

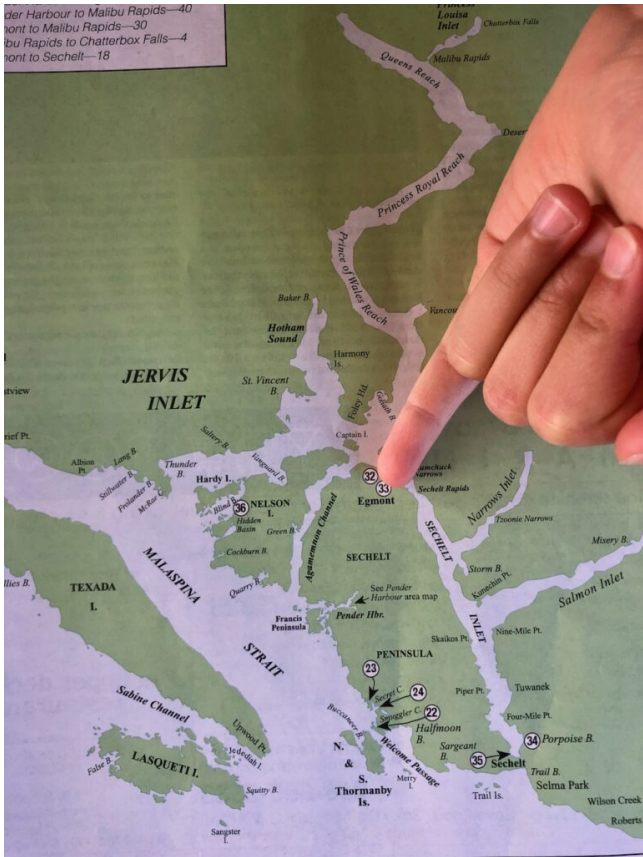


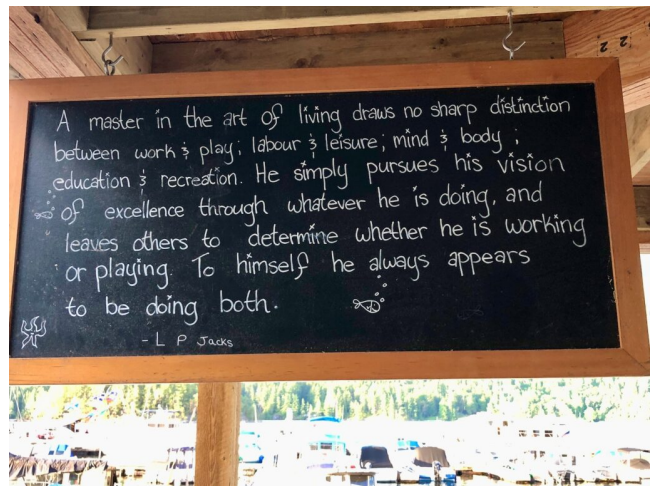
## TMI

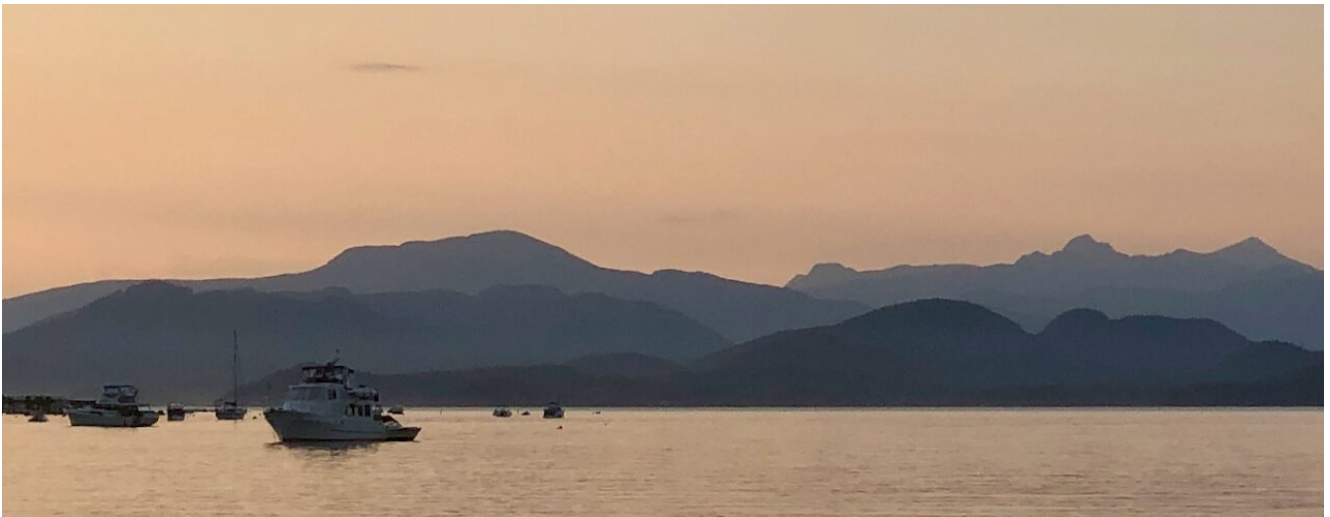
Monday July 15 – We departed Buccaneer Bay and headed for Back Eddy Marina in Egmont. We had a wonderful cruise northeast where the dock staff at the marina was waiting for our arrival. Egmont is a tiny little town, if you can call it that. After a 15-minute walk to the store, we provisioned up with their limited supply of fruits and veggies. But the real score was the info we gained from the clerk on where to go for dinner. He said we had to go to the West Coast Wilderness Lodge and get the Beef Wellington. On our walk home we stopped by the lodge to check it out and make reservations. Surprisingly, it was a really nice lodge that looked like a great place for dinner.

We chilled on the boat for a while waiting for our dinner reservations then headed back to the lodge. The view from our outdoor table was amazing and the food matched the view. Our informant was right. The Beef Wellington was really good. The only thing a little funky was the waiter who was very talkative in a TMI sort of way. He forgot a few things then blamed it on the fact that he was on prescription pain killers. However, he was very nice, and I guess you get what you get in the wilderness.

der Harbour to Malibu Rapids—40  
ont to Malibu Rapids—30  
bu Rapids to Chatterbox Falls—4  
ront to Sechart—18







## RIP Lona

Friday July 12th 2019 – Finally leaving the city! And surprisingly no one else caught Ava's sickness. We were all excited to get out into the wilderness. Even though the forecast was still for some rain and colder than normal temperatures, the wind was going to be calm for the next few days.

Buccaneer Bay sits between North and South Thormanby. It's been on our list of places to go for the last few years. It's

an anchorage only to be trusted in settled weather because of its exposure to Malaspina Strait and wind whipping across an Isthmus from the Strait of Georgia could get nasty. Its exposed, but also has two awesome beaches, one on each side of the isthmus. We anchored in 80' of water with views of the Strait of Georgia across the isthmus and Malaspina Strait to our north.

It was the perfect place after being in the city. The first evening we all went fishing for some Ling Cod and Skylar brought one nice fish onboard that was perfect for dinner!

The next day while relaxing on the beach we got a phone call with some bad news. Julie's mom Lona had passed away. 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  years ago she had a pretty bad stroke that had left her unable to walk and her mind was in and out of reality. She improved some after the stroke but not much in the last year. Even though she was not in good health, she was stable. So, while the news was not a total shock, it was very much unexpected. She lived in Montana with her husband Ken (who is not Julie's dad). Ken has taken great care of her over the last 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  years and we are so thankful for that! Thank you Ken, she couldn't have had a better care taker.

Because we had cell service and the wind forecast was good, we ended up staying put for the next few nights while we could still talk to family. It's been a very odd and stressful trip. Really rainy and weird weather, Ava got the flu, and now the news of Julie's mom passing away. Lona was cremated, Ken was doing well, and Lona did not want a service. After a few days we decided to continue on with our trip but our plans of going far north to the Broughtons would need to wait until next year. The weather was still pretty bad up there and no cell service in the area forced a change of plans.

We decided to visit Princess Louisa Inlet and Chatterbox Falls. Tomorrow we head that direction. RIP Lona, may God bless you.

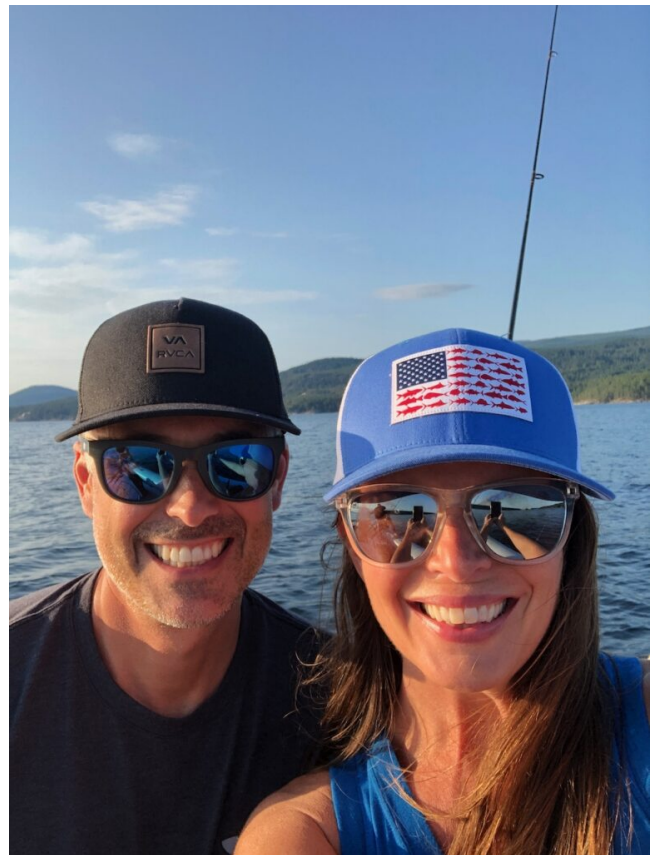


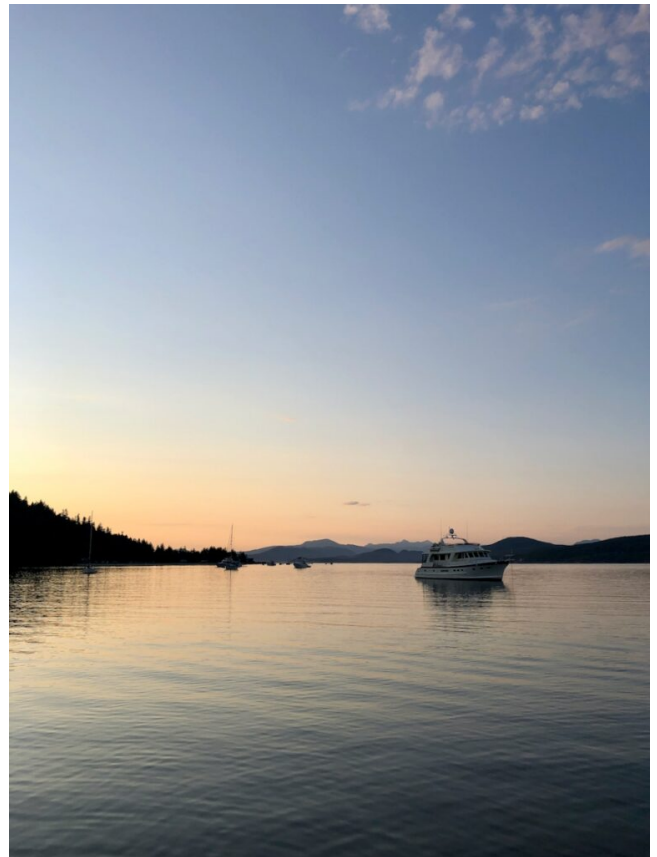
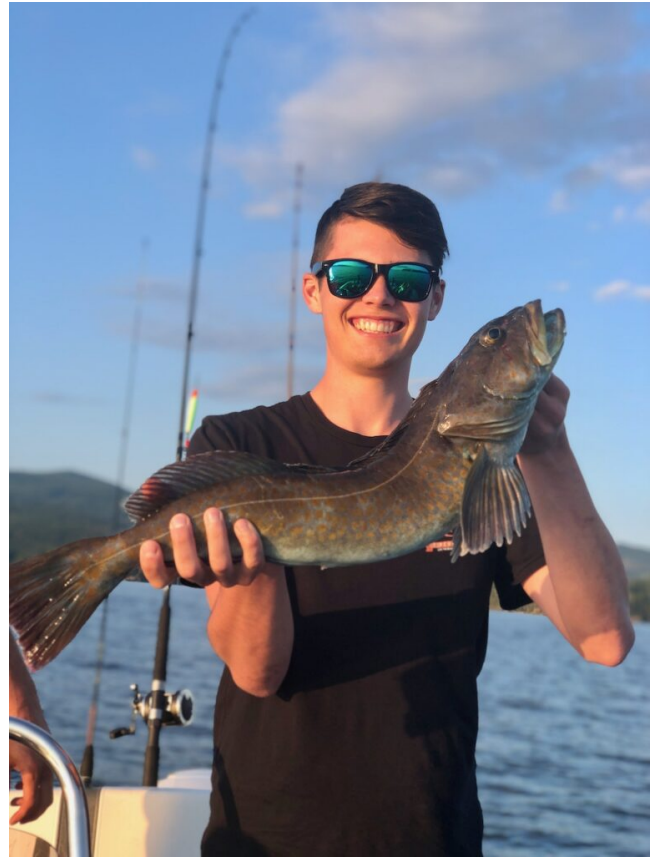
Leaving Vancouver



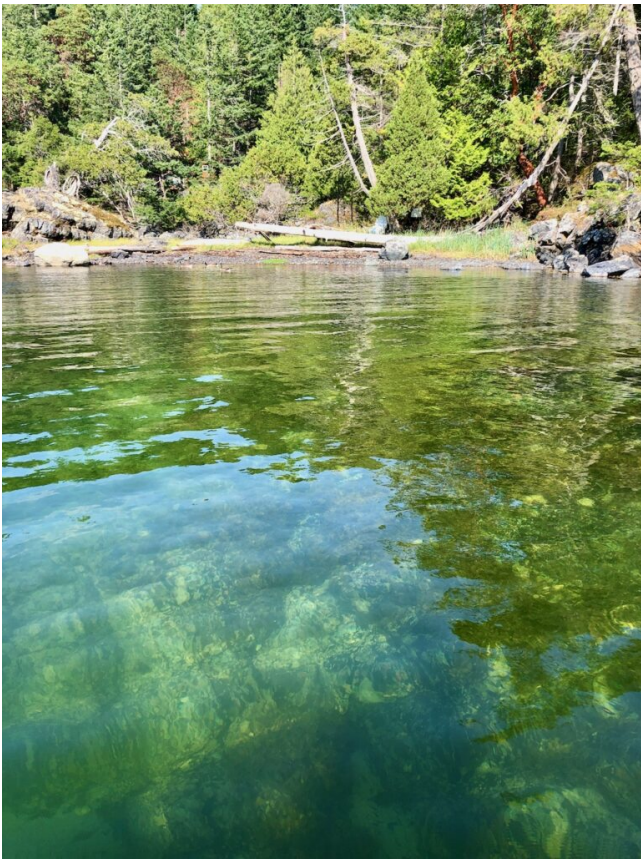


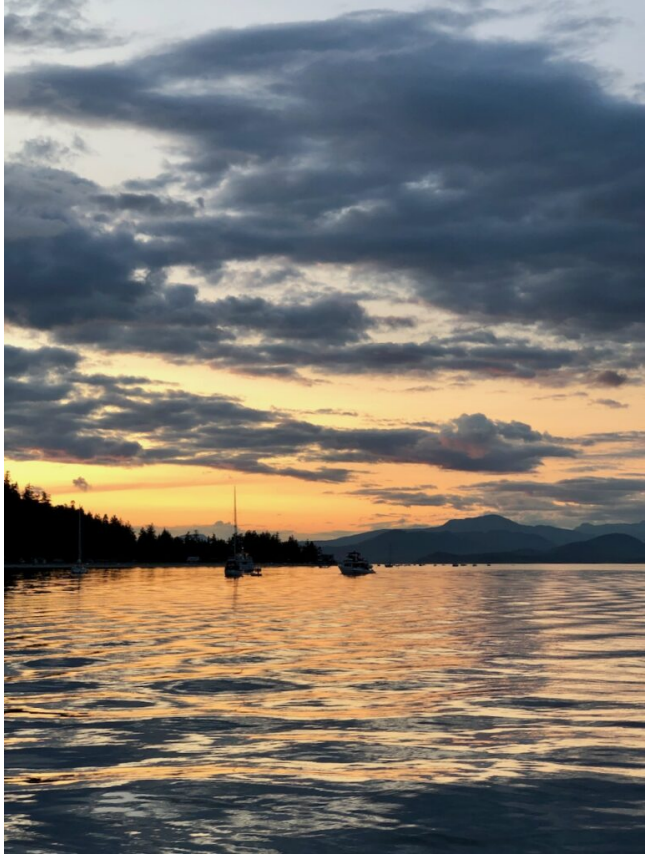
Destroyed generator  
impeller













## Told You So

Thursday July 11th 2019 – The last day in Vancouver we rented bikes. Ava, still getting over the flu, was going to ride with

me on a pull behind bike that she could pedal only if she felt like it. But she would not have it. Even after eating almost nothing for the last couple days she insisted she could ride her own bike. We said no way, but she manipulated every situation to prove to us she felt good enough and had the strength. It was a battle.

Ok, fine! But you will see, it's not a good idea, we told her.

Not sure how she did it, but she did the whole ride, all the way around Stanley Park without one complaint. At the end she had a little smirk on her face and an attitude that said, "see I told you so".







