

ISSUE 1 | WINTER 2020

THE CHANGING TIMES

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



In working toward climate solutions, we see the value in building and fostering community-wide response. For us, this also means creating a space for art, thought, and discussion amongst one another. *The Changing Times* is our response to needing a space for people of all ages and backgrounds to share their climate stories, their love for this world around us, and ways for everyone to get involved in addressing climate change.

We hope you enjoy this inaugural issue.

**Rachel Kantor, Mica Kantor,
Sydney Bollinger and
Megan Thornton
Editors.**

**FROM
THE
EDITORS**

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**come gather 'round people
wherever you roam
and admit that the waters
around you have grown
and accept it that soon
YOU'LL BE DRENCHED TO THE BONE**

My Climate Story

Mica Kantor, Age 11

I am eleven years old, hopefully I have much longer to be left on this planet. I don't like to see my planet dying, so we need to save it from climate change. I first became involved in activism when I watched the film "Chasing Ice," which made me very upset. I dictated a letter to my parents and they mailed it to our state senator, Jon Tester.

This all happened at the age of three. Fires have become bigger and more frequent in Montana where I live. The fires affect me and other people in many ways. The smoke two years ago kept me inside for six weeks in August and September and when school started we had to have indoor recess for over three weeks.

This summer, a forest fire started one mile away from my house. We live in the woods, so I was very scared because of how close the fire was to our house. Our neighbors told us they could see smoke and that they had called 911. Soon helicopters flew over our house up to the fire to scout it out. I watched, wondering what would happen to us and our house. I packed a bag of important stuff just in case we had to evacuate. Later on, we went up to talk to the fire fighters to see what was happening. They had gotten the fire under control. Fires naturally happen where I live, but not as often or as intense as they have been recently. An increase in spring precipitation causes more under-growth and grass to grow, and when this is followed by a lack of rain in the summer and an increase in summer temperatures, the extra dried up under-growth can more easily be caught on fire.



My favorite animal is the Pika. They are facing extinction due to climate change and their numbers are declining quickly. They must live in a cool environment, so they keep moving to higher elevations on the mountains to escape the heat. Soon they won't be able to move farther up the mountain and they will have nowhere to go. I would hate to see them disappear. So that we don't have frequent fires and smoke, and an extinction of Pikas, we need to go to zero emissions by 2050 or sooner. That is why I have decided to take action against climate change. Every Friday morning I miss school so I can go to a meeting to organize and take action against climate change. I also try to not use plastic, drive less, eat local food, and use solar energy. I hope that people take climate change seriously and take action so I can have a future.



Interview with Mica

What is your favorite thing to do in nature?

Snowboarding

What is an interesting fact about you?

When I was ten I spent ten nights alone in a shelter that is built on the mountain behind my house. During this time I washed my clothes in the creek, ate plants from the woods and garden, and I ate eggs from my chickens, worms, and grasshoppers.

When did you become an activist?

When I was three.

Why did you decide to start taking action on the climate crisis?

I saw the film "Chasing Ice" when I was three. My parents wanted to see it and they thought that I would like the nature scenes, but I became upset when I saw how the Arctic was being affected by climate change.

What climate actions are you working on now?

I strike every Friday, I go to weekly meetings, write letters and I'm starting this newsletter.

Where is your favorite natural area to visit?

Escalante, UT

What are your hopes for the future?

I hope to become a chemist and that we use clean energy.

What are your fears?

That we will still use fossil fuels that directly contribute to the climate crisis and that we will all die.

Have you noticed any ecological changes in your life due to climate change?

More fires.

What is something that you have given up in the name of climate change and what is one change that you want to make, but have yet to do so?

I try not to use plastic, especially disposable plastic, and I hope we can switch to solar energy.

Who inspires you?

Greta

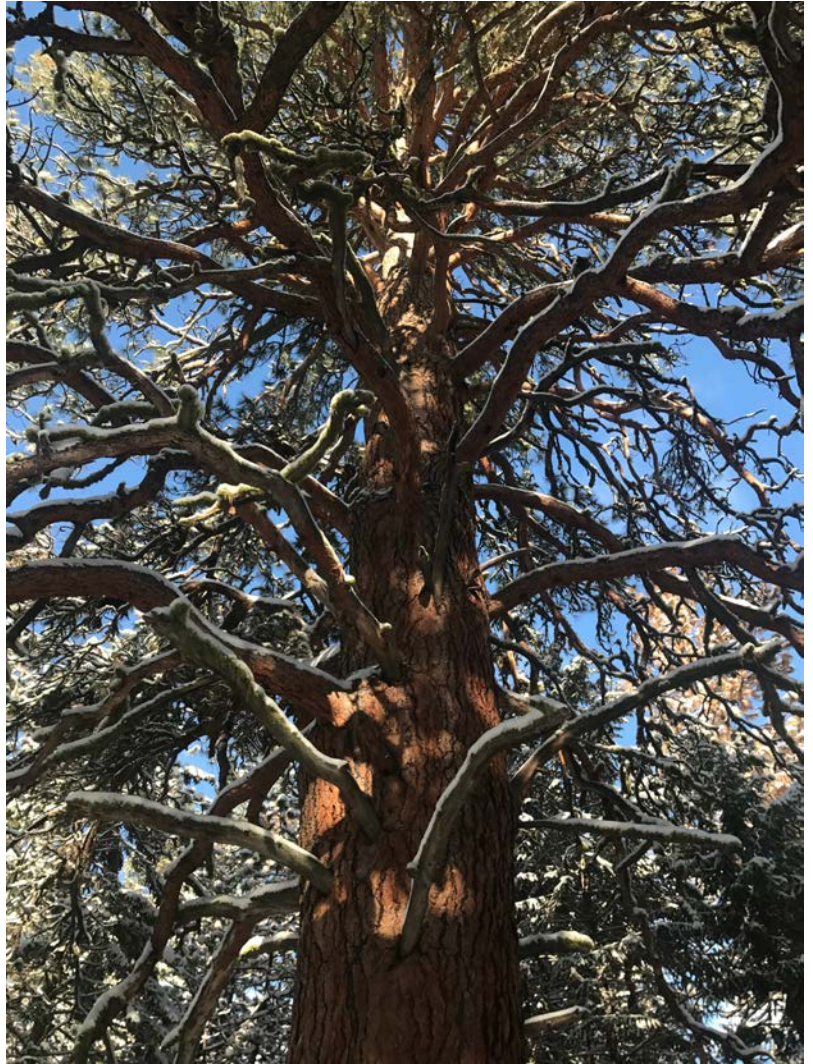
Would you rather have a flying carpet or a car that can drive underwater?

A flying carpet.

Ponderosa

Isaac K., Age 40-- Poetry

Some life secret may be found
in the open eyed wonder
of a young child's
upturned and rosy face
full of wind and movement
in branches of the 700 year old
pine patiently sifting another winter wind
warm in his gaze.



Winter Waxwings

Isaac K.-- Poetry

The flock pulses,
cascades
then suddenly
dives and divides
two living tears
running
down a cold gray face.

why should we tell stories about climate change?

The climate crisis asks us to connect to one another using empathy and compassion. When we tell stories, we are able to share our experiences, lean on each other, and learn how to get through this time in human history together.

Stories, whether told in a novel, poem, painting, or sculpture, have always been part of the human experience. Learning to share your story will forever be one of the best ways to engage in activism and learn how to make the large-scale change we need to once again live in harmony with Earth.

A One-Sided Love Affair

Kalle Fox, Age 24

Ísafjörður, Iceland, February 2017: Sea-green streams of soft light undulate across the sky. They dance with grace but not with structure or intent. I feel my eyes straining, trying to absorb every particle of its glory. There's little background noise—only the occasional car driving by below the hill I'm on. There's no need for me to listen to music or to smoke a cigarette to make the moment better. About thirty minutes pass before I turn around and walk back to my host family's house. Just when I think I've absorbed all I can of this celestial performance, another jet stream of green shoots across the sky for an encore, and I'm captivated all over again. Finally, after several more minutes, I force myself to look away and walk back to my house, convinced I will never see something more beautiful in my lifetime—a notion that worries me.

The passage of time and ascension to adulthood hasn't been marked by traditional, tangible milestones; submissions and presentations of my anthropology research papers, finishing my 9-year career as a student-athlete, my college graduation, and first few post-graduate job acceptances didn't incense a feeling of accomplishment that could sustain my confidence to navigate adulthood. Instead, the memories I hold that represent a timeline for what I've done and where I've been is primarily a visual series.

Iceland, Winter-Spring 2017: Flat-topped mountains tightly surrounding the 2,700-person town I spent most of the semester in; the pink shade that would hit those mountains when the sun rose and set on cloudless days; the steam from geothermal entities contradicting the snow-covered landscape in the distance; the stark combination of the snowy white terrain with the clear blue sky when I went on my first hike, with the exception of one low-lying cloud; the bright green moss and lichen sprawled across rocks on the trail towards a geothermal river.

It's been close to three years since my academic semester abroad in Iceland. While I wouldn't describe the experience as something as cliché as "life-changing," I would give it a more apt title of "life-renewing". It was here that I found a niche in applying my anthropology studies into a passion for the environment and the outdoors. Since then, my decisions have led me to pursue opportunities related to the environmental field as well as make personal changes in my diet and financial purchases: I started hiking in the Adirondack Mountains in upstate New York the summer before my senior year; interned for my college's Office of Sustainability; and spent my summer after graduation working on a trail crew in Vermont.

Front-and-backcountry Vermont, Summer 2018: A gorgeous sunset at the top of Spruce Mountain after a cloudy, rainy day; a night sky that featured the Milky Way.



in college. The transition from undergrad to post-grad has been an oscillation between temporary comfort and passive dread when figuring out the next phase of my life. Even when I got the opportunity to travel to Wyoming, Utah and Idaho for a week, I still felt weighed down by the inherent need to

Now, after spending six months serving for a low-income home energy department through AmeriCorps, I find myself in Montana, the only place I've known that could give even Iceland a run for its money. The mountains are taller and more jagged, the winters more brutal, the people more... curious.

Butte, Montana, Winter 2019: There is a view of a mountain range on my house's balcony; As the sun sets on a clear day, a pink glow appears on their face; a sight I haven't seen since going abroad; on a hike outside the town, the sky was a shade of blue I think I've never seen before; late sunrises in the winter provided a beautiful drive to work in the morning.

And yet, I haven't felt the same contentment being in a beautiful place that I had in Iceland. The familiar shade of pink hitting the mountains during sunrises and sunsets couldn't distract me from the greatest loneliness I've felt since I was a freshman in

soak up as much of the sights as my mind could muster—to feel a sense of happiness, fulfillment, something that came naturally that I experienced for the first time two years ago in Iceland. That's the challenge of traveling and tourism: trying to find a sense of those things in only a few days' time, especially when it's been a struggle to find them in an established day-to-day routine.

A week-long road trip down the continental US, May 2019: The steam rolling off the white rock in Mammoth Hot Springs in Yellowstone National Park; the peculiar isolation of the Fossil Butte National Monument in Wyoming; the burnt orange topography of Utah; the eerie post-rain fog simultaneously hiding and revealing the tall pillars of Kolob Canyon as we hiked below them in Zion National Park; the starry, starry sky at 3 am at Bryce Canyon.

Looking back on my semester abroad, I realize now that it wasn't just the physical allure of the Arctic island that made it the best .

three months of my life. Unbeknownst to me at that time, my abroad experience would be the last period where I would feel true contentment with my existence in this world. There was no pressure, internal or external, to have a purpose, a set of goals, a career, or anything that involved a clear cut path and detailed plan to follow it. Hiking became a particular point of interest for me, for walking on a trail, either through an easygoing nature reserve or a steep climb up a mountain, offers a comfort of having a physical path carved out for me to follow. It's been especially therapeutic at a time when I'm tasked with carving out my own path using only the knowledge and skills acquired in my undergraduate career, as well as maintaining a set of goals and taking the steps to achieve them without being led astray by doubts and distractions.

"Unbeknownst to me at that time, my abroad experience would be the last period where I would feel true contentment with my existence in this world."

Firebrand Pass, Glacier National Park; July 2019: As we traverse the trail, meadows with wildflowers and light green verdure turn to a brief forest turn to a sweeping view of ice and rock. The wind grows stronger as we turn the corner that reveals a bowl-shaped valley. The trail leads us to a gradual ascension of the valley, including a frustrating series of switchbacks and a precarious scramble across hard snow/ice. We spent very little time at the top, as the winds were close to blowing us off balance. As we walked back, my hiking partner several feet ahead of me, I once again saw the grand scale of the valley we were in. It's here that I feel a rush of joy I haven't felt since moving to the continental

West. Perhaps it was because we were the only two on the trail at the time, and weren't distracted by sounds of others folks that had filled the roads and trails on our first day in the main section of the park. It feels as natural as the joy I first felt two years ago, when I ventured out alone for a walk in Iceland.

Frustratingly though, my aspirations and relationships have been as ephemeral and unpredictable as the Northern Lights I first saw in the Arctic. Friends, lovers, hobbies and jobs have all come and gone at different rates, and the fleeting fashion of them has led to skepticism about finding success in stability and social groups. As a millennial woman with built-in white and class privilege, the only struggles I must overcome are entirely self-inflicted. The desire to forget my existential worries and find a means to give back to a community is met with ongoing doubt of my social capital and ability to commit to one cause for a long period of time. As a result, I repress such worries by trying to enjoy the present moment—specifically in the outdoors—where I can be



distracted by sweeping landscapes, bright colors, and multiple layers of life. My particular adoration of mountains comes from seeing large-scale physical evidence of things that are older, bigger, and more inspiring than myself. It's an ego-check, and a reminder of my own insignificance in this world. And unlike the Aurora Borealis, they are much more sturdy and reliable in their placement. The certainty of their presence is as comforting as a trail guiding me from a parking lot to a rocky summit.

Missoula, Montana, Fall-to-Winter 2019: Autumn is a beautiful surprise here, especially on a clear, sunny day; the crisp chill in the air is familiar and comforting, as is the slow undressing of the trees as seasons begin transitioning from one to the other; pieces of ice float down the Clark Fork river after an early arrival of temporary freezing temperatures; fog and low-lying clouds surround the nearby mountains in the morning, sunlight shining through the cracks in the grey sky; these moments are remedies for the fear and uncertainty of my path—and even make such vague times worth enduring.

The natural world is the most patient companion I've known. She has alleviated me of my loneliest moments this past year. Not only that, her silent presence has made me revel in being alone, forgetting the isolation I've felt since moving across the country, the

farthest I've been from friends and family since Iceland. She has existed since the dawn of time and will continue to exist until the sun burns out, and thus, is not bothered by my lack of resources and ability to make long-term decisions. She is not filled with regrets or existential dread, nor does she make decisions based on her friends and family's location. She doesn't need second opinions or assurances, letters of recommendation, references for housing applications, or any other immediate duties to be tended to by the average twenty-something-year-old. Her timelessness and my lack thereof makes our relationship one-sided; it shows whenever I travel for a short while and demand myself to enjoy her bounty, as if I'll never get another chance, and if I don't appreciate her in the moment, then I have wasted those sacred minutes with her. Still, she doesn't demand anything from me, or from anyone for that matter—she was never here for us. She is whatever we perceive her as when we take a moment to observe: wild and unkempt like the wind or a forest fire; beautiful and delicate like a hummingbird or wildflower; or grounded and dominating like a series of mountain ranges. Our understanding of her constantly changes to suit our needs, harmful or harmless as they may be, but she sees us all the same. We're particles of dust on her glorious body as she exists on her own whim. I envy her ability to just exist—unbothered, unburdened, and unabashed.

6 Reasons Montanans Oppose the Keystone XL Pipeline

SIGN THE PETITION TO OPPOSE KEYSTONE XL:
LIVABLECLIMATE.ORG/KEYSTONE-XL

1. CLIMATE CHANGE

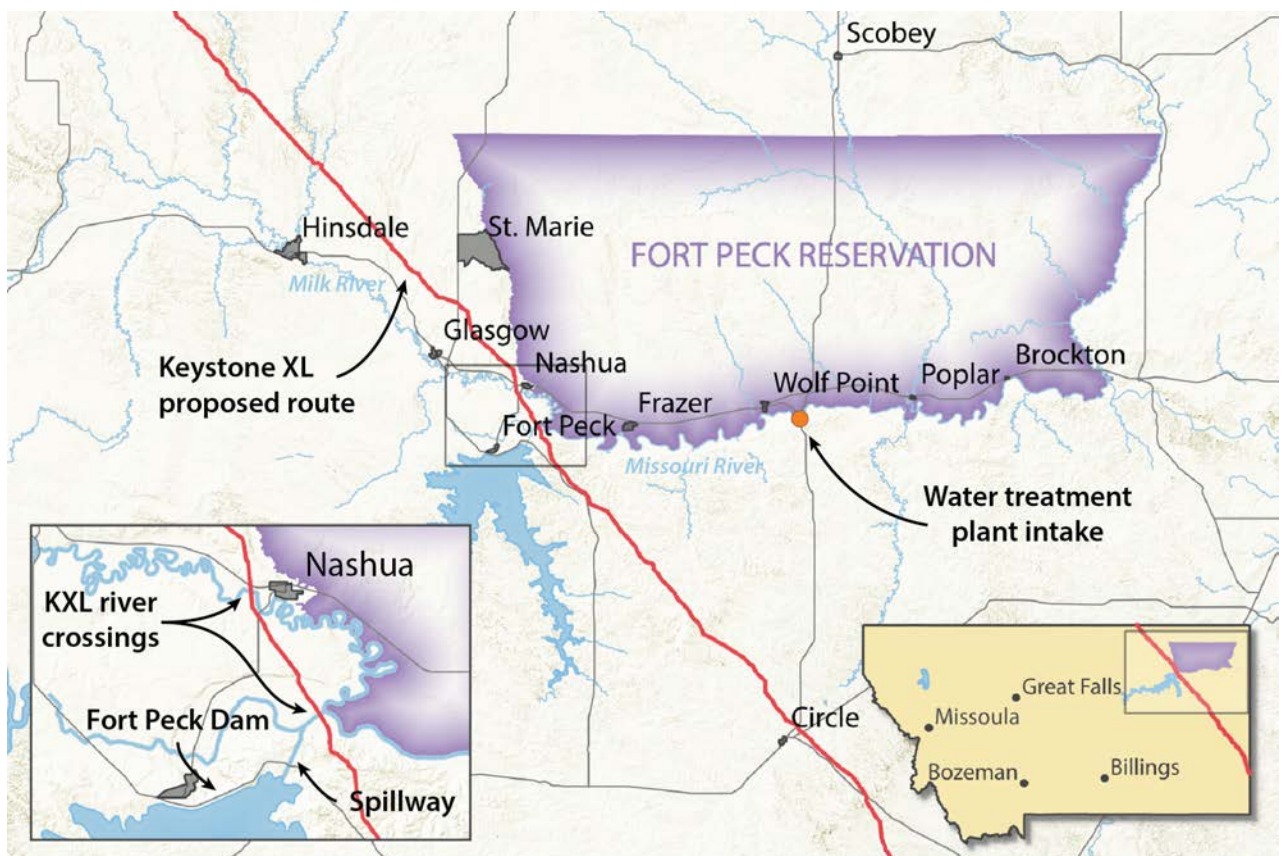
This is not the time to be building new fossil fuel infrastructure. According to a consensus of world scientists, humanity must reduce global warming emissions by nearly 50% by 2030 and 100% by 2050 to avoid catastrophic impacts from climate change. Keystone will accelerate already dangerous emissions levels. Montana is a hotspot in the climate crisis, warming at a faster rate than that predicted globally. Farmers and ranchers in Montana are already facing weather extremes due to climate change. The emissions from Keystone will make matters worse. Montana should lead the world in ending fossil fuel dependence.

2. CLEAN WATER

The proposed pipeline would make 1,000 water crossings from start to finish across the U.S. The Keystone XL pipeline route in northeastern Montana directly threatens the drinking water of those who live on the Fort Peck Reservation—which has only recently been remediated after decades of unregulated oil and gas ventures. Water sources for irrigation, and watersheds along the pipeline route, would be vulnerable to a spill. As demonstrated by the recent pipeline leak in North Dakota, Keystone XL presents not a potential threat, but a guaranteed liability to Montana families and economy.

3. JOBS AND ECONOMY

The ability of all Montanans to earn a livelihood, and support their families, is of the utmost importance, and so is a livable climate. A managed transition to a zero-emissions economy that protects oil, gas and coal workers and their families and communities is possible, as showcased by several states and countries that are already taking action. It will take work, innovation, and collaboration, but it can, and must, be done. The Green New Deal resolution is a great resource to begin tackling this herculean task. For example, Montana has vast untapped solar and wind potential that would bring jobs and revenue into rural communities, if only the political will were there.



4. MAN CAMPS

Sociological studies document correlations between “man camps” alongside oil and gas infrastructure with increased sexual violence, as well as an influx of drugs and alcohol. Members of the Fort Peck Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes vehemently oppose the Pipeline for this reason, alongside the threat to their water, and to all ecosystems and communities impacted by the Tar Sands project.

5. FIRE SEASON

In the West, the fire season is already 100 days longer than it was in the 1970s. Keystone XL, and other new fossil fuel projects, will contribute to worsening fire seasons, and the public health problems associated with smoke inhalation.

6. CHILDREN

Tax revenue from the pipeline may benefit schools for a few years, but it will cost children their future. Besides, do we want our children benefitting at the expense of other children growing up surrounded by pollution from the tar sands project around Alberta, Canada?



Adventures in Foraging:

Pine Needle Tea

Native Americans drank and used pine needle tea for medicinal purposes and introduced European settlers to it as a way to combat scurvy. High in antioxidants and vitamins A and C, pine needle tea is used as an expectorant, decongestant, immune system booster, diuretic, and as an antiseptic wash. Before harvesting, correctly identify the species of tree as a few look-alikes are poisonous, such as the yew and some cyprus species, as well as norfolk pine, while some trees are said to cause miscarriage in high doses, such as ponderosa pine and lodgepole pine. If pregnant, or planning on becoming pregnant, it's probably best to abstain from drinking pine needle tea. Each species of tree imparts a different flavor, so experiment to find your preferred variety. Douglas fir, western white pine, and spruce trees are all popular choices.

Instructions:

- Gather and rinse the needles.
- Bring 3 cups of water to a simmer.
- Remove from heat (boiling pine needles causes a release in terpenes, the compound released when a plant is threatened, which causes the tea to have a more bitter flavor).
- Add half of a cup of fresh needles to the hot water (increase the amount for a stronger tea).
- Steep for 20 min., or until the pine needles sink to the bottom of the pot.
- Strain the needles.
- If desired, add honey, cinnamon, peppermint, or a bit of lemon, drink and enjoy!

When harvesting, keep in mind that the older needles have a higher concentration of vitamin C, but impart a more bitter taste, while the younger needles make for a sweeter, more pleasant tea. Younger needles are softer, brighter green in color, and are found at the tips of the branches. Older needles are found farther back on the branch, are stiffer to the touch, and darker green in color.



I am a Tree in the Woods

LN (Age 3) -- Poetry

I am a small tree in the woods.
I see a buck, walking around, eating food.
I feel the cold wind blowing on me.
I hear people cutting down the other
trees.
I am a small tree in the woods.

Pine Trees

Mayana Kantor (Age 12) -- Poetry

Limbs weighed down with snow,
Sharp sent of sap in the air.
Prickly and green.



Megan Thornton, Age 35

Clancy Jane Jones, East Helena, (Age 20)-- Poetry

I attempt to write about the sea,
But each time the waves take me under,
I try to let go and just be,
But my bones shake from the thunder

Mayana Kantor (Age 12)--
Poetry

The winter
winds howl like
a mad whisper
in your ear or
the pounding of
the sea.



Ellie Grogan-Macartney, Butte, Age 7



to my darling girls

Alysha Goheen Jannotta, Age 40
daughters Sylvie (10) and Gigi (7)

I can't even tell you how much you have changed my life for the better. I feel like before you were born, I almost exclusively thought of myself. What I wanted. What I didn't want. I was asleep in a drama of my own self-obsession. But something about growing and feeding you with my own body. Those nights spent holding, walking, rocking - broke something open in me. A great love for not just you - but a greater care for others, a greater appreciation for beauty, and so much more tenderness around my hopes for the future

In addition to being endlessly thankful for having your bright light in the world, I am immensely grateful to have grown up in the woods. To know in my body the sound of the wind, the smell of the pines, and the comfort of dirt on my skin. To know the peace of being just one small part of an infinite, integrated natural world.

And now it is so evident that through our greed and unawareness that your future, the future of the children everywhere, as well as the natural world is in peril. For a very long time this was happening before I allowed myself to feel it. It is a deep heartbreak - so deep and dark that it aches through my limbs.

And yet I know that letting myself feel into this heartbreak is an important step. It is from this further opening, this letting myself break open that I can find my clarity, my efficacy, my way into what little me can do in this most important time. I can be brave enough to wake up. I can notice my actions - those which help heal and connect and move forward the needed change and notice as well those which come from selfishness, laziness, my desire to consume and distract.

I can start small - riding my bike whenever possible. I can think carefully and slowly about what I consume. I can have deep and real conversations with those I love. I can find the beauty in all that surrounds me. I can find my way towards collective action and advocacy. I can help coalesce; help lead. I can move beyond my own limitations. Because for you, my darling girls, I would do anything. For you my beautiful woods, for all people and animals and amazing ecosystems, this is my call to dare to grow beyond myself.

Roundhouse

Shawnee Thornton Hardy -- Poetry

Yearning for simpler times
When there was no time
When time stood still
And in place of the
Ramblings of the mind
The racing thoughts
Was the silent sound
Of the earth
Between our toes
Grass stains on our clothes
Slow motion
When the moon rose
And the wolves howled
Through the night
And the great bears
Wrapped their cubs
In their arms so tight
Protected from harm
And the warm sun rose
Each morning
Bringing a new day

And all that was left to do
Was play
In forts built from sticks
And castles of hay
When our world was filled
With simpler things
Like sock monkeys
And boxes of strings
To go back to that time
In our little round house
Built from carved logs
And a dirt floor
Rustling Aspens outside our door
The majestic wood stove
Cozy & warm
Together in one place
Protected from harm
Wanting for nothing
Nothing more



Roundhouse, near Marion, MT

Snowshoe Hares and a Changing Climate

Mica Kantor (Age 11)



Snowshoe hares are found in the northern areas of North America and most of Canada, preferring to live in forests with northern tree species, such as pine, larch, and aspen. In the wild, snowshoe hare's fur changes color from brown in the summer to white in the winter. This color change is a result of a genetic variation that occurs on a single gene and is triggered by the amount of daylight, not by the temperature or amount of snow on the ground. This seasonal color change is very important for a snowshoe hare's survival, as it allows them to blend in with the environment and hide from their predators, such as lynx, coyotes, mountain lions, bobcats, fishers, martin, long-tailed weasels, mink, owls, hawks and eagles. Snowshoe hares are different from most small mammals because they do not use burrows, instead they rely on camouflage for safety, especially for their young who are unable to outrun predators.

Due to climate change, the number of days per year with snow is becoming shorter in Montana and in other areas where snowshoe hares live, which is a concern for the long-term survival of the species. At the moment, the hare population in Montana is not declining, but Dr. L. Scott Mills, Associate Vice President of Research for Global Change and Sustainability at the University of Montana, said, "If climate change continues and nothing is done, then we feel that more of these white light bulbs popping around on the ground and more miss-matched, it will kill them and then we will see a population decline." Dr. Mills says that now, compared to twenty years ago, there are five to ten days of less snow per year, and that in about thirty years, there will be twenty-five fewer days of snow per year.

Some snowshoe hares don't change color in the winter, or change very little. This is due to hybridization with black-tailed jack rabbits. Dr. Mills said that the hares that do not change color live in the more southern and coastal areas. Dr. Mills said that the hares that stay brown in the winter will become more common, especially in the coastal and lower regions of their territory. This is because the non-color changing hares will be able to survive in greater numbers during the winter because their brown fur will blend into the browns of the increasingly snowless winters, reducing their risk of predation and allowing them to pass on their genes in greater numbers. The hares whose fur turns white in the winter will become the disadvantaged ones because they can no longer rely on camouflage for their safety, their white coloring standing out on the brown background and increasing their risk of predation and lowering their numbers.

The small populations of non-coloring changing snowshoe hares are providing the hope that if climate change is allowed to continue, then the snowshoe hare species will continue to exist and be able to adapt to a less snowy world.



Get Creative with Homemade Play-Dough

Ingredients:

3 cups flour
3 cups water
1 1/2 cups salt
6 tablespoons cooking oil
6 tablespoons cream of tartar
food coloring

Instructions:

1. In a pot, heat the water and oil until near boiling.
2. Add coloring.
3. Add cream of tatar, salt, and flour.
4. Over low heat, stir until the dough starts to firm up and is beginning to form a big ball.
5. Dump the play dough onto a heat resistant surface and allow to cool before kneading.

Tips

If a softer dough is desired, remove from the heat before the dough forms a firm clump, at the stage when its clumping up, but still sticky. As the dough is kneaded, it will firm up. Add a small amount of flour if it remains too sticky after kneading.

To add another element of fun, use essential oils or spices, such as cinnamon or cloves, to scent the dough. Instead of using food coloring, experiment with different cooking spices, such as turmeric or cayenne, coffee, cocoa powder, or using the left over water from cooking cabbage, beets, or berries. Turn it into a science experiment and see what happens when vinegar is added to the cabbage water before dyeing. Dried flowers or herbs can also be added.

Play dough is wonderfully versatile, so have fun, explore, and don't be afraid to experiment.

I Am From

Dottie Herring (Age 6) -- Poetry

I am from my cabin,
from cold rooms and the outside.
I am from the smell of cold, the cold smell of Rock Creek.
I am from bird calls,
the caw caw of a crow.
I am from hiking and ice fishing,
from Lucy, Mama and Papa.
I am from cleaning the rental and taking care of the dishes,
from singing and dancing.
I'm from Beavertail Pond and Rock Creek,
from eating deer, rabbit, elk, and huckleberries.
I am from fishing at the river with Papa when I was little,
being in the baby carrier,
and feeling happy.

I Am

LT (Age 5) -- Poetry

I am the boy who is great at puzzles,
I wonder about wasp nests and why the sky is grey,
I hear the wind and blue jays,
I see white snow,
I pretend that cars are birds,
I feel happy when I am having fun in the snow,
I touch hard trees,
I worry about the night,
I cry when I want one more hug from my mom,
I know all about the ocean,
I dream about dinosaurs,
I try really hard on my dinosaur puzzle,
I hope summer comes so that I can smell the flowers,
I am the boy who is great at puzzles.



This Holy Mess

Kristy Johnson

Kristy Johnson is a licensed therapist and Living Inquiries facilitator who helps people work with climate anxiety, grief, and despair. Check her website out at kristyjohnsson.com, or contact her at counseling@kristyjohnsson.com

Climate change. They march the articles out across our newsfeeds: pictures of the Statue of Liberty submerged in water up to her chest, horrifying headlines reading "Are humans going extinct?", images of forests on fire. When I'm in a certain emotional space around this topic, I'll sometimes walk outside and sit in the tall seeding grass, beside the conifers, willows, and aspen. I just sit there, feeling my body pulsing under me, the subtle river of sensations cascading through me, my attention hanging close to my breath, and to the movement of the brush around me. I feel suspended in time, this precious moment. The teeming world around me feels alive, mysterious, other-worldly. It hits me that we used to see trees as people, that some cultures still do, and I feel why. I sense a subtle beingness in those trees, and then think about how old colleagues in the sciences would have had a coronary over that statement. I used to not be able to stay this still; the pain inside me was like a never-ending torrent overwhelming and drowning me. These days it's different. I settle more easily, these barely

perceptible undercurrents of life around me more noticeable as I do. I feel a quiet begging inside, too. 'Please. Where do I belong in this? Is this what it will come to? After everything, is this how it unfolds?

I'm scared, but I'll do it. What do you want me to do?' I start to cry, my core heaving, noticing the sensations in my body as I feel a gentle insight (or a response?) that I don't need to do anything. I'm okay, sitting here, right now. Ah, the sweet spot. Every time I meet these feelings of desperation and fear, and yet still honor and witness the protest in me, the thrashing and chaotic thoughts, without losing contact with where I am, something magical happens: My embodiment of the dying culture that got us here becomes palpable. Those thoughts and beliefs, and the pain that tends to be associated with them, pop out in my awareness and I can see our culture manifest in my body-mind. I don't fight any of it. I don't berate it for killing our world, countless people, our bodies and souls. I see it play out, and in the space of seeing it there's room for new life: I realize that I don't have to do anything to save this planet, or other people, or even myself. Nor do I have to do anything to be good or enough. And then something even more beautiful happens effortlessly and naturally: I find that feeling my good enoughness - including my pain and struggling - transmutes into motivation to step out into this holy mess anyway. Because I'm grateful to be alive. Because I'm in love with this wild planet.

Where I Live

Mica Kantor (Age 11) -- Poetry

I live in a house
in
the woods with carrots, kale,
bears and raccoons
I live in a house
with sledding hills
I
live in
a house with
skiers
I live in a house
with sheep,
chickens
and cockroaches
and a naughty
little puppy
I live by a calm
creek and
beautiful
mountains



Winter Haikus

Rachel (Age 39) -- Poetry

Tracks left in the snow,
Old marks betraying secrets
Of those gone before.

White on white unseen.
Only the tracks left behind.
Silent observer.

A WINTER MEAL

LENTIL SOUP

Simple, local, seasonal!

5 TBL Olive Oil or Butter

2 Cups Each: Local Onion, Carrot, Potatoes

1 cup Timeless Lentils (orange or brown)

1 can (6 oz) tomato paste

8 cups veggie scrap broth (*simmer carrot peels, onion tops, a few garlic cloves, other scraps for 30 minutes, add salt*)

Dried herbs, salt, and pepper to taste



Heat oil or butter in pan. Cook veggies until soft with a sprinkle of salt. Add tomato paste and sauté a few minutes. Add lentils and broth, bring to a boil, and cook 30 minutes or until soft. Add seasonings to taste.

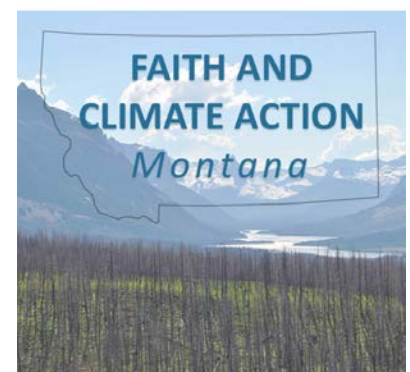
BAGUETTE

Dissolve 1 tsp yeast in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water. Wait 10 minutes. Add 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 cups flour, 2 tsp salt and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water. Mix, then knead 5 to 10 minutes until springy and uniform. Let rise in covered bowl 1 hour. Punch down, divide into 3 or 4 parts, and shape each into a loaf form. Let rise again until doubled in size. Optional: Mix 1 egg and 1 TBL each milk and water and brush over loaves. Bake at 415 F for 15 minutes. Put a pan with 2 cups water in oven, close oven, bring temp down to 400, and cook 10 minutes more.



GET INVOLVED!

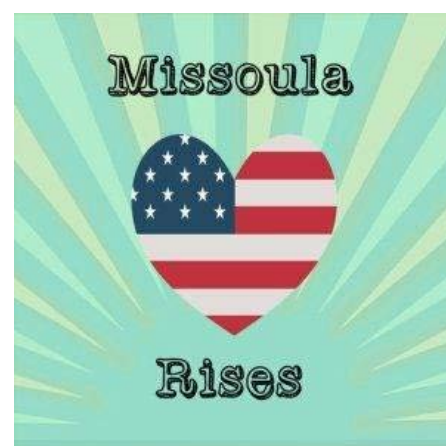
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