**Trip to the Island (July 2016)**

In 2000, Chris’ sister Marilyn and her husband Ronald Lindner decided that the longstanding partnership that Ron had with his brother Richard Lindner to share Farnsworth Island on Lake of the Woods near Nestor Falls would not work out well in the future. Ron sold his half of the Island to Richard’s son Scott and looked for a new Island in Whitefish Bay, just north of the previous location in Sabaskong Bay. He found a nice island that already had electricity but was unoccupied. Marilyn named it Loon-and-tick Island or Lunatic Island for pronunciation purposes. They proceeded to build a nice resort there with a large house, a full drive-in basement, and a two-boat house and docks. There were features to accommodate Ron’s lack of mobility like a golf cart path from the kitchen down to the basement and the boat docks. Shortly, several people helped in building cart paths around the Island to various locations. There was a dead-end road that the builders used to dump spare lumber in the back of the Island, and Louis, Ken, and Andy built a path down from that point to the main path around the Island. Subsequently, Marilyn named that fairly steep path Louis Lane. Another path led to a small sandy beach on the east side of the Island. There is also a narrow “deer trail” that leads around the Island.

Chris has first cousins, Carter and Nancy Conlin, that live near Houston, Texas. They wanted to come up to the Island again and share the experience with us. We both scheduled the same week at the beginning of July and arranged plane trips for similar dates. Our trip there was on Westjet, with a change in Edmonton, Alberta. This was a bad choice since we had to go through Canadian customs in Edmonton and were shuttled off to the street, where we had to back through airport security and walk a long way to get to the departure gate for Winnipeg. The crew was an hour late getting there due to storms delaying their from Calgary flight. The delay announcement showed up on airport monitors right after the boarding time was missed. No prior notice was provided to the waiting people.

We picked up Carter and Nancy at their hotel next to the airport and drove them in a rented Hyundai Santa Fe to the fruit stand beside Canada Highway 1 and the Safeway in Kenora along the way to Paradise Point near Sioux Narrows. I hope that Carter and Nancy had a good time. Carter was a former Captain in the US Navy, so he got the assignment of driving the boat, which he did with professionalism. There were many interesting areas around the lake to explore, like bridges, resorts, homes, and First Nation paintings. Sadly for Chris, there were no fish caught during the trip. This is the first time that we have been to Lake of the Woods without catching any fish. We played some table tennis, croquet on the septic field, used the paddleboat, and swam/floated in the lake. There were some very invigorating thunderstorms with the pounding of rain on the roof, lightning, and requisite booms. Who needs to see fireworks in town on July 1 (Canada Independence Day), when nature provided the real display. Louis tried to help out with some Island tasks, like clearing thistle, repairing the 10 centimeter drainage pipe from the roof gutter, and distributing wood chips to bare spots on the cart trails. Sometimes, it was hard working with a temperamental tyrant who expects perfect results of an unknown type. Marilyn fixed a whole week of gourmet meals including a lobster dinner for her three-day early birthday dinner. The Whelan’s on the next island came over with some walleye, so we did have the usual lake fish dinner with onion rings.

On the way there in Winnipeg, we had breakfast at Salisbury House with Louis cousin Eugene Golab. On the way back, we spent a day with Louis cousin Gertrude and Jim Parrott. They invited almost all of the Lang clan over for an evening, many of whom I had not seen in years. Sam and Mary Lang (my mother’s sister) had three children, Bernie, Sherman, and Gert. There were eight grandchildren, but they mostly did not get to meet their grandparents. Some of them were the same, some had become much taller. Some now had partners. Some were interested in a winter vacation visiting me in LA.

The trip back on Westjet was even worse. The airport in Vancouver was huge. USA Customs was at the airport in a separate terminal which was at least 2 kilometers away from the domestic terminal. The arriving plane was an hour late, but no notice was given until after boarding time. The arrival in LAX was at the remote location far out on the field with a long stand-up bus ride back to Terminal 2.