



## Dock Space

8:20am Wednesday Aug 6<sup>th</sup> – We departed Anacortes Cap Sante marina bound for Matia Island in the northern San Juan's. Under clear skies and smooth water we arrived at 11:05am traveling 18.57nm.

This is an island we have never explored. We always have to bypass it because there is only one small bay with 2 mooring buoys and a small dock that only fits a couple boats. We just continue on to Sucia because it's always full. This trip is all about visiting new places on old cruising grounds and this time we were in luck! Both buoys were full but there was actually space at the dock. What a beautiful setting at the dock, no wonder it's always full.

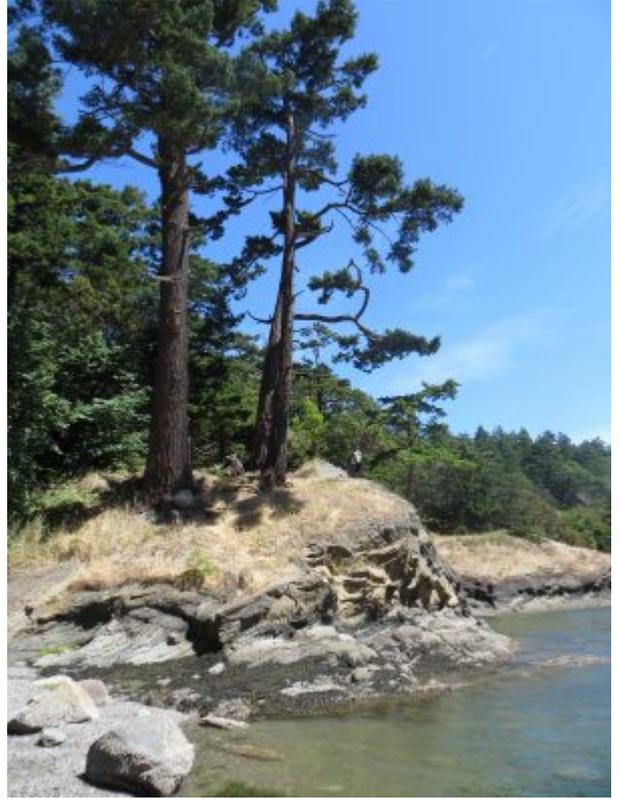
Its always fun exploring a new island so we took off on foot to check out all the trails and little beaches on the island. A fantastic trail system led us to some incredible views looking out over the Strait of Georgia! The tiny little beaches were fun to explore but we couldn't get to all of them by foot. When we got back we decided to take the dinghy and circumnavigate the island stopping at all the beaches along the way. Ava did some serious treasure hunting and made a creative little plaque with her name on it and the treasures she found. Skylar and I tried to make a Bear Grills fire

using a stick and some cedar wood. We got it to smoke pretty good but got too tired before it ignited. A great time at Matia Island!



Dock Space!







Dried up Fish





Almost got a fire going  
using only sticks



Ava's Plaque with treasures



## Not Again!

12am Tuesday Aug 5<sup>th</sup> – Ava's gotta poop, and goes in the head. She's in there for a while then starts complaining about her

stomach hurting. I reluctantly get out of bed to see what the problem is. The stench is horrible – seriously smells like something died. Diarrhea – not good. I felt so sorry for her – after all she’s been through the last few days. After a good 30min on the pot she gets off and pukes again! It’s been 2 days since her last puke – it just doesn’t seem to end. Skylar is upset wondering if our trip will ever start with a healthy family while Julie and I are concerned something is really wrong for it to keep lingering this long. It’s been 6 days since it started.

8am – Skylar and I take off on the bikes (no trike this time) with the broken part to try and convince the repair shop to fix our motor in a few hours while Julie takes Ava to the urgent care facility.

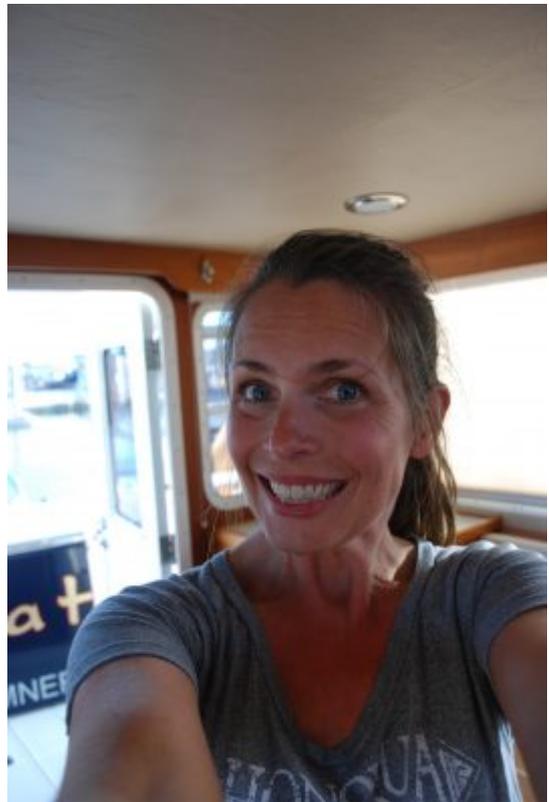
After the chain falls off a few more times (these bikes were not in good condition) we are successful at convincing them to fix the motor. Instead of 1.5 weeks (their lead time right now) they will have it done this afternoon. Julie however gets to the urgent care center and they are closed for a week! Closed for a week – an urgent care center, seriously! What good is that! We found another and called a taxi for Julie and Ava while Skylar and I rode our rickety bikes.

The doctor asked to shake Ava’s hand but she politely said, “No thanks, I don’t touch new people”. What a relief though when he said this was a normal progression for the virus that was going around. He said she should start really feeling better now thankfully.

Some appetizers and drinks out while we waited for the call about the motor. They called at 5:30pm so Skylar and I took one last trek on the bikes to pick up the fixed part. I installed it on the motor and everything worked perfect! We can finally take off for the San Juan’s in the morning!



Ava – Just before the incident





## Early Morning

4:55am – Monday Aug 4<sup>th</sup> – We inched away from the Wollochet dock well before the sun peaked over the horizon. With a long travel day ahead we needed an early start. Our destination – Anacortes, the gateway to the San Juan Islands. Julie and I watched the sun rise over the Narrows Bridge and Tacoma while the kids slept – it was a beautiful morning!

A long run – 81.57nm and 9 hours later we arrived in Anacortes – Cap Sante Marina – 2pm.

We needed a part for the dinghy. I noticed reduced water flow from the pee hole on the engine, which could overheat it. It needed a new impeller – a sort of paddle wheel that spins to suck seawater up through the engine to cool it. After a little research I found the marine Honda dealer and they had the part!

Luckily the marina has these bikes you can borrow for free. At just over a mile away to the Honda dealer the bikes would be perfect! Problem is they were all taken except the

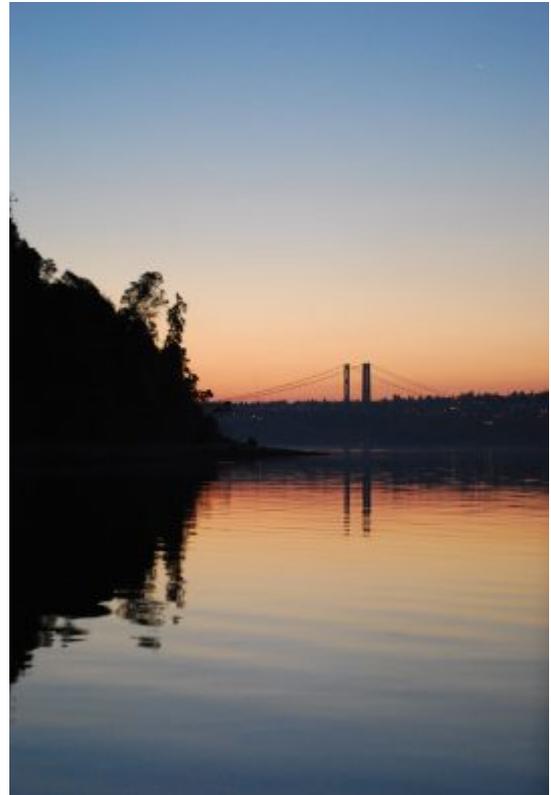
trike. It was super scary to ride – had a death wobble like no other – and the chain kept falling off but it did the trick.

With the parts in hand it was time to tear into the outboard. My davit served as a fantastic lift to get the stern of the dinghy out of the water for service. At one point Julie looked back and said “Seriously, what are you doing, we better be able to leave tomorrow!” All was going well when one of the bolts was kind of stuck – it was coming but I had to put more force on it than I wanted. Of course – snap! I knew instantly what happened! First thing I thought is – oh no, Julie is going to kill me, and its going to take us days to get this thing fixed.

It’s going to be another day in Anacortes but for more than one reason.



The view out the pilothouse





Narrows Bridge at sunrise



Seattle



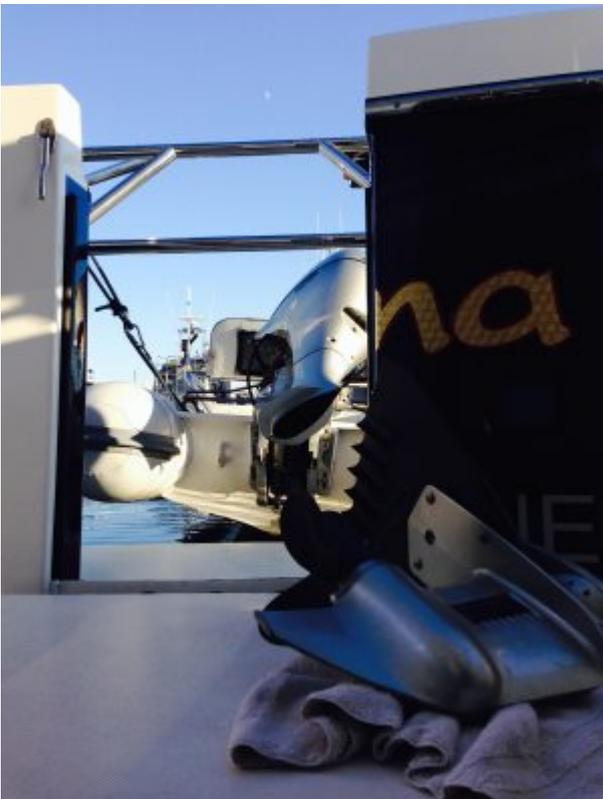
A long day on the boat.



La Conner Bridge



The Trike!



Torn apart outboard





Fishing Fleet in Anacortes

