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Hayden Lake

Neighbors

*Meet
Rick & Genie
Higbee*



Best Version Media

Cover Photo by Terina Thompson Photography

An exclusive magazine serving the neighborhoods around one of the most beautiful lakes in North Idaho.



Meet Rick & Genie Higbee

By Genie Higbee

Photos by Terina Thompson Photography

Hi Neighbors!

This month, Rick and Genie Higbee are our featured residents. Since Genie is a local author, I am excited to have her write their story. I hope you enjoy getting to know them as much as I did!

All the best,
Carly



Rick and I say we have the *ocean in our blood*. Fittingly, we met at the beach, Ventura Beach 1979, in the coastal sun and fog (both of which we enjoy). Rick was born of a multi-generational California family. Except to mention that his service in the US Marines took him to Viet Nam for some years, he, too, was a life-long California resident enjoying life by the water.

Water? Well I've lived beside water, always, or so I say (be it factual or not): on the sand dunes of California's restless Pacific, the clay shores of Georgia's Lake Rabun, the reedy banks of Ontario's shallow Lake Nipissing and currently, the basalt ridges of Idaho's Lake Hayden.

Our move to Idaho in 2004 was prompted, in part, by a choice to spend quality time with my aging parents, Lloyd and Peggie Frisbee, both Montana-born. They had migrated north after my Dad's retirement seeking proximity to their siblings plus the lakes and mountains of their youth.

I had a vivid experience in 1976 while returning from a family reunion held in Glacier Park. After driving through a vast stretch of shaded forest highway, a curve in the road exposed a surprise. A gorgeous, enormous, blue lake. "Surely this is God's country!" I thought. I wanted nothing but to be dropped off right there with my kids. I didn't realize until the late 90s when I visited my parents in Coeur d'Alene that this was the very lake inciting that exhilaration some twenty years prior.

I wrote a long narrative poem about the drive Rick and I took from Ventura to Hayden as we made our move. The closing stanzas describe my reaction upon encountering an Idaho lake again—one of which was to become my daily vista.

ARRIVAL: An Invitation

Wings in advent over pastel fields
Dash French knots on the tie-dyed swath of sky
Speak of collective sensibility
While we in silence pass the miles...

He: Next exit ours!

She: It hits me like a bolt of ferrous bright chenille

The lake, snuggled to the rocky points & bays—

What master-tailor fit this custom cape?

Whose broad & pounded surface courts the mackerel sky

While reed filled inlets wriggle,

Eager to reflect the wavering greens and browns

& ask us to adopt this paradise.

Our home sits above Hayden Lake, off of English Point Drive; The Falls at Hayden community is our *backyard*, although when we moved here the area was fifty acres of trees. So I used to say, “we live where suburbia meets the forest.” As such we relish the sight of wild life, still wild; we plant *yummy* flowers in pots on the deck or hanging out of reach, and respect the animals nibbling in our yard. Rick, who is a natural-born gardener, spends many an industrious hour outdoors. In the winter you might find him on his ATV plowing our drive or a neighbor’s. In Ventura one child called him, “good *naybor* Wick.” Adults nicknamed him, “Mayor of Seaward.” As you might conclude, he’s friendly and alert to the well-being of others.

After moving here, I was introduced to Terry Lee, whose sculptures grace downtown Coeur d’ Alene, and found fellow artists with whom I share many hours. You might have seen me over the years participating in *Art in the Making* at the Resort Shops. Joining 3CS Book Club in 2005 also led me to new friends, avid readers to boot. I’m now chairman emeritus of the Club, an advisor and a presenter.

And so I realize how quickly we found community here. Almost twenty years have passed since our arrival. Rick and I keep in touch with distant friends; we cherish social times with the local. To fill our souls we may take a trip to the Oregon coast where the saltwater, the waves, the sea birds— with all



the sounds combined—do their magic on us. Otherwise we find pleasure on the local water, previously motor boating, and now, kayaking.



I began writing and illustrating by age five, just because. I continued to write short stories and poetry without any goal other than self-satisfaction and the joy of sharing with trusted others—parents, siblings, pals. I wrote my first novel in fifth grade. My teacher let me hold class by reading chapters, serial style, while she would take an afternoon break. She, Miz Smith, told me I would grow up to be an author-illustrator. The idea bloomed and I became aware, filled with wonderment, for what real authors could do with story and characters.

Breaking free from a career as a freelance writer/designer I have concentrated on the art of novel writing, and on exploration of oil painting. In imagination I may be found inhabiting Capri, an isle rising dramatically above Italy’s Tyrrhenean Sea. No surprise then, that Capri is the capricious setting for *Invented August, An Imperfect Escape to Capri*, co-authored with Melissa Farnsworth, published 2014. Rick and I vacationed in Italy, 2002 (including Capri) a fabulous research opportunity, with the bonus these days of recognizing Italian sites in movies. Rick is a history buff, so he’s a source of factual information for me. We can both happily settle down to read (and write) winter or summer.

October 2022 my debut solo novel published. *The Violin Thief, A Curious Tale of Lost & Found*, (historical fiction, coming of age, magical realism). It will be discussed by 3CS Book Club, with this author giving the presentation, September 13, 2023.

October 12, 6-7pm the CDA Library will host my presentation of *Writing Historical Fiction: Inspiration, Research, and Serendipity*. It’s intended to entertain and inform readers and writers.

Watch the Inlander for the same presentation in branches of the CLN, our local libraries.

As an author I say,

When my characters lead you into the unexpected, gift you with the unpredictable, and leave behind something to ponder...then I am rewarded.

And yes, Rick has read both of my novels!

Discover more about Genie’s art and books at
www.geniehighbee-art.com.