

The Yodel

One Step at a Time



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

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Living Large in Sobriety

by Nancy Soltez

It's me again, Nancy S., willing to share again. If you guys didn't keep inviting me to live large in sobriety, you wouldn't find so many of my stories of gratitude and joyous times popping up in the Yodel. Plus, how has anyone managed to say "No" to Lisa's clever and fun requests for input to help in her OSAT service position of editing our OSAT newsletter?!



Nancy's Lure!

This adventure included fellowship, hiking and sailing with OSAT buddy, Mike H, during a 3-day overlap of both of our vacations time in Oahu, Hawaii. Mike had a rental car and invited me along on sober outings, so my island fun exploded to new dimensions. Mike's local recovery friends were fabulous hosts. One suggested a hike that led to a summit with views of two sides of the island shorelines. Another took us sailing! Mike quickly took to steering the boat, saying calm as we rocked and rolled in the wind and waves. One of the giant dips provided me with a salt-water shower and even sea spray in my mouth! There were some beautiful serene and calm times sailing in the Pacific Ocean too. When Skipper, Steve D, saw me eyeing the huge fishing pole, he rigged it up for me and let me pick out a lure to fish with. Even though I didn't catch anything, I was thrilled to get to pick the large pink/purple Rapella (my Dad's favorite lure) and have a go at it.



Captain Mike!

The relationship of height to spirituality is not merely metaphorical, it is a physical reality. The most spiritual people of this planet live in the highest places. So do the most spiritual flowers . . . I call the high and light aspects of my being spirit and the dark and heavy aspect soul. Soul is at home in the deep shadowed valleys. Spirit is a land of high, white peaks and glittering jew-el-like lakes and flowers . . . People need to climb the mountain not simply because it is there, but because the soulful divinity needs to be mated with the spirit.
-- 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet

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Living Large in Sobriety, cont. by Nancy Soltez



A windy Ridge!

Mike invited me to his “Home-group in Paradise” meeting on Saturday morning, and I adored the warm fellowship. On Sunday, we attended the famous 12 Coconuts Meeting on Waikiki. Another highlight of my trip occurred here. I was greeted at the meeting by an elderly gentleman named Ron, and I told him that I remembered him from years past.

In 2008, I visited Oahu to celebrate my 18th AA Birthday. When I announced my birthday at the meetings during my stay, I was asked to be the guest speaker on the day I

turned 18. After that meeting, Ron gave me a beautiful 18-year coin encased in a holder that allows it to be put on a necklace, keychain, etc. I instantly loved the coin and have cherished it ever since. Now, hearing this story, Ron lit up with a big grin, and he told me some of his story. He is a Co-founder of the 12 Coconut Meeting! He is also a jeweler and enjoys his service work of making birthdays memorable. He then asked my current sobriety year and produced a stunning coin. Wow! I shared my deep gratitude, encouraged him to visit us in the Seattle area, and promised to keep passing his kindness, service-orientation, support & generosity on to others. So please consider visiting the 12 Coconuts Meeting if you find yourself on Waikiki Beach. If you would like to learn more about this meeting & Ron, please visit the website MelloRon.com. I have included a few photos from our adventures in Paradise. And... I'm saving the cool 18-year Hawaiian coin for Mike's 18th birthday!

Poetry by Robert L. Schlosser



ASCENDING MUIR SNOWFIELD, MT. RAINIER, 19 JULY, 2012

Dukkha
On the snowfield
Melting
As the mountain
Shakes loose
Stones and snow
One step, one step
Upward

ANAPLASTIC PROLIFERATION OF AN IMMATURE FORM

Just mist this wet
We few float momentarily
Beyond the scope
Of the scurry of metastasis
Across a body still warm

Up here on the modest mountain
Equilibrium equals an absence of
Transmissions from a primary growth

Please let me stay here
Among the dripping trees
For now

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South Early Winter Spire (SEWS)

by Chuck Amon



Chuck A. & Brian W.

From the summit of South Early Winter Spire (SEWS) in Washington Pass Brian and I high fived over finally reaching the goal we set way earlier this year. After postponing the climb 3 times we were stoked to finally be climbing together for the first time since our Red Rocks climbing trip in April.

Both of us had our patience tested in the weeks leading up to this Labor Day weekend trip. I had a personal emergency that cancelled climbing 3 times in a row including the last weekend when I cancelled on Friday afternoon 5 minutes before departure. Friendship could have been tested but real life priorities and how to deal with them, which I've learned how to walk through in our fellowship, was stronger than I gave it credit for.

This was my first time attempting the Southwest Buttress of SEWS (5.8 7 pitches gear to 5"); it was Brian's third. On his first attempt they had to choose which of the three ramps were the right one to start on. Hmmm. Nope. They ended up using the bail slings they found one pitch up to rappel off of and then it was too late in the day to start again. This time when we reached the Larch tree that lives at the base of the climb we knew we had a 50/50 chance. We picked one ramp but a team that got weathered off 5 pitches up the day before showed up geared up and ready to lead off so we let them pass us. That bit of good karma would pay off later. Colin and Monica did indeed start off up the ramp we thought was right and just that reduced our anxiety and increased our excitement to get moving on the climb. In the list of best climbs in WA Pass this one was the only 4 star rated 5.8 route.

Today it was my turn to lead up off the ground so I took the first pitch(5.8 finger crack traverse) while Brian led pitch two and three; an off-width 5.8 crack that he led with just not as much bigger protection that he would have liked to have had with him. That was the theme of this climb. We read that we needed large pro but the gear store couldn't sell us the big number 5 camalot that we wanted so we brought several number 4's ...only Brian didn't take enough of them on the off-width pitch. The crack leaned out over the exposed face and seemed to push you towards being off balance the entire time. A few colorful expletives from Brian halfway up made me smile because I know what a strong climber he is and voila, when he mastered the crux he broke into a wide grin and we laughed together at the stellar climb this was showing itself to be. Every belay ledge on the SW Butt is wide and comfortable (even big enough to bivvy on) so we had space to eat drink laugh and re-rack the pro for the next pitch. On my next lead (4th class scramble to 5.7 slab) I rounded a corner out of Brian's sight and traversed too far into 4th class terrain. I had 3 pieces put in before I knew that I was off route.

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South Early Winter Spire (SEWS), Cont.

by Chuck Amon

When I back climbed I had to clean the pro I had just put in. The scary part was that when I pulled each piece out, I was on 12ish feet of slack to the next cam protecting me from falling. Brian and I have great experience as a team of the voice commands that we use but this was a new situation for both of us. I called out “up rope” which was confusing to him that I needed him to take and take and take 30 feet of rope. We discussed afterwards that maybe I should have called out “take” (but then maybe he pulls as I’m balance down climbing towards him and I might get plucked off the ledge) or better yet, “down climbing”. We laugh a lot after exciting moments of climbing together and at the next belay we laughed out loud at what he said was my very loud and stern command to “UP ROPE” (I was scared and wide eyed looking at that loop of loose rope) just before I retreated to the safe ledge below the correct 5.7 slab I had missed earlier. WHEW!

The adrenaline subsided before Brian led off on the next pitch which is known as the bear hug pitch (5.8 double crack). It was made even more fun by the generosity of the team in front of us. Colin called down that he would leave the number 5 cam clipped to a sling in the humongous crack that Brian couldn’t otherwise protect. It makes all the difference in the world to have that one piece at the crux to safely transition from the right crack to the left crack halfway up the pitch. From my belay stance looking up at Brian’s easy movement and quiet footwork while I’m sitting in the sun with a cool breeze.....wahoo; this is why I climb. I looked over at Liberty Bell which hid my view of Hinkhouse Peak but I knew that it was there. I knew where it was by following the ridge that runs east from Cutthroat Peak.

After another pitch each we took time on the summit to eat what little chocolate we had brought as a treat and we watched an 8 person commercially led team climb the basic route that also serves as the descent route for all the routes on SEWS.

Brian and I both agree that this was the best alpine climb that either of us has been on in years. We had to work to get to it; not in our time but in His time. We let go of our expectations and in the end they were exceeded. I trust that safety is as important to Brian as it is to me so when he takes an extra long time to do something there is a good reason for it.

We’ve both been in OSAT for several years and we are thankful for what this club has given us. We both do service work every year. I know that my continued sobriety is reliant on my daily application of the principles passed on to me by the ones who’ve come before me and I can’t think of a better place to shout my gratitude for these gifts than standing on top of a mountain in the shadow of the mountain named for the guy that wanted nothing more than to give away for free what was so freely given to him. Thank you Jimmy! Thank you Brian! Thank you OSAT!

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Upping the Pucker-Factor on Mount Shuksan

by Nikki Ducharme

5/31-6/1 - Trip Leader Bill Link, Co-Lead Shawna Lamoree

Mount Shuksan is probably the most photographed mountain in the United States. At 9,127 feet, Mount Shuksan is ranked 13th on Washington's highest peaks. It is truly a definitive Cascade peak with its chaotic hanging glaciers and classic summit pyramid that is photogenic from any angle. It offers amazing glacier travel complete with a healthy dose of technical climbing. Who wouldn't want to climb it?



Bill L. (Trip Leader), Shawna L. (Trip Co-Leader), Ray S., Blane H., Dan M., Shelly G., Colin M., Agnes B., Chris F., Sam N., Cheryl M. and Nikki D. (Trip Reporter)

Climbing Mount Shuksan was more than just a tick in the box. For me and my climbing partner Cheryl it was a return to glacier climbing after a lengthy hiatus. Although we had been able to do a couple of other OSAT trips in the last couple of years (Mount Adams in 2012 and an awesome ski/snowboard climb of Mount St. Helens in 2013), this climb would be a challenge like we hadn't seen in a while. After losing all our gear in a fire in 2012, we had to acquire all new gear. Adding to this challenge, was the fact that our last glacier climb was more than just a few One Day at a Time's ago. It was definitely time to get the lead out!

Living on Vancouver Island doesn't afford much acclimatization to elevation so some serious training was necessary. This involved numerous weighted carries up nearby Broom Hill which has a lofty summit of 928 feet. We did get some pretty funny looks showing up at the top of it with ice axes and shovels on our packs, but the training paid off in the long run. We also trained higher up in the Sooke Hills, but nothing near the 9,127 feet elevation summit of Mount Shuksan. Another issue with living on Vancouver Island is having to take a ferry. My boss let me out of work early so I figured we'd be able to get an early ferry; No such luck! The ferry was full and next ferry won't go for another hour. Three hours and a 40 minute border lineup later we were finally in the US! Now to find the hotel in Burlington and get some rest. We were hoping to hook up with some



other OSAT women at Shawna's place for a little gathering, but by the time we reached our hotel it was already getting late.

We met up with the rest of the group at 9am at the Shannon Ridge Trailhead (2521') and we were circled up and underway by 920am. The trail starts out quite tame as it contours for 2 miles along an

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Upping the Pucker-Factor on Mount Shuksan

by Nikki Ducharme



old logging road, resembling more of a walk in the park than a glacier climb. It was here that I brushed up against some stinging nettles just to bring me back to reality and soon enough the trail gave way to intermittent mud and snow pack. Still, the weather was glorious and the company even better. From there, the route switchbacks through forested brush.

We had a short break in the switchbacks at about 3450' and carried on through the trees encountering the odd skier along the way. The switchbacks continued to 3700' and then on to a northwestern ridge for $\frac{3}{4}$ mi to the timberline around 4600'. We stopped here for lunch at 12:30 and enjoyed

some amazing views of Mount Baker in the late spring sunshine. Carrying on, the ridge flattened out for a nice walk in the snow through broken timber along a crest. At about 5400' feet we crossed a saddle and continued upward on a sloping mountainside up to our camp at 6400'. We crested the Sulphide Glacier at 4pm and it was here we set up camp; just in time for a little bit of rain, clouds and wind. After we set up camp and had a bite to eat, the weather cleared and we all gathered round for a meeting.

There's something to be said about having a meeting on a glacier. The emerging alpenglow on the glacier matted by a cobalt blue sky,... the peaceful and yet ever so grand a setting, broken only by the soft words of one quietly sharing and the odd cracking sound of a distant serac crumbing. After the meeting some of us walked around the camp enjoying the spectacular sunset views of Mount Baker to the west and the lovely alpenglow painting on the summit pyramid of Shuksan (read: "Oh my gosh! Am I really going to climb that?"). I recall Bill saying something around this time like, "I think some of you are going to have to *Up the Pucker-Factor*",... sadly, in my mind, it stuck. The evening was quite calm, so a well-rested OSAT group roped up and set out at 3:40am for the summit. We kept a slow and steady pace up the western flank of the Sulphide Glacier, skirting right of the col at The Hourglass. Some folks thought the pace to be a little bit slow, but it made more sense once we arrived at the base of the 600' summit pyramid. The group that had left an hour before us was making very slow



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upward progress. Apparently the route in the gulley was bullet-proof ice and placing protection was very time-consuming. So now we waited,... and waited,... and waited. Some of us who were nervous the night before, upped the “pucker-factor” a little while waiting. “This doesn’t look so hard,...” I overheard some say. And really it didn’t look so nasty looking straight up it. Some of us would revisit the “pucker-factor” thing later.

Before we knew it our first rope team was moving up the gulley to the summit pyramid. This was it! We were “Living the Dream!”.

Reality was, that moving up the gulley was very slow going; I mean really slow. Clip in to a fixed line,... plunge the axe,... take a step,... wait,... plunge the axe,... take a step,... wait,... plunge the axe,... take a step,... wait,... for 600 feet up! The actual summit is so small that only a few people can reside on it at one time, so we had to wait until the earlier group had placed a rappel and started down before our group could move up. Even then, only one person could rappel down at one time, so we started to accumulate at the top (read: return of the “pucker-factor”). The ‘dining room table-sized’ summit was loaded with nine of us on top, squeezed into two anchors. Now Fred Beckey’s Cascade Alpine Guide describes this summit as “a large three-sided rock pyramid standing 500 - 1,200 feet above four encircling glaciers” (read: “If you don’t like heights, then don’t look down!”). Oh, and then there were these crazy skiers that showed up at the summit (unroped). They were going to ski this crazy gulley. One of them made a single turn and then gave up. They all decided to down-climb, but that’s another story and it didn’t end happily-ever-after for everyone. “Yeah, it was tight up there,... ever try to sit cross-legged with crampons?” I’ll have to patch up my new gore-tex gaiters now. Was I happy? You bet! By now, I really did want to start heading down, so I was more than happy to be first on the rappel. Shawna came down right after me and started making intermediate anchors for subsequent rappels. Unfortunately, the sun was heating up the snow in the



gulley making for less-than-bomber anchors. She did an amazing job given the conditions and crowded terrain. Going down the gully was about as fast as moving up but we all did it and we all made it down safely. Bill and Blane were cleaning the last of the pro and by the time they got down to the bottom of the gulley, they were swimming in it. After a quick rest, we all roped up and began the long post-hole back to camp. As we got closer to the tents we all welcomed the opportunity to get off our feet and on our butts for a roped glissade in to camp. All in all, it was an awesome trip with superb leadership, a great group of OSAT’ers and better than we could have expected weather. Who could ask for more?

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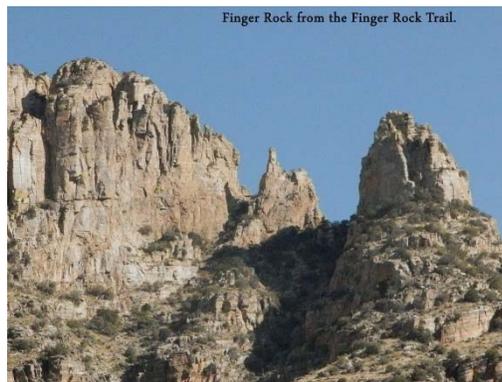
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From the Wet & Green to the Dry & Brown

by David Nordstrom

My friend, Mark and I had hiked a number of different places in the S.W., Zion, Bryce, Paria, Coyote Gulch and others in the Escalante area. I had really come to love the drastic contrast between hiking in the Northwest versus hiking in the Southwest. Plus I love cacti.

Several years ago Mark bought a winter place in Oro Valley, AZ., north of Tucson and sitting at the southern end of the Santa Catalina Mts. It is a perfect Base camp for exploring the hiking in that part of the state. All of these areas, throughout the S.W. are different and unique and hold their own surprises and wonders to be discovered. They all have a beauty all their own.



Finger Rock from the Finger Rock Trail.

The hiking in southern AZ takes place, mostly, in the scattered “islands” of mountains throughout this part of the state such as the Santa Catalina’s, the Chiricahua’s and the Huachuca’s and others. Most of the hiking is done in the late fall thru spring because it is just too darn hot during the rest of the year! This trip I went mid April with the hope that I would get to see some of the cacti in bloom. My timing was great and I got to see numerous cacti in bloom, including the giant Saguaro’s. There were also many wildflower and some trees blooming also.

We decided that our first hike would be at the northern end of the Santa Catalina’s. The Oracle Ridge Trail is a decent hike that started out on an old jeep track (there are a lot of these in AZ). Soon we were up and away from the houses in typical Arizona habitat. The terrain is dry and very rocky most places. At certain elevations in certain forest’s you may hit a stretch of soft clear trail but that is not the norm. The trails here are the consistently the rockiest trails I have hiked. Palo Verde trees, scattered cacti, ocotillo, different types of agaves and small clusters of wild flowers made up the vegetation and lizards scamper at every turn.



Saguaro flowers.

The trail constantly gained elevation and we came to a barbed wired cattle gate in a saddle where we decided to take a break. As we started to head out again I noticed a couple of hikers coming our way so we waited to chat with them. The man was quite a sight, decked out in Rasta colors of green and red and dreads down to his knees!

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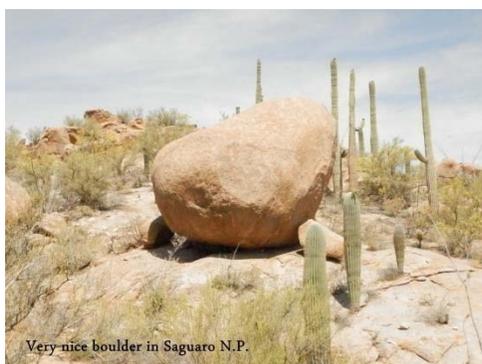
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Very nice boulder in Saguaro N.P.

It turned out that this fellow (Ras Ultra Pedestrian) and his companion, Kathy, were doing a fast hike of the Arizona Trail that runs from the border of Mexico to Utah. They were very nice people and we had a nice chat with them in which they told us that to kick things off they had done a 55 mile day on their first day out. Wow!

They turned out to be one of the two things that made this hike worth having done. The second was 2 encounters with Arizona Black Rattlesnakes. They are reputed to be one of the more venomous of the “rattlers”.

The next hike we did was a drive to the south in the Chirichua's. We found a place to camp in the National Monument here, then set out to do a trail that took us up and through the Hoodoo's that make this area an interesting and special place. They are similar to those in Bryce Canyon but are not reds and oranges in color. In one area there is a loop trail that takes you through many prominent Hoodoo's that have been given names, such as “Big Balanced Rock”, “Thor's Hammer” and “Punch and Judy”. The next morning we headed out early for the most ambitious hike we did that week. The goal was Cochise Head, a prominent rocky summit that resembles the famous Indian as if he were lying down on his back. This trail started out on an old road past an old mine site before we headed out on real trail. I recently read on line that this trail was 8.65 miles one way. I don't think that is right but it made for a long day on trail that was a little over grown in places, a little rough in places and a little hard to follow in places. We were rewarded with fantastic views in to New Mexico and south into the Sonora Dessert of Mexico.

After that hike we headed to Douglas, AZ to spend the night at the historic Gadsden Hotel. It was not to be though. We came in to Douglas hydroplaning through torrential rains, thunder and lightning to find the entire town blacked out. After waiting in the lobby for hours waiting for power we gave up and headed home, planning a rest day in the morrow.

We were all rested up and ready to go. Mark picked the Finger Rock Trail in the Santa Catalina Mountains near his house. Mark told me later that this trail is considered the 2nd most difficult trail in the Santa Catalina's (he didn't know which was the most difficult). It was typical of all the trails I have done in this range.



Saguaro National Park.

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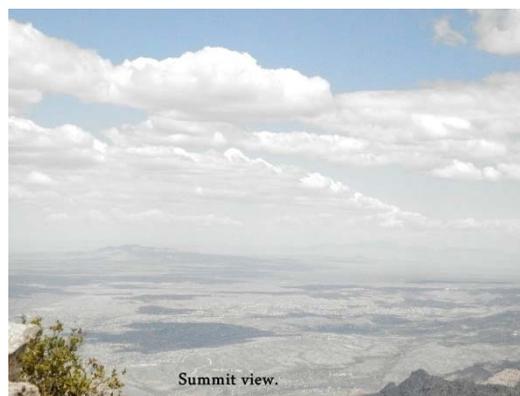


They start out in a creek valley and then work up and out of the valley to the ridges above. The trail start may be water worn rock and sand but soon turns into the loose dirt and sharp rocky treads that are typical in this area. Up and up we went, climbing any traversing the hillsides and small dry washes. You start out in Palo Verde, Cholla, ocotillo and Saguaro until at a certain elevation the Saguaro's don't grow any more. Even though we started early it quickly got very hot as the temperatures at this time were from the mid 80's to the low 90's. We were again rewarded with great views all around. The summit there is actually treed and there are no views (nice

camping spot), but nearby are some open slabs that make the hike worthwhile. We were glad for the early start, not just because of the heat but because of all the people headed up as we headed out. The last hike we did was not to a particular summit. It was just a high point on the way up to Mt. Wasson, which we had done before. The main purpose of this hike was so that I could get my fill of the giant Saguaro's in flower. We were well rewarded. There is a reason that Saguaro National Park is called that. There is more Saguaro's here than you can shake an ocotillo at.

It was a great final hike, but with the temps getting higher and after 5 hikes in 7 days it was time to take it a little easy and savor the smells and sounds of this wonderful place.

My friend is 3 years into a 5 year stay in AZ. He says he is going to Colorado next. I have never hiked there but I have a feeling that I will be.



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No Middle by J. Michael Wall

prologue

I was **there**, when Night met its cyclical demise in the inferno of that which conquers all dark. When Fire was hurled; the first solar spears of the new Morning, sent to pierce the wet Forest, and warm the Wilderness.

I was **there**, to see the mist rise, and the fog lift. To watch as dew – heavy enough to soak and to drench and to quench – watch it inhale the Heat Energy, rise in vapor, swirl in slanting sunlight, and *atomize*. Right there. In my presence. Before my very eyes.

I was **there**, and I saw the Spanish moss, sagging slippery from the boughs of Forever Greens. Sagging with Night Rain, and made Electric with the pure, clear sunlight; the yellow warmth penetrating those coats of cold moisture; long and dripping. The beads, like tiny mirrors; a composition of suspended emerald icicles strung from every limb.

I was **there**, where crystal spider webs hung like etched glass high above the cushion of the forest floor. Wavering. Limb-framed. Fragile and immaculate. Honoring Light's arrival, and hailing the New Possibility. The unending Opportunity. The promise of renewal, rebirth, and re-creation.

I was **there**, and I shared livable space, and breathable air with the Red Cedar and the Western Hemlock and the Douglas Fir. All protruding like mighty ribs of the World Itself; aching and arcing Heavenward; the bridges and bonds of Earth and Sky. Protective guardians they are. Silent sentinels, rising to inhabit the Male Epoch of their life-cycles. Serenely awaiting the singular, colossal, Mountain Storm. The maelstrom of chaos and cataclysm; born of the Eternal Change; the Change Eternal. Storm Blow – the inevitable, unavoidable Catastrophe; conceived to coerce unequivocal surrender from thousand-year old Yang Trees. Furious, unforgiving winds designed by Destiny to destroy. To crush... and to crash the Monuments at last. To lay them low. Low, alongside lacy ferns in the mossy forest bed (Y to the X): Initiation and commencement of the Yin Epoch of their great lives – nursing entire legions of green Life; whole populations of seed borne cities, and proffering sustenance to the Floralopolis which once they shaded.

I was **there**, and I discovered the subtle, secret spot where the young doe planted her hoof – lithe, vigilant, wary – on the way to the Water Source; her Life Link. And I remembered to take note... I noted the imprint that Gravity had pressed into the soft sand, upon her passing.

I was **there**, to steal the late-ripening huckleberries from shrub patches that escort the trail; their sour sweet memories lingering in my mind's mouth for days after the tasting. I was there, to slake my thirst with glacier melt; liquid ice from ancient sources to which I paid respectful homage, even as I truncated that mad water-yearning for a cloudy grey sea. My thirst burn bringing its epic journey to an abrupt end: Reviving me. Replenishing. Fortifying. Survival, in its most elemental of forms. Glacier Ice...! resigning Itself to the waters of my body; there to produce sweet, honest sweat; by-product of trail labor – seawater of another kind.

I was **there**, to commiserate with the stream, and the lake; the peak, and the ridge. The Willow Goldfinch, and the Red tail hawk; the Whitetail deer, and the Black bear. The Indian Paintbrush, and the Columbine; the Pika, and the Marmot. The Deerfly, the Dragonfly, and the mosquito. The Wind that strafes, the Rain that stings, and the Sun that thaws, soothes, and scorches. To Keep the Faith, and to Keep the Peace. To learn the names of Every Thing, Every Where, and to lay claim to my Heritage. To acknowledge, and to reaffirm my Birthright; my appropriate Entitlement, and my Place in the Here and Now.

And... I was **there**, to quietly howl my outrage(!); my incendiary indignation, and my near inconsolable grief at a Human Horde of Corporate Cowards. Who jingle their money sacks, and voyeuristically ogle one another as each, in turn, strips this Planet; strips our Home, strips our MOTHER, of the remaining vestiges of her virtue. Yin Cedars weep. And wail the loss... O' loss. (O'god, The Loss!!)

epilogue

Rain Dew Fog River Stream Mist Sweat Tears...and sometimes some blood.

Water of water, from water, for water, to water.

Allisonalways. Allisonalways. I was there. I was **there**, by God, and **by Green!!!** where were you?

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OSAT Home page: <http://www.osat.org/>
 Golden Gardens & Tiger Mountain AA Meetings: <http://www.osat.org/aa>
 Activities Calendar: <http://www.osat.org/Calendar>

OSAT Traditions

- 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.
- Alcohol and illegal drugs are not allowed on any OSAT activity.
- Party members are not to separate from the group without prior permission of the activity leader.
- An OSAT leader should have completed a Wilderness First-Aid course or ensure that at least one participant in the activity has done so.
- When in a wilderness area, each party member will carry the 10 essentials.
- Outdoor activities start with the Serenity Prayer while holding hands in a circle.
- Each OSAT glacier climb will have at least two rope teams that include a person with crevasse rescue training.
- 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.
- Party size for OSAT activities will adhere to the rules of the appropriate jurisdiction.

The Yodel



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

OSAT Club Meetings

Monthly **OSAT Club meetings** are usually held on the second Wednesday of the month at the Congregational Church of Mercer Island, 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 in classroom #1, upstairs off of the west wing of the sanctuary balcony.

Meetings are run in a “Crisp & Lively” manner and are usually followed by entertainment from one or more OSAT members sharing presentations of their latest adventures!.

Visitor's welcome!

OSAT Outdoor AA Meeting



A uniquely **Seattle outdoor AA meeting** takes place twice a week atop Tiger Mountain in Issaquah. The **Sunday** meeting is held year round from 10:00-11:00 am. The **Thursday** meeting is held (during daylight saving time only) from 7:00-8:00 pm.

From Seattle: East on I-90, past Issaquah to Highpoint exit 20. Take two immediate rights so you are heading westbound along the freeway. ¾ of a mile to gate. Park outside



the gate for the Cable Line trail (straight up 2 miles) or through the gate to upper parking lot (Discovery Pass Required) for West Tiger 3 trail (3.1 miles). **Meeting Location:** In the trees below **West Tiger 3** summit.

Latitude: N 47 degrees 30' 73.2", Longitude W 121 degrees 59' 40.9". **What to Bring:** Water, snack, change of warm clothing. A flashlight or headlamp for the Thursday night meeting. First timers should ascend with a frequent member of the group. Call 206-686-2927 for general information or go to OSAT.org

We need to hear from you!

One Step at a Time is a unique organization melding outdoor activities such as **climbing, hiking** and **biking** with recovery. OSAT was started in 1991 by [Jim Hinkhouse](#).

Do you participate in OSAT activities? Requests for stories (short or long) and pictures will be coming to you via the Echo talklist email. Please support this quarterly newsletter and make submissions when requested. All OSAT activities are welcome!

P.O. Box 53111
Bellevue, WA 98015

The Yodel

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September 2014

One Step at a Time

OSAT

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