

Saturday & Sunday, February 16 & 17

Seattle Touchdown

We arrive from Frankfurt to Seattle around noon on Saturday with just enough time to say hello to McKenna and make sure Shorewood is treating her well, change gear, do laundry and load it all into “L” (Lori’s family has a long history of naming cars) and head up to Whistler on Monday morning. Fun to see our home, sleep in our own beds, cook a meal in our own kitchen and see Seattle in recovery mode from a winter blast.

Sunday eve, we decided a visit to [Jak’s](#) was in order, but unfortunately too crowded so Jak’s turned into [Peel and Press](#), another West Seattle favorite. On the way home, we got to experience a bit of the aftermath of the Seattle storms, dropping the Volvo into a hidden man-eating pothole that destroyed two tires just a few blocks from home.

We limped home, locked in a rental car just in case and waited until Monday morning to see if we can get “L” fixed in time, or need to do a rental car for our trek to Whistler.

Monday, February 18

Seattle to Whistler

We divide up the various tasks and get “L” restored, get various treats and gear packed for two weeks in Canada and are off by noon. We have traditionally (10 years now) spent a week in February at Whistler skiing. As Max has gotten older, this has been during his winter break. We will do this for the first week, then on the weekend do a trek and stay at the [Journey Man Lodge](#) and then a second week in Whistler.

The drive up to Whistler is familiar and pleasant with a tradition of books on tape. This time, it gave us a chance to finish one of our Scandinavia stories – “[A Man Named Uva](#)” – which I would recommend without reservation – wonderful humor, wonderful story (and with characters a bit too much like a few people we know – you know who you are).

Tuesday, February 19

Whistler

Morning in Whistler and my first day of downhill skiing for the year (Lori and Max have already logged a few at Crystal earlier in the season).



Whistler is my all-time favorite ski resort – something for everyone somewhere on the mountain. Weather at Whistler is always full of surprises – where a coastal temperate rain forest meets mountains and winter. Today’s weather starts with a bit of snow at the bottom, a pea soup thick fog at mid-levels, a clear spot towards the Peak-2-Peak and then more pea soup higher up. All-in-all, not the most auspicious start for my season, but still great fun. I am also on my first day for new skis that I picked up last day of the season last year – I try to update my equipment every 10 to 15 years weather it needs it or not.



For a decade now, we have been using the [Pan Pacific at Whistler](#) as a home-away-from-home. We got started with the Pan Pacific one year long ago when they had a super cheap promotional deal – well it worked, it is no longer cheap, but a great place for us with a small 1 bedroom apartment with just the right space, a small kitchen that is fun to cook in and makes for quiet nights post a long ski day and it is all but 50 steps from the bottom of the Blackcomb gondola.

Wednesday, February 20

Whistler

Morning in Whistler with a beautiful sunny day. Unfortunately, Max seems to have caught a bit of a bug so Lori and I will split the day, I will ski the morning and she the afternoon and Max will convalesce to make sure he is ready to go soonest. I spent most of my day working the 7th Heaven lift – no further description needed.



We are getting into more of a rhythm with the home-schooling thing – the novel stuff is easy and fun, more difficult is to establish a pattern for the basics. Max is doing a bit of Latin a few days each week, writing in his blog, working on an occasional essay and then lots of reading. He is currently reading Hamlet and Laurence of Arabia. For math, I am working towards a problem of the day format where I do one or two interesting math problems with Max that in aggregate will cover all the basics he needs to do for the 2nd half of 7th grade and a bit more – in a format that is fun and interesting.

We also just started the [Big History Project](#) – another gift from Bill Gates. This is a nice mash of history and science and a great follow-on from Guns, Germs and Steel.

Thursday, February 21

Whistler

Another perfect sunny day in Whistler, but unfortunately Max is still a bit under the weather so Lori and I will again split the day – I will ski the morning and then Lori will ski the afternoon.

My new skis are absolutely perfect, but my old knees – not so much. This year will permit me more winter sports days and more ski days than the last five years combined by a good margin. I was not sure what this would provide and in part I was anticipating that I would refine my skiing and test new limits – again, not so much. I am finding that the skiing is wonderful and I am skiing well, but perhaps testing new limits on skis is not something you do when you are a couple years short of 60.

Week 4- February 16th - February 24th

Seattle, Whistler, Colorado

Two years ago, while visiting my sister Cindy and family and skiing at Big Sky in Montana, a carefully concealed tree root leapt up and stopped my ski dead in its track without the good fortune of a binding release. That ended my 2017 seasons with a visit to the local Mountain clinic, who provided a buffet of care after they checked on what my Gates Foundation insurance would cover – little of any use. I did follow up with an Orthopedic specialist in Seattle how amongst his various recommendations included adding more turmeric to my diet – my preference was to add more Diclofenac to my diet instead.

Morning ski session was wonderful – stuck to Blackcomb and covered most of the mountain less 7th Heaven today. Swap with Lori at 12:45 for a quiet afternoon with Max. Started math homework/homeschooling. Tested out the “problem of the day format” to good effect using something as simple as C to F conversion for linear algebra and graph theory. Max is also reading Hamlet and we started the movie Gandhi as a precursor to visiting India.

Friday, February 22

Whistler

Woke up this morning to giant fluffy snowflakes falling out of the sky and a little boy healthy enough to ski ...