



Back in Time

Christmas Day 2018– Truly, this post is about going back in time, in more ways than one. Yes, it's winter now and I still have to finish up our boating blog from this summer! So, while it's a miserable 42 degrees and raining, sit back and dream of the coming summer on the water. More posts to follow.

Sunday July 29th – We woke up to the sound of the falls at the stern of our boat and drank coffee overlooking the calm, secluded beauty of the area. After pulling anchor we slowly motored southwest back down the channel headed for Malaspina Inlet's Isabel Bay 34 nm away.

This summer has been extremely hot and today was no different. Todd found a cozy little spot to anchor then we tied up to him. We all swam and relaxed in the sun. Julie and I took the dinghy out fishing to a spot where Skylar and Zach have caught some nice Lingcod in past trips. Skylar was a little pissy about being left behind but we need some time away from the kids so sorry kid.

Julie and I zipped around to the main channel and dropped the line in some water that was still running fast from the tide. It was a nice relaxing trip but no fish. Once back at the boat I couldn't tell if Skylar was happy or sad we didn't catch

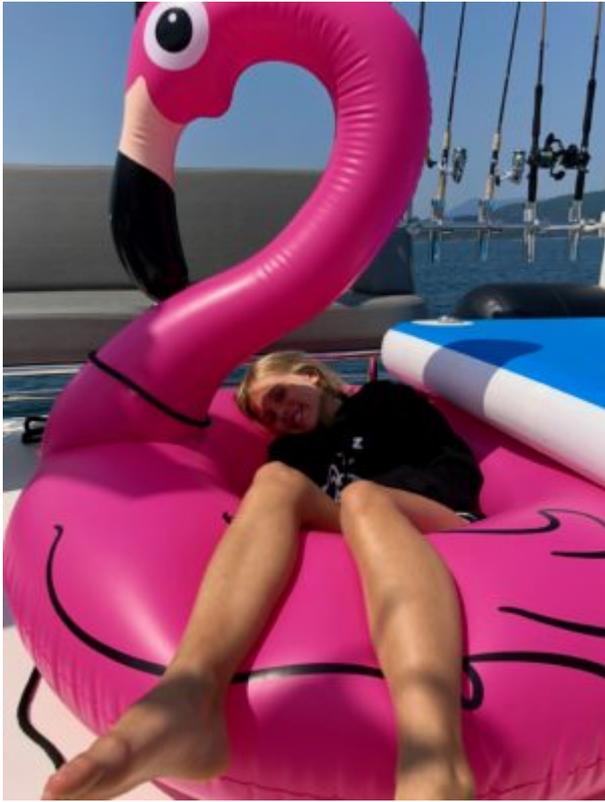
anything without him.

That evening we explored a huge shallow inlet by dinghy. It was kind of creepy and eerie. In the flat calm water with nothing around we kept going deeper and deeper into the inlet. Just when we thought it ended we found a small creek that kept us pushing further up the flats. Motoring up the creek the feel turned into something you might see in Florida. It felt like at any moment a crocodile would take the boat out. Todd turned full bayou redneck for about 5 minutes never getting out of character. There could have been a little alcohol involved. It was hilarious and a fun adventure!

Monday July 30th – We needed some groceries and to get rid of some stinky garbage. Todd devised a plan to dinghy over to the small government dock on Malaspina Peninsula then take a taxi to Lund. Lund is a tiny little town on the other side of the peninsula. By boat it's a long way but by car it's only about 5 miles.

After researching taxi services, he found one, the only one! Upon meeting the taxi at the head of the dock we learned this was not your ordinary taxi. A 1940's (I think) Mercury that had a long history of taxi service in Chicago, was now the only taxi in Lund and the owner sure had a lot of fun with it. He told us all about the history of the car as we cruised the 5 miles across the peninsula at about half the speed limit. Once in Lund we stocked up then made the reverse trip back to our boats.

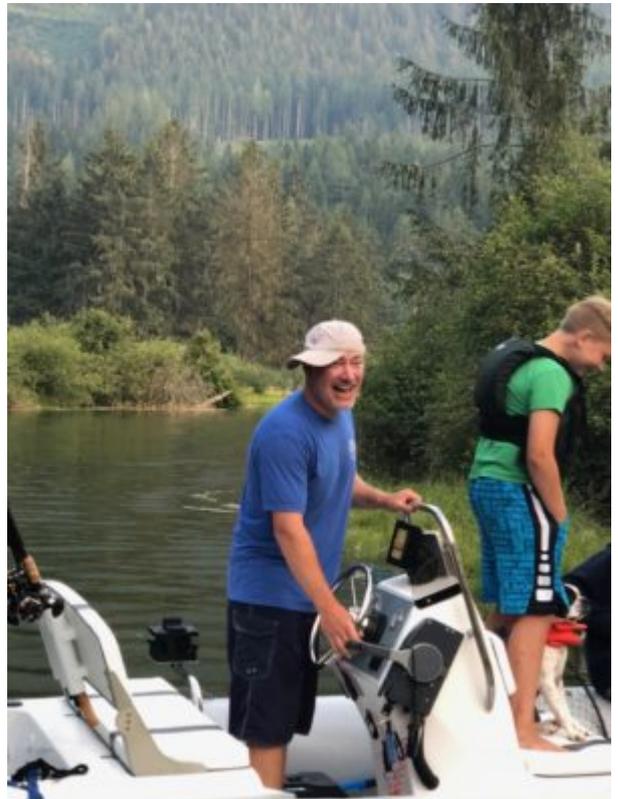
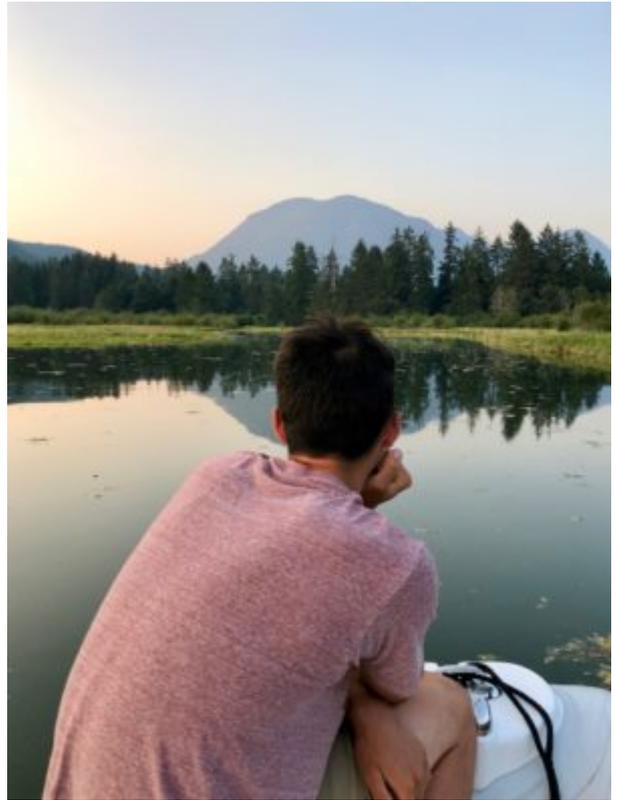
That evening we all cruised back to the government docks for dinner at the Laughing Oyster. What a fantastic restaurant looking out over the water with nothing else around it. We all ate dinner relaxing in the warm evening then realized it was getting dark, so we raced back to our boats for the 10-minute fast dinghy ride back home.





The large Lagoon





Total Bayou Redneck



Our Taxi



