

A Puget Sound Retreat



life in a cottage by the sea

An award-winning restaurant and popular fishing pier characterize this Pacific Northwest hideaway along rainy Puget Sound

BY KATHLEEN ELIZAGA

f For the Andrew Elizaga family of Washington state, 1999 started off big. On February first, we moved into our very own cottage by the sea on Dash Point north of Tacoma.

Okay, it's not exactly a cottage, and it's on the street behind the actual waterfront homes -- but we live so close to Puget Sound that we can see it from almost every room in the house, hear its waves and smell the salt air, and when we go for a beach outing and Joel needs an emergency potty-break, we can bypass the public restrooms and run home. In the spring, we watched scuba divers waddle into the water, disappear, and reappear an hour later; we spent all summer building sand castles and collecting shells; one afternoon in September, a replica of Captain Cook's sailing ship *Endeavor* visited from New Zealand and we chased it down the beach as its cannons went off; and this month, two pods of orcas have been chasing salmon close enough to see from the living room! Our house came with a mature concord grape vine, a treehouse, and an award-winning seafood restaurant across the street. We're so happy here we may never leave.

THE MOST MEMORABLE EVENT OF THE YEAR, BY FAR, is something we refer to in hushed tones as "The Haircut Incident".

One August morning I was cleaning the kitchen with the Indigo Girls turned up loud, and the kids were playing quietly in



Summertime in the Pacific Northwest. **CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:** A view of houses nestled on the hillside, seen from the Dash Point fishing pier; Phoebe loves gardening; Joel and Phoebe climb on Daddy

Joel's room. Now I realize that any self-respecting Mommy of siblings knows that if all is quiet for more than, say, four minutes, something must be up -- but boy, those four minutes are bliss -- and that morning I was blessed with a full fifteen minutes of silence. And it was wonderful. Until almost two year-old Phoebe ran into the kitchen smiling from ear to ear. "Joel gimme haircut!" she beamed. OH and it was awful. All those lovely soft brown sausage curls -- GONE! He'd done quite a job on her. And on himself.

Well, after some frantic calls to children's hair salons, I located one for damage-control cuts. The stylist assured me that this was typical five year-old behavior, and I know that it was meant to make me feel better, but it didn't help when she followed it by saying that she'd "never seen one this bad before".

So three months later I'm over it, and I'm even laughing about it now -- but the truth is, I'm still waiting for those curls to grow back...



FROM TOP: The "cottage by the sea"; Joel and Phoebe after their new haircuts; Regional map.



My Moment in History

BY MALU LAICO

Now it can be told. When I was eleven years old, for one brief, shining moment, I was famous and I made the news.

This article about me appeared in the Manila Times on May 20, 1968 about my concern for then-president Ferdinand Marcos, who had injured his leg while playing golf. (I wonder did he trip on the ball or did someone trip him?)

At the time I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. Actually, I was at Mito's office sitting around, waiting for her when some guy asked me if I wanted to write President Marcos. Wasn't it terrible that the president had injured his leg? Wouldn't it be nice to make him a get-well card? Sure, okay. After my letter was published, a newspaper reporter was even patiently waiting for me outside our home so he could take my picture.

Little did I know that Mito was working for Malacanang insiders. That translates to something like the White House press office. At least I received a hand-written letter from Marcos of which I can no longer find. Mama Luz must have thrown it out because she couldn't stand the guy. So, that's my story of fame, but no fortune.

