



The Sea Lion

Tuesday August 21st – The anchor came up off the Canadian sea floor and locked into place on the boat. Free to put the engine in gear now we pointed our bow toward the US and crossed Haro Strait. After clearing customs in Roche Harbor, we made our way to our assigned slip for the next 3 nights.

Skylar and I went hiking and fly fishing in the nasty little ponds above the harbor but didn't catch a thing. Then we all tried some salmon fishing just outside of Mosquito Pass but once again we struck out. The smoke continued to be super thick and was now getting extremely annoying. Not only did it make you feel terrible, but all the beautiful scenery and sunsets were blocked by a blanket of smoke.

Sometimes at Roche yacht brokers will have boats open for you to tour. One such boat was the "Sea Lion" a beastly boat stretching 70 feet long and what seemed like almost as tall. Built in the 80's with a complete interior remodel a few years ago it was a really cool boat that made you feel like you could go anywhere and do anything. Skylar and Ava loved it. They wouldn't quit talking about it. Trying unsuccessfully to get us to buy it they devised an elaborate dreamy plan to buy it themselves and live on it together. They talked about it for days.



We took a trip to check out some friends property on Henry Island.





The proud owners of "Sea Lion"





Our beautiful family



The Long Haul

Sunday August 19th – We Left Manson's Landing and started heading south in the Georgia Strait under the cover of some serious wildfire smoke. No specific destination in mind we just need to start heading south. After some weather forecast research, it looked like the weather was changing. It called for mostly calm winds today then rising in the evening to windy conditions for the next few days.

So, we decided to bust it south! Normally you try and limit your exposure in the Strait of Georgia but today we cruised 70 miles straight down. We didn't want to get stuck waiting for a weather window in the coming days. Building following seas pushed us right into Gabriola Pass where we caught somewhat decent slack water. But why stop here. We pushed on but now I transferred the helm to Skylar where he navigated us all the way to Sidney Spit in the southern Gulf Islands.

In all we cruised 120nm in one day, an all-time record for us. We anchored off the spit and spent the next 2 nights just relaxing on the beach, watching the Orca whales pass by and taking the dinghy to dinner in Sidney.



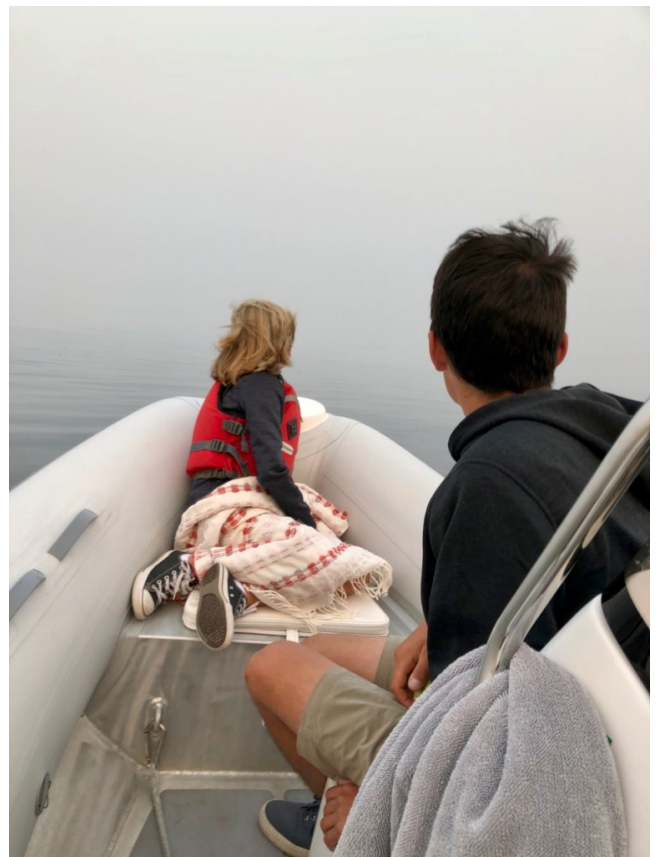
Long run down the Georgia Strait



Sidney Spit in the smoke



On our way to dinner in Sidney

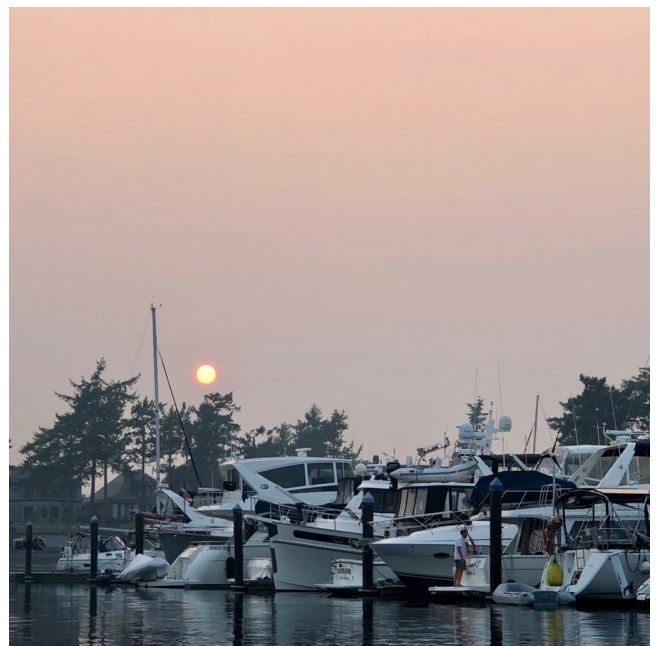


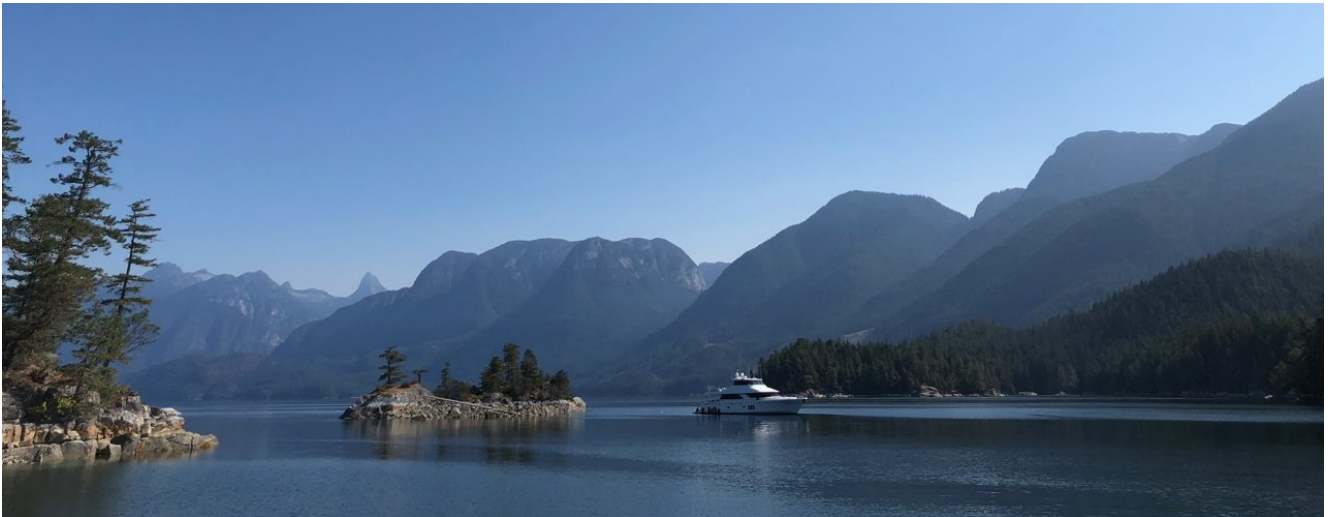
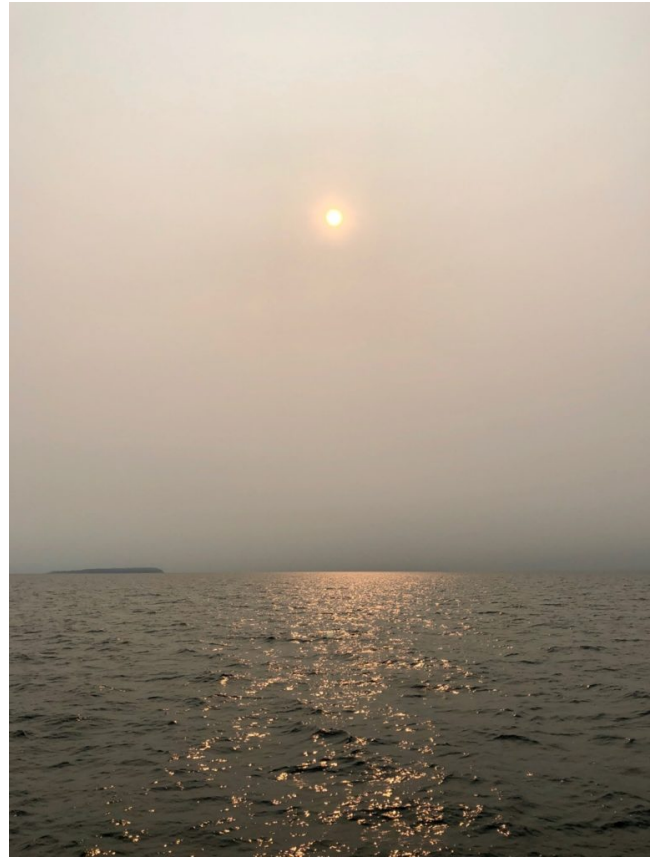
We had to navigate the short distance in the

dinghy using GPS because of
the thick smoke



Sidney Harbor





Hillbilly Heyer

Saturday August 18th – Today we left Prideaux Haven and made our way west to Manson's Landing, tucked in a little area we

always anchor. It's a fun spot, complete with a saltwater lagoon, a nice beach, and short hike leads to a beautiful lake but the weather must be calm. The anchorage opens up to the south end of the Georgia Strait. If the wind was blowing out of the south, it would not be comfortable. Lucky for us things were calm, and the forecast was for more of the same the next day.

It's kind of a tricky anchorage in 80' of water but we managed to secure a spot right where we always anchor. A few others were not so lucky as they came in after us trying repeatedly to set the hook within acceptable range of other boats. After feeling like the boat wasn't going to drift off anywhere, we set out for some beach time and exploring the area.

Just as we were getting in the dinghy to leave Skylar said quietly but clearly "oh no, that's not good". What, I said. "My tooth just fell out" he said. He turned to Julie and I and the hillbilly was suddenly turned on. Years ago, when Skylar was about 8 years old, he was sliding on his stomach down our long, slippery, hardwood floors. He wouldn't quit sliding even though it was time to leave the house. Finally, he put on his sweatshirt to leave but just had to slide one more time. Except this time the grippy logo on the front of his sweatshirt took hold on the hardwood and planted his face smack on the hardwood. When he came up, blood was everywhere, his tooth almost went through his lip and his front tooth had a big chip out of it. The dentist was able to fill it but warned that it would not last forever.

Today, miles from a dentist, in a different county, on a boat, it decided to fall out. He played it off like no big deal, but he was embarrassed. We decided to wait until we got home to get it fixed but Skylar is resourceful. He found the chunk and was able to put it back in until he had to eat then took it back out. That lasted for quite a few days until he lost the chunk!

After some exploring time, Skylar “Hillbilly” Heyer and I took a run in the dingy to Gorge Harbor to fuel up and get some much-needed groceries. It was a fun run, then we all took a sunset cruise and fishing expedition. Skylar of course hooked into a nice Lingcod. Must have been the tooth.



Anchors up. Leaving
Prideaux Haven











Sunset from our anchorage



Nice Lingcod Skylar!



The ling puked this zombie

fish up after we caught it.