In Montana, we're used to the weather coming from the west, governed by the steady jet stream. In the southern hemisphere, there's a jet stream as well, but it stays to the south, circling Antarctica. This is why, I've reasoned, New Zealand weather seems to come from all directions. And it's the prevailing winds, which change on a near-daily basis, that are key: the worst is a southerly, coming up from Antarctica with a frigid wind-chill; better is a northerly, bringing some warmth from warmer climates; a westerly is what we're used to back home and can be just as nasty; and easterlies are rare, but when they come, people lose their minds, or so I'm told. NZ weather forecasts, no matter how brief, tell the direction of the prevailing winds.

You may be saying, "Who cares?" If so, I don't blame you, but there's a reason I'm telling you this. You see, this past weekend, we had a 6 hour mountain bike race planned. It was going to be Jen, Alex, and I swapping laps on our local track. We scheduled a sleepover for Ellie, I borrowed a light for the night portion of the race, everything was ready. But then a big storm and a southerly flow coupled to make some winter-like conditions. There was snow on the hills around town, and the wind chill was downright frigid. Smartly, the organizers cancelled the race.

So what I'd planned to be a journal about the race, is a journal about the weather, at least thus far.

Things cleared on Sunday, and we made it out to Sandfly Bay. It was one of our best outings. The place is stunning, and there were many sea lions lounging on the beach, which was very cool. On a little side excursion, I got too close to one that I didn't see and got barked at - lost some years off my life I think. To end the day, Alex and I had to return because he lost his cell phone jumping off of sand dunes. Thankfully we found it, and also discovered that the place is no less beautiful on a return visit.
Sandfly Bay

Sandfly Bay Sea Lion.