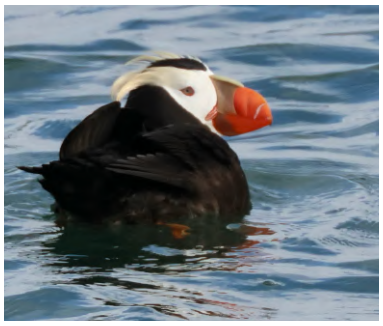
Alaska's Northern Passages and Glacier Bay
July 12-19, 2025 | Trip Report
by Bryan Calk

Bryan Calk with Ofer, Cheryl, Kay, George, Jill, Lloyd, David, Cindy, Denette, Malcolm, Tim, Candice, Betsy, and John





Sat. July 12 Sitka | Katlian Bay

We began the trip with time to explore Sitka on our own, soaking in the blend of coastal scenery and layered history that makes this town so distinct. Sitka once served as the capital of Russian America, and traces of that era are still visible in places like the Russian Bishop's House, one of the last remaining examples of Russian colonial architecture in North America. A walk through Sitka National Historical Park led us along forested trails lined with totem poles and views of the intertidal zone, where salmon streams braid through mossy Sitka Spruce

Naturalist Journeys, LLC PO Box 16545 Portal, AZ 85632 PH: 866.900.1146
naturalistjourneys.com | travel@naturalistjourneys.com


and Western Hemlock. The Sitka Sound Science Center and the Sitka Raptor Center offered looks at local marine and bird life, while St. Michael's Cathedral remained a striking landmark in the center of town.

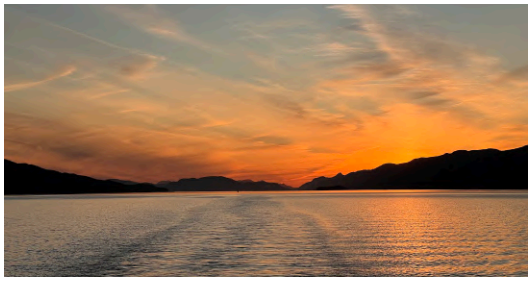
By late afternoon we boarded the Safari Endeavour, a 76-guest vessel that would be our floating base for the week. We motored out into the evening light and dropped anchor in Katlian Bay, a quiet and forested inlet just north of Sitka Sound. After settling in, we gathered in the lounge for safety drills and dinner surrounded by panoramic windows. Keika, the Adventure Coordinator, led an introduction to the ship and crew, walked us through safety protocols, and gave an overview of what to expect on this expedition cruise.

The orientation talk began with a broad introduction to Alaska, emphasizing the sheer scale of the state and the powerful role that water, weather, and time have played in shaping its dramatic coastline. We then heard a brief history of Russian exploration and the eventual transfer of Alaska to the United States in 1867. From there, the focus shifted to the region we'd be traveling through—the Alexander Archipelago, a vast island chain sculpted by glaciers, and the Tongass National Forest, the largest national forest in the country. Glacier Bay National Park was highlighted as one of Southeast Alaska's most striking geologic and ecological landmarks. To close, we were welcomed into the temperate rainforest with a nod to its staggering rainfall, often more than 200 inches each year, and to the local expression liquid sunshine, a wry nickname for the steady drizzle that defines the weather in this part of the world.

As the last light faded behind the forested ridgelines, we tucked into the calm waters of Katlian Bay, ready for the week ahead.

Sun. July 13 Hoonah Sound | Emmons and Vixen Islands

The day began with the low hum of the engines as the boat got underway. A few early risers were out on deck when a Minke Whale surfaced briefly in the distance, its small, arched back just visible before slipping away. Bird activity picked up quickly with scattered groups of White-winged and Surf Scoters, a variety of gulls, and a couple sightings of Common Loons flying overhead. Marbled Murrelets were everywhere: bobbing on the water, flying in large groups and pairs, or disappearing into the mist. A Pacific White-sided Dolphin made a splashy appearance, flopping dramatically at the surface before vanishing into deeper water.



Over hot breakfast, the landscape came into full view. The shoreline passed slowly by with steep-sided islands covered in dark spruce, mist drifting low through the trees, and mountain slopes wrapped in cloud. Several Sitka Black-tailed Deer were spotted grazing in a meadow at the forest's edge, and for a brief moment the cloud cover thinned enough to let hints of blue sky through.

The rest of the morning belonged to the Humpbacks. Whales appeared across the sound, fluking periodically ahead of us. One breached entirely out of the water in a sudden, thundering burst. Another swam close alongside a calf. One floated on its side for several minutes, rhythmically slapping a long pectoral fin against the surface in a slow, deliberate motion. Whether feeding or calling or just playing, it was unmistakably powerful to witness.

As we cruised into Hoonah Sound, a few guests spotted a coastal Brown Bear with a cub not far from the shoreline. During the ship's orientation to the week's activity options, a Rufous Hummingbird made an unexpected appearance, hovering around the red kayaks lashed to the deck. Later, another bear was seen moving slowly along the beach, unconcerned by our distant presence giving most everyone aboard a view. By lunchtime we were anchored off Vixen and Emmons Islands, just as the weather shifted. The mist cleared, the sun came out, and for the first time it felt almost warm. The afternoon light made everything glow. The spruce forests, the lightly rippled water, even the patches of shell-strewn shoreline. From the deck, we watched a group of Black Oystercatchers working the tide line while dozens of Harbor Seals bobbed along the shore nearby. Below us, the slow pulse of jellyfish drifting past alerted our attention to a whole other world of life unseen below us.

Afternoon activities began soon after. Some guests joined a kayak 101 session, while others opted for a relaxed shore walk among the mossy understory and tide-washed rocks. A group of more experienced paddlers circumnavigated the island by kayak, moving through quiet passages and watching for wildlife along the shore. One skiff tour came surprisingly close to a Humpback Whale that surfaced calmly just to breathe, offering a rare and intimate perspective from water level.

The evening wrapped up with happy hour in the lounge, followed by a short talk introducing the basic geography of Alaska and a look ahead at the next day's activity options. The boat settled into its anchorage for the night as the sky faded to beautiful twilight colors over the outer islands, and for a few golden hours, Southeast Alaska offered an unforgettable fade-out to a fantastic first full day at sea!

Mon. July, 14 Saook Bay | Paradise Flats

We woke to still water and golden light at Paradise Flats, anchored near the mouth of a broad stream. Even before breakfast, there was movement in the tall grass at the edge of the meadow. A Coastal Brown Bear was slowly making its way along the shore, only seen when pausing occasionally to rise on its hind legs to peer over the grass and sniff the air as it moved through the morning quiet. Just offshore, a young Marbled Murrelet floated near the bank, diving every so often in the calm water. From the surrounding forest, the dawn chorus filled the air with the flute-like song of Swainson's Thrush, the ethereal whistles of Varied Thrush, and the busy chatter of Pacific Wrens. It always feels a little magical to hear such complex, beautiful sounds pouring out of the forest, especially when the birds themselves are so modest and secretive. These brown, subdued birds are so easily missed even if you're looking, yet hold songs that seem too delicate and otherworldly to come from something hiding deep in the shadows. It's part of what makes the temperate rainforest feel so layered, so alive with mystery.

Clear skies stayed with us through the morning as we split into groups for kayaking and intertidal exploration. The tide had dropped dramatically, revealing a wide stretch of flats transformed into a patchwork of rockweed mats, stream channels, and exposed rocks. Those on foot wandered slowly through the intertidal zone, stopping occasionally to kneel and look more closely. We learned about mottled sea stars and had the chance to hold one gently in hand. Rocks were covered with blue mussels, thatched and acorn barnacles, and clusters of clams and cockles squirted water out from beneath the sediment. The remains of small Dungeness Crabs gave a reminder to the monsters of the depths that rely on these shallower waters earlier in their life cycle. Between patches of rockweed, a tidewater sculpin darted through the clear shallows of a small freshwater stream that trickled into the bay. We tasted ripe salmonberries and a few blueberries along the edge of the woods and talked about edible aquatic plants, saltwater boundaries, and the role of beach rye, which grows right at the average high tide line .

Bird activity continued to be sporadic throughout the morning. A few Bonaparte's Gulls wheeled overhead, chasing each other with almost amphibian-like, gravelly calls. An Orange-crowned Warbler flitted along the forest edge. Above it all, the backdrop was still and vivid with tall hemlock-spruce forest, blue and purple ridgelines, and the bright white of distant snowcaps under a wide blue sky.

The kayakers explored the inlet on smooth, glassy water. With the sun reflecting off the bay and barely a ripple in sight, it was the kind of calm that makes everything feel both immense and intimate. Some stopped to paint or sketch, capturing the bright tones of the landscape and the layered blues of water and mountain.

We reconvened for lunch back aboard the ship and took some time to relax in the sunshine. The quiet held, broken only by the occasional call of a gull or the splash of salmon moving just beneath the surface.

In the afternoon, we boarded skiffs for a shared ride along the shoreline. A large flock of hundreds of American Crows had gathered along the canopy edge, calling loudly and shifting back and forth in a tight group. There was no clear reason for the gathering, which made it all the more intriguing. A few gulls drifted by, prompting a quick chat about field marks and identification. We paused to consider the health of the surrounding forest, from canopy to understory, and what its structure reveals about the history and resilience of the coastal ecosystem. Just before we made it back, a group of Harlequin Ducks appeared on the rocks ahead. The sunlight lit up their striking plumage, and we had a few quiet minutes to watch them preen and rest before they slipped into the water.

Back on the ship, the clear weather held long enough for cocktail hour to move up to the upper deck. With sunlight still lingering across the bay and spruce silhouettes etched against the evening sky, we ended the day with dinner and a preview of tomorrow's excursions. The light faded slowly, the water stayed calm, and the sound of crows, thrushes, and gulls drifted in from the shoreline as the ship settled in for the night. But the day wasn't quite done. A group of us took the skiffs back to shore where the crew had built a small bonfire just above the tide line. We gathered and warmed our hands by the flames, passing around skewers for marshmallows and building s'mores under the still-fading light - the sunsets are drawn out this far north in summer. The stillness of the evening, the crackle of the fire, and the smell of salt and smoke in the air made for a quiet, perfect close to the day.

Tue. July, 15 Pavlof Harbor State Marine Park | Chatham Strait

We woke anchored in Pavlof Harbor, a small inlet along the eastern shore of Chichagof Island within Tongass National Forest. The morning was quiet and calm, but the shoreline was already alive. A Coastal Brown Bear and two small cubs were traversing the beach not far from the stream mouth, visible from the deck as we sipped coffee and waited for breakfast. The mother led steadily through the sedges while the cubs playfully pounced and rolled behind her. With such a front-row view, breakfast was slow to pull people inside.

Bear activity remained high throughout the morning, which limited shore access due to safety concerns. Instead, the morning's excursions were by skiff and kayak, allowing us to explore from the water without disturbing the wildlife. One of the first sightings was another mother bear and her yearling cub, moving along the shoreline

before working their way up the stream that cuts through the head of the bay. The salmon haven't started running in earnest here yet (typically that peaks a few weeks later) so the bears were focused on early summer foods like sedges and beach greens, occasionally pawing through stones or sniffing along logs for anything else worth eating. The guides spent time talking through their foraging habits and reproductive strategies like delayed implantation, offering insights into how these omnivores adapt their lifestyle to the seasons. The pair made their way upstream along a freshwater river with a waterfall, one soon to become an active salmon run. Elsewhere, along the intertidal zone, the skiff group spotted an American Mink bounding across the rocks, clearly on the hunt. The tide was low, and the shoreline teemed with life. Mussels were sealing themselves tightly and squirting small jets of water as the tide dropped further. Plumose Anemones waved from just below the surface, their frilly arms swaying like underwater ferns. Sea stars clung to the undersides of rocks, and we talked about their survival strategies in this dramatically ever-changing environment. All of it made visible by timing and luck, some of the richest parts of the ecosystem laid bare for just a short window at a very low tide. The weather stayed favorable all day. Light cloud cover kept the glare off the water, but it stayed dry and bright, a nearly perfect day to be outside. The kayak groups paddled across the bay and followed the edge of the estuary where the stream flows into the harbor. A Common Merganser worked the shallows, Bald Eagles kept watch from the treetops, and some paddlers followed a side channel to a small waterfall cascading into the bay. It was one of those places where the stillness made every detail sharper with ripples, wingbeats, the occasional fish breaking the surface.

Shortly after we returned to the ship, a pod of Killer Whales was spotted moving across the mouth of the bay. They traveled in loose formation, surfacing and diving in rhythm as they crossed from one side to the other. The entire ship paused to watch until they disappeared into deeper water.

After lunch, we set course north toward Glacier Bay. The afternoon brought a slower pace. Engine room tours gave guests a look behind the scenes at the heart of the ship, while bridge tours offered time with the captain to learn about charts, radar, and navigation tools. In the dining lounge, an art session took shape near the panoramic windows as guests sketched from the passing view.

We entered Chatham Strait in the late afternoon, and soon after, Humpback Whales began appearing across the horizon. Some surfaced distantly in pairs or trios, while others came closer, fluking gracefully before deeper dives. Chatham Strait is among the longest and deepest channels in Southeast Alaska, over 150 miles in length and several hundred meters deep in places, carved by glaciers and now serving as a vital corridor for migrating whales, seabirds, and fish.




Cocktail hour was held in the lounge, followed by the evening recap and daily update. The expedition leader offered a look at where we were and what to expect in the coming days, along with notes on the conditions ahead. Dinner followed as the light softened across the strait.

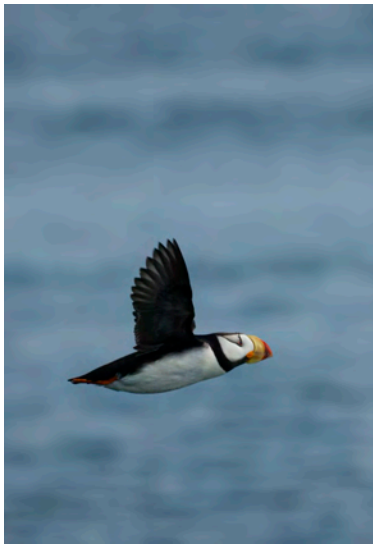
Wed. July 16 Glacier Bay National Park

We cruised into Glacier Bay National Park in the wee hours of the morning, crossing into this dramatic landscape of tidewater glaciers, rocky fjords, and ancient icefields. The temperature dropped noticeably, and the scenery shifted. Gone were the densely forested hillsides of earlier days. Now we floated among icebergs, broken off from ancient rivers of ice, with snow-capped peaks and rugged granite cliffs rising behind them. These were the Fairweather Mountains, part of the Saint Elias range, named for the unusually clear weather that made them visible to early explorers. The cliffs and exposed rock faces were evidence of glacial scouring, the whole bay a living lesson in geologic time and post-glacial succession.

As we approached Margerie Glacier, a classic tidewater glacier at the northern end of the bay, we passed floating ice, watched for calving, and spotted Humpback Whales, Sea Otters, and even some Kittlitz's Murrelets, a rare, glacier-associated seabird that nests on rocky moraine slopes and breeds nowhere else in the Lower 48. Pelagic Cormorants and Red-throated Loons flew over the water. The glacier itself, more than a mile wide and over 200 feet tall at the face, groaned occasionally with pressure. We heard and saw some small calving events, splashes that reminded us how alive this ancient mass of ice still is.

After breakfast, the day's excursions began. Some guests chose to kayak among the icebergs in Johns Hopkins Inlet, paddling through shimmering waters dotted with sculpted chunks of blue-white ice. Pigeon Guillemots, in striking black and white plumage with red feet, flitted among the ice. A pair of Semipalmated Plovers darted across the exposed glacial moraine, a stark muddy plain scraped clean by Lamplugh Glacier, which we explored the moraine of on foot. The hike brought us up close with the raw textures of this young landscape with its very sticky silt ground to fine wet powder by the glacier, rocks of many origins dragged down from distant peaks, and tiny red Neomolgus mites scrambling across the mud.

We learned that Lamplugh and Margerie Glaciers, along with dozens of others, are fed by the massive Brady Icefield. Together, they make Glacier Bay one of the fastest-changing landscapes on Earth. Where glaciers once filled the entire bay in the 1700s, forests now thrive, an extraordinary example of ecological succession and



resilience. A few adventurous guests took a ridge hike above the glacier's edge and were rewarded with views of a Hoary Marmot sunning on the rocks, Willow Ptarmigan parents leading their chicks through the brush, and Golden-crowned Sparrows flitting through the shrubs.

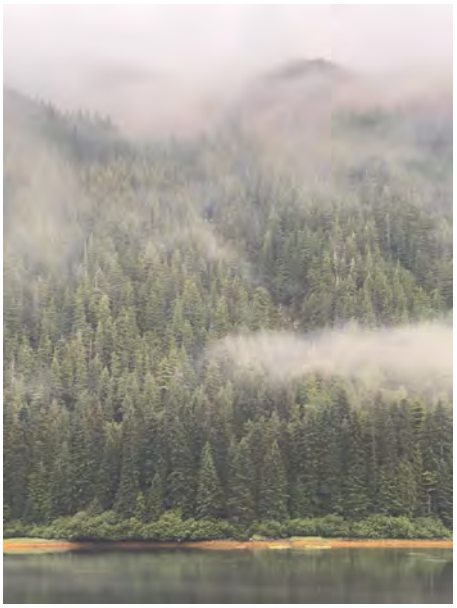
Before lunch, the crew offered a chance to jump off the ship into the glacially fed water - a polar plunge. Some brave souls took the leap, gasping from the cold but beaming with adrenaline as they climbed back aboard and right into the hot tubs. After warming up and eating lunch, we took a galley tour of the ship's kitchen - an impressive and spotless operation producing gourmet meals in tight quarters. In the afternoon, we floated past Gloomy Knob, a sheer granite dome that rises above the water, and spotted Mountain Goats navigating its impossible ledges. We were lucky to see a few kids with their mothers, balanced like adorable white cotton balls on the rock.

Later, we circled South Marble Island, a dramatic nesting outcrop teeming with seabirds. This rocky islet is one of the most significant bird colonies in the park, and we observed Tufted Puffins with their clown-like orange bills and flowing head plumes, and Horned Puffins with their more subtle black-and-white face markings and short yellow "horns." We also saw Common Murres, Black Guillemots, and more Pelagic Cormorants, their greenish-black feathers catching the sunlight.

Dinner was served as we continued south, tracing the path of Captain George Vancouver, who in 1794 found the bay blocked by a wall of ice 4,000 feet thick and 20 miles wide. Today, the glaciers have retreated more than 60 miles inland, a powerful visual of both natural cycles and modern climate shifts. That evening, we docked at the Glacier Bay National Park Visitor Center at Bartlett Cove, the only part of the park accessible by road. We walked the one-mile Forest Loop Trail, winding through moss-laden rainforest, epiphytic lichen-draped trees, and into muskeg, a boggy wetland unique to Southeast Alaska. Pacific Wrens trilled from the shadows, and we heard the haunting, flute-like song of Hermit Thrushes. But perhaps the pièce de résistance was the pair of Porcupines lounging in the trees near the visitor center, barely noticing our presence.

As night fell, we returned to the ship, which quietly sailed out of Glacier Bay under the twilight sky, bound for Idaho Inlet and the next chapter of the journey.





Thu. July 17 Idaho Inlet

This morning we woke to calm waters in Idaho Inlet, surrounded by classic Southeast Alaska forest with tall stands of Sitka spruce and western hemlock rising steeply from the shoreline. A couple of Coastal Brown Bears were spotted early, moving along the forest edge before vanishing into the trees.

After breakfast, most of the group took a skiff to shore for a slow walk along the intertidal. We found dense beds of blue mussels and clusters of barnacles, with a variety of clams, some showing beautiful shades of coral pink and peach. These colors, possibly caused by iron staining or algal pigments, stood out vividly on the wet rock and kelp-covered shore.

Farther inland we followed a small outflow stream from the muskeg. Cold clear water braided through the mud and meadow, and we spotted several sculpins darting between algae and pebbles which are a sign of high water quality. Long strands of old man's beard lichen dangled from the branches above, likewise an indicator of clean air. We learned about the role of different tree species in forest succession, and how long-term studies in Glacier Bay have documented this process for over a century. Some of those early research plots are still being monitored today. In the soft mud we found tracks of Sitka black-tailed deer and brown bear. Bird activity picked up near the forest edge including a Western Flycatcher that flitted through the low branches in the mist, Chestnut-backed Chickadees moving through the canopy in chattering flocks, and a few Dark-eyed Juncos from the Oregon subspecies hopping through the understory.

Meanwhile, other members of our group opted for a guided kayaking excursion. Paddling quietly along the shoreline gave them close views of Steller's sea lions, including one that porpoised completely out of the water. They also encountered harbor seals and sea otters, plus a surprise: the carcass of a dead brown bear lying along the shore - a strange and compelling mystery to ponder as they drifted past.

Back near the cove, a sea otter floated lazily in the kelp, rolling and grooming in the still water. By lunchtime we were back aboard, boots muddy and heads full of forest sounds and signs. In the afternoon we loaded into skiffs again to explore farther out in the inlet. The breeze through the fjord was a classic katabatic wind, a cold, downslope current created by the movement of dense air off glacial ice, something common in the region's fjord systems. We passed Fox and Shaw Islands, where we learned about the rise and fall of the Southeast Alaska canning industry, along with the later establishment of fox farms on small islands. These ventures were ultimately unsustainable, but their structures and stories still linger across the landscape.

Wildlife sightings were rich. We had excellent views of Marbled Murrelets resting near the skiff, surprisingly close for such elusive birds. Pigeon Guillemots in sharp black-and-white plumage darted away as we passed. Sea otters with pups rolled in the shelter of the bull kelp, and harbor seals clustered in loose groups near the islands, their eyes wide and watchful. A few Pacific salmon leapt clear out of the water, likely pink or chum salmon moving upstream, while an American Mink was spotted climbing over the rocks at the tide line, sniffing and searching.

A Belted Kingfisher gave us a chase, sitting just out of sight for a while above the skiff before flying from perch to perch, settling long enough for everyone to get a good look. We also spent time learning about the Huna Tlingit people, the Indigenous inhabitants of this area. Historically, they maintained seasonal settlements along Icy Strait and in Glacier Bay, harvesting salmon, harbor seals, berries, and intertidal foods. After the Little Ice Age forced their retreat from Glacier Bay due to advancing ice, they eventually returned and today maintain a cultural presence within the park through the Huna Tribal House at Bartlett Cove. We discussed their deep connection to the land, traditional knowledge, and the role of harbor seals in their subsistence life - a relationship protected today by law and cultural respect. Harbor seal biology was also a topic of interest. We learned about their sensory whiskers, which can detect pressure waves underwater, and about protective measures that prohibit disturbing them, especially during pupping season.

Back aboard, we enjoyed some welcome downtime and a chance to paint, read, or sip something warm while gazing at the inlet. Dinner featured Dungeness crab clusters served with drawn butter, followed by the daily recap and a preview of tomorrow's adventures.

Fri. July 18 Inian Islands | George Island

The ship arrived early at the Inian Islands, a dramatic and wildlife-rich cluster of islets at the edge of the Pacific. This is one of the most productive marine areas in Southeast Alaska, a place where strong tidal currents funnel cold, nutrient-rich water into narrow passages, creating powerful upwellings that supercharge the marine food web. Phytoplankton and zooplankton thrive here, which in turn support schools of forage fish, and those bring in the birds and especially the marine mammals in spectacular numbers.

We did a morning skiff tour around the islands, weaving through rocky coves and bull kelp beds under soft, gray skies. Steller's Sea Lions were everywhere. They were hauled out on the rocks, roaring in groups, and most dramatically, hunting. We watched many with freshly caught salmon, one chomping into its prey just a few feet from our skiff. These were mostly males in a bachelor colony, and we learned about their breeding behavior:

males fast during the summer breeding season and must build up energy reserves the rest of the year. The size and chaos of the colony were breathtaking.

Harbor Seals lounged nearby on more protected rocks, while Sea Otters floated on their backs, some chowing down on morsels on their bellies. A sleek Mink dashed across a boulder at the water's edge. We saw Pelagic Cormorants nesting high on the cliffs, Glaucous-winged Gulls in a variety of plumages, and heard a Pacific Wren calling from the forest above. One island bore a sobering landmark: “Tag Rock,” where the names of vessels lost at sea are still painted… a local mariner’s tribute and memorial.

Our guide shared insights into the year-round life of people living in this remote outpost. A few families continue to homestead or operate lodges here, living off-grid with small boats as their lifelines to the outside world. Despite the isolation, the Inians are a hub of both ecological activity and deep-rooted human resilience. After the skiff ride, a single Humpback Whale surfaced near the ship just before lunch, a good omen for the rest of the day.
In the afternoon we sailed toward George Island, a quiet, forested dot in Icy Strait with a surprising past. During World War II, fearing a Japanese invasion of the Pacific Northwest, the U.S. military installed a 6-inch coastal defense gun here to guard the outer approaches to Cross Sound and the entrance to Glacier Bay. The gun still stands, camouflaged among the spruce and hemlock trees, slowly being reclaimed by mosses and ferns. Today, George Island is part of the Alaska state park system and serves more as a quiet hiking destination than a military outpost. We hiked up to the gun site along a trail that wound through a stunning forest that looked plucked from a fairy tale with carpets of moss, long strands of lichens, and towering trees that made it feel like elves might appear around the next bend. A few Chestnut-backed Chickadees darted through the canopy, but most of us were happy just to listen to the wind in the trees and soak in the magic of the landscape.

Back aboard, the ship turned east and began its journey toward Juneau. Dinner was a celebratory event with prime rib for the captain’s dinner. Midway through the meal, forks paused midair and napkins were dropped as the captain announced something we’d all been waiting and hoping for... A tight pod of Humpback Whales had surfaced near the ship, and they were bubble-net feeding!

We rushed out to the decks as the water began to seethe and churn. Then came the blowholes, clearly eight to nine whales, bursting to the surface in unison, throats pleated, mouths wide, water streaming out past rows of

baleen. Birds wheeled overhead, picking off panicked baitfish, and we could hear the deep, resonant whoosh of the whales exhaling across the calm water, but it was nothing compared to their trumpeting! At first we thought it was the foghorn of another ship, but it was indeed the whales themselves, an uncommon phenomenon that we were so lucky to witness.

Bubble-net feeding is a highly coordinated foraging strategy unique to some Humpback populations in Southeast Alaska. A group of whales works together to corral schools of small fish, like herring, into a tight column. One or more whales dives below and releases a spiral of bubbles, which form a rising “net” that disorients and traps the fish. At a precise moment, the entire group lunges upward through the center of the net with mouths agape, engulfing massive volumes of water and prey.

The spectacle played out again and again as the water rippled, the whales reappearing in perfect choreography, massive and graceful. It was a privilege to witness it, especially so late in the day and from the comfort of our floating home. Some of us never even made it back to dinner.
It was an unforgettable final surprise in a week full of surprises and the perfect sendoff from the wild waters of Southeast Alaska.

Sat. July 19 Juneau Departures

Morning came quietly as the ship settled into Juneau’s harbor under soft overcast skies. After a final breakfast together, the group slowly packed up and said goodbyes to new friends, to the crew, and to the wild coastal landscapes that had been our companions all week.

Disembarkation time came, with guests heading off toward flights, extra days in town, or journeys farther afield. Even in the bustle of transfer vans and suitcases, there was a lingering sense of awe. The week was shaped by breaching Humpbacks, ancient forests, tide-driven waters, and the steady rhythm of life in Southeast Alaska.

Photos: Group (Bryan Calk - BC), Humpback Whale (BC), Black-legged Kittiwake (BC), (Tufted Puffin (Kay Simmons - KS), Glacier (BC), Pacific Wren (BC), Bald Eagle (BC), Kayak Launch (KS), Pacific White-sided Dolphin (BC), Short-billed Gull (BC), Pacific Lion's Mane Jelly (BC), Scenic (BC), Group Zodiac Ride (KS), Coastal Brown Bear (BC), Glaucus-winged Gull (BC),

Harbor Seal (BC), Steller Sea Lion (BC), Sea Otter (BC), Harbor Seal (BC), Belted Kingfisher (KS), Scenic (David Welch - DW), Steller Sea Lion (BC), Pelagic Cormorant (BC), Humpback Whale (BC), Painting (Cindy Welch)