



Canada Bound

9:40am Sunday Aug 10th – Time to cross the boarder into Canada! Sidney seemed like our best bet to clear customs, do a bunch of laundry and stock up on food. 9:40am we crossed the boarder in Haro Strait. Sidney requires you call on the VHF radio for permission to ender their breakwater. The customs dock was stacked up so it took us about an hour to get in and clear customs. Just as I was talking on the radio to dock staff Ava cried out “I lost my tooth!”

11:55am we finally got in our slip traveling 9.36nm from Prevost Harbor. Lots of work to do today. We washed the boat and I did laundry and blogging while Julie took Ava to the aquarium. She absolutely loves this aquarium, this will be the 3rd year in a row going there and she talks about it all year long. She had a blast again just like it was the first time. We all went shopping for groceries after a fantastic dinner out.

Tomorrow morning we make our way south down Haro Strait and into the Strait of Juan de Fuca to explore the big city – Victoria!









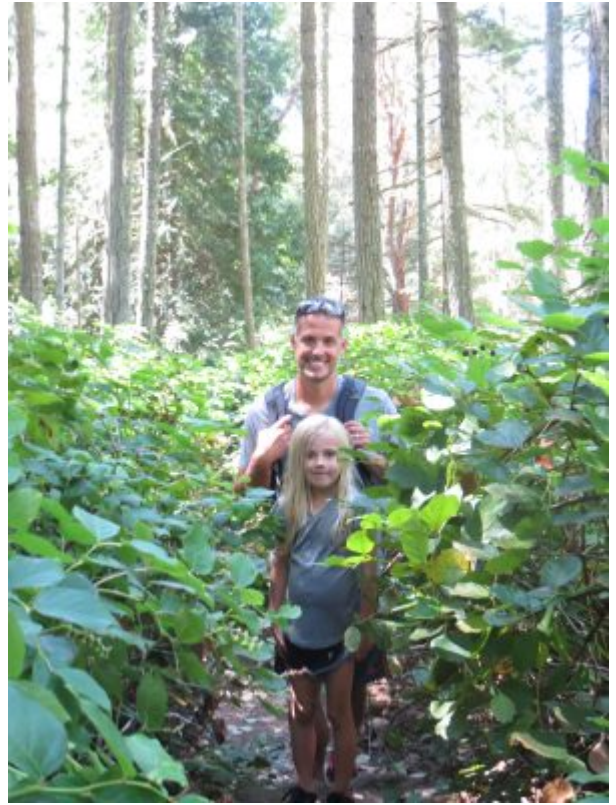
Super Moon

9:15am Saturday Aug 9th – Wanting one more day off the grid we made way to Stewart Island, Prevost Harbor. At only 10.53nm we arrived at 10:50am to a few free mooring buoys. Lunch on the boat then we dinghied into shore for some more hiking.

Our destination this time is the old schoolhouse. This island only has a few permanent residence and the kids go to school on the island. There has been as many as 12 kids one school year – only 2 kids last year – and this year they have all graduated or moved off the island. It was interesting talking to a nice lady who has lived on the island for many years. Her kids all went through school here. Now she runs the world famous IOU t-shirt store. She sells all kinds of screen printed t-shirts about Stewart Island and the Pirates of the San Juan's. What's interesting is that you just take the shirt you want and mail the money in later. It's completely on the honor system. What an innovative way for their family to make some extra money.

Skylar and I fished from the dinghy (Skylar caught his first Lingcod) while the sun went down and the “Super Moon” came up. Its 14% brighter right now than any other time of year and its an incredible sight, especially from this setting.









The super moon



Entertainment

9:35am Thursday Aug 7th – Patos Island is the northern most island in the San Juan's. It's a tiny little island – the whole thing is a state park with one small bay at the north end suitable for an overnight stay. There is no dock and only

2 mooring buoys and anchoring would be tricky. It's kind of exposed to the northwest but the plus side is that you can see all the way up the Georgia Straight and the sunsets are awesome. We've pulled in here so many times only to find it full. 10:25am and only 5.82nm we were in luck once again and snagged a free buoy.

Lots of hiking on the island and a trip to the old lighthouse was great fun. A guy trying to anchor in the bay many many times with no success, kept getting so close to us I had to fend him off with the poker at on point. He finally got his anchor set – actually a bow and stern anchor, I'm not sure why – and found himself literally 25' from our boat. I told him I wasn't comfortable with this situation so he pulled anchors once again and tried to shore tie after I suggested a different approach to his technique – but not before dragging his anchor in reverse all around the bay with 20' of line out. Nice enough guy but had no idea what he was doing – fantastic entertainment!

We decided to spend 2 nights here. The sunsets were incredible and Skylar had a blast sleeping in a tent on shore all by himself – a brave little 13yr old. We had 2 nights of fires at the beach roasting marshmallows and chopping wood we found at the shore. What an incredible area for kayaking and paddle boarding until Skylar had a little mishap. While kayaking back to shore for the night in his tent, he failed to bring the paddle up the beach along with the kayak. The paddle, sitting at the waters edge must have been whisked away by the rising tide and current. It was nowhere to be found in the morning. He paddled back with a stick, head hung low.















