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Editor's Letter



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Something Out of Nothing

ITIGHTENED MY grip on the steering wheel and shifted my weight as I rolled my neck counterclockwise before being rewarded with the multiple “craaaack, craaaack, craaaack!” sounds I’d been hoping for. Shrugging my shoulders and shifting in my seat, I scanned the horizon, with my eyes darting from the asphalt directly in front of me to the furthest stretches down the road that I could take in. “There’s a whole lot of nothing out here,” I muttered to myself as my foot pressed harder on the accelerator and the car picked up speed, zooming down I-90.

I was on an impromptu road trip to South Dakota at the end of July, and as I made my way across eastern Montana and dipped down into Wyoming, I was taken aback by the stark surroundings. I’d made the trip several times over the years, but always from the passenger seat, as a child on family vacations. Behind the wheel this time, I was more observant of my surroundings, and as I tooted through Montana and Wyoming, I thought about how little there was out here. “Yick!” I thought. “Who would want to live here?”

As the road stretched on and my eyes became accustomed to the lack of civilization, I started to notice what I had been failing to see. The vast expanse of land soared to heights and then dove into ravines; the incredible colors of the earth swirled together in browns and purples, creating a beautiful painting before my eyes. Several small towns whipped by outside my window, and I saw a lone combine rolling across farmland; a hardworking farmer out alone on a

Sunday morning. I saw a house nestled in a grove of trees, clothes drying on the line out back.

What started out looking like “a whole lot of nothing” turned into something. It was something of beauty, something that mattered to someone else, something that made me want to know the story of the people and the places I drove past. That’s the thing with life; often, just when we think there’s “a whole lot of nothing,” upon closer observation we see there’s something great.

I sometimes feel that way when I sit down to plan out each issue of the magazine. I am often overwhelmed with concern that there may be nothing left to write about. I’ve covered so many houses and written so many history stories, I look at the blank layout log for the magazine and think, “I’ve got a whole lot of nothing for the next issue.”

Inevitably, I get out and about in our great city and realize that there are people, places and events in our community that showcase how beautiful it is to live here. Suddenly, where I saw nothing before, I have lots of “somethings” to write about.

I appreciate our writers who dig past the initial thought of nothing, and gather information to bring you stories that showcase our regions’ “somethings.”

Sarah Hauge found a house that deserved our attention in Liberty Lake, and writes about in on page 106. Just when it seems like there couldn’t be anything new going on in town, the local arts organizations began unveiling their fall lineups. Check out some of the exciting performances coming to our community this fall in the Fall Arts Preview, on page 98. Kevin Finch, our food expert, discovered there are a lot of great somethings not far from here, in the Wenatchee Valley. He shares his discoveries on page 154.

I hope you have the chance to enjoy this issue, with the articles showcasing our great community in a new light. May you come to realize, just like the towns I drove through that turned out to be full of stories, so too is our great city. May you also discover, as I did, that sometimes nothing turns out to be a whole lot of something.

Blythe