



W.A.K.E.

Whatcom Association of Kayak Enthusiasts



January 2005

Volume 24 Issue 1

Message from the Board Norm Nielson

Welcome back from the holidays.

It's snowing as I write this. What a beautiful area we live in – but I don't need to tell you that.

The 2005 WAKE board met in early January to assume duties. Alison Graham is our Secretary. Dave Peebles is our Vice President, Training Coordinator and Speaker Scheduler. Dave Johnston is our Vice President and New Member Liaison. Ted Ullman continues his tenure as our highly competent Newsletter Editor. In addition Holly Hinman will be our webmaster, and Lisa Wallis will continue as

WAKE's DNR liaison overseeing the Lummi Island DNR campsite upkeep. I volunteered to be WAKE's 2005 President provided we can find a volunteer Treasurer to take over my current duties. Then again, WAKE is loose enough to consider a volunteer President. The operative word here is volunteer. If you'd like to become more involved with the inner workings of the club as our Treasurer or (show a wild hair) President, then please contact me ASAP at 647-2531.

Richard Cochinos and I met with local attorney and

past WAKE member, Simon Brownlie in December to discuss WAKE's potential liability exposure and whether insurance is advised. Mr. Brownlie will review WAKE's By-Laws and Waiver Form with respect to current legal standards. Mr. Brownlie should report back to us sometime in the near future. In the interim, the new Board decided that it would be smart to have a signed waiver on file for every WAKE member in addition to having waiver forms signed at the start of a trip – we're thinking belt-and-suspenders here. Hence an individual waiver is

included in this newsletter. More waivers will be at the monthly meetings. Please route your signed waivers to me at box 1952 Bellingham 98227 until we find a new Treasurer who will match the waivers to our membership list.

This month WAKE monthly meetings move to the downtown Bellingham Library where Nigel

Foster will present a slide show on "Sea Kayaking With Ice bears," in Ungava Bay and northern Labrador. Hope to see you there.

January 18th club meeting
Downtown
Bellingham Library
Doors open at 7:00, meeting starts 7:30

Nigel Foster
Presents a slide show of
Kayaking the Northern
Labrador Coast

Our Mission Statement:

To further the enjoyment, knowledge, and safety of kayaking by providing training, a wide variety of trips, and social events to our members and the general public.

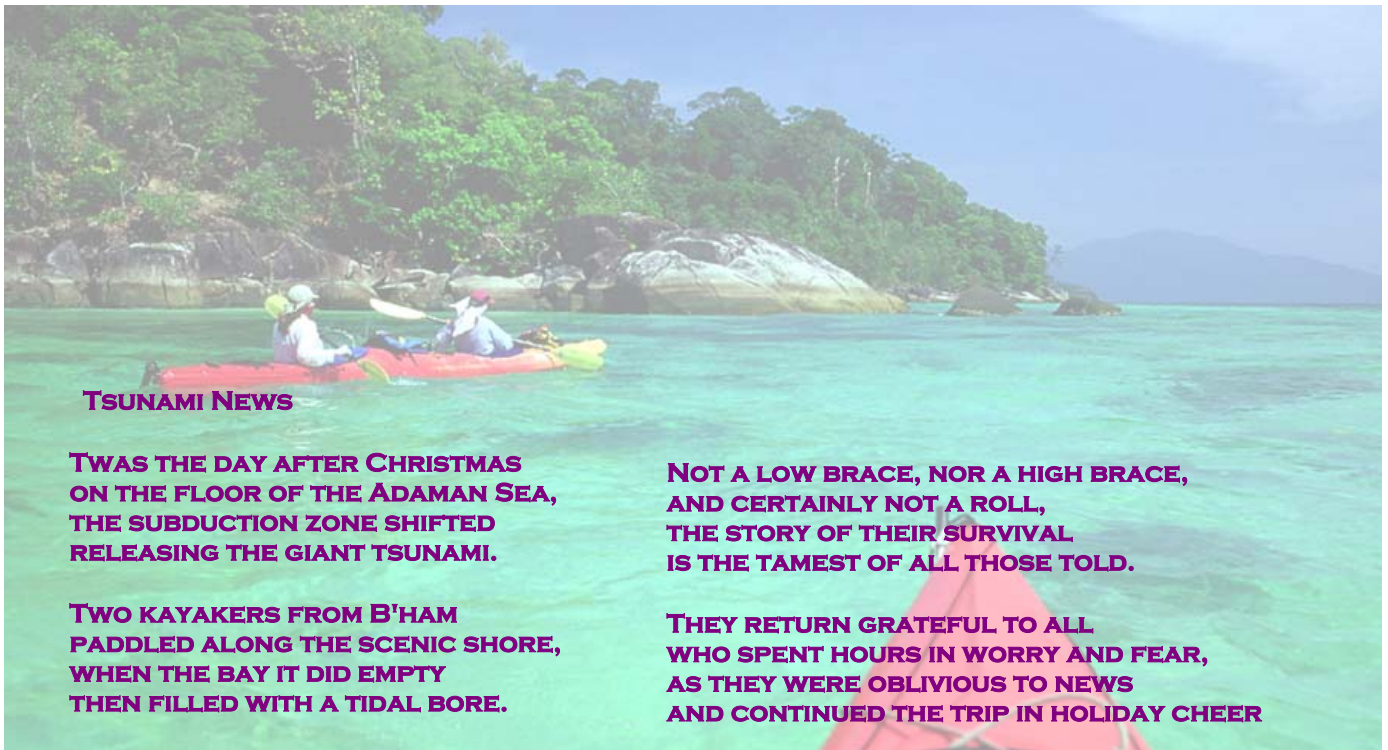
"No one goes hungry on a WAKE trip"

This Month's Meeting Featured Speaker

Nigel Foster

Come join us to see slides and hear tales of Nigel Foster and Kristin Nelson's adventure to Canada's Ungava Bay and Northern Labrador coast. This is a seldom-visited but beautiful region of tundra, rock ledges and coastal mountains. Uninhabited since the government forced the native Inuit to move to towns further south in the 1970's, it is currently a land of caribou, arctic fox and polar bear.

Riding the Big One



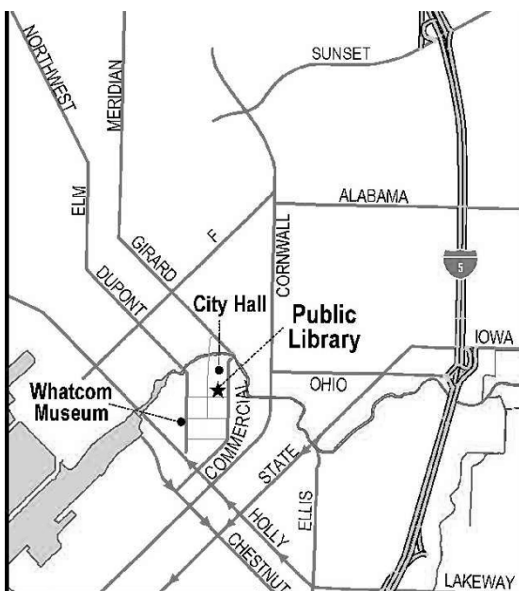
Tsunami News

TWAS THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS ON THE FLOOR OF THE ADAMAN SEA, THE SUBDUCTION ZONE SHIFTED RELEASING THE GIANT TSUNAMI.

TWO KAYAKERS FROM B'HAM PADDLED ALONG THE SCENIC SHORE, WHEN THE BAY IT DID EMPTY THEN FILLED WITH A TIDAL BORE.

NOT A LOW BRACE, NOR A HIGH BRACE, AND CERTAINLY NOT A ROLL, THE STORY OF THEIR SURVIVAL IS THE TAMEST OF ALL THOSE TOLD.

THEY RETURN GRATEFUL TO ALL WHO SPENT HOURS IN WORRY AND FEAR, AS THEY WERE OBLIVIOUS TO NEWS AND CONTINUED THE TRIP IN HOLIDAY CHEER



The real story will be told of Bob Kandiko and Karen Neubauer's paddle in Thailand's tsunami at some later time, perhaps at WWU as a fundraiser for Tsunami relief. They are most impressed with the aid efforts being put forth by Dave Williams of Paddle Asia from whom Bob & Karen rented the kayaks. Please look at PaddleAsia's website <http://paddleasia.com/> and their relief actions. (<http://paddleasia.com/>) Jan. 4 or on the Herald's website. Bob and Karen wish to thank all those who worried and fretted. For A full description by their niece Camille and companion on the trip see page 9.

Department of Natural Resources Lummi Island Lisa Wallis

Natural Resource Conservation Area
Year End Report 2004

Lummi Island DNR Site Liaison

Whatcom Association of Kayak Enthusiasts (WAKE)

The Lummi Island DNR site, located on the southeastern end of the island, was highly popular in the year 2004. An increase in pedestrian traffic was palpable, with 428 signed in visitors. I am confident that the actual number of visitors eclipses this tally. It is conceivable that many of those folks were always present, but just not previously appreciated. The campsite seems to have historically encouraged a gentle and soft touch. This past year we posted signs to encourage registration, and the visitor box was always thankfully, if not surprisingly, full. Despite lack of historical data, I believe that the DNR site visitation has truly increased. Just four years ago, we rarely met even another day visitor at the site, now we expect fellow campers. It is all good. The spirit of sharing endures.

Despite the perceived increase in traffic, the site has been consistently clean and easy to maintain. Animal and bird behavior has remained seemingly natural. We continue to enjoy camps free of the so called pests. A hummingbird nested and hatched two offspring just next to one of the most popular camps. I have no evidence for or against the success of the offspring. The last I noted, two chicks were in the nest. They were gone by my next visit two weeks later. I am optimistic that they were full fledglings. With just a bit of nudging, visitors voluntarily restricted use of the site to accommodate the birds. WAKE received positive feedback for protecting the hummingbird nest during that period. By our registration data, the public acknowledged and accepted their role in bio-compatibility. I personally camped at the site six times this past year. I was accompanied by a work party with each visit. We al-

(Continued on page 4)

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(Continued from page 3)

ways shared the site with other campers. Regular duties included upkeep of the outhouses as well as general site maintenance such as digging out fire pits and garbage pick-up. The major act of the year was to build a retaining wall to buoy a trail that threatened to fail. The wall looked natural and strong, but was met by mixed review by the DNR staff. The club was politely reminded that the area is indeed a conservation area. We had altered the beach by collecting our building rocks from the beach. A lesson learned and in the future we need to be very careful in undertaking new work projects. A popular request for new trails is not an option.

Next year we should repaint the interior of the outhouses. A more ambitious goal would be to rebuild the picnic tables. I will need to apply for a grant to fund this. I know that our volunteers are capable of accomplishing this task. We have many carpenters in our group. I also plan to hold another volunteer training course in 2005. A heartfelt thank you to all volunteers! I want you all to know that we received huge applause and positive feedback from our camp's visitors according to their comments on the sign up sheets. I look forward to working with all of you again this coming year! Lisa Wallis

Statistics for Lummi DNR 2004: Total number of signed in visitors: 428 Arrival by kayak: 230
Arrival by boat: 175 Arrival by unidentified vessel: 33

WAKE KAYAKERS IN BELLA BELLA PART I

BY DAVE PEEBLES

The “West Coast Gang,” consisting of Les and Kathy, Wayne and Betty, Mary and I, and (usually) Jim and son Dan, decided to extend our adventures north from our usual Vancouver Is. haunts of Esperanza Inlet and Kyuquot Sound (and occasionally, Brooks Bay). This time we would head for Bella Bella and the Hakai Recreation Area. Unfortunately, as our July departure date grew closer, Jim’s and Dan’s participation grew increasingly problematic, so that in spite of our cajoling and pleading, they begged off leaving the remaining six of us to contend with each other’s company. But when we saw how marginal some of the camping areas were, we were relieved not to have a fourth tent.

We weighed alternative ways of getting there. One option would take us up the B. C. interior, then west to Bella Coola--a road trip taking the better part of two days. From there, a water taxi would take us the approximately 60 miles west to Bella Bella. Wayne’s research showed the water taxi to be pretty costly--especially since we would be using it for the return trip as well.

The other way was to drive to Port Hardy (a long day’s trip), and take the overnight “Discovery Coast” ferry to Bella Bella, which would deposit us early the next morning. Since we would be walking our kayaks on board, the cost was reasonable, so that was the way we chose. To get ready for this, we prepared ourselves with the necessary wheels--only to learn that the ferry system provides carts holding 6 to 8 kayaks, and also carts for gear. Oh well, we’ll find some use for the wheels eventually. Only one cart was designated for Bella Bella--the rest for further along, mainly Klemtu to the north. So, unless we ran into people already preceding us, we would have the Hakai Recreation Area pretty much to ourselves--not counting sport and commercial fishermen.

Since the gear cart was sealed before loading, we hand carried sleeping bags, ThermaRests, and toilet kits aboard. As soon as we were allowed on the ferry, we raced others to the upper deck and the solarium, which is a popular bedroom (more like a barracks) for the overnight passage.

About 7:30 the next morning, we landed at McLoughlin Bay, about 2 km. south of Bella Bella. Fortunately, the beach is right next to the ferry dock, but it is a rough and rocky launch. About this time, I discovered I had left my inflatable PFD in the car at Port Hardy (that wasn’t all I’d forgotten, but more about that later). Since we planned to stop in town anyway, I would check the store (no luck there, but I knew I could get one at Shearwater, a few miles to the east). The main purpose for our Bella Bella stop was to confer with “Ross,” who had been recommended to us by a

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(Continued from page 4)

woman on the ferry. We found the band council office closed, as it **was** Sunday, but a woman walking by took pity on Wayne and me, recognizing our lost-soul look, and showed us the way to Ross's place.

Ross, it turned out, was the chairman of the band council. He listened quietly as we explained our purpose, and our concerns about camping in proximity to traditional shellfish beds, not all of which are located at Indian Reserves. Ross's response was a bit of an epiphany to me, as he simply said "That shows a lot of respect." I hadn't realized that such a simple issue would be so important. "Go paddle and have fun," was his parting advice.

So we shoved off for the Searwater marina and store. This was an unanticipated dogleg to the east, which added 5 or 6 miles to the first day's paddling. Wayne would get his revenge before the trip was over, but more about that later. We resumed paddling west after I bought my PFD, and soon found ourselves in an unpleasant situation. I first realized something was wrong when my paddle felt slippery in my hands. About the same time I identified the smell that had been nagging at my nostrils--diesel oil. The slick stretched for nearly 2 miles in the direction we were heading, but eventually we left it behind for good. Betty did stop and mention it to a docked Coast Guard boat, but they were aware of it. "It'll evaporate eventually," they said.

Our first camp was in a cove at the north end of Horsfall Is. (No, that is not a misspelling) to the west of Hose Pt. The beach was too rocky for camping, and the 2 or 3 marginal sites in the woods offered buggy conditions, and would be annoyingly drippy in case it rained. But a couple of grassy knolls with a creek in between seemed promising. We pitched kitchen shelters as it started to rain (Wayne had brought his venerable big white tarp, and I wanted to try a "sunshade" tripod type of shelter), so we could cook in relative comfort. But, like other grassy areas where I have tented in the rain, it soon turned into a marsh. As the rain intensified over the hours, the creek rose, and eventually the whole beach was flowing rivulets. Good thing we all had great attitudes. It was at our first camp breakfast that I discovered another item missing: our Nissan stainless steel four cup Thermos/coffee press. What to do? I didn't hesitate long (being a morning coffee addict) before whacking a chunk out of my nylon shirttail. Rumaging through my ditty bag yielded a chunk of copper wire, which I wove around the perimeter of the fabric, making a serviceable coffee filter. In fact, it worked so well that pretty soon the others wanted one.

It was a bright, sunny day when we moved on. A mile or so of westward paddling brought us to the northern entrance to Joassa Channel. We had read plenty of warnings about tidal currents in these narrow channels, which abound in the Bella Bella area. But our timing was good, and we got just a taste of standing waves during a fast drift through the narrowest gut. Joassa exits through three channels at the south end--Boddy Narrows, Louise Channel, and the unnamed third furthest west, which we took, heading for Cree Pt, where we hoped to camp.

But Cree Pt. was occupied. I knew they were a party from Seattle; the Sea Otter kayaks were a dead giveaway. Anyway, the tent sites didn't look great, the lagoon at the end of the cove would be buggy, and the shallow entrance would make launching at low water an ordeal. So on we paddled, heading southeast toward the south end of Potts and Stryker Islands., about where the Louise Channel exits, had we taken that route. There, we came across a sandy beach, which marked a campable little island near the Louise Channel exit. Had it been high tide, we likely would have bypassed it, as the beach configuration was opposite from usual expectations--sandy at the lower part, rocky above. A little sand tombolo looked inviting, so Les and Cathy set up their tent there. The rest of us urged them on, pointing out that the last high tide was well below their tent. But of course the rising tide soon drove them out (the last high tide had overflowed the tombolo, leaving no telltale line of eelgrass and debris). They had to pick up the tent and run into the woods with it, where there was a decent spot.

The little cluster of islands here, especially at low tide, made for interesting beach combing. I found a 5 gallon plastic bucket in good shape, and this provided a refreshing, warm-seawater (heated over the stove) sponge bath. Early one morning, a pair of ravens woke us with calls almost like cowbells--"clank" or "clonk," (whatever your preference). It's no wonder the native Americans regarded these remarkable birds with such awe. I tried engaging one in conversation, but its response to my "Nevermore!" was unintelligible. Perhaps my accent was off.

Calendar of Events

Every Saturday Short paddles in the Bellingham area. Beginners always welcome. Destinations are determined by the skill level and interests of whoever shows up, and, of course, by the weather.

- Meet at Sehome Village Starbucks @ 9:00AM. contact John Janney (360) 933-1584

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Mail check to W.A.K.E. P.O. Box 1952 Bellingham, WA 98227. Annual dues are from 1/1 to 12/31. Membership is \$20/ household (\$10 After July 1st.)

Please fill forms out and return to address on back of this page thanks

PARTICIPANT AGREEMENT, RELEASE AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF RISK

In consideration of my being allowed to participate in activities sponsored by the **WHATCOM ASSOCIATION OF KAYAK ENTHUSIASTS**, its members, officers, directors, agents, volunteers, participants, and all other persons or entities acting in any capacity on its behalf (hereinafter collectively referred to as "WAKE"), I hereby agree to release and discharge WAKE, on behalf of myself, my children, my parents, my heirs, assigns, personal representative and estate as follows:

I. I acknowledge that sea kayaking activities, including basic kayaking instruction, involve known and unanticipated risks which could result in physical or emotional injury, paralysis, death, drowning, or damage to myself, property, or third parties. I understand that such risks simply cannot be eliminated without jeopardizing the essential qualities of the activity. These risks include, among other things: weather conditions that may change quickly, including wind, lightning, fog and excessive heat and sun; water conditions that may change quickly, including waves, currents, tides, eddies, whirlpools and cold water temperatures; surf conditions along shore areas; hypothermia (being too cold) and hyperthermia (being too hot); contact with aquatic and land animals, including insects and wildlife, in the water, along the shore or in camp; rocks or other debris falling from overhanging shore areas; difficult terrain or walking conditions along the shore or in camp, including mud, rocks, steep slopes, and marine life such as barnacles and sea urchins; salt sores or accidental ingestion of salt water; personal injury or property damage to my equipment or property owned by others due to collision with motorized or non-motorized boats (including other kayaks, paddles and equipment) and their wakes, and with natural or man-made objects in the water such as trees and rocks or reefs, piers, buoys, driftwood and other debris or salt water immersion; entrapment or being crushed while in a kayak; muscular or skeletal injury, dislocation or strain due to physical exertion, especially in the wrist, shoulder and back; improper first aid, emergency treatment or other attempted rescue services, and the unavailability of life saving services or immediate medical attention in the case of injury; my own physical condition and my own acts or omissions including my level of kayaking experience and expertise; the consumption of tainted food or drink during the trip; falling, capsizing or being flipped into the water (either intentionally or unintentionally); my own and other participants' attempts to exceed kayaking skills and/or kayaking in a reckless manner; my own failure or that of other participants to follow the safety guidelines and other instructions of trip initiators, including always wearing shoes and a personal flotation device; improper use of equipment; vehicular or pedestrian accident while being transported or walking to or from activity sites; any error or negligence on the part of WAKE and its trip initiators and members, including inadequate instruction or assistance.

II. Furthermore, WAKE's trip initiators have difficult jobs to perform. They seek safety, but they are not infallible. They might be ignorant of a participant's fitness or abilities. They might misjudge the weather, the elements or the terrain. They may give inadequate warnings or instructions, and the equipment being used might malfunction. I expressly agree and promise to accept and assume all of the risks existing in this activity. My participation in this activity is purely voluntary, and I elect to participate in spite of the risks. I hereby voluntarily release, forever discharge, and agree to indemnify and hold harmless WAKE from any and all claims, demands, or causes of action, which are in any way connected with my participation in this activity, including any such claims which allege negligent acts or omissions of WAKE. Should WAKE or anyone acting on its behalf be required to incur attorney's fees and costs to enforce this agreement, I agree to indemnify and hold them harmless for all such fees and costs. I agree that Washington law shall be applied in any legal action involving the interpretation, validity and/or enforceability of this agreement. In the event that any portion of this agreement is deemed invalid or unenforceable, all other portions of this agreement shall remain in full force and effect. I certify that I have insurance to cover injury or damage I may cause or suffer while participating, or else I agree to bear the costs of such injury or damage myself. I further certify that I have no medical or physical conditions which could interfere with my safety in this activity, or else I am willing to assume and bear the costs of all risks that may be created, directly or indirectly by any such condition.

By signing this document, I acknowledge that if anyone is hurt or property is damaged during my participation in any activity, I may be found by a court of law to have waived my right to maintain a lawsuit against WAKE on the basis of any claim from which I have released it herein. I have had sufficient opportunity to read this entire document.

I HAVE READ AND UNDERSTAND THIS PARTICIPANT AGREEMENT, RELEASE AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF RISK, AND I AGREE TO BE BOUND BY ITS TERMS.

Signature

Print Name

Date

The W.A.K.E. Hierarchy

Norm Nielsen	(360) 647-2531	nordicnorm@comcast.net	President
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Training and Education Coordinator, & Speaker Scheduler			
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OPEN			Trip Coordinator

WAKE

Whatcom Association of Kayak Enthusiasts
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Tsunami Report

Camille Kandiko is back studying in the U.S. with an altered view of the power of nature and her place in the world.

"I call it my baptism of fire, or rather, my baptism by big water," said Kandiko, 23. "It had been an amazing experience to just see a Third World country. Then after the tsunami, it changed everything. We had a sense of how lucky we were. If it had hit at night, or 15 minutes earlier that day, we wouldn't have escaped."

Fate and some good advice from her uncle helped her survive the Indian Ocean tsunami.

Kandiko, the daughter of Joe and Georgia Kandiko of Chanhassen, is a graduate from Chaska High School and is currently working on a Ph.D. in higher education administration at the University of Indiana in Bloomington.

She had looked forward to taking an exotic Christmas holiday with her aunt and uncle in Thailand. She expected pristine beaches, clear turquoise water, kayaking, hiking, and beach camping, relaxation and learning about other cultures. She did not expect that she would experience the tsunami, which will go down in history as one of the world's greatest natural disasters.

Adventure travel

Kandiko's aunt and uncle are avid travelers. They live in Bellingham, Wash., where Bob Kandiko teaches middle school science and his wife, Karen Neubauer, teaches special needs young adults. Their passion is traveling to exotic and wild locations.

"They're very interesting people who have chosen their own path," Kandiko said. "Every Christmas they visit a tropical location. This year they invited me to join them in Thailand."

The trip began Dec. 17 when Kandiko flew out of Chicago to Southeast Asia, where she met her aunt and uncle in Bangkok. They spent three days in Bangkok, and then flew south, where they took kayaks and began exploring a chain of islands in the Tarutao National Park. They planned to spend eight days kayaking and camping.

"We'd camped out for two nights before the wave, on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day," Kandiko said.

The weather was beautiful and the ocean water was as warm as bath water, she said.

"I could understand how people could live this way for thousands and thousands of years," Kandiko said. The day after Christmas, Dec. 26, the three packed up for a new camp site on a different island.

The tsunami

(This account of how they survived the tsunami includes information from an essay written by Bob Kandiko and recollections and quotes from Camille Kandiko.)

As they were kayaking along an island they noticed something strange. When they rounded a point, they saw five exposed points of coral rocks as well as rocks extending along the shoreline. They planned to land on a nearby beach to have lunch but couldn't because they were blocked by razor sharp coral.

It seemed strange, especially since it was supposed to be high tide, Bob told Camille and Karen. Then they heard rushing water and they saw a huge wave come in and fill the bay, so fast and so suddenly the wave doubled over on itself.

That's when Bob yelled for them to start paddling away from the beach and to deeper water.

As a science teacher, Bob recognized the signs of a tsunami. More importantly, he knew what they had to do. At first, the two women questioned Bob's recommendation to head to deeper water. It didn't seem logical to paddle away from shore, Camille thought. She thought it was a freak random wave. A person's natural instinct is to go to

with the U.S. Embassy."

Anxious at home

Joe Kandiko is an early riser, said his wife, Georgia. On Dec. 26, he woke early, then logged onto the Internet. That's how he learned of the tsunami and for the next 28 or so hours, the family hoped, prayed, and cried.

"We were horrified," Georgia said. "We knew they didn't have a set itinerary. They wanted to do beach camping, kayaking and just follow their whim. So we didn't have any specific information of their location to give to the State Department to even begin locating them. We were in shock."

On Monday, Joe decided the best way to cope was to keep his regular routine and he went to his office. In the meantime, Georgia and her son worked with Bob's neighbor in Washington, to get access to any computer files that would provide information on the outfitter and thus the travelers' location in Thailand.

While they were on the computer, Georgia received an e-mail.

"Hi. My name is George and I'm sailing on a vessel called the SEANDER...this morning we had a visit from 3 people in canoes. They asked me to contact you and convey the message as follows: "WE ARE ALL OK. PLEASE CONTACT KAREN'S FAMILY...BROTHER MARK...JOE KANDIKO..."

"We felt so fortunate and lucky to have that come through," Georgia said. "I called Joe at the office. He stopped seeing patients for a half hour while he wept."

Every time Georgia looks at the e-mail, she tears up.

"There's God's hand in this," Georgia said. "...We feel fortunate and lucky. It's an astonishing event to live through. And do we know the geography of that area..." She brings out two World Book encyclopedias that fall open to "Thailand" and "Indonesia."

"That northern tip of Sumatra blocked them from the strongest of waves," Georgia pointed out on one of the maps.

Before Christmas, Georgia had made ice lanterns for all the neighbors.

When they heard of the tsunami and Camille being somewhere in the vicinity, they all lit their lanterns at night in support. "I was delighted with outreach of others," Georgia said. "There was an information chain throughout the neighborhood to keep everyone up to date. And we were delighted we had a good outcome."

Reunion

Kandiko flew out of Bangkok on Jan. 3. Her mother met her at Chicago's O'Hare airport, and they drove to Chanhassen. She had planned to spend a few days at home after her Southeast Asian adventure, and the circumstances of what she'd narrowly escaped made her arrival more significant.

"I was flooded with phone calls and e-mails and people stopping in to see us," Kandiko said. "They did a segment on my uncle on CNN."

"It's made me think globally," she said. "It's affected how I look at my Ph.D. program. I'd like to have an international aspect. It's a big world and we can help. For some reason I made it. It's a life-altering experience."