

ISSUE 08 | WINTER 2022

THE CHANGING TIMES

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from the editors

Every single snowflake is unique.

It's one of those trite sayings that we've forgotten to really examine.

Every.

Single.

Snowflake.

From my house on Spruce Street, I can look out my front window and see the twin guardians of Missoula: Mt. Jumbo and Mt. Sentinel. Each mountain is blanketed in white, the morning's gift for a day of snow yesterday.

This morning, as I stare at them, searching for inspiration (slightly desperately, in true writer's fashion), coffee nearby, I can't help but be struck: every. single. snowflake.

I don't mean to belabor this point, but only to enunciate it, exclamation-point it, and underline it. Just from my 5x10' window I can see millions, billions, trillions of snowflakes — and sitting here this morning I can only be absolutely overwhelmed by the magnitude of unique design, independent construction, and myriad forms involved in the fields of white before me.

Winter is completely magical. Even those of us who "hate" it still flock to windowsills and watch big fluffy flakes drift down on a Monday afternoon. The stillness, the muffled quiet, the intense creativity of a snowstorm are too much to resist.

And, as it turns out, it was too magical for us — the editors — to resist.

So, we present to you the Snow Issue. May you be as enthralled by winter, by snow, as we are and continue to be.

Embrace the cold, wintry blues and grays of the design; the poems of cold, frost, and snow; the photos of late summer snow hanging on; and the many ways our world has changed and adapted to this thing we call snow.

Think of the many words we have for snow: slush, powder, crunchy, icy, fluffy, flakes, drifts, sleet, hail. Feel how our very language has been shaped by this icy, white stuff.

And, most of all, hold in your heart, mind, and body the feelings of winter now: how we wait longer for it to arrive every year, the anxiety of a light snow year, and remembering the deep snow days of our childhoods.

As much as it has shaped us and changed us — now it, too, is changing. This beautiful, yearly, predictable mess of winter is changing before our eyes — and we might be sad. We might be angry. We might not have thought about it until right now.

But let's keep thinking about it. Let's keep noticing it. And let's keep feeling in our bodies, minds, and hearts the role this long, gray time holds in our lives.

Some day winter may be fleeting - a one in a million chance of seeing snow. So let's remember the snowflakes, when uniqueness was so ubiquitous we took it for granted.

Meg Smith, Editor



Stories in the Snow

words and photos by Phoebe McIlwain Bright

Last year in late January, my partner and I clutched our skis in our arms and waded through snow that reached past our knees. Hidden beneath shifting drifts, our feet found their way over old logs and along the edges of a half-frozen creek. We maneuvered our skis around fluted trunks of western redcedar and branches that hung down from gray-barked cottonwoods. Beside us, our dog used swimming motions to navigate the deep snow, her body stretching long and bunching and stretching out again.

We had no path to follow, so we tried to keep a sense of direction until we reached an old logging road. In the cleared space, we knocked snow off our bindings and clicked into our skis. It was our anniversary, and we were having a ski adventure without getting in a car. Skis on, I slid one foot forward, then the other, gaining speed as we traveled over the foothills of the Whitefish Range.

Heavy with moisture, the snow didn't emit loud creaks the way it does when truly cold, and the hushed swish under our skis built a sense of being suspended in the forest, away from the rest of the world. I love that about snow—how the quiet brings my focus to what's immediately around me. The



multi-faceted structure of snowflakes creates many different surfaces that scatter sound waves, giving us the muffled silence of a snowstorm. And because snow hides some things while revealing or emphasizing others, it seems to stretch out the present moment.

For me, the snow is a gift. It shows the activity of animals I wouldn't have otherwise known were there: clusters of hoof prints from whitetail does and yearlings, the steady track of a fox, the delicate scrawling of a squirrel's tiny toes. Even in mid-June, I've followed a mountain goat's path through a mile of snow in the Mission Mountains, cloven

tracks directly on top of the developed trail the whole way. There is a certain flavor to the air when snow has sat on the ground for months, a taste like cold iron that I associate with skiing.

But of course for many animals, the snow is far more than a gift—their lives depend on it. For mountain goats, it keeps their high alpine territory unappealing to large carnivores for most of the year. Wolverines make their dens in snow. It's an effective way to protect their newborn kits from predators and cold temperatures. A snowflake is 90 to 95% trapped air, which gives it strong insulating properties. Warmed by body heat, a den or snow cave built by people can be significantly warmer than the air outside; in open areas, where the wind hardens the snow, wolverines may build tunnels nearly two hundred feet long, complete with separate spaces for the kits, food storage, and latrine sites.

Yet snow in Montana is disappearing. A peer-reviewed study by researchers at Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory suggests that if we don't curtail greenhouse gas emissions, in the next 35 to 60 years Montana and other states in the Mountain West will experience "low-to-no-snow" winters (0-30% of historic snowfall) for years at a time.

I'm trying to picture what it might be like to have no snow in northwest Montana in 2050. It's hard because everything is connected. A changing snowpack affects groundwater, too.

Currently, the snowpack in our mountains acts as if someone is slowly squeezing a giant sponge—water trickles out all summer long, through the dry months, feeding our rivers and aquifers. If that precipitation falls as rain instead of snow, then it's not absorbed and stored in the landscape for the same length of time. It means higher rivers earlier in the year and less water in late summer. The majority of western and central Montana's rivers are fed primarily by snowmelt, including the Middle Fork of the Flathead, the Clark Fork, the Yellowstone, and the Missouri. We need full, cold rivers in summer to sustain our fish, provide irrigation for agriculture, and support elements of our tourism economy.

I honestly can't wrap my head around how that drought-riddled future looks. Even though it's not too far away, it's so different from Montana as I experience it today. I can somewhat intuit what the loss of snow will feel like based on winters that have been late in coming—the restlessness, a feeling of imbalance, like I'm missing a foundation.

The snow focuses our attention and makes us see, even when we'd rather not.

On that last day of January, my partner and I skied past dark green arms of spruce and fir. Our cheeks

reddened, and our eyes brightened as we moved many feet above the forest floor, above vole tunnels and decaying leaves. We were enamored by life and able to forget the world beyond our skis. At the top of a hill, I pushed off and felt my skis gain speed. The wind made my eyes water, the air felt sharp against my face, and the cold, metallic taste of old snow rose in my mouth.

Nearly a year later, in the same forest, we follow the calls of ravens over the snow to a dead whitetail buck, dragged halfway into the hollow of a rotted-out cottonwood log. A wound gapes on the back of his neck. His midsection has been slit open, the heart and other organs eaten. In the snow around the carcass, we find round, four-toed tracks, slightly smaller than my fist. They belong to a mountain lion. It feels like a reminder that snow focuses our attention, and it doesn't let us ignore loss.

The snow is a gift, inviting us on adventures, encouraging us to observe and reflect in the muffled quiet of fresh flurries. But as much as it can bury a log on the forest floor, it also reveals—what's come through in the night, dramas that human eyes might otherwise miss.

In Montana, the story our snowpack is telling us is that it, too, can be lost 🌲



APonderosa pine (*Pinus ponderosa*)**B**Pink mountain-heather (*Phyllodoce empetriformis*)**D**Subalpine Fir (*Abies lasiocarpa*)**C**Mountain Lover (*Paxistima myrsinites*)

SNOW

Friend or Foe for Plants?

Peter Lesica

Woody plants (trees and shrubs) have a love-hate relationship with snow. Let's look at the bad side of snow first. Nice, light snow falling with a gentle breeze is no problem for trees, but heavy, wet snow can overload branches and cause them to break, especially if they still have leaves on them. In places with a long growing season, like the southern portions of North America, most of the trees are deciduous and lose their leaves prior to any chance of snow. Here in Montana, with a relatively short growing season, most of our trees are conifers that have to find other means of dealing with heavy snow. The primary method of coping is through branching patterns. Our pines (image A, Ponderosa Pine) have open branching with leaves (needles) clustered at the ends of the branches rather than all along the branches. This branching pattern means that the trees cast less shade but the limbs don't break under the weight of heavy snow. Western larch is unique; it just sheds its leaves every fall. On the other hand, spruce and true firs have dense branching with needles all along the branches, but the relatively short branches and resulting conical shape of the trees allows snow to be shed before it becomes too heavy for the branches. In spite of these precautions, it is not uncommon to see broken limbs as a result of snow. I imagine most of our

trees would tell you that they would be happy without heavy, wet snow.

Another problem caused by snow occurs at timberline where trees are dwarfed by the cold, windy climate. These trees, usually subalpine fir (image D), often have limbs close to the ground that become covered by a deep layer of snow in winter. This environment can result in a brown snow mold covering the needles and killing them. Snow mold is a fungus that is able to grow under snow. It persists long after snowmelt, so you can see the moldy twigs when you hike at high elevations.

Of course snow eventually melts and provides water to thirsty plants, but are there other benefits? You bet; certain evergreen shrubs are a good example. These species, such as mountain heather (image B) and mountain lover (image C) occur in montane habitats experiencing subzero temperatures in winter. In spite of the fact that their leaves are killed by below-freezing temperatures, they persist for two or more growing seasons. This happens because these shrubs spend the entire winter completely buried by snow where the temperature rarely goes much below freezing. As a result, they are found only in places with reliable snow cover. Snow is their friend 🌿



Grinnell Hike



Summer Path In Walden
Taken in July in State Forest State Park, outside of Walden, CO

photography by
MARY SIEGFRIED

Ancestral Snow

Claire Charlo

Snow is sacred
Every snowflake
Carries a spirit and a song

It was snowing, when I read bell hooks died
Our community has had many losses
It's rare to feel grief for someone whose words on a page were the closest contact I had
I prayed and reflected on Berta Cáceres
Indigenous leader, Land and Water Protector, assassinated in her home in 2016
Two women I loved from afar, both with different and similar messages. Don't stop fighting,
don't stop loving. And then Desmond also made his journey.

I learned to love from bell, a righteous love that gave me the courage to organize for justice.
Desmond taught love as well. Lessons I kept on re-learning. Berta taught me that even in her
death, she lives on through her grown daughters, that have continued her lifework.

bell, Berta and Desmond, all leaders and writers of change with love.
They didn't die, they multiplied into everyone they impacted.
They are now ancestral beings
Stars in the sky, carried to us on snowflakes

And now it's the time of snow
The time to sing and dance with
Our ancestors.

They are a part of us now
With every snowflake
With every word on a page.

We are the descendants of ancestors that taught us that death is one transition
Our ancestors, new and old will be in our hearts and songs, always.



Gone Out

Elani Borhegyi

Snow wisping in the wind
Whisking away
Like what I left behind

Trees whispering to one another
Shrouding in the snow
And reminding me of why

Fall is far behind up here
Went away with the sun
And sleepful nights

The best sleep I had was on a mountain
Away from the water that flows tethered
Between the rocks, always

Erodes
Run if you must
But return

Back to the subdues
Back to the past
Back to the no-wonders

And erode
On both of our sanities



DON'T LOOK UP (2021)

Sydney Bollinger

This review contains spoilers.

Netflix's *Don't Look Up*, written and directed by Adam McKay, quickly became one of the streaming service's buzziest, most-watched films ever. With an all-star cast including Leonardo DiCaprio, Jennifer Lawrence, Meryl Streep, and others, the climate crisis satire offers a damning critique on the consequences of inaction and apathy.

The film follows Kate DiBiaski (Lawrence), a PhD student in astronomy. She discovers a comet and during a celebration, her professor Dr. Mindy (DiCaprio) calculates the comet will hit earth in six months. In short, humanity has six months to live unless they can do something about the comet.

Don't Look Up doesn't waste time with subtlety, instead acting as a mirror into the state of the world outside of our activism bubble: is this what the world will look like if we don't take action?

McKay doesn't hide that we're headed not just for destruction, but eradication.

When Kate and Dr. Mindy approach the rich and powerful about comet mitigation solutions, they are met with waffling responses and general disinterest. A planet-ending comet certainly requires urgency, however, those with power and immense wealth refuse to move quickly, instead waiting until taking action benefits them.

In the end — when the comet hits — those same rich and powerful escape earth on their rocketship, leaving the rest of us to die. This future isn't hard to imagine — tech billionaire space travel has been on the rise, after all.

Kate and Dr. Mindy were just two people against an entire corrupt ecosystem of politics and capital. Their effort was too late. Our time is running out, but we're not irrevocably doomed just yet 🙌

WHAT ARE NATIVE PLANTS?

(And why should we plant them?)

Thoughts and illustrations by Elliott Conrad, owner, Pipilo Native Plants

For plants, the term 'native' is subject to interpretation. A safe bet for North American gardeners is this:

native plants are those that existed on the landscape prior to European contact.

They are a product of our local environment and have sustained life on this continent for millennia.



Native to the Rockies? The United States? How local should our natives be?

At Pipilo Natives we confine our 'native' region to the Five Valleys area of western Montana, with some exceptions.

In general, the closer a plant is to its native origin, the better it will be adapted to the environment and the better it will fit into the local ecosystem.



Illustration: Elliott Conrad

Reflections streaking past
Like cars on a highway
Fleeting moments, Passing time
A raindrop spends its lifetime trying to get back to where it came from
At what cost?
That of seven pieces of trash fished out of the ocean
One by one
On a sailboat off the coast of Mexico
Where life is emboldened and unfolded into
Crimson skies that burn like the fires in Australia.
A flying squirrel cannot get back to his family
The route home holds a traffic jam that blazes and bleeds into eternity
Cars built to idle not to drive
Burning gas
Wasting my time
I still remember
Sweat dripping down my chest
115 heat index but the A/C is broken and the windows don't roll up anyway
A hand extends out from the car in the neighbor lane, holding out a cigarette
Its exchange is bittersweet with a lighter from 7/11

—
82 deaths
And that's just from one degree raise in the average
What would the administration look like if
They raised their degrees by one percent in common sense
Maybe my daughter wouldn't grow up with asthma or a peanut allergy
But maybe if health care was a human right that wouldn't matter
—
If the canopy were to be restored, the smog in our lungs could be vacuumed out
Giving us more space to live
And though I'd be left unemployed
My empty pockets would have the potential to hold another form of currency.
To no longer be poisoned by fruits of our neighbor's labor
I dream of a cornucopia filled with flora the honeybee has harvested
For he understands the importance of getting home to his family.
But the route home holds a traffic jam that hemorrhages
Under pressure of a 2020 action plan long expired
The milk we drink is curdled before it leaves the farm
But the date on the carton assures us otherwise
Like microwave safe plastic wrap
We blindly cling to hope that is recycled
Incorrectly
—

Despite the intelligent solutions we share in a digital cloud
What precipitates are just empty gestures
Proving our lack of will and direction
Of course we all want healthy soil
But the desire for packaged chocolate and saturated salt
Exceeds our ability to think
—

I still taste the sour diesel in my mouth from that rotten cigarette
Reminding me how my grandmother gave up her life for cancer research.
5AM McDonald's coffee burns away our stomach lining
Burning like the blue luminance that permeates our souls in the dark hours of the night
Where does the soul live anyway?
The Brain?
The Heart?
The third eye?
I believe it lives outside our bodies
As we are taught to cast it out from a young age
Seek belonging in colors of blues and pinks
Instead of the greens and yellows of the Earth.
We volunteer our bodies to science, soulless, without agency
We grasp at the nearest form of gratification
Always in a rush to get nowhere
Running like lab rats on a wheel of fortune
Spinning like the wheels of my father's Chrysler LeBaron.
Another toy car pulls into the driveway of the house with white shutters that match the fence
Just in time for a plastic dinner.
—

And yet if I sit still enough
To feel the edge of a moment's stillness
I can still see the green horizon glowing
Despite its warming
Screaming resilience.
I taste the exhales of eight thousand plants
Shifting into the breeze
What does tomorrow look like
The evergreen inquires
A thousand yesterdays plus one
The oak replies.

ANTHROPOGENIC DEATH

Franchesca Bodnar



It was shiny. It was red. It was cute.

And even better, it was electric.

A 2011 Nissan Leaf sat gleaming in the lot of Flanagan's Motors, next to several newer electric vehicles. My husband and I had talked about purchasing an electric car for years—though that, like installing solar panels, felt like something other people did. But we've had solar panels for four years now. And here, just a few blocks from our house, was an affordable car that would meet all of our in-town driving needs.

Sure, it was one of the earliest electric car models and the battery had degraded some, but we weren't looking for a road-tripping car. Since our son was born, our number of short driving trips has grown exponentially. We used to walk and bike almost everywhere. But our son's preschool is just far enough away, and time is so tight these days, that we've been burning a lot more fossil fuel driving around town than we did in our pre-kid existence. (I'm sure other parents can relate.)

Last fall, after another summer of soaring temperatures and wildfire smoke and climate change dread, we bought the little red Leaf. And it serves our needs beautifully. We can get to Pattee Canyon and the Rattlesnake. We can run all our errands, from preschool drop offs to grocery shopping. And when we get home, we just plug it into a regular 110V outlet. It adds only a few dollars a month to our electric bill—far less than we'd pay for gas—and doesn't need oil changes, transmission servicing, or new spark plugs.

Someday we'll buy an electric car that goes a few hundred miles—there are more options on the market every year. Someday we'll not own a fossil fuel-powered vehicle at all. Someday, when our son is a little older, we'll return to biking and walking for most of our in-town trips. But for now, we have an electric car that helps us fill in the gap, and brings us one step closer to living a fossil-free existence 🌱

Going Electric, One Step at a Time

Allison De Jong

let's not lose winter

I used to hate February. For most of my adult life, with its deep-freeze days and gray sky, I had no use for it. Then, in 2014, on a rare sunny February afternoon, my daughter was born. As we settled into our first night together, it began to snow. It snowed the next day and the next, then for nearly three weeks more.

I watched the snow pile high as I struggled to nurse my newborn daughter – sleeping and nursing on two hour cycles around the clock for weeks. I was incredibly exhausted and dreamless for the first time in my life, but watching the snow fall gave me deep comfort. I began to remember and recover gratitude for the true power of winter – a season that invites us to rest (to step back purposefully from calls to “be of use” constantly), and calls us to give thanks for life: our winter stores, our homes, and the life-giving mounds of mountain snow that support families – of all creatures great and small – here in the West.

It's hard to imagine coming together in these polarized times, but no matter where you live and what you do in Montana, snow probably figures into your life in some way. It's hard to wrap my mind around the fact that, if we fail to make major changes and eliminate most greenhouse gasses that are driving climate change, in a few decades, mountainous areas in the West may be nearly snowless for years at a

time.* **Losing our winter? For years at a time?**

It's simple: we must limit global warming as much as possible to protect our families and all that we love here in Montana. To do so will require big changes, and without question, we will need to work together to be successful. But with communities seemingly more divided than ever, how do we bridge all the gaps?

We must find common ground in the values we share: wanting our kids to have a good life, wanting our home to have clean air and water, wanting to enjoy Montana's great outdoors safely – now and for generations to come. We must talk with one another again as good neighbors do. We must connect our communities, buoyed by our courage and our need for a better tomorrow. The fact is: we have most of the solutions we need to address the climate crisis. We simply need to start cooperating in order to use them effectively. It's a tall order, but when we understand all that is at stake for our family's future, do we really have a choice? 🌱

For our shared future,
Winona Bateman

*“Snow may vanish for years at a time in Mountain West with climate warming: Study warns of impending water supply problems due to nearly snowless mountains in about 35 to 60 years.” By Diana Leonard Washington Post, December 3, 2021

Thank you!

Thanks to you and all our supporters, we raised over \$20,000 as part of our end of year giving campaign! We are really blown away, and we are so humbled by your support. Thank you. We are incredibly grateful that you thought of us, and believe in our work to create community for climate action. We're ready for 2022.

Join Us in Welcoming Sarah and Penélope

We are so excited to welcome Sarah Lundquist as our new Communications and Outreach Coordinator, and welcome back Penélope Baquero in her position as Workshop and Actions Facilitator. Our team is growing because of your generous support. Together, we're looking forward to reaching more Montanans this year through workshops, events, and more.



Sarah Lundquist is an environmental educator, mother, and zero waste enthusiast from the Seattle area. She has a master's degree in Environmental Studies from the University of Montana and joins FLC with a passion for the circular economy, a heart for justice, and a longing for meaningful climate action in Missoula and beyond.

Read their full bios and learn more about our team at livableclimate.org/our-core-team.

Find our upcoming events at livableclimate.org/events.



For over 20 years, Penélope has been involved in a variety of education organizations and initiatives in the U.S., Latin America, and Indonesia with the common thread of contributing to societal transformation. Her drive to contribute to positive change has led her to work with children, student-led organizations, and more.

who we are

"The Changing Times" is a seasonal (quarterly) publication of Families For A Livable Climate that invites community-wide response to these turbulent and revolutionary times, seeking submissions from people of all ages and backgrounds. In this space, we share stories, express love for the world around us, and offer ways for everyone to get involved in answering the call to change - in ourselves, our families, our communities, and our country. We know this work happens by challenging our systems and leaders; conversing on racial justice, resiliency, grief work, activism, youth empowerment, education, intergenerational support, local living, and traditional knowledge; and connecting with one another through our relationship with nature and the creative arts. While the magazine is based in Missoula, MT we consider "conversations with the peripheries," throughout Montana and beyond to be vital, so anyone is welcome to subscribe and/ or submit.

Families for a Livable Climate is a project of Social and Environment Entrepreneurs (SEE) a non-profit public charity exempt from federal income tax under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

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contributors

Constantly searching for silver linings, **FRANCESCA BODNAR**, 24, is a creative storyteller through both photographs and words. With degrees in Environmental Studies and Fine Arts, she seeks to find ways to engage in climate justice. She started writing after college and, through poetry, she hopes to find spaces where healing happens within the human condition.

ELANI BORHEGYI, 20, is an Environmental Science student at the University of Montana. They are passionate about climate change, plants, and vegan ice cream. In their spare time, they hike, backpack, bike, and tree climb.

SYDNEY BOLLINGER (she/her), 26, is a Charleston-based arts & entertainment and climate writer. She has written for *Charleston City Paper*, *INTO*, *Film Cred*, *Filmmakers Without Cameras*, and other places. Her creative work can be found in *HASH Journal* and *Dunes Reviews*, among other literary outlets. Find her online @sydboll.

PHOEBE McILWAIN BRIGHT, 34, is a freelance environmental writer based in the Flathead Valley. She holds degrees in Behavioral Biology and Creative Writing and enjoys going on snow adventures with her partner and dog.

CLAIRE CHARLO, 47, was born and raised on the Flathead Reservation. A direct descendent of Chief Charlo, Claire Charlo attended law school and graduated with a Juris Doctorate. Claire works as a Civil Advocate for the Salish & Kootenai Tribal Defenders. In her spare time, Claire is a Water and Land Defender. Claire also writes, beads regalia/jewelry and sews star quilts. In the summer Claire is in the mountains picking huckleberries and digging roots.

ELLIOTT CONRAD, 36, is the owner of Pipilo Native Plants, a small native plant nursery in Charlo, Montana. He grew up in a nomadic military family and thus can claim no point of origin, but has spent the most time in Colorado, New Mexico, and Montana. Formerly an aerospace engineer for the Air Force, he now studies why living plants burn for the US Forest Service. His hobbies include collecting seeds, growing native plants, drawing, birdwatching, and enjoying the farm

life with a partner, cat, and two elderly horses.

ALLISON DE JONG, 42, is the Communications Coordinator and Editor of *Montana Naturalist* magazine and *Field Notes* on Montana Public Radio at the Montana Natural History Center. In addition to finding ways to make her home more sustainable and nerding out over everything from renewable energy to botany to Harry Potter, she loves exploring Montana's mountains, forests, and rivers with her husband, Greg, and three-year-old son, Rowan.

PETER LESICA, 71, has been a consulting biologist in Montana for the past 40 years, a member of the Montana Native Plant Society, and a Faculty affiliate at UM for the past 30 years.

MARY SIEGFRIED, 36, has lived out West for the past 15 years. She was first drawn to Montana by the wide, open spaces and the literal "big sky" views. She has lived in Fort Collins, CO now for the past 10 years and has enjoyed exploring the open spaces both near and far to home. She is drawn to capturing images that focus on the little details while still exploring the more "epic shot" behind. She enjoys hiking, biking, the occasional kayak and snow shoe, and swimming in any size body of water warmer than 60 F. She feels the best kind of hike is one that ends with a locally brewed beer.

MEG SMITH, 27, is local Montanan with a deep wonder for the more-than-human world. She has a BA in English Literature and Teaching from the University of Montana and an MA in Environmental Humanities from Bath Spa University, Bath, England. When she isn't out finding new trails, she loves to write poetry, cook without recipes, and find new ways to use less.

MEGAN THORNTON, 36, is mother to 3 little humans (Samuel, Willa, Ben). Megan grew up in Butte, lived in Bozeman for a spell, and is now settled for the long haul in the Russell district of Missoula, where she and her husband Orion navigate the bumpy terrain of parenting alongside beloved family, friends, and neighbors (including the deer, squirrels, trees, and birds of the block!).

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