

**THERE'S A FINE LINE
BETWEEN PASSION
AND OBSESSION.**

**AND WE CROSS IT
WITH EVERY
STROKE.**



Always test your colors on a white background.

The color surrounding your color sample can change the way you see it, and it isn't bleed through. This phenomenon is called chromatic induction and is the result of color contrast. Always test your color samples on a white background to see how a color will really react in your space.

1A



1B



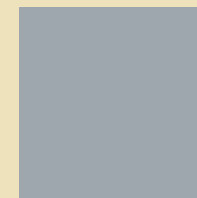
2A



2B



3A



3B



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SCAN QR CODE FOR PROJECT AND COLOR INSPIRATION



Langley and Lee Metcalf

by Mackenzie Krauter

My daughters leaned out the window of our minivan and waved to me with tears in their eyes. Reassuring them that I would be back soon, I blew kisses and rolled my suitcase into the Missoula International Airport. As a mother of three, soon to be four, extended moments alone are few and far between. At first, I felt uneasy navigating to the Alaska Airlines terminal to wait for my flight to Seattle. Taking a deep breath, my nervous energy subsided. I couldn't wait to see my two sisters-in-law and celebrate Shawnie's 30th birthday at a beach cabin in Langley, WA. With an hour to burn, I purchased a package of cashews and a drip coffee with cream, then sat down to rest on the leather bench in the waiting area.

Searching the books app on my phone, I downloaded Ina Garten's newly released memoir: *Be Ready When the Luck Happens*. I was captivated: her storytelling was vivid, and her voice came through immediately. I was instantly immersed in her world. She details her childhood, then how she struggled to find herself through early career decisions, and the big leap she took into the food world by purchasing *Barefoot Contessa*, the little shop in New York, in 1978. It took time to find the thing that made her come alive, but when she did, she never looked back.

"Your 20s are the time when you master what you think you're supposed to do. But in your 30s, when you've figured out what you like and don't like, and you're more confident, you can move on to what you really want to do, which might be totally different." - Ina Garten

As I read this quote, it resonated with my current season. My thirties have been the most fulfilling and rich years of my life thus far.

With my nose in my ebook throughout the quick flight from Missoula to Seattle, I only looked up to catch a glimpse out the window at the sparkling Puget Sound upon landing. Mount



Rainier glistened in the sun, standing proudly as guardian over the city. The sun bounced off Lake Washington, and orange cranes were lined up in rows. Colorful shipping containers looked like Legos in little stacks. Fond memories of Seattle bubbled up in my imagination: trips to Pike Place Market, rows of floral arrangements, towers of produce, and shouting fishmongers. There's that one stand that makes mini

doughnuts to order, and shakes the warm fried dough in a brown paper bag to coat thoroughly with cinnamon sugar. Nothing better. Caitlin and I would scour the Italian shop full of imported olive oil, tomato products, and a variety of pasta shapes. One time, Jessica and I went to the crumpet shop on the corner. We sat in the window bay watching all the pedestrians bustling about on the cobblestone street as I ate my Nutella-filled crumpet.



When I got off the plane, gathered my luggage, and made my way to the arrivals pick-up lane, I stepped through the automatic doors, and the cold mountain air smelled like home. I was thankful that I wore a jacket. It was October in Seattle.

My sister-in-law, Sarah, pulled up in her Dodge Charger. Hopping out of the driver's seat, she gave me a big hug and lugged my suitcase into her back seat. We drove to her Tacoma Bungalow, rain drizzled down the car window panes,

and in her front yard, little pops of remaining wildflowers jetted out from around the steps. I settled into her guest room, painted marigold yellow, and said hello to the excited dogs, Chewcifer and Lola. Then I met her in the kitchen, where she showed me the pumpkin puree that she had grown, harvested, and processed. We made cupcakes, mixing sugar and olive oil, eggs, vanilla, pumpkin, and flour. The next day, we met up with the birthday girl, Shawnie, and her friend Courtney at Fred Meyer to pick up some groceries for our weekend at the beach cabin. They had flown in from Texas and were enjoying the lovely drizzle of fall in Washington as much as I was. You know that you are PNW to the core when you just love the rain. I had fun scavenging goodies for the perfect fall cheeseboard: an assortment of cheeses, maple-coated pecans, dried apples, purple grapes, chocolates, and rosemary.

After a ferry ride, we arrived on Whidbey Island and drove to our Airbnb in Langley. We turned down the driveway and curved along a bend with fruit trees and flowers. The large cabin had a massive wooden door that opened to a great room filled with hand-carved features, such as a driftwood mantle above the fireplace and custom cabinets in the kitchen. Sarah and I got right to work unloading and setting up the cabin for a pleasant getaway before everyone else arrived. It was like a treasure hunt, scouring the kitchen cabinets for just the right cutting board that could be used for our cheese platter. Everything came together beautifully, as I carefully placed the cheeses on the board and surrounded them with classic fall flavors such as maple and apple. My approach to experiences, food, and hospitality has evolved over the years. I have become more flexible. I usually have a loose vision, but then I try to keep an open mind. An open mind and a grateful heart allow space for the unexpected and all the little details that unfold naturally. As the ladies arrived and squealed at the cheeseboard on the counter that was waiting for them, we poured drinks, wandered out to the pier, and stared at the grey water and admired the seals that lounged on the dock.

As I was flipping through the Airbnb binder, I noticed a flyer for a Chocolate Flower Farm, and I was intrigued. The address was nearby, so we decided to check it out the following day. This farm grows and sells naturally dark colored plants, and offers seeds for deep maroon Cosmo flowers that smell like chocolate! Walking through the deep green grass still covered with morning

dew, I admired the chickens free-ranging. The sweet owner explained the different breeds of chickens on the farm, such as Marans and Chocolate Eggers, and how they lay eggs in gorgeous, deep brown shades. We roamed around the farm, enjoying the crisp air, and said hello to the goats. Then we explored the farm store, full of locally roasted chocolate treats, handmade goods, teas, seeds, candles, cards, and other goodies. What a diamond in the rough, I'm so glad we found it.

Returning to the cabin in the evenings, we watched the sunset from the water's edge as the sky turned from purple to the deepest blue and the temperature dropped. Susie, my mother-in-law, provided art supplies in abundance, and we sat around a table, catching up with what was new in our lives as we decorated wooden rounds for Christmas tree ornaments. Sarah microwaved some popcorn and threw Sweet Home Alabama on the television. I pulled my maternity sweatpants up over my growing pregnant belly and settled in to watch the movie, inevitably falling asleep in the warm rocker.

This trip was special as we leaned into the autumn season, from the food to the activities. We appreciated all that was around us as the events unfolded. This trip provided a welcome breath of fresh air and carefree joy. Even though I have an incredible backdrop of the Montana mountains out my kitchen window, it can sometimes feel difficult to pause and drink it in, with my structured day-to-day life and the duties of homemaking and motherhood.

As October comes around again, here in Montana, the weather shifts from warmer days to crisp morning air as the leaves turn. This year in particular, the transition felt dramatic, as one week the

kids were playing outside, wearing shorts and t-shirts, and the next week we were making soup, and I had to dig through the basement storage containers to find our winter coats. There is already snow on the mountains in the distance.

I have been taking a few moments in the morning to go for a drive with the kids. Everyone piles into our van. The first stop is the local Amish market to grab a latte from their drive-thru window. Then we go to the Lee Metcalf, a 2800-acre national wildlife refuge. We are blessed to live so close to these preserved wetlands, riverfront forests, and grasslands that are home to many species, including 260 species of birds, and many amphibians and reptiles. Driving through the refuge is like stepping into a National Geographic magazine. It looks like a desktop background. This little drive after coffee has become a family ritual. The girls play the "animal game" in which they silently tally up the different creatures that they see on our quest and take turns announcing their findings individually at the end of the game. At the refuge, we have watched the summer season transition to autumn. As my iced latte transitions to a hot one with cinnamon on top, the fields turn from bright green to golden brown, and dew graces the spiderwebs on cold mornings. One day in late September, we saw a family of turkeys with cute babies on the side of a large field. Later, we saw two adult turkeys pecking away at the ground, and the girls thought that perhaps these turkeys were on a date since there were no children with them. I rolled down my window and asked the turkeys, "Hey, are you guys on a date?" The turkeys answered loudly with a "Gobble gobble gobble!" Surprised at their instant and unexpected response, the whole car burst into laughter.

Another time, we noticed four large white birds swimming in the pond. They

were fishing with large bowl-like beaks, scooping up water dramatically. What could these birds be? At first, I thought they were Blue Herons, but they were bright white. With my phone, we used ChatGPT to help us identify the birds, at first thinking they were White Egrets, but no, they weren't spearing the fish with their beaks. We are pretty sure that what we saw were four White American Pelicans. I had no idea that we had pelicans in Montana, but apparently, they can be spotted in September.

These trips to the Lee Metcalf have inspired me to try nature and landscape photography. I usually have a particular vision for a shot and set out to go and make that happen. Rarely is it that shot the showstopper, but rather the one that I didn't expect - the view we stumbled upon.

The rocky crest of the edge of a mountain, beneath a cloud-filled sky. The shot of the river in afternoon light, surrounded by autumn trees. The afterthought shot that my husband snapped through the car window.

Finding joy in the creative process is not about lowering my expectations; it's about freeing myself from expectations. If I go to the Lee Metcalf looking for a Bald Eagle, I might be disappointed. If I go to the Metcalf, wondering what this day has in store, well, that's exciting.

"I concentrate on what's in front of me, and work hard, because I love what I do, and I have fun doing it; and then I leave the door open, so I'll be ready when the luck happens."
- Ina Garten



Author & photographer Mackenzie Krauter is a Pacific Northwest native living in Stevensville, MT. For more stories & recipes visit mackenziekrauter.com



What's on the cover?
This charcuterie board is 100% locally sourced.

- Organic Radishes**, Pacific Northwest grown at Siri & Son Farms, Portland, OR
- Bacon**, from Family Owned & Operated Carlton Farms, Carlton, OR
- Kasseri Cheese**, from Ferndale Farmstead, Ferndale, WA
- Smoked Cheddar Cheese**, from Steve's Hot Smoked Cheese, Buckley, WA
- "Maeve" Hungry Blackberry Dark Chocolate**, Seattle Chocolate, Seattle, WA
- Blueberries**, hand-picked at Linbo Blueberry Farm, Puyallup, WA
- Waterfront Sourdough Loaf**, Seattle Sourdough, Seattle, WA
- Organic Granny Smith**, grown in the Pacific Northwest
- Bagel Chips**, from Seattle Bagel Bakery, Tukwila, WA
- Smoked Salmon**, harvested from the Puyallup river.
- Churro Puffs**,
- Rosemary**, homegrown
- Blackberries**, hand-picked

