



W.A.K.E.

Whatcom Association of Kayak Enthusiasts



February 2005

Volume 24 Issue 2

Message from the Board Norm Nielson

Good news! The WAKE board filled the vacant Treasurer's position. Ed Alm volunteered to take over the membership part of the position – maintaining the membership list and coordinating newsletter mailings. Sharon Lindsay volunteered to take over the money and banking part of the position. Many thanks to Ed and Sharon for volunteering their time to be part of the Club's leadership.

I wrote in last month's newsletter that former WAKE President 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 wrote a five-page letter to the WAKE Board addressing the Club's liability exposure and need for insurance. A summary of Mr. Brownlie's findings is:

1. The Board should require all WAKE members to sign a liability release form in a forum in which members have had the implications of doing so fully explained to them,
2. The Board should require that only WAKE mem-

bers approved by the Board may be Trip Initiators,

3. The Trip Initiators should ensure that any WAKE member participating in a trip is on the master list of persons having signed a release,
4. The Board should not allow non-members to participate in a trip, and
5. Insurance is advised covering Trip Initiators and Board members.

We received Mr. Brownlie's letter shortly before the February Board meeting, so the Board has not

had the opportunity to discuss it in depth, nor to take specific actions. Potentially contentious is recommendation four, as WAKE has historically opened trips to non-members; in fact, much of WAKE's membership growth occurred as people participated on a trip and then decided to join the club. The Board plans to take a

few minutes at the February 15th general meeting to discuss this issue.

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February 15th club meeting
Downtown
Bellingham Library
Doors open at 7:00, meeting starts 7:30

Bob Kandiko and
Karen Neubauer
Adventure Kayaking in Thailand
through the Tsunami

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"

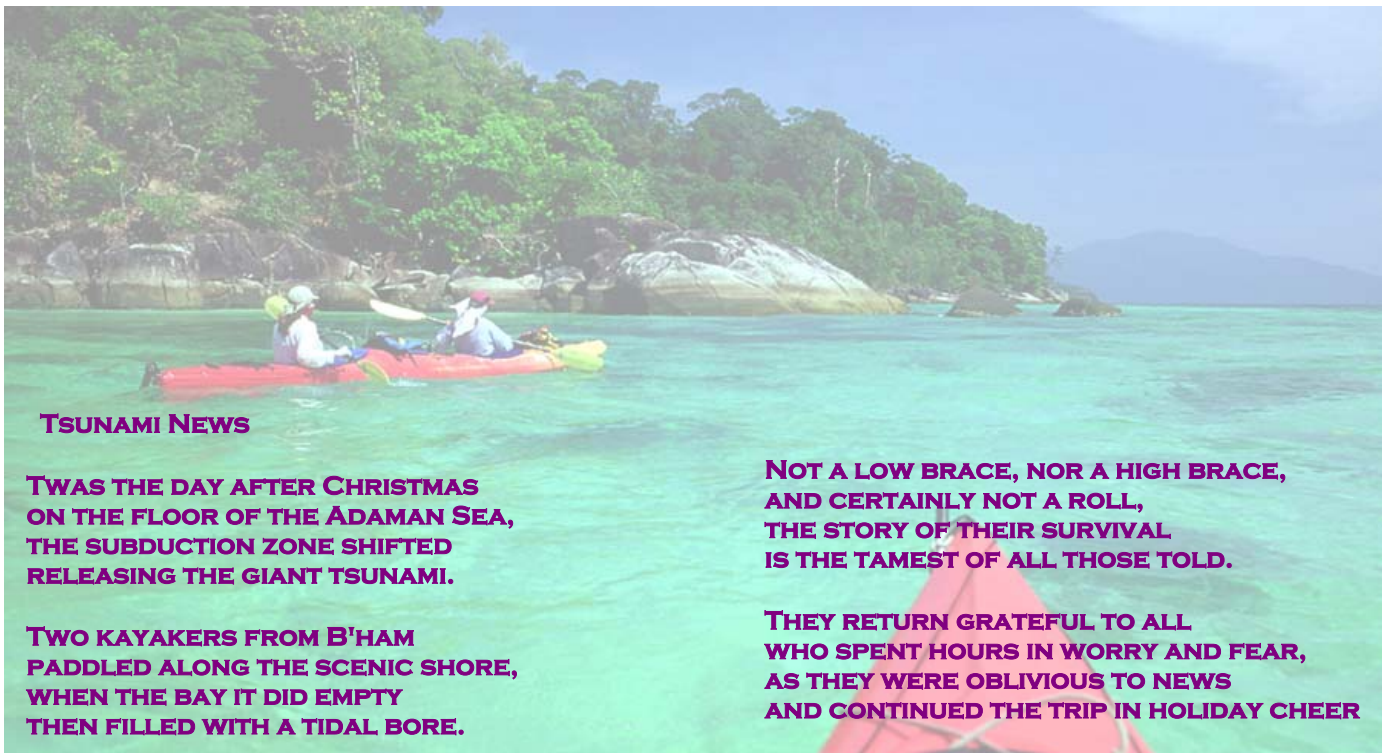
Regarding recommendation five, Mr. Brownlie wrote that an insurance policy covering all Club members would not protect against member-to-member lawsuits, as an insured person cannot sue another insured person under the same policy. Mr. Brownlie's and my queries into the availability of insurance to cover Trip Initiators and Board members indicated an absence of affordable policies.

Thus the Club's best liability protection is enforcing our Participant Agreement, Release, and Acknowledgment of Risk form – a form Mr. Brownlie thinks is well crafted and consistent with current legal standards. To this end, the WAKE Board plans this year to focus on the many risks and hazards listed on the Release form through short forums in the general meetings and a series of training classes.

Again we need to remind you that the WAKE monthly meetings will be held at the downtown Bellingham Library. Hope to see you there

This Month's Meeting Featured Speaker Bob Kandiko and Karen Neubauer

Riding the Big One



The real story will be told of Bob Kandiko and Karen Neubauer's paddle in Thailand's tsunami at the upcoming WAKE meeting. Bob and Karen wish to thank all those who worried and fretted. For A full trip description by their niece and companion on the trip, Camille, see page 9. For those of you who can't find page 9 in the paper newsletter please go to the WAKE website and you will see this story, plus all pictures in color in the newsletters section. Think about switching from paper and postage to this extended newsletter on the web a few days earlier and save your club money. Contact Norm at nordicnirnorm@comcast.net

Coast Guard Auxiliary Unveils Updated Float Plan Central Website

The site (<http://www.uscgaux.org/~floatplan/>), which was inaugurated two years ago, features logical organization and an exclusive easy-to-prepare and use one-page design. The plan includes the Boating Emergency Guide™ to assist the holder of the plan, who has a genuine concern for the safety or welfare of the people on board, in beginning a search and rescue process, should it be needed.

"Those who use Float Plan Central are taking a vital step in allowing search and rescue personnel to narrow their search and thus locate overdue persons more rapidly," says Vern Jansky, the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliarist who created the site.

Float Plan Central was built for and is designed for use by recreational boaters, educators of boating safety and organizations that promote boating safety. See the full press release at <http://www.auxpa.org/releases/rbs/012205.html>

The Annual Solstice Potluck and Club Meeting

This year it was held at the Squalicum Boathouse on Friday, December 3rd. The event was once again well attended and I'm sure no one went away hungry. The silent auction was a hoot and always brings in money for the club. W.A.K.E. appreciates all the donations from Johnson Outdoors, Werner Paddles, Snapdragon Designs, Island Outfitters, REI, Chris Mitchell, and Gene Davis.

Awards were given as follows:

- Richard Cochinos – exiting WAKE President
- Tom Emrich - exiting Web Master
- Ted Ullman – outstanding Newsletter Editor
- John Janney - Trips Coordinator (John also brought back Saturday paddles.)
- Gene Davis – Speaker Scheduler
- Sharon Lindsay – Paddler of the Year
- Mary Matyas and David Harris – tied for Most Improved Paddler of 2004

Thank you Kristi Hug for coming up with the award design, and TN Metalworks of Bellingham for the award fabrication. The new board members were voted in and are listed under W.A.K.E. Hierarchy in the newsletter and they are listed on the website.

W.A.K.E. is whatever floats your boat



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WAKE KAYAKERS IN BELLA BELLA PART II

BY DAVE PEEBLES

This is the second part of the Bella Bella trip report start in last month's newsletter

Our next destination was big Goose Island, about 5 miles offshore. Our route south would take us through the McMullin Group, where we would stop if we could find a good beach. Which we did, a nice little pocket beach with plenty of room for tents. Betty went fishing, but was told in no uncertain terms to make herself scarce--by a big Stellar sea lion bull. While she was out, a group of day paddlers from a mother ship (which we had seen anchored at a nearby island) stopped for a gam. Betty mentioned in passing that we would be looking out for fresh water on Goose Is. To our amazement, the next morning a Zodiac bearing a five gallon can of water visited our beach. The water was most welcome, though we soon realized that 5 gal. divided amongst six people wasn't going to last long.

Next day we crossed the additional 2 miles south to big Goose Island (about 5 miles long by up to 2 wide). The sandy beach at the north end is inviting, but is Indian Reserve. We did land to check out the abandoned buildings there, which had been used as a youth camp during the 60s and 70s. After lunching, we headed south along the outside of Goose, as the weather was mild, the swell moderate, and there were plenty of interesting reefs and channels.. Two or 3 pocket beaches along here are reputedly campable, but we didn't land to check them out.

To find our camp in the Goose group we paddled east between Goose and its neighbors, Duck and Gosling, to little Gull Island. Here was probably the most appealing beach in the whole Hakai Rec Area. with plenty of tent sites, ample driftwood, and inspiring vistas. Nearby was the only protected anchorage in the group, with one blue water schooner, and a seiner waiting for a salmon opening. The fisherman and his family came ashore, and we had a most pleasant visit, though none of us has the talents for shmoozing of our absent pal, Jim. But we conducted ourselves well enough that the skipper brought a cooler next morning filled with big Dungeness crabs on ice. So we spent a pleasant morning, sitting on a big rock in the sun, cracking crab. Then we ate it.

One morning when Mary and I went beachcombing, scrambling over rocks and piles of driftwood, we came upon a beautiful little 3 or 4 point buck (depends on where you start counting points) posing nobly atop a high rock. Eventually he got bored watching us and resumed grazing. The channels between the several islands are so shallow that deer can easily walk between them.

We headed due east from Goose on a gray, still morning. As the visibility seemed marginal, and might vanish altogether, we took a GPS fix on a prominent point, but this precaution proved unnecessary. We hoped to camp at a beach just inside the entrance to Cultus Sound. After a couple of false starts down wrong channels, we found the sought-for cove, and found tent sites both on the beach and just above, at the fringe of the woods. Our concern was that the recent heavy rains (that had soaked us at our first camp) had cut a number of channels across this beach, and we couldn't be sure we were safe against future flooding. And in fact, we did get more torrential downpours. Mary and I, and Les and Kathy, stuck with the beach, and came out okay, though Les grew increasingly fretful as he watched a creek eat away at their shrinking patch of sand. This rain did have a compensating benefit: we were able to top up all our fresh water by setting pots and buckets under the tarp's fringes. At the height of the downpour, we could scarcely keep up with emptying pots as they filled to overflowing.

Just outside the mouth to this cove was the entrance to Cultus Sound. Betty and Les and I tried fishing. To our surprise, both the rockfish and ling cod here were quite small. I like to fish the salt chuck by using the kelp as an anchor. At this particular spot, the flooding tide built up to a semi-strong eddy. After some time of uninspiring fishing, a Boston Whaler with a couple of guys came putting up. They had seen me from a distance (I was alone in the double), and they thought I might be salvageable. They offered me a beer, which out of politeness I could not refuse, then asked if I would like to try a 4 oz. lead and a cut-plug herring (they weren't very impressed with my Buzz Bomb). Turns out they were guides from a salmon fishing lodge. So they rigged me up, and left a handful of extra

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

herring.

I resumed fishing at the edge of my eddy. Within maybe twenty minutes, I had hooked into the biggest salmon I'd ever seen. Les was fishing nearby, and came to my aid, so he can verify this story. Otherwise I wouldn't bother, as you'd all know I was lying. This guy dragged me all over the channel--with the wind, against the wind, forwards, backwards, even sideways. We saw him jump a couple of times, so we could see how big he was. What impressed me was not the thrashing and tail-walking you see with a coho, but just steady, unrelenting power. About an hour into this ordeal, the "spring" (aka Chinook, king, blackmouth, etc.) suddenly rolled up on his side and played dead. Lacking gaff or net, all we could hope to do was scoop him somehow into the forward cockpit. But suddenly, down he went, with completely renewed strength and energy. Eventually he got into kelp (line squalls and gusty winds were rising now, which complicated matters), and I couldn't budge him. Having no snorkeling or scuba gear, or hand grenades, I had to break off. The whole thing took nearly 2 hours. Anyway, there would have been way more meat than six of us could eat. Even one filet would have been too much.

The next day, most of us took a day trip down to Triquet Island. There, a shallow, warm lagoon tempted us into bathing. You may surmise that we needed it. Regarding the coed nudity, we agreed it was a non-issue. All of us but Les got right in immediately. After the first shock took your breath away, it was quite tolerable. Meanwhile, Les hopped up and down on the shore, shouting that he was going to do it, that a little cold water couldn't deter him, etc., and eventually he ventured in. When the water got up to his ankles, he started gasping and yelping.

We started our two-day return to Bella Bella by heading up Cultus Sound. Wayne, who was navigating, led us down a channel flowing to the east (the tide was in flood). As we zoomed through a narrow cut, I was glad we wouldn't have to paddle against that current. Two miles later, we found ourselves in a cul-de-sac. Oops. The GPS verified that we had entered Kinsman Inlet, a huge dead-end lagoon. So we did have to paddle back out against the current, a full two nautical miles. We had overshot Sans Peur channel, where we should have turned north. This was Wayne's revenge for my having made everybody do the long dogleg to Shearwater that first day. We were pretty thrashed that evening when we finally located a tiny campsite on an islet off Soulsby Pt. on Campbell Island. This had a nice shell beach, one fair tent site, one marginal tent site, and one "other." Mary and I did fine, though, by smoothing it over with big rocks and sharp sticks.

The last day was a long slog in hot, calm weather. We were pretty weary when we pulled in to McLoughlin Bay. There we met a young Japanese man, traveling and camping solo. Though his English was limited, and our Japanese non-existent, we learned he had started paddling at Sitka, AK, had paddled Glacier Bay, had come down the Inside Passage alone, and would finish in Vancouver. So much for our big "expedition."

We had plenty of time before the evening ferry, so we started the two km hike by road into Bella Bella. It was hot and stifling. Cars whizzed by. Finally, a big van headed back to McLoughlin Bay did a U-turn, and the driver offered us a ride the rest of the way. He had seen us on his way into Bella Bella, but was in a little car, so he'd gone home to get the van. And that's how the people of Bella Bella treated us! Can't be sure it had anything to do with our earlier palaver with Ross, the band council chairman, but perhaps we had picked up some good karma somewhere.

I wish I could tell you about the scenery between Port Hardy and Bella Bella, but the trip both ways was completely in the dark. So use your imagination.

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

Vic Cano will be presenting an exciting evening for our April WAKE meeting cruising Southeast Alaska's wild and scenic waters aboard his converted troller "The Galaxy". Vic has spent the last 13 years plying and paddeling these waters amidst the majestic beauty of some of Alaska's most awesome landscapes and splendid examples of Alaskan wildlife.

Secondwind Sports

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W.A.K.E. Membership Application

Name _____ Date _____

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Phone _____ Email _____

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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OPEN			Trip Coordinator

WAKE

Whatcom Association of Kayak Enthusiasts

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Bellingham, WA 98227



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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."

Past WAKE photos by Reg Lake



Thai Long tail boats in a quiet moment before the
Tsunami
Bob Kandiko



Island Outfitters would like to invite you to a slide presentation given by Ken Campbell, Author of “Around the Rock: A Newfoundland Sea Kayak Journey.” Ken will share with us his journey around the rugged island of Newfoundland.

Beginning and ending in the capital city of St. John’s, Ken’s 91-day voyage took him to quaint seaside villages and deserted windswept beaches as he made his way around this ancient shore. Come along on this paddling adventure and discover the secret coast of Canada’s least-known province.

Ken is a sea kayak guide and instructor. In addition to authoring several books on Pacific Northwest kayaking, he is a long-time presenter at sea kayak symposia and clinics throughout the region. A board member of the Washington Water Trails Association, he currently makes his home in Tacoma, where he owns and operators Little Bay Press, a small publishing company focusing on nature and environmental titles. He is also co-owner of Azimuth Expeditions, a Washington-based organization that provides sea kayak instruction and guiding in the Pacific Northwest and elsewhere.

Please join us for a night of fun and adventure.

Island Outfitters Community Room

March 30, 2005

7:00pm