

**Hawaii Voyage Communiqués  
Porpoise Crew  
Friday, May 7, 2010**

Good morning, everyone. I don't know how regular these communiqués will be, what with satellite communication etc, but we will do our best. Cap'n John here. Co-cap'n Lyza is asleep, and Jack is at the wheel at 6:00am. We are outside Victoria in the middle of Juan de Fuca Strait, and cell reception is good, hence my Telus mobile internet key gives us internet access. As long as we are near shore this system works.

Waved "Bon Voyage" to the family at the end of White Rock pier yesterday, and made it to Mackaye Bay on the southern tip of Lopez Island. Jack encouraged me to get up at 1:00am to get a good start on making Neah Bay (inside Cape Flattery on the Olympic peninsula). He thought it would be great preparation for me and the crew to get a head start on night travel. All I can say is Jack Shmack was going to stay in the sack while I accomplished this feat, and I asserted my ultimate captainship by staying in bed till a more reasonable 4:00am start. I figure night watches can come when they come, and besides the night before departure Lyza, Matt, Chris, and I were working till 2:00am stuffing three tons of groceries and way too much gear and gizmos aboard.

The award for useless items goes to Lyza and Matt, who got sucked into spending \$27 on a sour-cream-size jar of survival protein by Matt's old boss at the Mountain Magic store. I just love spending big money on items that there will be a .007% chance of using in the event of our imminent demise. (Just had to try four times to get the spelling right on imminent. Lyza corrected it for me when she read this.) Like try spending over a thousand dollars on a life raft which we hope in God's name we will never use. (I think I would like Tom Hank's raft much better.)

So we're off and running, making good time on the ebb tide, which empties all of Puget Sound and Georgia Strait through this amazing waterway sliding past the snowy Olympics to the south and beautiful Victoria to the north, and sweeping us at a good clip toward that ultimate destination--'The Ocean.' Needless to say we are all pretty jazzed. What will it be like on the mighty deep? The weather window looks mighty fine. No major depressions on the horizon—British Columbia awakes to the first major blue sky that I can remember this spring.

Every day in the Blaine marina was howling cold wind and showers, while attempting to do ship preparatory chores. Visualize Matt, if you will, suspended forty feet aloft in a bosun chair (had trouble with that spelling thing even while you are having trouble with seamen terminology) It's a chair strung to a rope in order to hoist you up among the masts and frigging rigging and such. He was attempting to install a tri-light on top of the mizzen mast with twine ties and glue in 30knt gusts of very cold wind. This blue horizon looks so much more promising. I couldn't help but feel the weather was being entirely too hostile all spring.

Different story today. Juan de Fuca, always blowing and bellicose, and always westerly in your face, is calm and nice this morning, as we pass the sports fisherman off Race Rocks. Portents (I trust) of fair sailing ahead. I have had talks with the Lord about not needing storms and trials at sea for sermon illustrations or

**chapter headings of books. Lord, how bout something like “It turns out life is a fair and gentle breeze carrying you kindly to your ultimate destination.”**

**Well, this was a bit of an extended blather for the first posting. Don’t expect much more of this from us unless we hit the doldrums and are bored to tears. I better post this by the little wireless wizard attached to my Mac before we get too much past Victoria.**

**Hey, Dwight and Di, make sure Emily is on the list and the rest of you can forward it around as you like. Hey, Dwight, why don’t you send some of this stuff to Pacific Yachting or Cruising World? Maybe they would pay us to write and we could keep the coffee fund up. I think maybe we could have greatly underestimated our coffee consumption. Its just one of my ‘do we have enough of...’ fears about this. There are no Starbuck stations out there I’ve heard.**

**Signing out The crew of the good ship Porpoise**

**Ps If you want to write us you can send stuff to our usual email addresses. We probably won’t read them till we get to places where we can linger on the internet, (read Hawaii).**