



# Lost

SUNDAY – Fathers Day! The wind whipped up the next morning blowing 15-20 out of the northeast directly into the cove we thought we were nestled in. At about 9:30am after getting rocked around for a while we decided to make a short run across to Sucia Island's Ewing Cove that seemed to be more protected from the wind. We loaded everything up but decided just to tow the dinghy for the short almost 2nm run.

Getting into Ewing cove is a little tricky so while I was concentrated on finding the best route the kids of course couldn't stop asking questions about all the fun things we were going to do today. Tying up to a buoy in 15-20 knots of wind can be a challenge but luckily Julie and I had no issue. Every time we get to a new spot Skylar feels like he is going to die if he doesn't start fishing the minute we get there. Even before we were fully tied up Skylar had his pole in the water.

As Julie and I come back from the bow of the boat I notice our dinghy floating a little further back than the towline allows. We race to the stern only to watch as our dinghy is being ripped across the water in the raging wind, tow line

trailing behind. SKYLAR, what happened? Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, I don't know! With the big boat secured to the buoy the only way to catch the dinghy is with the kayak, the one tied to the top of our pilothouse. We all worked together getting the kayak down as our dinghy narrowly misses the boat behind us and careens toward a reef a few hundred yards away. I was finally able to jump in the kayak and paddle as fast as I could toward the dinghy. About half way there I notice a tour boat full of people watching the train wreck, pointing and taking pictures. No time to care, I got to the dinghy and hoped in just before the reef. Motoring back in shame towing the kayak Julie took pictures right along with the tourist.

With an eventful start to Fathers Day behind us, we decided to leave the boat in the wind and go for a hike. We had a nice 3-mile hike all the way to Echo bay and back. Ava complains at first but then kicks it into gear to make it happen.

That evening the wind died down so Skylar decides to pitch his tent on top of the boat. He has the first of 2 tent poles in when the next one slips out of his hand and torpedos off the side into the water. With another look of "what just happened" on his face, he loses another important item to the sea. No tent tonight and unfortunately for the rest of the trip.



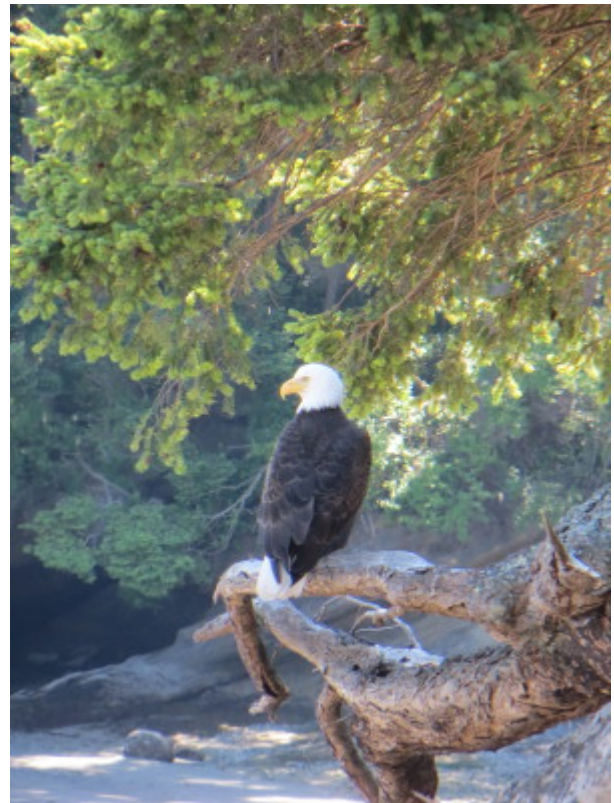
Rough and windy



Pulling the kayak back to



the boat





Mt Baker



River Otter





