



“Just a Little Farther”

On Tuesday Aug 30th – After 3 nights in Seattle, we decided to head over to Blake Island for a little more nature before going home. All of Blake Island is a state park and full of nature so close to home. Deer roam the island, and raccoons are everywhere. We got tied up at the dock in an extremely tight spot but all went well.

We decided to go for a hike around the island. Julie, not feeling the greatest, reluctantly agreed to go. I didn't know exactly how far it was all the way around the island but I thought it was a fairly quick hike so we started the journey.

I soon realized it was going to be a longer trek than originally thought but I pushed on saying nothing. After about 45 minutes I started hearing complaints from the back of the line, “I agreed to go on a SHORT hike, are we almost there” Julie said. Julie had a cold the last few days and was getting very tired. I decided to use my phone and Google maps to see how far we still needed to go. Oh boy, not good, we were only almost $\frac{1}{2}$ way around the island! Again, I decided to keep this info to myself and Skylar. Skylar said “Dad that's not good, mom doesn't feel well”. Against my better judgment we both kept quiet, only saying “we are getting there, lets

keep going". No use in turning back now I thought, we are almost $\frac{1}{2}$ way around, in retrospect a bad decision.

We arrived at a nice little beach where we all relaxed for a few minutes before taking off again down the trail. Julie started getting really tired and her anger toward my decision started flowing. I was forced to reveal my decisions and break the silence. We had at least another 2 miles to go and suddenly Julie got really angry! Skylar thought it was all really funny but it was not a good situation for me. After a little breakdown, I gave a pep talk and we pushed on with steam coming out of Julie's ears.

We finally made it back to the boat after almost a 5-mile hike. Julie crashed in silence and I just kept my mouth shut.

Some friends of ours called and decided to come up to Blake for the night. We all had a great time talking boats and hanging out on the dock.

After 2 nights at Blake Island we fired up the engine for the last time for the short 2-hour cruise back home to Tacoma. No one wanted to go home. We all just pictured ourselves turning back north for more adventures. There's nothing quite like spending that much time on a boat with your wife and kids. Its challenging at times but its amazing how much closer you become. The kids gain so much experience in self reliance. On the water, bad decisions and lack of attention have higher consequences and that teaches them (and me) a lot about life. I am so thankful for this time and experience with my family and love that they feel the same way.

On September 1st 2016, after 35 days out, we arrived back to our boathouse in Tacoma.



Leaving Seattle

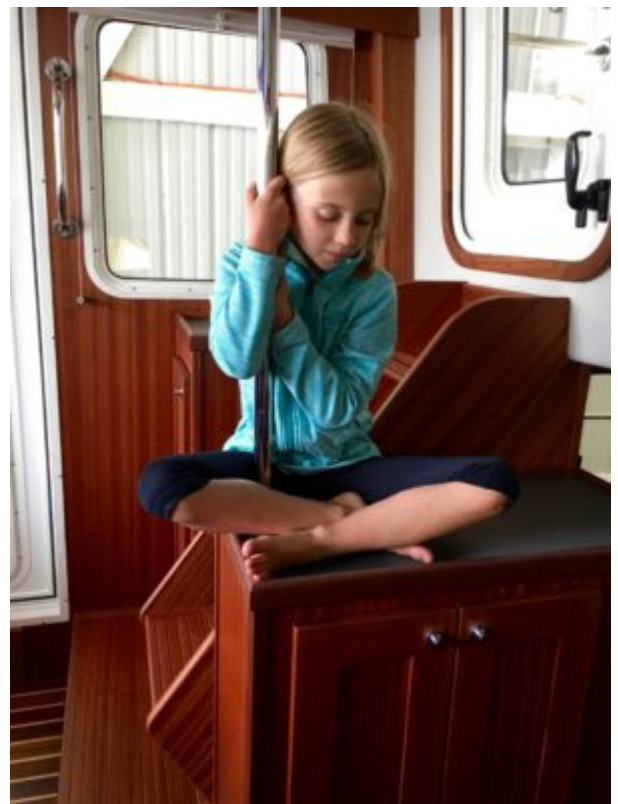












Ava doesn't want to leave!