty is in the business of financial planning and fund-raising, this has been beneficial as a volunteer member. Scotty is honored to have been appointed President of RCMSAR in 2013.

Ian McBeath

Boating Safety Officer



In 1998, Ian and his wife Marilyn came to Canada from the UK on a business assignment. Ian's boating experiences had been confined to the River Thames so when he arrived here and bought a boat it did not take long before he and Marilyn were addicted to the wonders of the Pacific waters. The Coast Guard auxiliary (now RCMSAR) appealed to him because it served two needs: to serve the community and to expand his experience and knowledge of boating. It has proven to be fulfilling and exciting and Ian is now the Boating Safety Officer.

Time for Butterflies



Mountains to Sea

Elspeth Bradbury

"May is the month when Spring Azures appear. Then Tiger Swallowtails, Red Admirals, Painted Ladies, Mourning Cloaks." Dr Richard Beard is talking about our local butterflies, and as their lovely

names roll off his tongue, they summon up images of blue skies and flowery summer gardens.

Moths and butterflies have fascinated Richard since he was a young child in England and they helped to inspire in him a lifelong passion for conservation, or as he puts it "for helping nature to help herself". In

England at that time, only a few acres of Swallowtail habitat remained in the whole country, so when he came to Vancouver in 1975, he was thrilled to see "Western Tiger Swallowtails flitting casually up and down Granville Street".

He was soon making time in his life as a dental surgeon, to promote conservation in his new home. Around 1990, he reared 40 species of BC butterflies. He worked with school children in Eagle Harbour to breed and release 250 tagged Painted Ladies. Remarkably, one was found later on Black Mountain. He co-founded the Wild Bird Trust of BC, which operates the Conservation Area at Maplewood Flats in North Vancouver, and he served on the board of the BC Waterfowl Society. For his untiring efforts he received a number of environmental stewardship awards.

Meanwhile, however, the local butterflies were not faring well. Swallowtail sightings were becoming something of a rarity, even in the suburban gardens of West Vancouver.

The life cycle of the butterfly, you may remember from school, goes from butterfly, to egg, to larva (caterpillar), to pupa, to butterfly again. We love the pretty nectar-sipping butterfly stage but how about those caterpillars? Maybe not so much? But, as Richard points out, we can't have one without the other.



Most of its life (including overwintering) is spent as a pupa.

Photo: Richard Beard

Butterflies are declining because the plants that caterpillars need are disappearing. Each species generally uses only one or two kinds of plant. Without spirea or oceanspray we would have no Spring Azures. Without stinging nettle we would have no Red Admirals. Without red

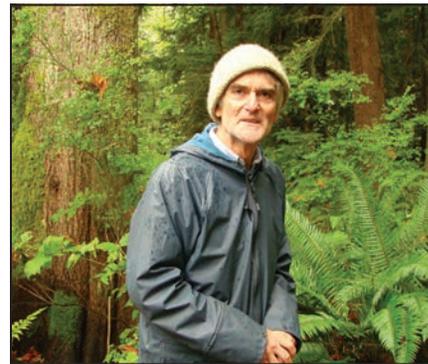
alder or willow or bigleaf maple we would have no Tiger Swallowtails or Mourning Cloaks. Red alder supports at least 100 species of moth in BC. These native plants are often regarded as weeds. They're being removed or they're suffering from competition with invasive, non-native plants. We tend to pay attention when butterflies go missing because they're beautiful and noticeable. But they are only the indicators. A host of less obvious insects is also in decline, and fewer insects mean fewer songbirds. If the butterflies are in trouble it's an indication that our whole natural environment is starting to suffer. When he retired from dentistry, Richard wasted no time in ramping up his conservation efforts to match his growing concerns. He made presentations to garden clubs and to many other groups. Along with the Lighthouse Park



Pale tiger swallowtail whose caterpillars feed on red alder.

Photo: Richard Beard

Preservation Society, and with the help of youth volunteers, he initiated a major restoration of North Piccadilly Park. He took a three-year diploma course from UVIC on the restoration of natural systems, and then he started a company



Volunteer Warden Richard Beard, North Piccadilly Park.

called Green Admiral Nature Restoration dedicated to the control of invasive plants and to restorations using as wide a range of native species as possible.

Richard is not only well-educated. He has abounding energy and optimism. Can we save our butterflies? "We can do it," he declares with confidence. "We can bring them back. We just have to protect their existing food sources and reintroduce the right native plants. We can do that by adjusting our attitudes to native plants, by affording them some room in our gardens and in our parks." ■

For more information on our local butterflies, visit the Green Admiral website at www.greenadmiral.ca.

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(Cont'd. from page 1)

Christa competes in the 75-79 age group, and has broken world records in 14 different events, six indoors and eight outdoors.

She graciously agreed to an interview when she returned from the recent World Masters Games in Budapest, Hungary, where she was hoping to defend her records. But at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport someone crashed into her from behind with their luggage cart, and her leg was too badly injured to compete. In true warrior fashion though, she forced herself to watch all the events in which she would have competed. On the last day, despite still-severe bruising, she decided she could not return to Canada without a medal. So she did—with a gold in hurdles no less. Christa usually travels with her husband Attilio. They met on the tennis courts in Stanley Park, and have lived in Caulfeild

for the past twenty years. Thirty years of marriage seems not to have slowed them down in the least. An accountant by profession, Christa recently semi-retired, but still does payroll for Attilio's company. And she has taken on the mammoth task of record-keeping for the Canadian Masters Track and Jump events.

While meets are technically about competition, Christa says there is a huge sense of camaraderie that exists at these events, and her network of friends now extends worldwide.

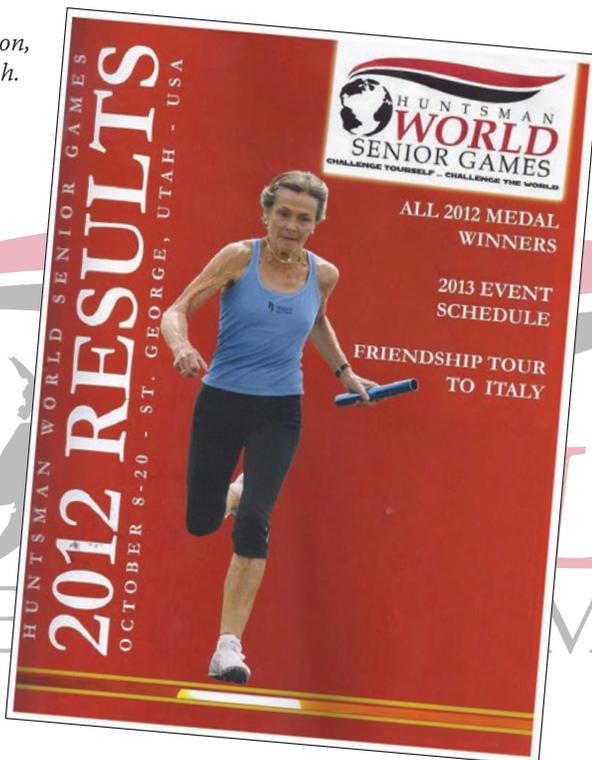
She trains three times a week, and usually participates in around 14 meets a year. As a member of the West Vancouver Track Club, Christa is supporting the club in its attempts to add a Masters section to the current membership structure. She is hoping to inspire others to join her. With a grant from the West Vancouver Foundation, there will be a seminar series on how to do just that. It will take place once or twice a week over five or six weeks, and provide information on jumps,



Competing in the high jump in Utah at the Huntsman World Games.

Photo: Attilio Bortignon

Christa Bortignon,
St. George, Utah.



running, and throws, specifically for those aged 55 and over, but anyone over age 35 will be welcome. Information on how to register for these free seminars will shortly be available at www.westvantrack.com. If running is not your idea of a good time, Christa says there are many other opportunities to enjoy the social aspects of the athletics scene, through volunteering, or as an official. Information can be found at www.bcathletics.org. And of course the 2015 BC Seniors Games will be held on the North Shore. Registration for the 2014 Games, which will be held in September in Langley, is open until June. For more information on how to register, or become otherwise involved go to www.bcseniorgames.org. ■

We'll keep you updated on Christa's continuing successes, if we can keep up with her. You are an inspiration Christa, and you make us proud!

Submissions for The Beacon

The Beacon is delivered bi-monthly to 3000+ households between Eagle Harbour and West Bay.

For submission guidelines and queries, please e-mail the Editor:
lindyfeil@me.com

Please note that all submissions are subject to space constraints and editing.

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The day I Encountered Hawaii's Invaders

Hawaiian taro farmers at war with the destructive apple snail



Travel Notes

Marie-Claude Arnott

Environmental issues exist anywhere I have traveled. We blame industries for generating pollution by releasing toxic material into the air or water, and powerless, we see how natural phenomena challenge the environment. But problems can begin with a seemingly inoffensive, yet careless action.

When customs authorities ask whether we bring (non-indigenous) living things (animals or plants) from abroad, it's because they could end up in our local wilderness, with dramatic consequences. Who would guess that a battle rages in the apparently peaceful taro paddies of Kauai where the livelihood of farmers is threatened by a small escargot: the invasive apple snail?



Hawaii invasive apple snail species
Pomacea Canaliculata.

As I stood at a lookout over of the Hanalei Valley, it seemed like another day in paradise. Pristine pastures, continual warm rainfalls, isolation from pollution, and fertile soil are ideal conditions for growing Hawaii's traditional staple food. No wonder the plant is part of the Polynesian genesis with its bounty of edible roots, leaves and stems, and its remarkable renewability with all parts able to regrow for a new crop. (The Hanalei Valley produces 75% of Hawaii taro.)

After leaving Princeville, I drove down to the valley and turned right on a narrow road leading to a one-way bridge. There, the leaves of taro plants grow in glistening ponds irrigated by the Hanalei River. Since I am a mad photo-snapper, I wanted a close-up of the pink/orange "flowers" I had never noticed before. But while they looked like flowers from a distance, close-up they were more like berries. I would learn, later, that these are the egg clusters of apple snails.

After hatching, the snails migrate to the immersed base of the plants and eat everything, including the bulbs (harvested for poi). An entire crop can be decimated in a few days.

The apple snail is one of the 100 global most invasive species. Its habitat is the shallow waters of aquatic crops, rivers, and ponds. By 2006, the snail infestation had raised the cost of a crop by 50%, a disastrous situation for farmers who spend as much time "harvesting" the pest as farming.

So, how did this invasion happen? There are two theories. This species (*Pomacea canaliculata*) is a delicacy for the Filipino community in Hawaii and it is imported for the aquatic pet industry. Whether the

apple snail found its way to the taro ponds by accident, or not, is now beyond debate. All control attempts have failed, including the "Escargot Project" (farming them as a delicacy), and manual removal. Others, such as copper sulfate or underwater electric shocks, were not eco-friendly except perhaps for a mob of ducks totally overwhelmed by the gargantuan offering of nature.

Meanwhile, the little suckers enjoy life in paradise. And when under new attacks, they simply seal-shut the defensive "door" of their shell. Will the solution have to be self-depredation? Well, the snails will cannibalize if food is scarce.

But *Kalo* (the Hawaiian name for taro) is more than a food. It's part of the spiritual caring between land and people, known

as *Haloa* (Aloha). The demise of *huli* (the parent plant) would end sharing it to spread sustenance and abundance. And not growing taro plants would also mean no more snacking on taro chips. Things have already changed. The parasite-carrying apple snail is forcing farmers to wear rubber boots. Traditionally, bare feet took the pulse of the land as feet and legs "massaged" the fertile mud like the hands do for *lomi lomi* (Hawaiian massage). In the end, never doubt the power of small living things... their might can be your environment's demise. ■

More travel stories by Marie-Claude Arnott at: www.buckettripper.com/author/mcarnott/



Taro plant paddies in the Hanalei Valley on Kauai Island.

Photo: MC Arnott

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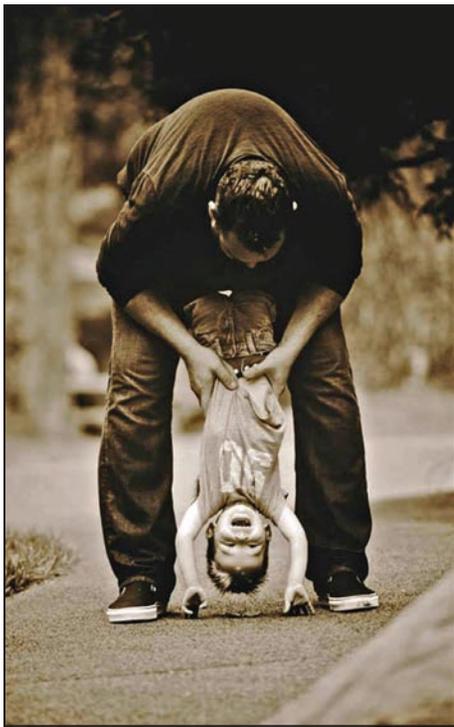
Around the Village

Is the Bar-B-Que Ready?



Chris Stringer

If it's The Village Butcher you want, look no further than big Scott Campbell, who loves his meat and knows how to cook it too.



Originally from Saskatchewan, Scott was in the retail clothing business when he realized that he could spend his days doing what he enjoyed most: swinging a cleaver AND helping customers. Scott proclaims: "I love to cook and I love to eat." Three of his years with Windsor Meats have been spent managing the Caulfeild store.

Married to Gillian, his hometown sweetheart, Scott is Dad to Silas, two and a half, and Scarlett, seven months. He nods and proudly grins at the suggestion that they are the loves of his life. When he's not working, his kids are his hobby.

Six months ago, Scott's young life took a turn. During this time he has undergone batteries of tests, MRIs and investigations into a tumor that was discovered in his brain. He deals with it in his customary calm manner: "It's in the doctors' hands, and spending my time worrying is not going to help me or my family, so I have fun."

When his tumor was first discovered, Scott decided to write about his feelings, his findings and the doctors' interactions with him, and to share his journey with the world. With Scott's permission, we are providing our Beacon readers with a peak into his blog which can be found online at itwasatumor.wordpress.com. It will inspire you to live just a little harder. ■



Playing with Silas.



Scott Campbell, our Village Butcher.

Photo: Chris Stringer



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Scott's Blog

Scott Campbell

I'd like to say that in the blissful ignorance of having this thing in my head I could stay away from looking things up on the internet. And unfortunately "Google" you are for all intents and purposes "the internet" so you will bear the brunt of my rant. Oligodendroglioma... I actually had to write it down on the notes app of my phone so that I could remember how to spell it for my sadistic habit of looking up my life expectancy.

...

The truth is all of us look up health issues online. It's a lot easier when you look up "red, itchy rash" or "it burns when I pee", But when you google Oligodendroglioma it's because you've already spent a while googling "Body numbness on the right hand side", "signs of seizures", "WTF is

wrong with my body", and so on. A few weeks ago, I decided to do it on my break from work while I was having a coffee at Starbucks. Let's just say it doesn't make your day go any easier.

...

I have another consult with the neurosurgeon on the 28th. This will be the first time the surgeon has seen both of the images side by side. So best case scenario he says it hasn't grown and we'll wait to do another MRI in 6 months. Worst case scenario is that I need to go for surgery and the next blog post is: "oasiehriksm oihs fkjdshfkjheawe rhnklj he wkhfkljshfkjhwe I ejwh rkljweh kjeh wkhe rkjwehr kjewhr jkhwerlhj ewkjh kjwe hrkj"

...

I can't really imagine what it would be like to have the inability to communicate, read, speak, or make quick witted insults to all my friends. It might not be permanent and maybe just sporadic but it's on the

list of those things that is always in the back of my mind when I start to think of the future. Most of the time I think about how this will affect my kids or my wife. Sometimes I think about how I now have a reason to do things I've been putting off (like a trip to Spain maybe?), but in general that is all you can do is think. There's so much thinking about what you will do at this stage as it's all a big waiting game. So let me ask you this: You wake up tomorrow and someone tells you that you potentially have 11.6 years to live... what do you do? How will you change? What will people say about you at your funeral? Would you change who you are today? What will your children remember about you?

...

I don't really want to know the answer to that last question sometimes. Being a parent pushes you to emotional highs and lows that no one really prepares you for. People only sell you on the pride of being a parent. No one tells you you're going to be pushed to the limits of your own

shame of how you react to the conduct of a 2 year old. The amount of times I have to apologize to Silas for getting frustrated with him (because he's two), is embarrassing. I'm a grown man, you'd think I could take a deep breath and realize he's just trying to figure out all of his emotions (cause you know he lost his soother and that's a big deal to him). I just hope the highs of my fatherhood outweigh the lows of my flaws as a human being.

...

And if we want to lay it all out on the table, Google is the one we should blame for all of our social inadequacies because they're the ones who make it convenient for us to realize we're not good enough. And they give us access to statistical data about how long we're going to live. If only we all were all in control of how WELL we live. ■

You can follow Scott's blog on www.itwasatumor.wordpress.com.



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