

GONZALES BAY-----EARLY MORNING-----LOW TIDE

There's the same hummingbird that greets me every morning. He leaves his perch, hovers in front of me and then returns to his nest in the cedar tree.

There's Watchfull Willie with his metal detector. That's not his real name....it's just what I call him. I figure he's a retired police officer and spends his time beach combing.

There's two eagles taking their watch in a fir tree that looks more like a giant bonsai plant with it's broken branches and sparse ferns.

There's two paddle boarders heading out to what looks like another couple who are snorkelling. They must be young and strong to withstand the cold ocean water. Reminds me of when I could swim in the ocean.

There's a dog fetching a stick just off shore. He can't get enough of "fetch the stick". His owner nonchalantly munches on a sandwich as he takes the stick from Fido and throws it back into the ocean.

There's the houses that were built on the cliff a hundred years ago.

There's "Kayak Kenny" wheeling his kayak down the ramp. 82 years old and he can still launch his own boat. God bless you Kenny.

There's a crow staring at me as he sits on the guard rail..... "Got anything to eat man?" "Not this morning" I reply....besides....we're not supposed to feed the birds.....it alters their migratory patterns. "You think we're crazy enough to migrate" the crow said. "Fly 5,000 miles for some scraps in South America"? "No thanks...I'll take Canadian pizza any day.

There's the Olympic mountains peaking out from the fog bank.....so big they have their own ecosystem.

There's happily married couple having a breakfast picnic. They even brought their own table cloth for the small picnic table. Egg wraps, coffee.....enjoy.....

There's more paddle boarders heading to the shore. 'Getting busy now. I think it's time to go.