

ISSUE 06 | SUMMER 2021

THE CHANGING TIMES

NATURE CONNECTION - CLIMATE ACTIVISM
CREATIVITY - EDUCATION - CULTURAL CHANGE
TRADITIONAL KNOWLEDGE - LOCAL FOOD



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WHO WE ARE

Meg Smith Editor "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.

Megan Thornton Editor

Sydney Bollinger Editor

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.

Cover Image | Cassie Sevigny

Table of Contents Image | Schyler Habowski | Mineral del Chico in Hidalgo, MX

FROM THE EDITORS

*find me
here
where i no longer feel
me
myself
but feel
deeply
part
of something
so much more than me
something
so much
more*

I start this issue's Editor's Letter with something shamelessly self-written. In fact, I celebrate the story-teller, the artist, the vibrant creative in all of us.

With this issue - I feel part of something something so much more than me—another shameless self-quote.

Truly, I am completely thrilled with the unique, beautiful, thoughtful, energetic responses to our call for submissions this issue.

As we, the editors, sat around discussing an "art-only" summer issue, we were nervous. Really nervous.

What if no one submits?

What if we don't have enough content?

I feel completely overjoyed to share that our community—this incredible

community of climate-thinking story-tellers—has surpassed the call.

We present to you an issue of art and nature and climate change and lived experience.

There is no better way to tell the story of this earth, and how it is changing, than through the unique, vital perspective of every living, breathing material agent on this planet.

Without wrangling all 100 billion (or so) of those material agents, we've gathered a wonderful couple dozen who have highlighted their favorite spaces—how they get out, engage with, and enjoy this planet we call home.

With a distinctly artistic focus, these contributors present the more-than-human world, this changing climate, through individual lenses. They create a dynamic compilation of experience. They tell their own story and create a larger one.

Ultimately, that larger story, the one where each of our unique, creative voices, outpourings, and souls combine and collide—that's the story that makes us all feel apart of something. That is what is so much more. To feel part of that collective unfolding, that collective energetic space—something more than ourselves—reminds us what we're working towards and why sharing these stories matters so much.

Because the planet matters.

Because we matter.

Because *it matters* to tell your story and be a part of the story trying to change the world.

Meg Smith

HEAT, DROUGHT, FIRE, SMOKE

action is our hope

This has been quite the summer in Montana. In the east, farmers and ranchers confront stunted hay crops, parched fields, and cattle too expensive to feed. In the west, smoke has blanketed communities for nearly a month or more, causing poor air quality and constant adjustments to summer plans and camp schedules for families. Some families have loved ones on the many firelines across the West, and other families stand ready to evacuate their homes (or have been evacuated) from the countless wildfires. If we don't act, it will get much worse.

Fossil fuel emissions are driving increased temperatures by thickening our atmosphere and trapping more heat. We must eliminate them, and implement the innovations we have on hand, like solar and wind energy along with storage, for our energy needs as fast as possible, among other changes. This would create jobs and boost our economy across Montana. (Check out 350Montana.org's

Vibrant Clean Energy Study for the data!) We must also support the families and communities that currently rely on the fossil fuel sector in this transition. They should not be left behind.

Montana is a hot spot for climate change. Our state has warmed 2-3 degrees since the 1950s, more than the global average. In the next 19 years, depending on global warming emissions, we're on track to warm a total of 4.5-6 degrees. Almost anywhere in the state this summer, Montanans can look out their windows to see where things are going if we fail to take effective action to address this crisis: more heat, more drought, more fire, more smoke. None of us want that. We must take real action now. It's all hands on deck.

Check out our Guide to Getting involved post on our website at livableclimate.org/our-livable-future.

Robertson Draw Fire, as seen from the Red Lodge, MT area
June 15, 2021



Photography by Craig Collar (@craigwcollarphoto)

#TCTGETOUTSIDE

Our editors, readers, and followers got outside this summer to explore the world around them—from neighborhood walks to mountain hikes, we experienced the vast more-than-human community that starts outside our doors.

At the beginning of June I moved from the metro Atlanta-area to James Island in Charleston. I welcomed this change wholeheartedly, ready for something different in my life. As soon as I received the keys to the new place I share with my partner, I was keen on exploring every nook and cranny of what seemed to be our “residential” neighborhood. I liked the area, sure, but I also yearned for what I had when I lived in Missoula—the mountains and big open expanse of earth that seemed to call to me. Here, there were houses and winding roads with more houses.

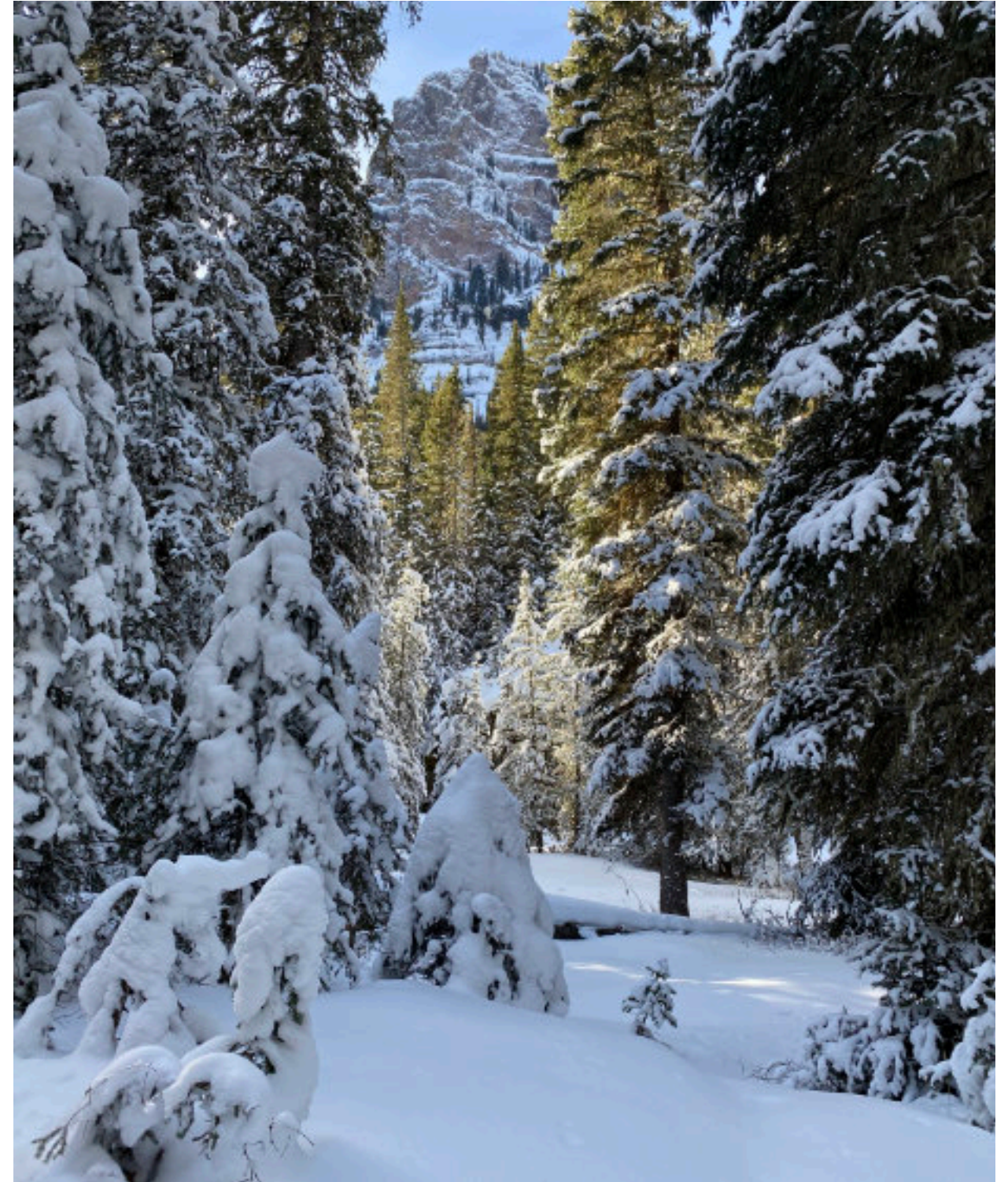
One night, though, I decided to take a walk, having been restless all day. It was late evening, which in Charleston means hot and sticky. The mosquitoes flitted around me, biting my legs and arms—which, in retrospect, should have been my first clue. At first, I walked with intention—for exercise with my earbuds in. As I looked around, though, I started to slow down. I realized I had been missing the life that surrounded me—my neighbors’ lush, wild gardens; the spanish moss hanging into the road off of old oak trees; tiny crabs playing around a small creek down the road from where I lived. The rest of the walk, I took off my headphones and decided to be present in these moments, to

see the life in front of me and remind myself of the synergistic nature of earth.

I nearly crossed the road to go back home, when I noticed that the little creek opened up into a stunning marsh just across the street. I stopped in awe for a while at its beauty, but also because I realized if I had not slowed down to engage in this world, I would have missed it. It would have been left as a different day’s discovery, or perhaps not a discovery at all.

This issue features many of these moments—from an urban farm in South Carolina to the hoodoos in Bryce Canyon National Park all the way back to *The Changing Times*’s home in Montana. We are nurtured, inspired, and delighted by these connections to our more-than-human world. These discoveries and connections inspired our editorial team to ask our readers and followers how they engaged with the world. We read your stories and saw your special moments. #TCTGetOutside was born of this idea that we all, no matter where or how we live, are able to engage with the earth at-large. With this, we are celebrating these interactions, big or small, and creating pages in the ever-written global story.

Sydney Bollinger | James Island, Charleston, SC



Caleb Simpson | Bozeman, MT



Love Letter to the Bob

Elani Borhegyi

Let's go old
 Grow old together
 (You more than me)
 Let's tell each other our secrets that no one else knows
 And the answers to questions never asked
 (You have so many)

Never did I think how much I would lean on your mountains
 Take shelter in your trees
 Burnt, many of them
 Bundled,
 A queer among bundles of sticks
 I'm a mutation in your house
 Where mutation is the norm

You showed me that physical mountains
 Are only made impassable by mental mountains
 You showed me that the forest in the forest
 Is only fogged by my mind
 Baptize me in your icy waters
 And the sun will roast me to see anew

Show me
 That I am not a parasite
 Who walks cuts in your skin
 Drinks from your veins
 Burns from your lungs
 Show me that
 I should be here
 And every human too
 That a hike in the mountains for a week
 Is a run for life
 I thought I came here for the wall
 (That great wall)
 Instead I found a bridge, a Backbone across the Earth
 Instead I found humility
 And sacred waters

Elani Borhegyi | Bob Marshall Wilderness, Montana

Earthvoice

Elani Borhegyi

They say the Earth has no voice
That she can't hear you when you call
But tell me why she always be here
When you ain't at all

They say the Earth has no voice
Yet you fear the cold
The heat, the snow
When she screams you turn the other way

They say that the Earth has no voice
But she been tryna call
The Earth has always been here
Caring for us all

The Earth is all I know
My house is burning alive
I have nowhere to go
I only hold faith that we will survive

They say the Earth has no voice
But you can hear her winds
The dance in her grass
And the way she spins

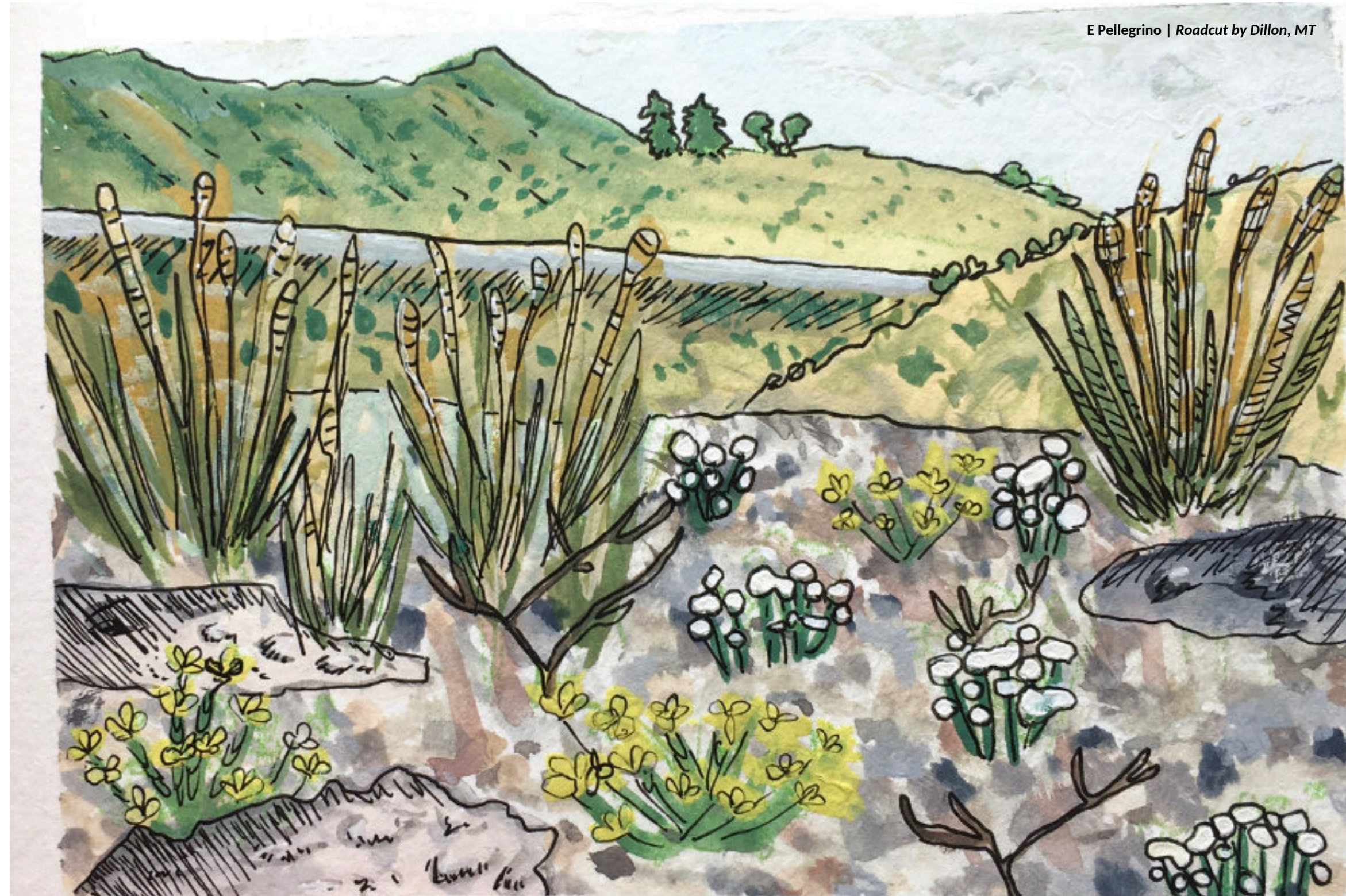
They say the Earth has no voice
Now they telling me to evacuate
The fire is close
I'd rather burn and wait

The Earth is all I know
My house is burning alive
I have nowhere to go
I only hold faith that we will survive
We didn't believe her scars
We didn't listen to the wails
We didn't talk back when she asked
If we love her too
The Earth spoke to me her every word
Brought the fire here
Now it's too near
Now we're all ears
Listening as the wood pops
And the foundations crumble

Roadcut by Dillon, MT – Artist's Statement

E Pellegrino

While in an MS program at the University of Montana, I took a sedimentary petrology class, which required a weekend-long field trip. The point of the trip was to collect samples from every strata (rock layer) in Southwestern MT. This ranged from the rocks of the Bonner Quartzite (~2.0-0.5 billion years old) to rocks of the Six Mile Creek Formation (~20-23 million years old). Despite the educational objective of the trip, I ended up snapping photos of the areas we visited, including the one that inspired this gouache and ink painting. If memory serves, the rocks in the foreground of the painting are limestone from the Madison group, which are ~359 to 326 million years old!



Musings from a polyester shirt

Sarah Lundquist

I am a polyester shirt
 My ancestors are the ancient creatures that once roamed the earth
 Whose bodies decomposed into oil
 But that is not all I am
 I am diverse
 My contents are derived from all over the globe
 I am water, I am coal, I am acid, I am alcohol, I am bleach
 I am chemicals, I am energy, I am resources
 I am sojourner
 When you buy me, when you wear me, you interact with the world

I know that I am imperfectly designed
 Stitched with bloodied hands and poisoned lungs
 I break apart when I am washed
 Into bits that pollute the seas

But every reuse of me
 Means my ancestors can stay in the ground
 My resources can be left unharmed
 I want to be a hand-me-down
 Thrift stores are my pride and joy
 I am worthy to be reused

One day I hope to be
 Better
 Made and fairly traded
 By empowered workers
 Out of organic resources
 Colored with natural dyes
 Used and reused by many people in many forms
 A shirt, a bag, cloths, and rags
 Until I am ready to return safely to the earth

I am a polyester shirt
 I am materials
 I am resources
 I am laborers

I am the natural world
 I am worthy to be reused

I will be redesigned
 To no longer pollute
 But rather
 To enrich



Valerie Mannebach | New York City, NY

Healing Our Inner Child

Naomi Thornton



Do It Early



Create More Space



The Answer is in Your Backyard

A Moment in Moab

Katelyn Scholle

There's no rhythm to the words I seek
They trace along the sandstone
And bury themselves in my heart
Arched, aged
Like my dreams.

Bones lined with salt water
My tendons unraveled by seaweed and rain
Here, The Colorado floods my veins.
I am the desert.
Unrelenting.
Freed.

I return older, a bit more hardened and still
But the wind still breaks
Erosion takes and takes
As we take and break nature's fragile gates
Our footsteps grinding again
Weary rocks quiver and wait.

Sandstone streets serpentine ceaselessly
Ancient Entrada, defying extinction
I gaze and wonder
what else persists this boldly?
At what cost does my intrusion impact?

Could we witness eternity without our destruction?

My heart layered in grief, in hope, I bend low to take a vow
Words that lived quietly now swell and pour:

Stand up for the lands that summon you
Step softly on the sandstone too
Wrap your arms around mossy trees
Proclaim to the orcas: you deserve everything!
Bind your heart to these arches
Let your voice shake the Earth with peace.

And Whoever you are, having arrived at these words
What vows do you make as you walk in wonder?
What words swell and pour out of you?

I know nothing for certain, but there's more I need to say, so I shout on to the desert Gods-

Listen for a moment to my plea!
When sand and clay crack open my heart
Tell my children to do their part.
Teach them to vow proudly for this Earth,
The wind and rivers that carve and crust
The Navajo sandstone into dust.

I am the desert.
Unrelenting.
Fighting for peace.



Katelyn Scholle | Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah

From a Journal - June

Callie Stephenson

I am afflicted by a certain nostalgia. It's a hot muggy night, barefeet in damp grass, and the smell of skin slicked with sweat. It is summer. Denim shorts and pine needles mixed with sweet, heavy lake water. It is Americana: all fireworks and sunscreen grease. The voices of people around me saying how absurd I am to revel in the heat of the evenings, and the comfort I find in the deafening accumulation of a dozen fans whirring at different pitches. It is my contempt for air conditioning coupled with full body resignation every time I enter a building that has been pumped full of that delicious, refrigerated air.

But, one symptom of my ailment is shame from a legacy carried by the romanticization of capitalism and disregard for environmental protection while still holding nature to the holy standard of a chapel. It's the same nostalgic sickness that spurs love for my truck and my emotional connection to the freedom and safety it has come to symbolize. While the feeling is sweet, I'm over aware that it is fuelled by oil and the fabricated history of an infallible empire that is only now coming to realize its gold was brass all along, and it's impossible to escape hubris.

Even so, this feeling settles in my stomach with the persistence of a mosquito bite and when I let myself succumb to the present, the gentle ache reminds me I am here, and human, and beautiful things unfold.

The evening was built on the looming summer vacation feeling from formally resigning from overnight shifts, and lavender sunset light. To waste some of my accumulated sick time I told my superiors I had to leave early and cater to my mind.

By 8:30 I was in the driver's seat of my car with the windows down, stripped down to my undies. The air rushing through was blow dryer warm and smelled like Russian

Olives. I sang with the radio, to the sky and the season, and parked by the reservoir outside of town to eat dinner.

From the top of the truck I watched the sun drop. With the smoke from fires spanning Montana to Arizona, the sky was cast in dusty gold and pink, and the mountains were a soft amethyst. Cars passed and fragments of music streamed behind like frayed edges. Through the open windows choruses of voices sang along to pop ballads.

With the smoke from the fires spanning from Montana to Arizona, the sky was cast in a dusty gold and pink, and the mountains were a soft amethyst.

Darkness crept closer, and the strangers around me began to leave, so I scrambled down the hillside to the edge of the water with a flannel pulled over my shoulders.

The reservoir was high and gentle waves lapped through the branches and leaves of partially submerged trees, combing through the knots in the bark. I slipped my flannel off, folded my glasses on top of the shirt, and carefully edged onto the brassy talus below the surface. The water was warm, still holding heat from the daytime sun, and I dipped my head below the surface.

When I emerged, goosebumps raised on my arms, my hair was tangled like the curls of honeysuckle vines, and my skin smelled of bitter leaves and minerals. I pulled my shirt back over my damp limbs, grabbed my glasses, and scrambled back up to the car.

Even though I was cold, I drove the hills leading home with the windows down, moving through cool valleys and puddles of air with different tastes of summer pooling and rippling in the breeze. The season's past and my present were a palimpsest of cut grass, cat tails, roses and lilacs, skunk and pine smoke.



George Lesica | Montana



Kate's Belonging

Kate "Carol" Wilburn



Falling into life, decades past,
granddaughter of lost stories. Echoes.

Belonging, in the best of worlds, within
wholeness where
 spiny starfish shine
 grand giraffes gallop
 spring peepers chorus
 solemn oaks stand.

Threads weave. Acorns unfold.

Not-best this world.
Post-war. Get-ahead, boxed
notions. American womanhood.
Mine. White, privileged, naive,
alone.

Giddy laughter, righteous
rage, wild ideas.

Shush them.

Yet
Life moves towards Life.

Once, stunned beneath galactic
light, ebony sky,
Glimmers.
Stars sing. Love listens.

Too, salt waves pulse. Heart soars.
Pelicans skim the swell.

Numbing trash piles.
Aching world. Greed. Love. War.
Forgotten belonging.
Harsh.
All things grieve.
Scream.

How to come through? Who the hell knows?

Gulp air. Step forward,
granddaughter. Resolute.
Claim belonging here.

Life grows Life. Acorns grow oaks.

we come from mother

Megan Thornton

MOTHER

we come from mother. remember?
how our conception was
the big bang.
how her blood, bones, brain,
fed us into living form
and we grew up in that warm, salty
sea of womb,
tiny planetary cell, dancing fish,
salamander, bird-bat,
wild cat, ape-faced one,
human child, birthed in a deluge,
beloved one!

we come from mother, remember...
how we fell away from her,
into brambles,
made her a dump, a wasteland, a product
set fire to hair and robe,
at last we crucified her,
and left her to die
how her sorrow shook the earth,
her sobs became storms,
her fever raged and did not abate
she coughed blood and
the plagues came

we knew then, and all went silent

we come from mother. remember...
for she is not dead,
but still breathing, wilting, waiting
for us,
only to remember,
and take her hand, meet her gaze,
see again her magnificence
tend the wounds that are hers, and ours
we whimper, then weep,
softly touch her bark skin,
smell her heaven scent of grass
and flower blossom
bathe in her sun and soil and sea.

it is enough, our love.

we come from mother, remember...
rocking backward and
forward into time,
how at last, so very tired, we
searched, prayed, pleaded,
for rest, how we found her, our mother
strong as mountain, tender as birdsong
arms open to embrace us,
and we burrowed down into
her earthen belly, and she sang to us her
ancient lullaby,
carrying us through the starry night,

returning again into the
blood womb of existence



in betweens

Meg Smith

In the
in between
worlds
collide
atoms fizzle
like the tops of
freshly tapped
Coke
and their quiet
murmur
plays the sound
of creation
Here
in the
in between
language
dwindles
to the powerful
surges
of energetic
material
vitality
soaring through air
with the
velocity
of leaves ripped

from branches
in the thickest wind
nowhere to go
but everywhere to
be
What are
the
in betweens?
the quiet
spaces
the massive
corners
the deep
silences
filling
teeming
expanding
through
and
in
all that is
and
will ever
be
The in between
cannot be felt
or seen
through crude

clumsy
human
senses
but must be
acknowledged
viscerally
through the tiny
tendrils
of UV light
leaking
through
us
and around
us
every
second
they must be
recognized
by the heavy
carbon dioxide
particles
pushed forth
each
and every
second
brushing up against
all
the in betweens
and dancing
their intimate

tango
with fervor
and
grace
the in betweens
are here
in these
vulgar
clumsy
human words
clinging
to the pixels
like vines from a tree
swinging
closing the gaps between
words
between
thoughts
between
all
that
matter(s)



Check out our upcoming events, including our new Climate Cafe, Let's Talk Climate events, and more at livableclimate.org/events.

Welcome, Grace!

We welcomed our first employee ever in June! Grace Gibson-Snyder has joined us for the summer as Communications and Outreach Coordinator and is with us through early September. We are so thankful for her work and enthusiasm.

Grace is a 2021 graduate of Hellgate High School. Throughout high school, she led Hellgate's eco-club, initiated plastic-free campaigns, worked with the MCPS school



Winona and Grace at the Montana Families Climate Summit

district and Missoula Energy and Climate Team, and participated as a plaintiff in Held v. Montana, a lawsuit led by Our Children's Trust to defend Montana's youth's constitutional rights to a clean and healthful environment.

Montana Families Climate Action Summit

With Grace's help, and our partners Mountain Mamas and Moms Clean Air Force - Montana, we co-hosted our first Montana Families Climate Action Summit in June, featuring two online skills and informational trainings capped by an in-person afternoon workshop in Helena, MT. Our meetup in Helena was almost sublime—most of us hadn't attended something in-person with other activists for a very long time. We dug into "deep listening" with expert facilitator, Penélope Baquero, and then practiced our one-on-one skills for having

conversations across differences.

For five hours, we discussed, laughed, cried, and connected over our shared concerns about our changing climate and its impacts on Montana and our families. As we dispersed to our homes across the state, we left with a stronger community of parents and citizens who are dedicated to protecting our state and our families. One big takeaway, underscored by the isolation we experienced over the last year due to Covid, was that we very much need to come together to connect in community to build this movement and stay resilient in our work.

As a refreshing wrap-up to the day, MEIC hosted an ice-cream social in the late afternoon heat. We're thankful for everyone who made this event possible, and brought their whole selves to the day!



Summit organizing team (left to right): Michelle Uberuaga (Montana Field Manager, Moms Clean Air Force Montana), Becky Edwards (Executive Director, Mountain Mamas), Winona Bateman (Director, Families for a Livable Climate), and Penélope Baquero (Facilitator and FLC Supporter)

Summer 2021 Contributors

For over 20 years, **PENELOPE BAQUERO**, 47, has been involved in a variety of education organizations and initiatives 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, nomadic eco-activism, ecovillage leadership, performance art, women's initiatives, and working in formal and informal education, in the U.S., Latin America, and Indonesia. She co-founded Sundog Ecovillage in Montana, an intentional permaculture community that for 9 years served as a place for experiencing living and learning together.

SYDNEY BOLLINGER, 25, is a Charleston-based writer. She has an MS in Environmental Studies (Environmental Writing) from the University of Montana. Currently, she serves as an editor and the design director for The Changing Times. Read her work in *HASH Journal*, *This Present Former Glory*, *Dunes Review*, and other places. Find her online @sydboll.

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.

KIMBERLY BROWN, 27, is a clinical research associate living in Charleston, South Carolina. Finding ways to enjoy the outdoors has become even more important to her now that she works from home full-time. Most often, her adventures include bike riding through the beautiful marshland of the Lowcountry.

SCHYLER HABOWSKI, 29, is not the type to have her photos published in magazines but she is the type to adventure and find joy in nature. She grew up in metro Atlanta and now lives and works in Puebla, Mexico, with her husband and their dog.

KALEIGH INGRAM, 27, is a special education teacher residing in Georgia with two cats, Nubi and Sylvia. Kaleigh has a passion for accessibility and the outdoors, spending free time reading, hiking, or playing handheld gaming systems.

GEORGE LESICA, 38, learned to appreciate the outdoors at a young age while exploring the trails and lakes of the upper midwest with his family. He moved to Missoula in 2008 for graduate school and never left. These days he works as a software engineer for a research lab at the University of Montana and spends much of his free time in the mountains all over western Montana and northern Idaho.

SARAH LUNDQUIST, 26, is the Zero Waste Education Manager at Home ReSource. Originally from the Seattle area, Sarah moved to Missoula in 2018, receiving an M.S. in Environmental Studies from the University of Montana in the spring of 2020. She currently lives in Missoula with her partner, Josh, and dog, River. She is a self-described "zero waste geek" and loves working toward zero waste in both her professional and personal life!

VALERIE MANNEBACH, 26, works in advertising at a publishing house in New York and loves finding new spots around the city to read books.

E PELLEGRINO, 25, is an artist, writer, and geologist from the North East US, who takes inspiration from the environment, language, and, of course, rocks.

KATELYN SCHOLLE, 28, is an outdoor enthusiast, aspiring cook, animal lover, and school counselor in Missoula, Montana. She has been writing poetry since 5th grade and was finally convinced to take a risk by sharing a poem with *The Changing Times*. Katelyn draws inspiration from our natural world. The oceans, trees, mountains, canyons, it all leaves her breathless and wanting more. She wants to explore the ways we relate to these magical places, and how to advocate for their conservation.

CASSIE SEVIGNY is a writer, economist, and science communicator living in Missoula. She earned degrees in English (BA) and Economics (MA) from the University of Montana, along with a certificate from the UM Bridges graduate program. Her creative work includes drawings, photography, poetry, fiction, essays, and science blogs. She loves small encounters (and occasionally big ones) with plants, animals, and patterns in daily life, whether in her own home, neighborhood, or larger natural landscapes.

CALEB SIMPSON, 32, grew up in North Dakota, where opportunities for outdoor exploration were limited. However, once Caleb moved to Missoula, his appreciation grew. Now he enjoys hiking, fishing, and camping when he's not working on his local construction business.

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.

CALLIE STEPHENSON, 24, is an MA student and climber from Colorado. Her interest in studying literature revolves around ecocriticism and women writers of the American West. She can be found reading or sitting under a boulder with chalk on her hands, telling anyone who will listen that the time best spent is outside.

NAOMI THORNTON, 72, is interested in the relationship of children to the natural world. She started this focus in her work with the onset of the Pandemic. She is a grandparent and not knowing what her grandchildren will face, it may be her way of dealing with anxieties not only about the virus but also about climate change and the future of the planet. In her works, she envisions children comfortable, safe and immersed in their environments. They are connected physically and spiritually to the animals, plants, and landscapes. These are truly the hopes that she holds on to for all children around the world.

CAROL "KATE" WILBURN, 67, cherishes the wild Land, is keenly aware of legacy across generations. She's lived an amazing life terrain: engineering, homesteading, single parenting, permaculture design, teaching. Also a naturalist, she celebrates nuanced Life and its intense beauty. Her art & poetry offer vivid contrasts in words, strong shapes, light, dark. Passionate over current challenges, she illustrates & writes children's stories that imagine new possibilities for us. Her latest story weaves humans in community with keystone native plants, jeweled insects, & each other.

TAKE PART IN THE STORY

SUBSCRIBE

Subscribing to The Changing Times gives you an opportunity to support our work and receive a stunning magazine every season. We will soon be introducing a new tiered subscription model:

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Inspired to add to our Montana climate story? We have two options for writers and artists to share their experiences with climate change through writing, storytelling, poetry, photography, art, and more.

Submit Writing

We take submissions for each of our quarterly issues. Since we follow the seasons, we ask that all submissions be relevant to their season of publication.

We are currently taking submissions for our Fall 2021 issue from now until September 26.

Write a Column

Do you have an idea for a multi-issue column or story? We are looking for new writers to commit to a column for three issues (Fall 2021, Winter 2022, and Spring 2022). If you are interested in writing a column, we ask that you reach out to us and pitch your idea to the editors.

STAY IN TOUCH

Email: magazine@livableclimate.org
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