



## Drop Off

TUESDAY June 23rd – We decided to stay at Sucia Island one more night before heading to Roche Harbor. Sucia Island has so many nice little anchorages you could spend almost a week there and never stay in the same place twice. We once again moved to Sucia's Fox Cove, another beautiful anchorage just a short ride away.

After getting secured to the ocean floor we dinghied in for another hike, this time our to Henry Point. A fun hike but wow, it was a little nerve racking with the kids, especially Ava. The shear drop-offs running along the trail, with no barricade, really stressed us out. One misstep and you would be falling just about straight down to certain death. Great views but probably not a trail we would take Ava on again until she was older.

We hung out at the beach for a while longer then back to the boat for dinner and an awesome evening watching the sun go down.













# Resourceful

MONDAY June 22nd – In the middle of the night the wind kicked up again, blowing and rocking the boat all over the place. We moved to this bay specifically to get out of the wind but of course the wind had switched directions just to irritate us one more day. After spending a few hours at the beach in the morning we decide to pack up and move to Fossil bay on the same island.

We are trying to get a good hike in everyday so today we decide to hike out to Johnson Point. Ava once again complained but got into the groove as we got going. It was a beautiful hike through the woods as Skylar searched for a tree branch that would serve as a replacement tent pole. Incredible views all the way out to the point and Skylar found a branch for what he thought would work to keep his tent up. It actually worked but not without a little modification from a broom handle and some zip ties. I guess he will be camping once again. He's a resourceful kid

With Skylar's tent all setup on the beach we all joined him for a nice fire and marshmallow roasting.



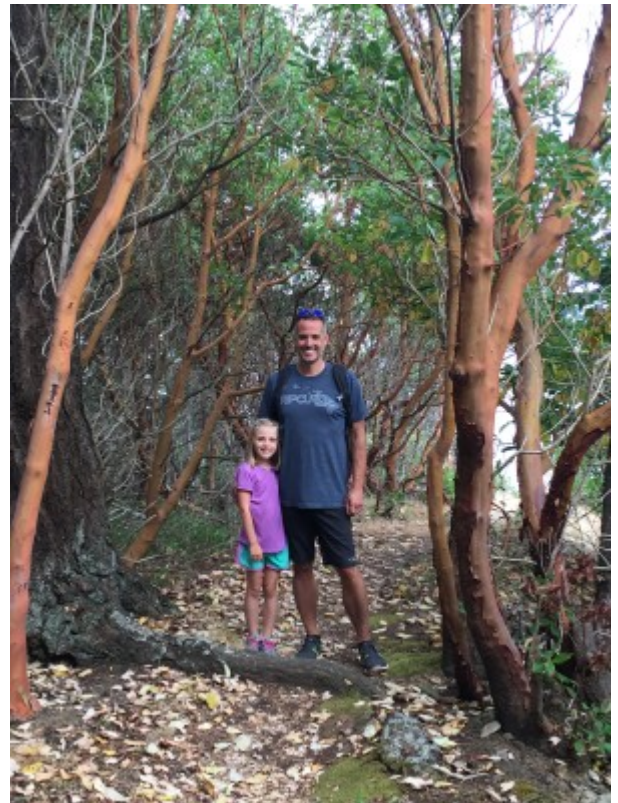




















# Lost

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? Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, 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.

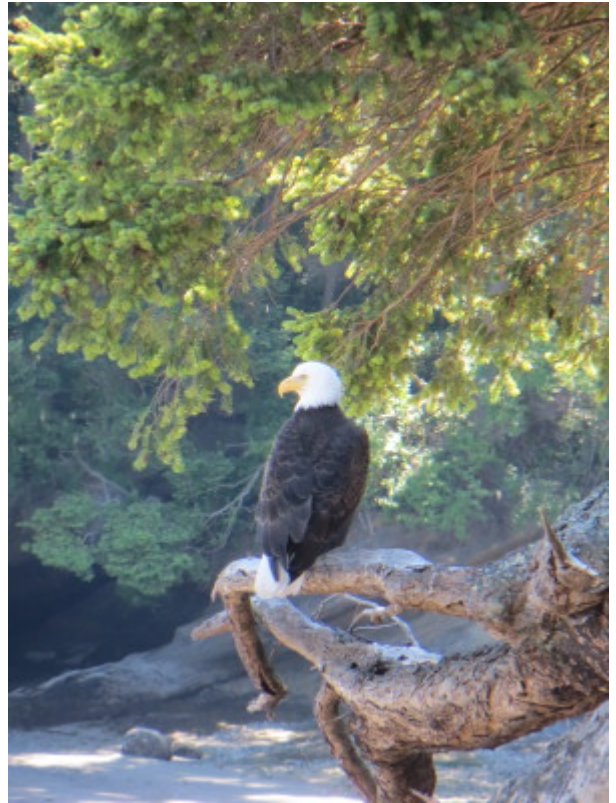


Rough and windy



Pulling the kayak back to the boat





Mt Baker





River Otter







