



## Run for the Border, Again!

Day 4 had us sleeping in and making toasted English muffins with fresh crab!

As we were getting ready to leave I got a call from Julie. She was almost in tears saying she and the kids would not be able to make the flight to Nanaimo. They were going to be leaving Seattle via Kenmore Air at 2pm for Nanaimo, our rendezvous point the next day. Kenmore Air called her the day of the flight to say the kids must have a passport for the flight. Julie has a passport but the kids have enhanced ID's, something that works just fine for crossing the boarder in a boat or car but not by air. They gave her a credit to be used at a different time.

She was so upset but I told her everything would be fine and I would figure something out and call her back. After considering all the options our best bet is to fly her and the kids into Roche Harbor (in the USA). We would then need to go back across the boarder, clear US customs, pick them up and take everyone across the border into Canada. Luckily we were able to book a flight for that day, putting them in Roche at 5:30pm.

We had just enough time to rent some bikes for a 1-hour ride down to the southern most tip of Pender Island. We had an

awesome ride and walk across the beach to the rocky outcropping overlooking Haro Strait, the exact area we would need to cross going back to the USA. Our ride home took us on some fun wooded trails out to the water and back up the long hill to Poets Cove. The nasty cough (some type of infection) I have been ignoring for the last couple weeks comes out in full force for the ride but it still feels great to get some exercise!

We quickly hopped in the boat to get back to Roche Harbor. It was a smooth crossing with lots of jumping Salmon. Scott points them all out, one of those guys that's in tune with nature. Everywhere he would say, "fish right there, there's a deer up in that grass, look at that bird" whatever it was he saw it first. Marty says its because he doesn't have an iPhone.

Back at Roche we cleared customs for our 2-hour stay in the US then up to the pub for a couple beers while waiting for the floatplane to come in. A text from Julie said they were landing early so I ran down the dock just in time to see the fam get off the plane. Skylar was having the time of his life having acquired the co-pilot seat for the ride up. It felt great having us all together getting back on the boat. We cleared Canada customs once again then left for an anchorage further north in order to stay on schedule.

A little fishing along south Pender provided nothing, so we motored through a beautiful sunset into Montague Harbor arriving at 9pm. The anchor was set and everyone went to bed for a restful nights sleep after a long day.

Well at least that's what we thought. 12:30am Julie and I wake up to Ava moaning in her sleep, then "my stomach hurts". "Go in the bathroom and go poop" was our response, not wanting to really deal with the issue. As she opens the door to the head we hear a weird sound, kind of like a swoosh or something. "What was that" I said to Julie, now we need to

really wake up and deal with the issue. Upon swinging the door open we see puke covering the entire floor and a freaked out child wondering... What Just Happened! This is the first time she has ever thrown up and doesn't really know what's going on.

We cleaned it all up (luckily it was only on the hardwood) and gave Ava a shower. Julie was a great mom, lying with Ava for the next 3 hours on the floor until she felt good enough to go back to her bed. Not much sleep for Julie and she didn't feel all that good either. All I could think was that we were going to get the whole boat sick! Julie didn't feel too good the next morning but Ava seemed to be 100%. As Julie started feeling better mid morning we narrowed it down to a ham sandwich just the two of them had the day before.



Bike ride to the beach





Julie taking care of Ava