

A Stormy Winter's Day

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Image: *White caps off of Collingwood Point.*

After two weeks of “deep freeze”, I woke up last night to the rain pounding down on our cabin roof. We were supposed to go visiting friends today, taking the *Draiocht* out towards the mouth of Port Neville Inlet, but last night I was having bad dreams about the trip, and sat up for a long time listening to the rain slam into the cabin.

At breakfast, I was wondering whether I was getting too “bushed” and become antisocial, but

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suddenly the wind started roaring out of the west. Collingwood Bay turned white with breaking waves, and surf rolled into our beach, something that almost never happens. The winds whipped around us from all directions, and the trees bent and swayed alarmingly. Branches and other debris flew about the cabin. Out on the water, the boats pitched and heaved as large swell waves came out of the narrows. The *Awen's* masts howled in eerie harmony with the roar of the wind. We haven't seen a storm like this here before ... Gaia was having a savage moment. Up at our neighbors, the blades were blown off their wind turbine.

I suppose I was just sensing the coming storm last night, or maybe it was a bit of prescience, but in any case, I'm glad we didn't set out on our visiting trip, and chose to stay home. Later, in the afternoon, we walked along the beach. The storm was still blowing hard, but starting to wind down, and Ken took these photos.



Image: *Rough water in Port Neville Inlet.*



Image: Waves breaking on the beach of Collingwood Bay.