



Run for the Border, Again!

Day 4 had us sleeping in and making toasted English muffins with fresh crab!

As we were getting ready to leave I got a call from Julie. She was almost in tears saying she and the kids would not be able to make the flight to Nanaimo. They were going to be leaving Seattle via Kenmore Air at 2pm for Nanaimo, our rendezvous point the next day. Kenmore Air called her the day of the flight to say the kids must have a passport for the flight. Julie has a passport but the kids have enhanced ID's, something that works just fine for crossing the boarder in a boat or car but not by air. They gave her a credit to be used at a different time.

She was so upset but I told her everything would be fine and I would figure something out and call her back. After considering all the options our best bet is to fly her and the kids into Roche Harbor (in the USA). We would then need to go back across the boarder, clear US customs, pick them up and take everyone across the border into Canada. Luckily we were able to book a flight for that day, putting them in Roche at 5:30pm.

We had just enough time to rent some bikes for a 1-hour ride down to the southern most tip of Pender Island. We had an

awesome ride and walk across the beach to the rocky outcropping overlooking Haro Strait, the exact area we would need to cross going back to the USA. Our ride home took us on some fun wooded trails out to the water and back up the long hill to Poets Cove. The nasty cough (some type of infection) I have been ignoring for the last couple weeks comes out in full force for the ride but it still feels great to get some exercise!

We quickly hopped in the boat to get back to Roche Harbor. It was a smooth crossing with lots of jumping Salmon. Scott points them all out, one of those guys that's in tune with nature. Everywhere he would say, "fish right there, there's a deer up in that grass, look at that bird" whatever it was he saw it first. Marty says its because he doesn't have an iPhone.

Back at Roche we cleared customs for our 2-hour stay in the US then up to the pub for a couple beers while waiting for the floatplane to come in. A text from Julie said they were landing early so I ran down the dock just in time to see the fam get off the plane. Skylar was having the time of his life having acquired the co-pilot seat for the ride up. It felt great having us all together getting back on the boat. We cleared Canada customs once again then left for an anchorage further north in order to stay on schedule.

A little fishing along south Pender provided nothing, so we motored through a beautiful sunset into Montague Harbor arriving at 9pm. The anchor was set and everyone went to bed for a restful nights sleep after a long day.

Well at least that's what we thought. 12:30am Julie and I wake up to Ava moaning in her sleep, then "my stomach hurts". "Go in the bathroom and go poop" was our response, not wanting to really deal with the issue. As she opens the door to the head we hear a weird sound, kind of like a swoosh or something. "What was that" I said to Julie, now we need to

really wake up and deal with the issue. Upon swinging the door open we see puke covering the entire floor and a freaked out child wondering... What Just Happened! This is the first time she has ever thrown up and doesn't really know what's going on.

We cleaned it all up (luckily it was only on the hardwood) and gave Ava a shower. Julie was a great mom, lying with Ava for the next 3 hours on the floor until she felt good enough to go back to her bed. Not much sleep for Julie and she didn't feel all that good either. All I could think was that we were going to get the whole boat sick! Julie didn't feel too good the next morning but Ava seemed to be 100%. As Julie started feeling better mid morning we narrowed it down to a ham sandwich just the two of them had the day before.



Bike ride to the beach





Julie taking care of Ava



Set Me Free!

Day 3 had us up for an awesome breakfast at Roche harbor. Around 11am we took off headed for Poets Cove across the boarder in Canada.

First though we needed to pick up the crab pots that were left all night. Against my better judgment I decided to pick them up in the big boat while leaving the harbor. My crab pot buoy setup consists of a main buoy, and an orange trailer buoy to make finding and hooking the buoy easier. Of course the wind was blowing making snagging the buoys a little difficult. We got the first one fine but the wind blew us right over the second one. Thinking it would pop up somewhere we waited to spot the buoy before I put the engine in gear. Drifting quickly toward shore, time was running out with no buoy in sight! 20' on the depth sounder told me it was time to set the prop in motion. Just as it went in gear I heard something under the boat. I quickly took it out of gear to assess the situation. Looking off the back of the swim step I could faintly see a line in the water. Using the boat hook I grabbed the line and I was able to pull the pot up. The other end however, the one with the buoys attached was still stuck under the boat. It was time to throw on a lifejacket, get out on the swim step and see if it could be untangled. While we continued to drift toward shore, now 16' deep, I was able reach down under the swim step and untangle the pot line from the ladder mounted to the underside of the swim step. I pulled up the main buoy but the end attached to the trailer buoy was cut and the orange buoy was nowhere in sight. No time now, 12' on the depth sounder and drifting fast. As we turned around away from land the orange buoy popped up from somewhere. No chance of picking it up as it was drifting fast toward land. So thankful for that line cutter installed on my prop shaft!

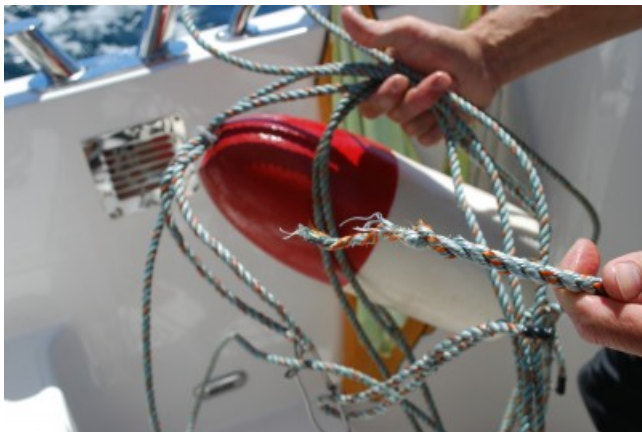
All of Marty's praying that we don't catch crab (he doesn't want them to get killed) resulted in 4 large keepers! We had a smooth crossing across Haro Strait into Canadian waters. Poets Cove is a port of entry but before you can tie up at the resort you must dock at the dedicated government docks to clear customs. Entry into Canada is super easy, just pick up the phone at the head of the dock and answer a few questions.

All went well so we moved about 100 yards to our slip that night at Poets Cove.

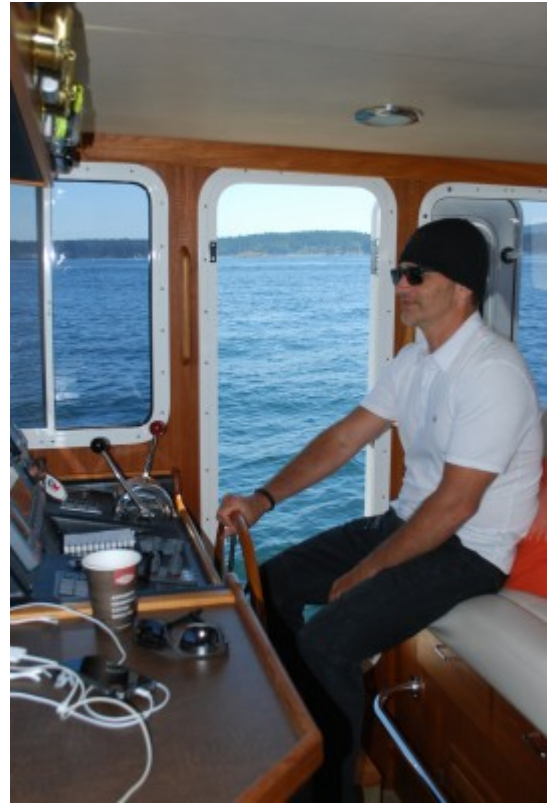
A little swimming in their kid crazed, cesspool along with some hot tubbin had us quickly over at their pub for a late lunch and beer. Scott went out for a sunset kayak cruise while Marty and I got dinner ready. Marty had to hide in the boat while Scott and I killed, cleaned and cooked the crab. They sure were tasty!



Scott with his catch



The cut line



Capitan Marty



Turn Point on Stewart
Island



Cookin Crab



Poets Cove



Where's Your Legs?

Day 2. After a great night at Sucia we were off to Roche Harbor on San Juan Island. A short 3-hour cruise and we were tied up at the docks next to a grouchy old guy with a

beautiful Flemming 55. He stared us down while pulling in to our slip then proceeded to tell the dockhands to tell us to turn our radar off before we even had the boat tied up. I understand the possible radiation effect of radar but 30 seconds, really? The dockhands just kind of laughed and explained to me how much of a pain this guy has been, complaining about everything since he got there. Later he even explained to me how to tie my dinghy up so it didn't float close to him.

With the dinghy in the water we were off to set the crab pots, then back to play some Bocce Ball. It was a close match between Scott and I, but I did come out victorious! You can't visit Roach with out a hike (walk) to the Mausoleum, then the sculpture park.

It was a lively evening with Mr. Grouchy next to us, super drunk dude across the dock and a huge wedding going on with great music. The cannon and Colors were also fun as always.

One word of caution; If your walking down the dock and see one of those little dogs with super short legs on the bow of a boat, (Corgi I think) never say to the dog, in a high pitched voice, "where's your legs, where's your legs". There just may be a man on the back of the boat (the owner) who has a prosthetic leg. Good thing he didn't hear me!



