

# Saltwater Thanksgiving



What is it about the ocean that draws us, captures us with its mystery, and calls us back year after year?

For almost 30 years now, La Push, a small Native American village on the Pacific coast of Washington, has received our family and our friends for the Thanksgiving weekend.

Each year, we make what has become an epic journey to this place, catching the ferry in Edmonds, spilling out on the other side as we head over the Hood Canal Bridge towards Sequim, our breakfast stop. Onward, we turn left in Port Angeles, then meander around the folds of stunning Lake Crescent, with Mount Storm King towering above us. Clear-cut forests greet us as we get closer to Forks and make the final turn onto the small road we remember from when it was gravel. We whoop and holler when we catch our first glimpse of white-capped waves and sea stacks, finally arriving at our destination.

These are the activities of La Push: eating turkey dinner, beach walks by day and by starlight, playing games, making crafts, wave-dodging, hiking to the beaches, and sitting, mesmerized, watching the waves. It's a place of quiet freedom. We sleep long, eat well, breathe in the smell of salt-water, and sink our boots into the sand.



It is a place of ritual and of blessing for our families.

- Lori Vanderbilt