

Coastbusters

The Cross Currents Newsletter for Mid-Atlantic Paddlers

March 2026

Costa Rica Immersion

Jill Allbritton and Laure Bowman

I realized while landing in Puerto Jimenez from San Jose in a tiny plane (I mean tiny...the copilot crawled over us to get to his seat), that this was a different type of paddle trip. We landed on the single runway adjacent to a cemetery and from the plane I could see Bill Burnham waiting to greet us. We stepped out of the plane onto the side of the runway, into 80 degrees, 75% humidity. Rainforest!

Walking into our first night's lodging, I was mesmerized by a line of leaf cutter ants carrying leaves many times their size - an army of insects carrying their spoils to underground nests. But the ants don't eat the leaves. Instead they use them for cultivating a fungus that becomes their food source. That is when I realized this wasn't a kayaking trip but an adventure with some kayaking.

We were now on Costa Rica's Osa Peninsula, the wild, remote, rainforest part of southern Costa Rica that's known for its biodiversity, rare animals and plants, and the fabulous Parque Nacional Corcovado. Stunningly, the peninsula is home to half of all the species in Costa Rica!

Over the next 10 days we would paddle in different environments, hike the jungle, stay in ecolodges, encounter totally new-to-us wildlife, learn how to process chocolate, go ziplining, feast on local food and culture and in general, be stunned by the riches of Costa Rica.



Leaf cutter ants. Photo: Jill Allbritton



Macaw. Photo: Jill Allbritton



Costa Rica's Osa Peninsula

The Paddling

During the trip we paddled a total of four days, although there were options for paddling or practicing skills on rest days. On one rest day, four of us launched or tried to launch in the surf and practiced bracing, rolling and sculling. The first day we paddled eight miles, exploring rivers that run into Golfo Dulce. The tidal rivers were winding and narrowed quickly to become impassable. They are filled with mangroves: red, black and white. The palms and bromeliads that make up part of the river's overhanging canopy provided refreshing shade. Most wildlife was spotted in open water since the rivers were often opaque with silt. We spotted several loggerhead turtles, dolphins, schools of fish and one fish that resembled a puffer fish.

The longest paddle was to the last lodge. There was an 18-mile option if you wanted to launch at sunrise and eat breakfast while paddling. Those who preferred breakfast in the lodge and a later launch had the paddle shortened by a boat ride to mile six.

We were dropped on an enchanting small island with crystal clear water, great for spotting a sting ray. One paddler was surprised by a crab that had taken up residence in his boat overnight and refused to relinquish his/her new home. Most of the paddles were on placid water (although this is often not the case per the Burnhams) with multiple options to land and stretch. The greater challenge was avoiding the sand and mud flats that made a paddle stroke almost impossible. The other challenge was surf landing at the end of this long day.

The finale was an open water crossing across Golfo Dulce back to Puerto Jimenez. Even on the open water crossing the water was mostly calm. Near the middle of the crossing we encountered swells but this was a short portion of the paddle. The challenge of the open water crossing was getting folks out of their boats for bio breaks or just to stretch since not everyone was accustomed to re-entering their kayaks in open water. We teamed up and were able to get everyone out of, and back into their boats.



Gearing up. Photo: Jill Allbritton

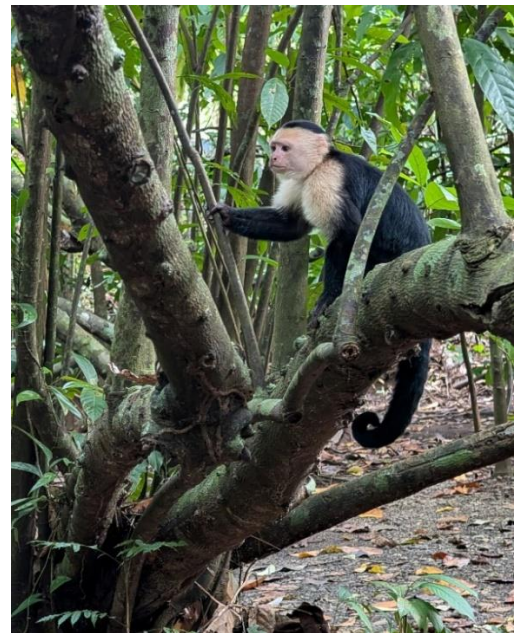
Hiking and Wildlife!

For our hiking part of the trip, we were driven to Carate and dropped off to walk the last few miles to our eco lodge which overlooked the Pacific Ocean and was near Corcovado National Park. We enjoyed a great guided hike through the rain forest in the pouring rain.

It was amazing to see all the wildlife: white faced capuchin monkeys – sometimes understandably aggressive protecting their babies, a very wet, sad-looking spider monkey, Northern Tamandua anteaters, White-nosed coatis, collared peccaries, scarlet macaws, the Gulfo Dulce Poison frog, and tiger herons!



Photo: Laure Bowman



White-faced Capuchin monkey. Photo: Jill Allbritton



Northern Tamandua Anteater. Photo: Laure Bowman



Golfo Dolce Poison Frog. Photo: Laure Bowman

The wildlife viewing extended even to our lodges. At one there were a couple of interesting “encounters”. For example, we were delighted to meet the resident caimans, a separate species from alligators and crocodiles, but which are also apex predators. They’re smaller than crocs (only 4 – 5 feet long) but have a crocodile-like gait. They mostly camouflage themselves in a pond. One afternoon, Jill was treated to the caiman ambling across the front lawn to a new pond. Every few minutes, he would stop and take a rest break for 5-10 minutes, remaining perfectly motionless during these breaks.



Caiman. Photo: Jill Allbritton

This lodge is also home to a dog, Great Curassows, macaws, snakes (easy to see and avoid on the gravel paths), bats (some roosted outside a friend’s cabin) and peccaries (pig-like mammal; also called javelinas).

In the middle of the night, two of us were awakened by grunting and barking sounds. We could smell the oniony, garlicky aroma of the peccaries (!). Peccaries are social creatures that live in herds, called “squadrons”. They have strong hearing, but poor vision, so rely on vocalizations to communicate. They are fairly small, usually about three-to-four feet long, and weigh about 50 – 70 pounds.



Peccary. Photo courtesy of San Diego Zoo



The zip line. Photo: Laure Bowman

Special Excursions

When we weren't paddling and/or hiking, the Burnham's arranged some special events including a Zipline experience, a chocolate farm tour and a visit to a sloth garden.

The zipline tour hosts did a wonderful job preparing us and pointing out wildlife even on the drive to the zipline venue. We were lucky to see all four kinds of Costa Rican monkeys: howler, white-faced capuchin, spider, and squirrel monkeys! In addition, we saw scarlet macaws, and a green and black poisonous dart frog. The ziplining was great fun even for a person afraid of heights!

The chocolate farm was fascinating. We saw the whole process for making chocolate: from harvesting the seeds of the cacao tree, to fermenting, drying, roasting, shelling, threshing and grinding them into something very delicious to eat!



Cocoa seeds. Photo: Laure Bowman



The cocoa pod. Photo: Laure Bowman



The pod is opened up, the seeds are roasted, then threshed (below). Photos: Laure Bowman



Grinding up the seeds. Photo: Laure Bowman



Sloth. Photo: Danielle Maraschiello

One highlight of this trip was the sloth garden. While most of the sloths were sighted through telescopes, one sloth entertained us from a tree near the drive. It's slow, deliberate ballet-like movement was captivating. We saw mothers with babies and learned that sloths come down from a tree weekly to defecate!

The Accommodations

That first night we stayed in a lush hotel (by the area's standards) that had a central pool, outdoor kitchens and air-conditioned bedrooms. Soon we learned to recognize the irritating calls of macaws from those of other birds. Of course, iguanas were relaxing in the courtyard trees.

Mid trip we lodged in Rincon. We had delightful small cabins with electricity and fans, no AC, and an indoor bathroom. We spent time socializing in the central pavilion in hammocks and rocking chairs while viewing the Great Curassows, strolling the grounds and listening to the ever-present macaws. Jill relaxed in a hammock while the rest of the crew joined the Marine Mammal Research project on a boat to chart dolphin activity. She was subsequently

jealous to learn that everyone had seen Bottlenose dolphins and their new babies.

For New Year's we were at an ecolodge which is only reachable by watercraft. It is an eco-resort with open air lodging/glamping and is, in Jill's opinion, the crown of Costa Rican resorts. To celebrate, we drank the house margaritas, ate raw chocolate made from cocoa beans, sampled Costa Rican health tonics and made tamales. The meals were of 4-star quality, with fresh fruit and vegetables that they cultivate, and locally sourced protein.



Preparing libations at one of the lodges. Photo: Jill Allbritton

For the last few days – during the hiking portion of the trip – we stayed at an ecolodge that overlooks the Pacific Ocean and is adjacent to Corcovado National Park. The eco lodge was really cool – the sound of the waves for sleeping, really nice tents with open-air showers and a beautiful view of the Pacific, wonderful staff, cocktails and food.



Wonderful view of the Pacific. Photo: Laurie Bowman



Photo: Laurie Bowman



Photo: Laure Bowman



Photo: Laure Bowman

Jill wraps up the story like this: This was my third Burnham Guides trip with a group of folks that met on a Key Largo to Key West paddling expedition. I sign up for Cross Currents or Burnham trips without doing research because I love kayaking and know the people from both groups. I have never regretted one.

I had anticipated that this Costa Rica trip would be a similar paddling experience. But it turned out to be different: not so much about the paddling, but more about a spectacular, magical environment comprising rainforest and incredible wildlife, enhanced by comfortable jungle lodgings, great people and yes, the paddling. I would sign up in a minute for this adventure again.

In This Issue

Costa Rica Immersion – Jill Allbritton, Laure Bowman 1
Table of Contents 8
My Camino Frances: Pilgrimage Across Spain – Laure Bowman..... 9
Photos of the Month 15
Quelle Forte Venture: Canary Islands – Rick Leader, Bonnie Gease 18
Upcoming Symposia 22
Contributors 23



Ensenada market. Photo: Ricardo Stewart

My Camino Frances: A Pilgrimage Across Spain

Laure Bowman



The end of the camino at Muxia, Spain. Photo: Laure Bowman

El Camino de Santiago

In English, “El Camino de Santiago” means “the Way of Saint James” and it represents the pilgrimage to the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela in northwestern Spain where, it is believed, the remains of Jesus’ apostle, Saint James the Greater, are located.

The pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela reached its peak during the Middle Ages and a massive infrastructure was developed to support the pilgrimage - bridges were constructed, hospitals were chartered, and businesses were established to support pilgrims.

There is not one route to Santiago – there is a network of routes that starts in different places all over Europe. But all end in Santiago de Compostela, Spain. This trail is steeped in history and has been walked by pilgrims for centuries. It is now a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

The Camino Frances

The Camino Francés, or French route, is the best-known and most traveled of the many routes to Santiago de Compostela. The route starts at the border in Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, France, and continues approximately 790 kilometers (490 miles) to Santiago de Compostela.



Why?

I wanted to walk the Camino as a pilgrim for spiritual and religious reasons, and in hopes to get some guidance for this retired phase of my life. But I also wanted to see if I could do it – could I walk many miles a day for many days in a row - by myself? And if I was able to walk the entire route, I wanted to get the certificate of completion – *The Compostela!*

My Camino Frances

The fall of 2025, I flew from DC to Pamplona, Spain, then took a bus from Pamplona to Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, France to start my walk. At the Pilgrim Office, I received my credentials: Pilgrim Passport. The Pilgrim Passport is used to prove that you have completed the Camino by getting stamps along the way at hostels (albergues), churches, museums, cafes, etc. You then receive the compostela in Santiago

I walked for 36 days from Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, France across northern Spain arriving in Santiago de Compostela on November 2nd.

But I wanted to continue my walk to the coastal towns of Muxia and Finisterre (“End of the World”) to complete my walk *all the way* across Spain to the Atlantic Ocean – so I walked for three more days to Muxia, and then another day from Muxia to Finisterre, walking a total of 40 days covering about 575 miles.



The start in France. Photo: Renee Schieving



The end in Santiago de Compostela. Photo: Kim Howe

Routine

I carried my 20-pound backpack every day but you don't have to – you can get it transported for an additional daily cost. I packed like I was kayak camping. In my 40-liter REI pack, I had six different-colored dry bags which kept everything dry regardless of rain and kept everything organized and easy to find.

I walked anywhere from six miles the first day to 21 miles on one of my last days, averaging about 15 miles per day.

I wanted the full camino experience, so in addition to carrying my pack, I stayed in albergues just about every day. Many albergues, especially those in smaller villages, provided communal pilgrim meals. Sharing meals and time with other pilgrims along the way provided opportunities to develop an incredible sense of community – my Camino Family!

I walked a total of 40 days and 575 miles. From the French border all the way across Spain to the Atlantic Ocean

Experiences

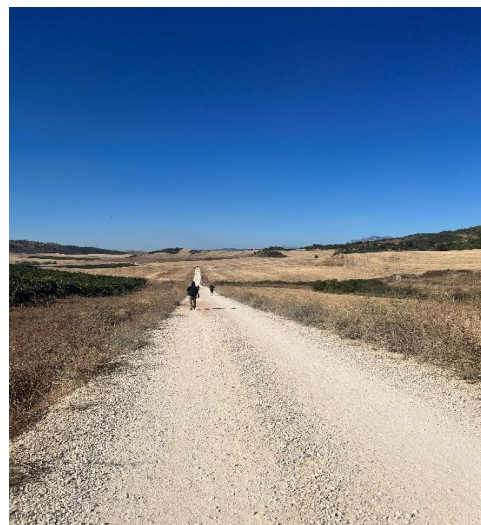
Each day I walked, I ate, I slept (or tried to 😊), I met people *from all over the world!* We were all on different journeys, had different reasons for walking, but all shared a common goal and common experiences along the way, even if we didn't share a common language.

During each day, and most definitely at the end of each day, my feet, knee, hip, and back were **aching!** Amazingly, the next morning, my feet were ready to walk again! Well, at least until reaching about the 740 km mark of the 790 km total.

As I walked and walked, it was always a joy and a relief to reach the top of a hill and see a steeple in the distance – knowing that was the next town and a stop for much needed rest, drink, food, or bed!

Like kayak camping, walking the Camino means that every day is a new experience/adventure. It was surprising how much the scenery and environment changed during the course of any one day, and from one day to the next!

Most albergues provided a disposable sheet and pillowcase. While these were much appreciated, they were a little noisy and not very comfortable. I was thrilled and thoroughly enjoyed arriving at an albergue that had real sheets and especially a real, full-size towel!



Walking and walking. Photo: Laure Bowman

Scenery/Places

The scenery was spectacular. From up and over the Pyrenees, into and out of cities with their gorgeous cathedrals, mountains all around in the distance, forests of Pyrenean oak, fields of sunflowers, the red dirt and grapevines of the vineyards, walking the straight path through the Meseta across the open plains of gold, climbing up to the Cruz de Ferro (Iron Cross) and down through the rain and wind into pretty mountain villages, climbing up through the clouds and forests to the mountain top of O Cebreiro to be welcomed by bag pipes playing, to seeing the steeples of the Cathedral de Santiago.



Pyrenian oak forest. Photo; Laure Bowman



Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, France. Photo : Laure Bowman



Arrows marking the way in small towns. Photo: L.Bowman



The French Pyranees. Photo : Laure Bowman



The Meseta. Photo: Laure Bowman

On To The Atlantic!

After reaching the primary goal of Santiago, and the attendant celebration, I continued on to the coastal towns of Muxia and Finisterre. Muxia was a beautiful little town with a pretty church and lighthouse framed by crashing waves (photo on first page).

Finisterre is the “End of the World”. Both of these towns have the Camino 0 km markers and are on the “death coast” (Costa da Morte). It definitely felt like an accomplishment walking all the way across Spain and ending at the Atlantic Ocean!



Muxia. Photo: Laure Bowman



The author at the 0 kilometer marker at Finisterre. Photo: Sandra McClellan.

Love and Community

From the first two pilgrims walking with me while leaving the Pamplona airport; to the five women who shared a room the first night in St Jean; to the Refuge Orisson Family we met the first night of walking and continued to see off and on until the end; to the nine who shared a Spanish tortilla and vespers with a small group of nuns in Rabes de los Calzados; all the way to the six of us who walked into Santiago de Compostela together. There was such a feeling of love and sense of community! We shared meals and wine, sleeping space, tips and supplies, life stories, hugs and encouragement!

Connection

Certainly, I had a connection with nature as I walked. A connection with people from all over the world, a connection to all the pilgrims who walked before me over the last 1000 years, as well as a connection to the history in all the old churches and monasteries, Roman bridges, and small villages along the way. A connection with God through so many wonderful people and all the beauty.

Awe

Awe was a feeling I had most every day for all of the reasons above along with peace and gratitude. Not to say I didn't also have feelings of pain, exhaustion, heat, cold, sadness, annoyance, irritation. But the more overwhelming and lasting was awe, peace and gratitude.



At one of the auberges. Photo: Kristen Hamilton



Leon Cathedral. Photo: Kristen Hamilton



Medieval castle, Spain. Photo: Laure Bowman

Buen Camino

Buen Camino is a Spanish phrase that every pilgrim knows regardless of their native language. Every pilgrim hears and says it many times a day: passing other pilgrims, leaving other pilgrims, or from villagers wishing pilgrims a “Good Way”. The Spanish word for pilgrim is peregrino.

There’s a song that was posted along the way – it may be corny but it really does sum up the Camino experience – click this link if you’re interested:

[Sir Oliver - The Way \(Buen camino peregrino\) - A pilgrim's song about the Camino de Santiago](#)



Roman bridge, Photo: Ignacio Oliveira

Photos of the Month



Cornwall Dolphins

Photo: Rupert Kirkwood

Photos of the Month



Ismailof Island Alaska

Photo: Karen Tilley

Photos of the Month



Submerged

Photo: Ray Will

“Quelle Forte Venture”: The Canary Islands

Rick Leader and Bonnie Gease

A stretch trip may be just what a kayaker needs to keep their paddling skills fresh. Weather made our group’s January 2026 adventure in the Canary Islands a S-T-R-E-T-C-H trip. Two beginners and five intermediate kayakers, who have plenty of water under their keels, were ready to add a little more surf and big ocean exposure to our normal Chesapeake Bay kayaking.

The Place

The Spanish Canary Islands are an archipelago of seven islands in the Atlantic about 80 miles off the coast of North Africa. Together the islands have a population of two million. At 60 miles in length, Fuerteventura is the second largest island. A UNESCO declared biosphere reserve, the island has 32 inactive volcanoes and thus a lava-shaped landscape. There are 150 kilometers of beaches, uncountable reefs, 25 square kilometers of high sand dunes and a persistent northerly breeze that creates intense ground swells.

The Weather

The island is usually dry and the wind manageable with protected coves and beaches. There are numerous heavy surf areas. Normally there are three days of rainfall in January and one or two days in most other months. It rained a bit on each of our ten days. Average daytime temperature is supposed to

be 69 degrees. Not quite our experience; let’s just say frickin chilly with the unusual dampness. The expected average water temperatures of 64 degrees was spot on, but no one was eager to don their snorkel gear. We experienced steady winds of 10 to 15mph every day with periods of serious gusts.

“May the flowers remind us why the rain was so necessary” (Xan Oku). One of our neatest experiences was seeing numerous locals pulled off along every road taking pictures of the very abnormal blast of millions of rain-fueled wildflowers that forced their way out of the dark and rocky volcanic soil.





The Surf

Fuerteventura is a magnet for advanced surfers. The North Shore is known for high density reef breaks and the West Coast for consistent, often large, beach break waves. Five-foot sets are common. Normally there are spots for kayakers with smaller steady swells. Not so much for us due to unusual weather. Our inexperienced eyes saw big waves and short periods. It was an easy “no go” decision on kayak surfing – smart, but a real shot to egos nonetheless. Canary Island officials reported at least six deaths and many serious injuries in the past few months caused by tourists ignoring surf warnings.

See:

<https://www.canarianweekly.com/posts/Another-drowning-in-the-Canary-Islands-as-a-44-year-old-woman-dies-in-Fuerteventura>

See: <https://www.surfer.com/news/huge-wave-canary-islands-tenerife-video>

The Paddling

We hired British Canoeing 5-Star Jorge Echavarri as our guide for five days of paddling and two days of hiking. On the very first day he gained our trust by expertly guiding us in a crazy single-file circuitous path through house-sized swells and numerous reef breaks on a paddle from Corralejo to the nearby Isla de Lobos, a national park.

More than once, the universal kayak call of “oh shit” was followed by the “paddle, paddle, paddle” chant. Often, we were in what felt like a six-foot channel of calm water with an assured beating just six inches outside of it in either direction. This paddle was optically and emotionally challenging, but in reality was no big deal with an experienced leader.

For a tour of Los Lobos see:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jnkXAf_n_pVQ



Tough shores. Photo: Bonnie Gease

Jorge provided all gear, a nice mix of P&H and NDK boats, beat to hell by time in the surf, and Celtic paddles. A couple of us wished we had brought our own familiar PFD's. Jorge provided our daily tasty lunch of bread, cheese, humus, sardines, and a local potato and cheese pie.

Given the weather and our skill set, Jorge scrambled to find us safe places to paddle. Paddles averaged 6-10 miles. Most involved a struggle into a headwind followed by a wild ride during our return. Every downwind run was a refresher in tuning your skeg, one inch one way or the other makes a substantial difference. Hydration bags proved helpful for safe sips; cameras useless in the chop.

We were often paddling along rock cliffs with intermittent beaches. Rocky surf landings were made a bit easier by well-chosen protective reefs

that we could slip behind. For launches, Jorge really pushed getting your butt in the seat asap, even if you had to pretzel your legs in, no lingering on the back deck.

Paddle highlights included a run from the tiny village of Giniginamar to an isolated collection of fisherman's shacks near Lajita. The shacks are used seasonally and appeared constructed with a mix of rock and beachcombed flotsam. A narrow beach of slippery rocks provided the only access, so heavier-soled paddle shoes are a must in this entire area. This run did allow some modest rock hopping and working under an overhanging cliff revealed a show by the local red crabs – more like a large fiddler than Maryland's blue crabs. The volcanic rocks were sharp like an oyster reef, nothing you would want to rub up against.



Photo: Bonnie Gease

More fun: A trip from Playa de la Cazuela to the massive dunes of Corralejo Sand Dunes National Park ended in a long beach with large, totally intimidating breaking waves. Luckily, there was a wonderfully calm ten-foot landing chute nestled against a rock outcropping that made a surf landing a breeze. And a one-way downwinder near Pozo Negro had the bonus of ending at a local café.

A Few Hikes

We hiked up two volcanoes, one of which had the rock wall remains of historic corn plots in its summit crater. A herd of goats, set wild to feed, guided our hike back, supplying a twinkling bell soundtrack. Another hike along a dry creek with a historic rock dam led us to Arco De Las Penitas, a wind-carved arch like those you see in Utah.

The Details

Logistics were simple. We flew in through Madrid, rented a great house that was affordable, ate a ton of meat and seafood, ran around in a much-needed rental car, and faked our way through Spanish language challenges. Desalinated water was drinkable, but not tasty; showers were hot and toilets flushed. The often chilly, rainy weather was a surprise, but we rolled with it.

Wildlife was scant, with our best sightings being goats and invasive chipmunks. Birds are better in other seasons, but we saw gulls, doves, and Egyptian vultures. A handful of historic windmills offset the modern turbines that had their own majesty. Most roads were great; stores were easy to find.

We would definitely recommend Jorge, but he would be best employed in working with more with their own leader and Jorge facilitates surfing logistics. To enjoy the full breadth of paddling the Canary's provide, no matter the conditions, an equally skilled peer group with surf experience would be best.



Dramatic hiking. Photo: Bonnie Gease



Canary Island mariner's shrine. Photo: Bonnie Gease

Upcoming Events

Dates	Event	Location	Sponsor	Website/Contact
March 2 - 6	Texas Gulf Coast Symposium	Galveston, TX	Kayaking Texas	Texas Symposium
April 7-12	Wavepaddler Spring Gathering	Seabrook Is. SC	Wavepaddler	2026 Wave Paddler Spring Gathering! - Wave Paddler - Charleston, SC
July 15-19	Great Lakes Symposium	Grand Marais MI	Power of Water	Greatlakesseakayaksymposium.net
Sept. 11 - 13	Bay of Fundy Symposium	Argyle, Nova Scotia	Chris Lockyear	Bofsk.com
Sept 25-27	Kiptopeke Symposium	Cape Charles VA	Cross Currents	Crosscurrentsseakayaking.com
Oct. 9 - 11	Delmarva Paddlers Retreat	Lewes DE	Qajaq USA	Delmarvapaddlersretreat.org
Oct. 19 - 21	Ocean Gathering	Tybee Island GA	Sea Kayak Georgia	Sea Kayak Georgia Paddle Tybee Kayak, SUP, Canoe, Yoga

Contributors

Jill Allbritton – completed Uncon II and III with Cross Currents. She loves bumpy water and kayak camping in remote areas such as the Everglades, Green River and Clayquot Sound. Jill lives in Maryland but is moving in the spring to British Columbia, Canada. She is eager to paddle more off Vancouver Island.

Bonnie Gease - is a graduate of Cross Currents UnCon program and has undertaken expeditions in Cuba, Baja, New Zealand, Portugal, Alaska, and the Green River in Utah. Bonnie lives in Maryland.

Laure Bowman - has been sea kayaking for four years and has completed UnCon I, II, and III with Cross Currents. She has enjoyed paddling Ebenezer Creek, GA, the Everglades Wilderness Waterway in FL, and across Portugal on the Douro River. Laure lives in Baltimore, Maryland.

Rick Leader - is retired from a thirty-year career as executive director of a number of Maryland conservation organizations. He is an UnCon graduate who has done expeditions in Cuba, the Florida Keys, Green River of Utah, Doruo River in Portugal and Baja.

Rick Wiebush - runs *Cross Currents Sea Kayaking* and is the editor of *Coastbusters*. He is an ACA L2 IT and British Canoeing Sea Leader. Rick lives in Baltimore.

Coastbusters welcomes submissions of trip reports, incident descriptions and analyses, skills and “how-to” articles, boat and gear reviews, book and video reviews, and photographs. We are interested in receiving submissions from all paddlers.

Articles should be limited to about 1,500 – 2,000 words and submitted in Word. Photos should be submitted in .jpg format. Please send your submissions to Rick Wiebush at rwiebush@gmail.com.

Coastbusters is a publication of Cross Currents Sea Kayaking