

The mountains will always be there; the trick is to make sure you are, too. —Hervey Voge

# The Yodel

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## Discovering Pilchuck: An Amazing Life

by Marina B. (aka Ms. Pilchuck)

Trivia for mountaineers: circle the non-mountaineering words in this story.

“I get to wake up to an amazing life!” – where did that thought come from?

It was a dark, cold, wintery day... but the experience was anything *but* dark and cold; however it *was* wintery! The morning of February 5<sup>th</sup> started out unlike any I had experienced before, with a one hour and forty-five minute ride to Granite Falls. We could tell the sun wanted to come out, but, alas, it had not appeared by the time we arrived, so we were prepared for any kind of weather. The small group of us met up to begin our adventure. The group included one of the world’s cutest couples – Dave and Scott. Well, Ru and Ben were there, too! ;^)

This being my first hike involving snow, and since really other than Mt Si at New Years I’d only hiked Tiger mountain, I was nervous setting out on this trip. I tried to quiet my thoughts of “Am I going to be able to keep up with these folks? What if I can’t make it?” and focus on the beauty of the surroundings.

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### ONE STEP AT A TIME (OSAT) MISSION:

*To provide a clean and sober environment for members and friends of 12-step recovery groups, to participate in outdoor and social events in the spirit of conservation, preservation, and ecology.*



Ru (aka Mrs. Ben), the author, and Scott take a breather on the treacherous slopes

And the surroundings were beautiful! I can still remember the scenes coming into view as we progressed, and reaching the start of the snow, which was eventually up to our knees. I was impressed by the other group members knowledge of the trail, taking turns “kicking steps” (I think that’s what it was called?), and making only one wrong turn. The re-direction was a beautiful thing to see how the guys kindly questioned the route and stopped to arrive at a consensus as to how to get back on the right track.

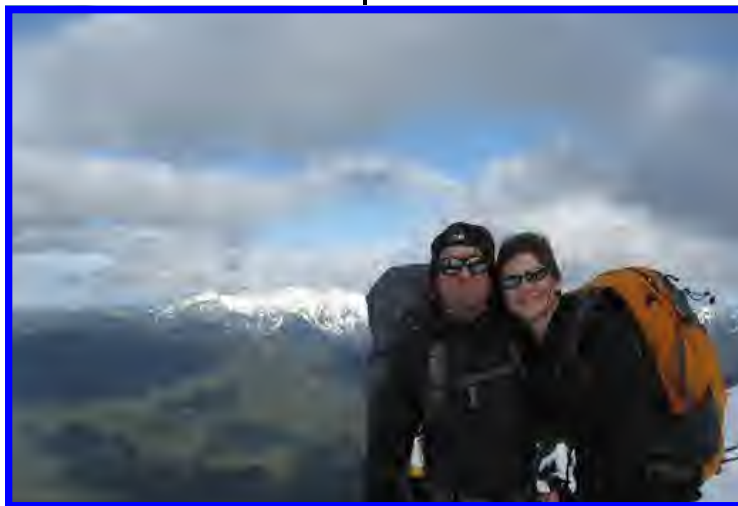
Along the way I was being educated about all things mountaineering, such as putting on gaiters for the first time, carrying crampons, the usefulness of ziplock bags, squirrels die badly, and how to properly use terms such as “traversing” and “glissading”. What I learned on the hike is that technically “glissading” is when you *plan* on sliding down; it does not technically apply to the numerous times a few of us landed on our butts and slid, no matter how graceful we were! I didn’t have too much trouble with the switch-backy sections, however there were a couple of sections of the hike that were quite steepy. As we neared the top (which I didn’t realize we were near) I began to get pretty winded and to slow the group down. Scott diagnosed me as needing a ‘shot block’ a little gel of goodness that gave a boost of energy to carry me up the rest of the way. Just as we neared the top, the sun blessed us with its presence. The view from the top was worth every step it had taken to reach.

We spent a little time inside the fire look-out thingy where we changed into warmer clothes and had snacks. A couple of us were even treated

to a palm reading, about which I will respect the anonymity of group members, but I will alert you that at least one of us is predicted to go mental one day, and another is projected to go senile.

The way back down the mountain was pure delight. I’m telling you I could’ve stayed up on that mountain a few more hours. With the sun out, it was actually warm, and the vast areas of snow were just asking for a snowman to be built (a goal I have for the future - build a snow man on Mt. Pilchuck). Also, with the presence of the sun, we were more able to enjoy the full beauty of the views of Three Fingers and other mountain ranges. Scott impressed us with his glissading abilities and really hit some long slides!

Ru and I impressed each other with our glissading abilities (we meant to do that, right?). We had many laughs and decided we should market the phrase “It’s easier when the rocks are dry” and get it printed on T-shirts (okay, had to put a couple inside jokes in here). Those of you who have hiked Pilchuck may also be familiar with the “Log of Doom,”



*Ben and Ru, world’s second cutest couple*

a fairly big log you get to figure out how to climb over or under. In honor of the Olympics, each person was scored for their approach and execution of climbing over the log. Extra points were awarded for level of difficulty, technical merit, and artistic expression. And the winner was...Ru! Dave came in last with the most solid, safe climb over, completely lacking any flourish.

I feel like I could put so many smiley faces in this story. It was an adventure that meant more to me than I can put into words. It represented a day of being fully engaged in life, a reference point beside which any day I thought was good prior to sobriety absolutely pales in comparison. It explains where my thought came from, “I get to wake up to this amazing life.” §

## Rainier: Doing the Footwork w/ Help from Friends

by Doug L.

At 14,411 feet Mount Rainier, or Tahoma, as it was traditionally called, is a large, active stratovolcano (also known as a composite volcano) that towers over the Cascade Range as the most topographically prominent mountain in the Cascade Volcanic Arc and contiguous United States.

Climbing Mount Rainer is the final and crowning achievement of the Glacier Climbing Course offered by OSAT. As a student, I have already experienced some grueling challenges in physical conditioning, and the absolute humility of my frailty on the face of a volcano. By the grace of a higher

power I choose to call God, I made the summit and skied down Mount Saint Helens, and Mount Baker. I have pain-stakingly REI shopped and sparingly Marmot clearance racked through all my equipment needs. I've been taught that I need the "ten essentials," but

it seems to me that there must be over a hundred little bits and pieces are now stuffed into my back pack to arm me for the attempt on this volcanic summit.

With Bill Link as our team leader, twelve of us will work the Emmons route at a three day relaxed pace. We camp at Emmons Flats for a beautiful full day of acclimation. The sun sets golden orange hues on the tops of the clouds to the north and the west. The whole state is at the mountain's feet with Seattle and Puget Sound small in the distance. We sit down to an AA meeting that brings tears to eve-

ryone; I will never forget it as long as I live.

Rested and hydrated, I wake from a final nap at 11pm. The weather is perfect. My fifty-two dollar headlamp won't light and James loans me his spare. I strap on my crampons. Karen notices that the heel of my \$75 (\$600 retail) brand new bargain expedition boots, are starting to separate from the sole.

Roy is my rope leader. Matthew is in the middle, and I am at the tail end of our rope. A crescent moon seems to pierce the sky. Everything is super clear and surreal. The climb is challenging, but good. I feel strong; for the most part the hard

work has paid off. Bill stops the group, and then back tracks some to find a route over a crevasse.

We cross a serac or an ice bridge from hell. One by one we cross to disappear over the bridge. Roy's toe points and pick are all that touch the ice as he inches out of



*The author reaching Camp Sherman*

*photo by Mark H.*

sight. Then Matthew disappears around the bend, and I think if he "goes," I'll be gone too if I don't brace for an arrest. I pray as I go across, trying not to look down, but there's nothing to look down at. It's just a giant hole that fades black. It's a cold wait for everyone in the party to cross, but we do.

Thousands of steps later we are bathed in the glow of an amazing sunrise. The summit seems close, but I've already had that thought about 147 times. But eventually, we do reach the summit.

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*(Continued from page 3)*

Our summit elation is doubled as we crest at the same time as Russell's OSAT party from the DC route! Wow – twenty-four OSATers standing at the top of Mount Rainier. This is an event twenty years in the making!

We rest and talk at the crater; the rocks are warm from the geothermal activity below. This seems like a good place for a happy ending. Except that, oh no! We're only half way.

On the way down, not more that a few hundred feet along, I start to feel the sensation of a flip-flop at my heel. I later learned that the glue holding the nylon components of the boot were exposed to excessive heat. My brilliant idea to use 110 volt ski boot warmer on high tech lightweight climbing boots has gotten me tight at exactly the wrong time. At that very moment, what I thought as I looked down at both boots falling apart was "Holy f-ing sh-t, I'm going to DIE!!"

After I came to my senses, I prayed and started to think how I might work out a field repair. Before I could form any further thoughts, the two closest rope leaders had radioed ahead and stopped the group. I was sitting on a pad in the snow while Karen, Roy, Matthew, Blain and others had opened their packs to pool extra webbing, shoelaces, and all their duct tape (thank God for duct tape). In no time the webbing and lace was figure eight woven around my crampons and over the tops of my boots. A water knot was cinched tight with a couple pairs of Leatherman tools and the whole thing wrapped with the duct tape on both feet. I felt as though I were a horse being shod. Lovingly cared for and put back on my feet, I was moving in no time at all, given the nature of our

stop. The repairs seemed to hold fast.

Heavy on my new fear inventory weighed the descent over the ice bridge from hell. In my mind the webbing was going to trip me, slip loose, or just come untied right over the worst part. Slowly, one step at a time, I inched across the chasm.

The rest of the way down to base camp was slow for me. My friends' work held fast. There are no words sufficient to thank my fellow climbers for

the deed that they performed. I will always be grateful. At that moment in camp, the best I could do was to volunteer to carry everyone's bluebags to the Sherman ranger hut just below.

The repair made best use of the fact that the crampons, boots, and my foot were all to act as one unit. Take away the crampon and the

boots were useless. I didn't bring any approach shoes. Some more heavy duty foxhole praying and a query to a Ranger friendly to OSAT yielded a pair of trashed, size 11 ½ sneakers. These worked for a time on my size 13 feet. After we'd dropped below the snow zone I used a knife to turn them into open toed sandals. I think next time I'd prefer to ski down.

At the foot of the Interglacier is Glacier Basin, where we were met by a Sherpas' feast that was amazingly over the top. It included pizza, fresh fruit, chicken, homemade treats, and I can't remember what else. I have never enjoyed food and a welcoming committee so much in my life!

I love being sober. I love OSAT. God, fellowship, and step work carry a deeper meaning to me now. Keep climbing mountains and whatever you do, don't slip! §



*The Sherman gang — can you name 'em? Photo by Mark H.*

## SLOSAT — 2010 Year Has Begun

by Janet M.

The hiking season is just beginning for this year and there is interest in kicking it off with some popular hikes. The term 'sLOSAT' can be a little misleading as there are no slow or fast requirements, only a desire to get out in the hills with other sober people and to hike safely. There are also quite a few new members who want to learn about the club and the Glacier Climbing Course (the GCC) who are not ready to make a commitment to glacier climbing but do want to get out and see what the hills have to offer when you're sober.



Rattlesnake Mountain: Kathy L, Kathy C, Bob S, Janet M.

Janet M and Kathy L met for the first time on the New Year's Day Mt. Si trip and then again at the Tubbs: Romp to Stomp out Breast Cancer in January. Kathy L was fairly new to the club and the northwest so we started planning trips that we could do as a group instead of wandering around on our own. We also found that we had something else in common. We needed a commitment to the hike to make sure when we woke up on a Saturday morning, someone else was expecting us to show up. I sent out a feeler e-mail and received back enough interest to go forward with the planning. Then we decided that some had an interest in climbing from Paradise to Camp Muir and would like to make that their goal for this year. For some

this could be a kick off for their interest in the 2011 GCC.

The first climb was on March 27<sup>th</sup> which was an introduction to the little things surrounding an OSAT activity, such as the traditions of meeting at Starbucks, the leader showing up barely on time, what to wear, and how to perform the OSAT cheer. We wandered up the trail to Wallace Falls, taking pictures and reinforcing the lesson that if you plan to hike a popular trail, get there first! Our decent was longer than the trip up due to the number of people heading up the trail.

The four of us on this hike discussed where we wanted to go next and realized that we needed more climbing resulting in more elevation gain. So we picked Granite Mountain. This was before the spring snow and resulting avalanche rescues. Use of ice axes and avalanche beacons didn't seem like it fit the profile of hikes we were looking for so we changed the venue to a traverse of Rattlesnake Mountain.



Wallace Falls: Janet M, Carol W, Kathy C, and Kathy L.

Check out the calendar for May and watch for a chance to Sherpa a trip to the Easton Glacier on Mt. Baker via the railroad grade trail. §

## Poems by (Ponytail) Bob S.

### NATURAL ELEVATIONS OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE

Once upon a time, Dusty Gaiters wanted  
To climb into the mountains, find a place  
That rhymes with sublime; off and up  
He went seeking, one step at a time,  
Heady spirituality, breathtaking views,  
Some peace of mind, respite from city  
Demands and distractions, and you know,  
He got some of that, began to find his own  
Path, let go, gain a little more time free from  
The bondage of self, more clearly see the  
Greatest obstacle he would ever face  
Lived in his own skin; it was him, the  
One person that could thwart progress  
And enable soul sickness to thrive,  
Therefore the hiking continued and  
Included this very moment

April 4, 2008  
Seattle, Washington

### THERE IS A SOLUTION

Rocketed into a fourth dimension  
Out of the bottle  
Into the ether  
Heady, intoxicating  
Sobriety, a door  
A gate opens,  
We enter  
And the world  
Rushes up and  
Unfolds, opens  
And our minds  
Empty out,  
Perception  
Shifts,  
Toxicity  
Abandoned  
Free at last!

June 11, 2008  
Seattle, Washington

### THIS GREEN FOREST

This green forest with bird  
I am in it  
Discovery Park  
Running trails  
Feral man  
Japanese tourists  
Wave hello  
Along the south  
Bluffs  
This after  
Circling the lighthouse  
And coming back up  
From sea level  
Hydrate and pee  
Sweat  
This green forest with bird  
I am in it

June 19, 2008  
Seattle, Washington



### ICE AXE PRACTICE

An ice arrest class  
Fog and snow in Paradise  
Are we really here?

March 8, 2008  
Seattle, Washington

## New Yodel Editor Sought

by Louisa P.

With a mixed sense of regret and renewal do I announce that I'll be stepping down as *Yodel* editor following this year's summer/fall edition, so that we might vote in a new *Yodel* editor at the Gratitude Banquet of 2010. I took on the position at the Banquet of 2006, so it's been quite a long run, and I think this fine OSAT institution is coming due for an influx of fresh blood and enthusiasm. Plus, I'm kinda pooped.

It's been great fun to read the texts you've written and in some cases, press you to write more. Chuck A's piece on overnighting on Dragontail was perhaps the most rewarding in that sense. Getting Chuck to elaborate on his it-got-hairy-but-we-made-it original was like squeezing water from a rock, but he came through with the details and the internal reactions to produce a really riveting front page story, one word at a time.

But to *all* the contributors I've had the privilege of working with over the years, I would like to say thanks. Also, thank you to the readers who've chimed in with support and appreciation so that I really got the feeling of having published something for a living, reading audience (be sure you step this up for the next editor!).

I'd be more than happy to aid in the new editor's acclimation to the position. If you don't know MS Publisher, I can teach you. And, as former Betty of the UW's *Ask Betty* grammar website, I'd be happy to serve as a reference in any writing capacity – although, this *is* OSAT, which is why my elegy for Dave Mc. features a glaring grammar boo-boo in its opening paragraph. Because humility is the soul of sobriety, right?

Anyway, I digress. If you're interested in the position and want to put out some feelers or questions, just send an email my way and I'll slam a steel trap on you so you're committed the next four years yourself – no, wait! Did I say that?! I meant, I'll be happy to answer your questions. I'll be publishing one more *Yodel* yet after this one, and hope to write a piece on climbing Glacier Peak (next weekend). So if you can start thinking now of what you might write for that farewell issue this summer, that'd rock. §

### OSAT Quick Reference

#### Board Of Trusted Servants (BOTS)

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Chuck A.	upscomic@comcast.net
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<b>Membership:</b>	Sharon L.	emembership@osat.org
<b>Safety:</b>	Doug H.	doug.sue@comcast.net
<b>Service:</b>	Carmen D.	carmenduvall@live.com
<b>Yodel:</b>	Louisa P.	2louisa@gmail.com
<b>Webmaster:</b>	Pete L.	pglitwin@hotmail.com

#### 12 Step Meetings

<b>Tuesday Golden Golden Gardens</b>	Summer only
<b>Thursday Tiger</b>	Summer only
<b>Sunday Tiger Mountain</b>	

#### OSAT Club Meeting

The monthly OSAT club meeting is held on the second Wednesday of the month at 7:30pm. Located at 4545 Island Crest Way, take the Island Crest Way exit from I-90, the church is 1.6 miles south of the freeway, on the right. The meeting is held upstairs in classroom #6.

#### OSAT Traditions

- 1) Every OSAT activity has a designated leader. The leader makes the decision as to who is qualified for the activity. This decision must be based on principles and not personalities.
- 2) Alcohol and illegal drugs are not allowed on any OSAT activity.
- 3) Party members are not to separate from the group without prior permission of the activity leader.
- 4) An OSAT leader should have completed a MOFA course or ensure that at least one participant in the activity has done so.
- 5) When in a wilderness area, each party member will carry the 10 essentials.
- 6) Outdoor activities start with the Serenity Prayer while holding hands in a circle.
- 7) Each OSAT glacier climb will have at least two rope teams that include a person with crevasse rescue training.
- 8) Anyone can volunteer to lead an activity, even a technical climb. As a participant, you may want to "qualify" your leader. As leader, you should be certain that everyone on that activity has signed a Release and Indemnity Agreement.
- 9) Party size for OSAT activities will adhere to the rules of the appropriate jurisdiction.

## Photo-rama!!



*Clockwise from upper left: 1) Bruce M, Peter J, Ryan D, Nancy S, & Kate P @ Camp Muir, photo by Doug C; 2) Ben T, Roy B., James M., student, Steve M., Jess H., Matt D., Jon H. @ Teneriffe summit, photo by Bryce M; 3) GGC students on Muir climb; 4) The Dickerman Gang: Tom- Tom, Kevin, Erica, Rachel, Mike, Bruce, and Edwin; & crouching, Rick, Polly Penguin, Dan, Greg, and Deborah., photo by Dan W. 5) Ryan D expressing the essence of a Muir slog, photo by Doug C.*



## OSAT.org Gets a Facelift & then some

by Rik A.

OSAT's presence on the World Wide Web took a big step at the end of 2009, with the unveiling of our new web site. The needed upgrade to OSAT.org, talked about for years, was finally made a reality by the efforts of a committee whose core was Michele D, Jay M, Chuck A, Pete L, Sharon L, and Peter J, along with others who helped along the way. In addition, the friends and family of Dave McClenahan provided support through memorial gifts which allowed the committee many additional options. Among the biggest changes to OSAT.org are:

- Online membership application and renewal, including online payment, and automated membership tracking, as well as full integration with GCC enrollment and student tracking.
- A new activity/event calendar format, including automated reminders and notifications.
- A set of online forums for exchanging ideas, questions, comments, in which all members can participate online. You can subscribe to any of the various forums so you are alerted when someone has posted a new entry.

Behind the scenes, the new web site significantly improves membership management, Glacier Climbing Course management, and financial activities associated with these important club functions. Club volunteers responsible for these activities have already benefited from the upgrade, primarily Sharon (Membership), Peter (GCC Registrar) and Rik (Treasurer). Although the transition included some difficulties and hiccups, in the end club operations are more efficient and easier to manage because of the changes.

The changes do come with some challenges. Please follow the instructions provided on the site to make sure you don't show up as "anonymous" on event sign-ups or forum discussions. Please be assured that these sections are only available to members. If you want to check on this, simply try to navigate around the site without logging in. If

you would like to enter events on the calendar, please contact Nancy T or Pete L to get the necessary event-editing authority.

Implementation of the new site was spearheaded by Michele D, whose expertise and patience were invaluable, particularly when the planned participation by a contractor fell through. The latter problem resulted in the Echo email list not getting fully integrated with the new site, but hopefully this can be accomplished sometime in the future. In the meantime, Pete L has stepped up as the OSAT Webmaster. If you have suggestions or difficulties with the new site, drop him an email ([oinfo@osat.org](mailto:oinfo@osat.org) goes to Pete). The software we are using, Wild Apricot, provides for lots of potential expansion of the site, so if you are interested in helping make OSAT.org an even more useful resource for the club, contact Pete.

Like so much in the Age of Information and the World Wide Web, the best way to get acquainted, and ultimately comfortable, with the new OSAT.org is to dive in and experience it rather than read about it. So surf on over, log in, and poke around. §

### **KOREAN KI GONG CLASSES**

Sundays, 11:00-noon

University Heights Community Center

NE 50th & University Way NE

\$10/class for 4-class package

or \$12 drop in.

Wear comfortable workout clothing, and

bring a yoga mat if you have one

206-679-5397

### **GETFITNOW**

Personal Training in your home

Call for consult

206-265-2545

Karen Chadwick

## From the Autobiography of Jim Hinkhouse

### THE FIRST OSAT HIKE

*I recently cataloged old issues of the Yodel in which Jim Hinkhouse's book has been serialized since 2004, to provide an index for the material on the new web site. The index is now functional, under the OSAT History section of [www.OSAT.org](http://www.OSAT.org). While preparing this, I discovered that somehow we skipped from the Forward to Chapter 2, missing the enlightening Part 1 Chapter 1 in which Jim retells the moment of inspiration for what became the One Step at a Time club and AA group. This key piece of the story explains why the New Years Day Mt. Si hike is such a crucial part of our traditions, dating to two full years before OSAT actually got started. After reading this, hopefully you will be inspired to visit the web and view subsequent chapters about the events of 20 years ago that led up to the first Rainier climb and the development of OSAT.*

KCM&DS, Rik

### KEEP CLIMBING MOUNTAINS

by Jim H

#### Part I. THE ADVENTURE BEGINS

##### Chapter 1: Birth of an Idea

The story begins at dawn on a solo hike up Mount Si (near Seattle, Washington) on New Year's Day, 1989.

A few rays of light had made it through the trees when I came to the bridge at the beginning of the trail. I stopped and looked down at the rushing water below. It was cold, very cold, and I felt a touch of loneliness.

The fresh air on my cheeks turned to numbness. Better get moving, get the heart pumping, the muscles warmed up. Back on the trail, I walked on frozen cracks of mud and broke through little sheets of ice. The trees, old friends of mine, stood deathly still. There was no wind. No movement, no noise, no life - just me and the cold morning.

I loved this hike. Surprising so few people were there on this day. After all, it was a holiday. And a

new year. A day to reflect and ponder and feel the weight of growing old.

Gracefully, though. Yes, I was growing old gracefully. Not fighting it, though many of my friends thought that was what I was doing by spending so much time in the mountains. But on this day, I had those feelings that everyone must have at some time in their lives - the shudder of realizing that the dreams of youth, those things to do later, would not happen. Or not all of them anyway.

And I was tired of my job. Too many years of corporate staff work, directly or indirectly helping business executives maintain their large salaries and giant egos. I had changed jobs several times, but it was always the same old stuff. Same type of co-workers: bright, boring, cold, logical. Same type of work: computers, numbers, graphs, assumptions. Same type of drama: deadlines, personalities, surprises, bugs...

Was I too old to change careers? Only if I thought so, I told myself. After all, I was 45 years young and in good health. I had options. My children were grown and I was single again. I was almost out of debt, and soon would be saving again.

What to do with the rest of my life? The question stayed with me that morning. Kept coming back. I tried to think of other matters but nothing seemed to work. What to do? What to do with the rest of my life?

The grade steepened. I took one slow step at a time. My body finally warmed and I stopped briefly to remove my pile jacket. I noticed a patch of snow hidden in the brush. There would be a lot of snow up higher. I took a swig of my Minute-maid fruit juice. I felt good. High, even. There was nothing as good as this, I told myself as I hoisted my pack onto my back and started up the trail again.

The question returned right away. What to do with my life?

(Continued from page 10)

Step ... step ... step...

Maybe I should do what the self-help books say - try to earn a living doing what I most enjoyed. And what was that? Well, mountaineering for sure. I wasn't sure why mountaineering was so special, but I knew I liked it and it filled me up. But how could I make a living at it? Younger men with much more natural ability than me competed vigorously for the few openings for mountain guides. Anyway, most of that work was seasonal and certainly didn't pay enough to support me at the level to which I thought I had become accustomed.

Outdoor photography? Not a chance. I possessed not a glimmer of talent for visual creativity. Writing? Maybe, but what would I offer to make my stuff different. Why would a publisher choose my words over those of the many climbers and adventurers doing more exciting things?

Step... step ... step... I slowly proceeded up the trail. Mt. Si is a lonely place in wintertime. The hoards of people and dogs do not come out until spring. Finally, I was above the snow line. Snow hung on the branches in big bunches and formed a glistening blanket to hide the dirt and brush. The cold air was clean and crisp. A few views of distant mountains began to peek through the trees. It was a delightful day and I felt wonderful. Good to be alive and be sober and not have a hangover.

Then a new thought hits me. Why don't I somehow combine mountaineering with recovery from alcoholism?

It had been over ten years, since my last drink of alcohol and my life had truly changed. I was no longer a part of the death crowd and I was (mostly) positive toward life and people. The first year of my sobriety I had gone to lots of meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous (AA). These meetings were key to my recovery and without them I surely would have failed to quit and probably would have died young. Recently my attendance at meetings had tapered off, but during the prior year, I had taken great satisfaction in helping an old friend get "off the booze". In AA terms, I had become his "sponsor", gaining his confidence by describing how it was when I was drinking and then giving him hope by sharing my experiences with absti-

nence and how good it was now to be clean and sober.

Helping my friend get sober had been a rewarding experience. It seemed to draw me closer to my "Higher Power" (an AA term for "God"). Maybe for the first time in my life, I admitted to myself that I enjoyed helping other people.

Step... step ... step...

The idea begins to form. Mountaineering as an aid to recovery from addictions. I had heard of mountaineering programs for misguided adolescents and rich executives. Why not something for the average drunk?

The idea was exciting. I started hiking faster. My mind raced. I could work with treatment programs and offer classes in mountaineering. I wouldn't necessarily have to teach the classes. I could be the organizer, the business manager. The classes could be combined with counseling. The goal would be to prevent "relapses", to get people past that difficult 3 to 9 month period, when depression looms so large in the life of the recovering addict.

Onwards and upwards. My feet felt lighter. So did my heart. My body tingled from the exercise and the excitement of this new idea. Thoughts continued to rush through my head. Mountaineering and helping other drunks. Would it work? Why not? I could learn more mountaineering, certainly enough to teach the beginning stuff. I would need to learn more about counseling, but that would be interesting and satisfying. This would combine two things that I knew I enjoyed. Mountaineering to help people in recovery from drug addiction. Why not? Now I couldn't get this thought out of my mind. Could I make a living from it? Maybe. At least, I could try. Why not? I went over and over the idea in my mind. It felt right. Yes, I should try it.

I didn't make it to the top of the Mount Si that day because there was too much snow in the final gully. I didn't care. I still got a good workout and maybe something a lot more. Little did I know how much more... §

# Proposed Changes to OSAT Bylaws

by Rik A.

## OSAT Bylaws Change Proposals

The new OSAT.org web site provides an automated membership tracking system. This makes the service jobs of Treasurer (currently Rik A) and Membership Chairman (currently Sharon L) immeasurably easier, and facilitates a fairer system of accounting for membership dues.

In the past, as specified in the OSAT Bylaws, membership was for a calendar year, with everyone sharing an identical membership renewal date of January 1 regardless of when they joined. With the new system, everyone will be credited with 365 days of membership for payment of the annual dues amount. Thus, the following change in the club bylaws is necessary (~~deleted language~~ added language).

Article V –Membership. Section 2. Dues shall be determined by the BOTS, and will be considered past due by April 1. The standard membership fee will cover one year, beginning on the day the fee is recorded on membership records. Membership privileges will be revoked for members who do not renew their membership within 90 days after their membership lapses.

In accordance with the bylaws, this change will be adopted if accepted by majority vote at a general meeting at least 2 weeks subsequent to publication in the *Yodel*.

This brings up the need for an additional bylaws change. The bylaws do not reflect the realities of current OSAT communications media. The function of the *Yodel* has become more like a journal, focusing on longer activity reports, whereas communications regarding club business now primarily rely on electronic media, specifically email and the club web site.

Thus, an additional change to the bylaws amendment procedure is being proposed to specify an email and web-site communications-based format for future proposals to change the club bylaws.

## Article VII - Amendments

### Section 1.

An amendment to the by-laws may be proposed by any member in good standing.

### Section 2.

Written notice of a proposed amendment shall be submitted to the BOTS and to the Communications committee for publication in the club newsletter. published on the club web site and announced through the club email broadcast system.

### Section 3.

A proposed amendment to these by-laws shall pass by a single majority vote at a general meeting, at least 2 weeks subsequent to publication of said proposed amendment in the club newsletter. on the club web site and announcement through the club email broadcast system.

Both of these proposed changes will be voted upon by those attending the next club general meeting at least two weeks after this article appears in the *Yodel*. §



Photo by Mark H.



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# The Yodel



*Steve S, Bobby s, Peter L, Alocasia E, Rachel K, Scott B, Thomas H. and others slog Muirward.*

*photo by Bruce M.*