

Sea Kayaking and Glacial Mountaineering with the National Outdoor Leadership School

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Sea Kayaking and Glacial Mountaineering with the National Outdoor Leadership School

A semester course with the National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS) is a special sort of experiential education. And heading into this 65-day expedition – one month of sea kayaking in the choppy waters of the Broughton Archipelago off Vancouver Island and a second in the lush green forests and snow-capped glacial mountains of the Northern Cascades in Washington state – I confess, I didn't fully know what I was signing myself on for: how challenging and physically demanding the semester would prove, but also, how rewarding and pleasantly exhausting. As I sit here reflecting, I am most grateful for the opportunity and the wonderful memories with new, lifelong friends - “a good group of dudes.”

It seems I like to do this often – jump into new situations, new life chapters – without perhaps *fully* researching the depths of the endeavor to come. And yet, this method has worked out well for me. My decision to tour the United States, living on a recycled waste-vegetable oil and solar panel-powered school bus – speaking at colleges during the 2008 election – was a decision of this sort. As was the speedy pace of events which found me boarding a flight to New Hampshire to work at a summer camp as a rock climbing and ropes course facilitator – just nine days after first thinking, “Yea, working at a camp would be an *experience...*” (And this was a position I was hired for with little more than a quick phone call and the phrase, “Well, I'm not afraid of heights and I love climbing trees.”)

I've always tried to make these moves with one guiding intention – and that for me, is one *with meaning* – in any of all the many wonderful ways there are to take *meaning* from a chapter of our lives, be it of service to others, or our creative selves, the draw of adventure, or the challenge of an unreasonable goal.

Thus, joining NOLS wasn't *completely* out of the blue. Growing up, my dad and I spent many summers camping and kayaking the Delaware River in upstate NY (though much calmer waters than we experienced on the course). (And in fact, later this week he and I are going camping again for the first time in years.) My summer camp work as a rock climbing and ropes course facilitator reinforced my familiarity with the experiential education community, of which NOLS is a leader. Yes, a NOLS course of sea kayaking and glacial mountaineering seemed a natural extension of the outdoor activities I've enjoyed – though granted, significantly more intense.

So while I may not always dutifully practice *Leave No Trace's* (LNT) first principle *Plan Ahead and Prepare* to its utmost extent, I often “make do” with a little common sense, presence, and an open heart to the adventure. I have trust and optimism in our mysterious world that things work out. I don't plan too much nor too far ahead of time, but I do seek to prepare *somewhat* intelligently, and always too, with an eye on safety. (Sometimes, I hear myself turning into my dad – which isn't *entirely* terrible.)

Once underway in a new episode, my MO becomes taking one day at a time, attempting to enjoy and learn from each one as it comes, along with whatever else the day may bring. I'm rather laidback, don't get easily riled up, and 'am pretty calm under pressure. These are the perspectives I've adopted to most fully participate in the NOLS semester experience. And now, at the close of the course, I can once again confirm that this operating philosophy continues to work well for me. Yes, the decision to join NOLS was an easy one – which is interesting in its own right, because in most other aspects of my life, decision-making is somewhat of a struggle for me. This was a challenge I've been fortunate to delve more into, in exploration of my own leadership style throughout the course.

OBJECTIVE #1: LEADERSHIP AND TEACHING SKILLS

I was certainly attracted to the adventure side of NOLS and this course's incorporated technical skills and physical challenges – learning to read charts while navigating the brisk seas of the Queen Charlotte Strait; how to safely traverse glacial mountain peaks on a rope team; LNT camping for quite an extended period of time; Wilderness First Aid; how to cook well outdoors – but my primary curiosity in NOLS stems not from the O in its name, but from the L. Specifically, I was most interested in seeing how our team developed regarding leadership and growth – both personal and interpersonal – and the dynamics among eight young men at sea and in the woods. What are those mental aspects at play in a two-month wilderness expedition? The intangible, soft skills that are just as critical and sometimes even more so. This is the challenge of NOLS that most intrigued me, a challenge well met.

As a proud two-term national service alum and former Team Leader of the AmeriCorps National Civilian Community Corps (NCCC), I've spent the better part of a decade – nearly my entire 20s actually – in team-based situations of a nature similar to a NOLS course: a group of young adults working, traveling, and living together in community 24/7. I've heard all the drama. I've slept in some of the strangest, simplest, dirtiest, and smallest of spaces – all wonderful in their own way. I'm okay with being uncomfortable and have come to enjoy getting by with less *stuff*. In reflecting, not just on this NOLS course, but on recently turning 30, I'm grateful I can say my 20s were a debt-free decade traveling with intention through work with meaning. Unfortunately, not enough people can say that. (That's why we have got to reform student loan debt!)

Like NOLS, some of these chapters in my life were two months, some five or six, each AmeriCorps term, ten. Including university, I've shared homes with over 80 roommates in 18

cities amid 14 US states, and lived abroad for three years. I'm grateful I've been able to combine fulfilling work with travel, but most of all, for the amazing people I've befriended and worked with all around the world. It's always *people*.

Thus, coming into this course I felt intimately prepared for the potential joys and inevitable growing pains that lay ahead for our new team. Still, I admit, this time it felt a bit different. No, *I* felt a bit different. I was happy to be there, yes, but also slightly *tired*? (And we hadn't yet paddled a single one of the thousands of strokes to come.)

Maybe it was because the pleasantries of the initial honeymoon phase with a new team is a meet-and-greet process that, over a decade of constant travel, was becoming all too familiar to me, almost *routine*? Or maybe it was because two weeks earlier, I had just returned from six months backpacking and three years living in Asia? No doubt, I was adjusting to reverse culture shock. It's a strange thing when hearing English spoken around you – your native language – sounds strange in and of itself. Now finding myself a stranger in my own country, I'm still seeing that a fair bit has indeed changed in the US over these past three years.

Or was it because we were an all-male team and I grew up with only two older sisters, and seemed to have often had an easier time befriending girls? Or perhaps, as the oldest member at 30 years-*young* and aware of the age spread at play in our developing dynamic (our youngest 17), I decided to take a step back and just see where the rest of the team wanted to take us. Certainly we had some strong, outgoing personalities among us; I was happy to let them run with the reins for the time being and learn about *them*. Mind you, consciously aware of this, I sought to strike the balance between recognizing their energy and excitement to lead (and talk) while not forgetting that I'm part of the team too, and I owe it to them – as much myself – to contribute

fully. (Importantly, I think even simply acknowledging this intentional decision is precisely what enabled me to hit that mark.)

It was probably a combination of all of the above. Regardless, I remember reminding myself to “*keep a fresh perspective here, Adam. Don’t sell these guys short. They seem like a good group of dudes.*” In fact, at our first team meeting in April, the refrain seemingly repeated by all of us was that we were each “*excited to be here with a good group of dudes.*” And fortunately, over the course’s two months, that absolutely held up. As did the phrase itself, which became a regular and welcomed joke. We were a good group of dudes, indeed.

To me, the one consistent thread that makes or breaks an opportunity is the people. People are so important. Our teams are so important – which is why perhaps my favorite aspect of the *entire* NOLS experience has been our team – a dynamic that was never promised nor guaranteed. I consider myself lucky to have been placed on team PSQ 2 with such “a good group of dudes.”

Whether forged in the wilderness or on a Habitat for Humanity work site, intense team situations like NOLS or service with AmeriCorps have the potential to create strong, lifelong bonds. I’ve now been to my share of weddings through friendships like these and – travel permitting – anticipate a few more. In a short period, you can find yourself feeling that this recent stranger may now know you better (or at least more of who you have become) than even some of your oldest school friends. And they very well may. Because one great aspect of human nature is that we grow as we change too. And time takes care of that. So for me, change is not to be feared, but welcomed when due.

As for teaching, I enjoyed the challenge of preparing a class to share with the team. On the beach around a fire on a clear night, while they lay in the sand observing the speckled sky

looking up, I told stories of some fun myths of the constellations and taught a few helpful tips about navigating the stars. The feedback I received told me it was a job well done; I'm glad the team seemed to get something out of it, too.

In general, I wanted the guys to know me as someone they could trust to get things done. I also wanted to be a person they could come to with anything, confident that if they asked for my help, I'd be right there with them, ready to jump in ...and when appropriate, even when no ask was made. One small way in which I tried to demonstrate this was in taking the initiative to wash dishes unasked and show my appreciation for the wonderful cooks we had on the team, of which I was not one.

OBJECTIVE #2: TECHNICAL SKILLS

Though technical skill development, such as rolling a kayak or glacial crevasse rescue, was not my primary aim in joining this course, I'm glad to have learned introductory techniques of safe traverse in the mountains and by sea; how to better care for an injury far from medical facilities through Wilderness First Aid certification; and how to more properly Leave No Trace. One area of technical skill in which I did seek to improve was cooking.

Contrary to what you should expect from a 30-year-old who's lived with so many people, I have never learned to cook well. I like eating; I just don't like cooking. I also have a very weak sense of smell, and as smell is intricately connected to taste, perhaps this is why I'm not a *foodie*? I've been fortunate to live with so many people who *love* to cook that I have always been happy to be the *dishes guy*. I like doing the dishes. I find peaceful moments in it. But that's become a crutch for far too long; everyone should know how to cook.

I found it wonderful that almost everyone on the team shared their cooking tips, tricks, recipes, and suggestions with me at some point in the course. It was humbling, but never condescending and always shared with the good intention of helping me learn. I appreciated their advice. By the end of the course I had whipped up a regular knack for baking melted hot chocolate chip brownies with granola, a new dessert for me that we all enjoyed a handful of times – no less, on small burner stoves in the woods.

OBJECTIVE #3: COMMUNICATION AND TEAM BUILDING

Our team was not perfect by any stretch of the imagination, but we were certainly high functioning. Communication was strong, honest, sometimes vulnerable, and nearly always respectful. Daily evening debriefs kept feedback constructive and goal-oriented; a lost temper was rare and calmer voices often prevailed. I regularly found myself impressed by the wisdom, responsibility, and maturity of our members, some of whom are nearly a decade younger than me. And I would tell them so. In one situation, two members privately worked through their concern during what was likely a difficult and awkward conversation to initiate. And they evidently did so with candor and mutual respect because afterward, for the exemplary benefit of the rest of the team, they voluntarily debriefed their problem publicly to demonstrate the nuance between conflict *exploration* over an outright conflict *resolution*–seeking approach, helping to facilitate a lesson for the whole group. Wow!

One challenge for me regarding communication was asking for help, which was awkward and good and a necessary personal exercise. Though I was the oldest at 30, I was also the smallest on the team. During the mountaineering section, my 75-pound pack was easily more than half my body weight. As I understand it, 30-40% of body weight is the desired upper bound

for pack-weight. So that 90L+10 Deuter was heavy. It also did not help that it fit poorly. Even when pulled to its extreme, the waist belt was not as snug as it should have been. After a few days, I cut a strip off my Therm-a-Rest® sleeping pad and taped it to the belt to add extra padding, lengthen the waist strap, and allow it to pull slightly tighter. When putting the pack on, I would often opt for what we dubbed *the Spaceship method*, in which I sit down and back up into the massive pack, slipping my arms through the straps as if I were an astronaut strapping into what, I imagine – though I'm sure, incorrectly – could be a spaceship cockpit. Often Chad would then take both my hands and help me stand.

Unfortunately as the weeks went on, the weight of my pack and the poor fit of my boots worked together to do a number on my ankles. Tearing my skin raw, I developed excruciating blisters that would eventually cut my mountaineering experience short. One morning, after speaking with instructors Sean and Casey, I gathered the team and asked if everyone would mind taking an item of food (about one pound each) from my group-gear weight. I know each guy didn't mind carrying a little more, but collectively it removed eight times the weight from my back and helped significantly. I felt awkward to ask and put that on the team, but I know they understood, could handle the burden, and were happy to help, even offering to carry more. I'm glad I asked. They never would have said no, but even if they had, I would have been glad to have asked anyway, as a personal exercise.

Team building is important. Facilitation is important. Kudos to our four instructors: Steve, Jonny, Casey, and Sean, without whom our experience would have been quite different. Throughout the sea kayaking section, Steve offered up a handful of acronyms that I found helpful for learning the various aspects of life at sea and in the woods: the *ABCs* of properly packing a sea-worthy vessel; *SPRAY* when one finds oneself in close proximity to a bear; the

many *Ds* of properly dumping excrement; and of course, *Pass The Donuts Left My Rotund Brother* to remember the seven principles of *Leave No Trace* (see appendix for full acronym explanations and more).

On the subject of organizing my thoughts and more clearly sharing my ideas, he threw in another one, *WAITTS*, or *What Am I Trying To Say?* – An important question indeed. As I've been living in Asia for the past three years, I've had a realization: I'm no longer as articulate as I used to be – not nearly. Ironically, teaching simple English abroad for extended periods of time will do that to you. So upon returning to the US now, I've noticed I sometimes still have difficulty stringing words together in smooth, coherent, grammatically correct sentences. *Speaking the English is hard*. It's taken me longer than it *should* to write this reflection in fact, and as you've probably noticed, I'm also verbose. Coincidentally though, one valuable thing I have picked up from all this is that I listen more, and as I've also discovered *the less you speak, the more others listen when you do*.

Debriefing at the end of our Independent Student Group Expedition (ISGE), we each went around the campfire circle sharing personal stories, moments, and memories for each member of the team. Others said they admired me for my ability to listen, to hear them, and to speak intentionally.

Lastly, two months removed from the daily humdrum of social media and the Internet were quite nice. I may have returned to a few thousand unread messages, but a quick sift revealed them to be of little importance anyway. Didn't miss a thing ... Aerosmith.

OBJECTIVE #4: ENVIRONMENTAL PRACTICES AND SAFETY AWARENESS

I really enjoyed learning how to practice and implement intentional *Leave No Trace* principles. I also enjoyed learning about the history of the LNT program itself, as Jonny led a fun, collaborative team activity about it on the beach at Peel Island. What I appreciate about LNT specifically is that they are not a set of laws enforced through National Park Service regulation (a measure which initially failed), but rather, simple, pragmatic guidelines that facilitate conservation and encourage respect for our environment among its visitors.

Hygienically, we were not the best smelling group of young men, only occasionally “showering” over the course of two months in a few icy rivers. (My weak sense of smell, an obvious benefit here.) But we did take to gathering small bags of Western Red Cedar mulch to freshen the scent in our tents. And it did smell quite good, once I practically stuffed it up my nose (but we left it out there, of course - LNT #4). Also, regretfully, there were most certainly some days when I did not brush twice. Still, we kept good habits when it came to treating our drinking water and washing our hands when food or waste were involved, and thankfully no one got sick.

NOLS courses take on some extreme challenges. In our four instructors, I can see and appreciate the priority NOLS places on safe facilitation above all else. After summiting Dome Peak, we traversed across Dana Glacier toward White Cub Lake. And after crossing a stream in which I topped one of my boots with icy water, we came to an impasse – two snowy roads diverged in this white powder, void of wood – a steep rock wall to our left and a *slightly* less-steep pass in front of us, uphill around the lake. After a few minutes of team discussion, utilizing a mental version of the chart *weighing actions and their probable consequences*, we decided the consequence of even a minor slip above the lake could soon find one in some very chilly water,

and we ascended up the steeper rock face to our left. We climbed a fair distance – at one point pausing for each member to ascend alone past a particularly hairy vertical stretch. As the terrain got more difficult, Sean came up ahead to re-evaluate. Though we had already climbed a fair and arduous bit, he and Casey decided we ought to turn around and try that other road less traveled. Tired as we were and frustrating as it might have been to double back on our progress, even in the moment, I could see that this was the smart, safe thing to do. I respect Sean for that decision. And that makes all the difference.

As the course continued, my irritable feet developed four very sore, quarter-sized blisters on both of my ankles. We were wearing large, hard, plastic mountaineering boots, trudging through all manner of snow nearly ten hours each day, and mine fit rather poorly. Aware of my body and its limits, I am comfortable with the decision I made to evacuate from the course in the best interest of my health. In fact, I'm proud of the decision. And because I was able to heal well in the interim twelve days I spent in Seattle, I was able to return to the team, ready for the ISGE during the last week of the semester. As managing risk goes, it was a smart course of action.

In the days before I left, the agony with each step was all I could focus on. Way beyond discomfort, it was rather debilitating. Casey once asked me how I was doing regarding a variable not to be forgotten among the many technical aspects of a NOLS course – the *fun factor*. Unfortunately, if there was a *fun factor* here, by this point mine was pretty near gone. For those last few days, when we first arrived at a new camp and set up tents, I would pop into mine and sit in the vestibule.

After removing wet gloves and blowing into my hands, I begin to untie the laces, spreading the tongue and liner boot as wide as the frost would allow. I'm physically aware of the tension rising throughout my body in mental anticipation of the impending

and slow removal of a tender, screeching foot from frozen, unforgiving plastic. *Or should I be quick? Like a Band-Aid®?* My teeth clench. “Oooff-tah!” I toss the boot aside with a glare and a scowl (Just kidding, smiling.) Carefully rolling down and pulling off a wet sock, I next remove the sticky-less athletic tape and wandering foam-padded donuts that have invariably bunched up around my moist heel, their careful placement for comfort lost some time ago. I breathe a sigh of relief as my raw, pink skin feels the cool air. And then mentally prepare to do it again for the left foot. *Ugh.* After airing both out, I do it all in reverse – squeezing some ointment between the re-positioned donuts and bandaging up my feet. Now, nearly an hour has passed. I won’t touch those boots until tomorrow morning at 5:45am.

I felt bad that I was removing myself from the afternoon’s activities and spending nearly an hour inside the tent tending to my feet. Some teammates might have been gathering firewood, others discussing points for the evening debrief or tomorrow’s route, or getting the cook gear and food bags out to begin dinner. Of course, if the mates were annoyed by my recent absence from these activities, they never showed it. They were all nothing but incredibly supportive and understanding of my need for *self-care* and could tell my feet were having a rough go of it. Still, I felt bad; no one wants to feel like dead weight. They assured me that what I brought to the team in other ways outweighed my small lack of participation while caring for an injury.

In our exploration of leadership styles from the NOLS Leadership Handbook, we did a team activity called NO-DOZE (see appendix) in which we placed ourselves into one of four quadrants based on our preferences on a spectrum of questions. My most natural role among this team became that of *Relationship Master* and I was the only one in this quadrant. Based on my supportive nature and regular encouragement, I don’t believe this was a surprise to others nor

was it to me. All of the remaining six members filled the other three quadrants, two each — *Architect & Analyst, Driver, and Spontaneous Motivator*. After six weeks with one another, we had picked up on each other's strengths and challenges in our journey to becoming the strong team that we were and the positions of each other were none so surprising.

As I debated the option to conveniently leave the course during the upcoming re-ration, I considered a number of factors. Stay or go, ultimately there was no way to avoid that we're all now dependent on each other and my decision either way will impact the team. If I stay, my feet will continue to affect me somehow and my ability to physically function on the team. If I leave, my absence will also affect the team – two members each in the remaining three of four leadership quadrants – without me, an empty quadrant. *Would others find themselves adjusting their role? And how would it be to return to the team after leaving?*

This second section had so far been 12 days. We had hiked trail with heavy packs full of all the food fit for nine hungry men, fought our way through the many alpine branches of twisted Alders, sat and waited out 3 days of white-out while playing too many rounds of the cards game *Hearts*, summited Dome Peak in an 8,000 foot fog, safely traversed glaciers on rope teams (albeit with some close calls), and endured two *long* 12-hour days bushwhacking at the close of the section in order to make up some time, make it down the mountain, and meet the van on schedule for re-ration on May 22. There would be another 12 days of things similar. *Was I up for it? Were my feet up for it?*

I asked Sean and Casey how the next section with Glacier Peak might compare to this last one with Dome Peak. *They're different* was the only answer. Then I remembered Steve's safety tidbit from back on the beach during the sea kayaking section for evaluating the risks of weather, *I would rather be here (on the beach) wishing I were out there (in the water), then out there*

wishing I were back here. And I agree. When I thought about why I was here I realized that I didn't come on this course all gung-ho to summit any peaks. If it happened, great, but if not, I'm not attached; that would be a bonus. So a bonus I had already enjoyed; we had summited a mountain. I came out here to enjoy each day with our team, but with each step my *fun factor* was depleting. Of course, there's much more than *fun* to consider in seeing struggles through; perhaps a better term for me here might be my *functioning-well* factor. I knew I would not terribly regret missing the next 12 days while my feet recovered. I was fairly sure, however, that I would regret it if I were to stay and my blisters were only to get worse. And that, for me, was the decision made.

To me, the desire to make the safe, smart move for my health outweighed my desire for a repeat of the past 12 days. It was not an easy decision, but I am satisfied in the knowledge that it was the smart one; I weighed a lot of variables. And as I learned from the NO-DOZE activity and as I've felt for some time, decision-making is a challenge for me. I'm glad I made the correct one. (I guess putting health first is what 30 feels like.) With 12 days off the course in Seattle, I was able to heal my feet and even got to catch up with two old friends whom I hadn't seen in 8 and 7 years, respectively. I returned at course-end ready for the ISGE – a wonderful week hiking around sunny Ross Lake with new hiking boots, a properly fit pack, and no instructors. We chanted, “No Parents. No Rules. No Parents. No Rules” as we practically skipped through warm, glowing trees, laughing.

OBJECTIVE #5: SELF-GROWTH AND SERVICE

I can safely say I've thoroughly enjoyed the self-growth offered by participating in this NOLS course – for myself and in what I've observed in the others, as individuals and as a highly

functioning team. For instance, Joe demonstrated fantastic expedition behavior, often rising early to begin breakfast, and leaving the tent to tighten the guy lines, even through storms. As good expedition behavior also encompasses style, I appreciate how Steve took the time to get the correct spelling of the last name of the woman who gave us a tour of the kayak factory so that we could send her a thank you postcard. That's style! I'm going to send handwritten letters more often.

To circle this back to that question I had early on about our team's wide age spread, I can now say one of the coolest aspects of this course turned out to be the range of our ages. What a pleasure to be on a team with these guys. Until very recently I had simply never had the opportunity to engage with someone a decade younger than me as a peer and as a friend – to have a conversation with someone who did not know the sound of a 56kbps dial-up modem signing into AOL with “Welcome. You've got mail,” or who doesn't remember a time before wireless Internet in every coffee shop. But also, these guys know more about a lot of things that I had no idea about at their age. Or even today. We're of different generations; we explained things to each other. It was fascinating. Times are a changin'. *And change ain't all bad.*

IN CLOSING

We truly got to experience an education of the experiential sort, in classrooms as diverse as temperate rainforest, marine ecosystems, rugged mountains, and unforgiving glaciers. The certifications of Leave No Trace trainer and Wilderness First Aid are a sound thing to have in one's back pocket and I intend not to soon forget their lessons. Exploring the ecological concepts, biology, and natural history relevant to the Pacific Northwest, including the indigenous peoples and their invitation to join them in Potlatch ceremony were great highlights. As was

seeing a black bear, the back of a Humpback whale, seals and sea lions, all in a single day. Playing in the rapids at Jessie Point was an amazing way to enjoy the water and build sea-fairing skills (the confidence one feels in a dry-suit is unparalleled). I'll remember gathering around the many campfires we had; the games we made up – wagering how long it would take the tide to roll in and cast out the fire's embers; the physics theories we came up with as to why which of our sticks would float the fastest downstream; playing the cards game *Hearts*, for so many hours. I could go on. I'm happy to say that that initial feeling of *tired* which I felt at the start of the course was replaced with a genuine *physical* tired from an arduous two-month workout, and an affection for our team that has grown deep roots.

I'd be remiss if I did not express my gratitude to AmeriCorps for the Segal Education Award scholarship that paid for this course, to NOLS for not just honoring it, but doubling its impact, and Western State Colorado University for working with both to facilitate the credit and exchange. Make no mistake, NOLS is a very expensive opportunity; it's unlikely that I would have sought out this course had it not been for the generous financial aid. Thank you.

I'd like to end this reflection and begin the appendix with two poems I wrote in reflection at the close of the sea kayaking section in response to Jonny's question, "*Can you capture the spirit of the landscape and your experience of traveling in it?*"

APPENDIXTWO POEMS

#1

A lone, bright green leaf – no longer now, but recently alive – casts its small shadow upon a few rock pebbles on this Raynor Island beach in the late afternoon sun. Four of us step from the rocks, twenty feet offshore, into a fantastic canopied wood – no doubt, from which that crisp Salao came. Bear spray, trowel, and soap in hand, we each relieve ourselves in our respective cat-holes. I wipe with that leaf and attempt to leave no trace.

#2

Another consistent drip pitters from my paddle to the white cap sea below – pattering from left to right with each broad and rhythmic stroke. The radius of each splash expands as it's passed. And is forgotten. To my 10 o'clock "a sweet mountain view" opens up. We wrap around the Fox Group and the yak glides forward on course. Ross belts Frank Sinatra and another few drops of cold Canadian water pitter-patter from my paddle. In his classic Aussie way, Rory exclaims, "This is livin'!" And nobody else says a thing, but slow, knowing head nods around.

ACRONYMS DiscussedThe ABCs of Packing a Sea-Worthy Vessel

Accessible, Balanced, Compressed, Dry, Everything Inside?

SMART Goals

Strategic, Measurable, Action-oriented, Realistic, Timely

Leave No Trace Principles

“Pass The Donuts Left My Rotund Brother”

- *Plan ahead and prepare*
- *Travel and camp on durable surfaces*
- *Dispose of waste properly*
- *Leave what you find*
- *Minimize campfire impact*
- *Respect wildlife*
- *Be considerate of other visitors*

Bear SPRAY

- *Stand ground (Tall, large)*
- *Pull out bear spray*
- *Round up group (Get bigger)*
- *Act human (Talk to bear)*
- *Yield to bear*

The Ds of Properly Dumping Excrement

Duff, Dig, Dirt, Do ‘da Deed, Disguise, Disinfect

PASTA - Crossing an Eddy

Position, Angle, Speed, Tilt, Adjust

4 Ps of Righting a Capsized Kayak

- *Pound* the bottom (Get attention)
- *Pull* spray skirt
- *Push* self out
- *Pat* your head (“I’m okay.”)

GORP

Granola, Oats, Raisins, Peanuts

WAITTS

What Am I Trying To Say?

KISS

Keep It Simple Stupid

The ABCs of the Patient Assessment System – Wilderness First Aid

Airway, Breathing, Circulation, Decision, Evacuation

(also: *Airway, Breathing, CPR, Defibrillator, Epinephrine*)

NO-DOZE LEADERSHIP ACTIVITY

<http://www.scacrewleaders.org/wp-content/uploads/2007/06/Leadership-Compass1.pdf>

BOOKS REFERENCED OR READ DURING COURSE

