

January 2023

# SisterShip

women on the water

## Resilience and Cruising

### *‘Ryan and Sophie Sailing’*

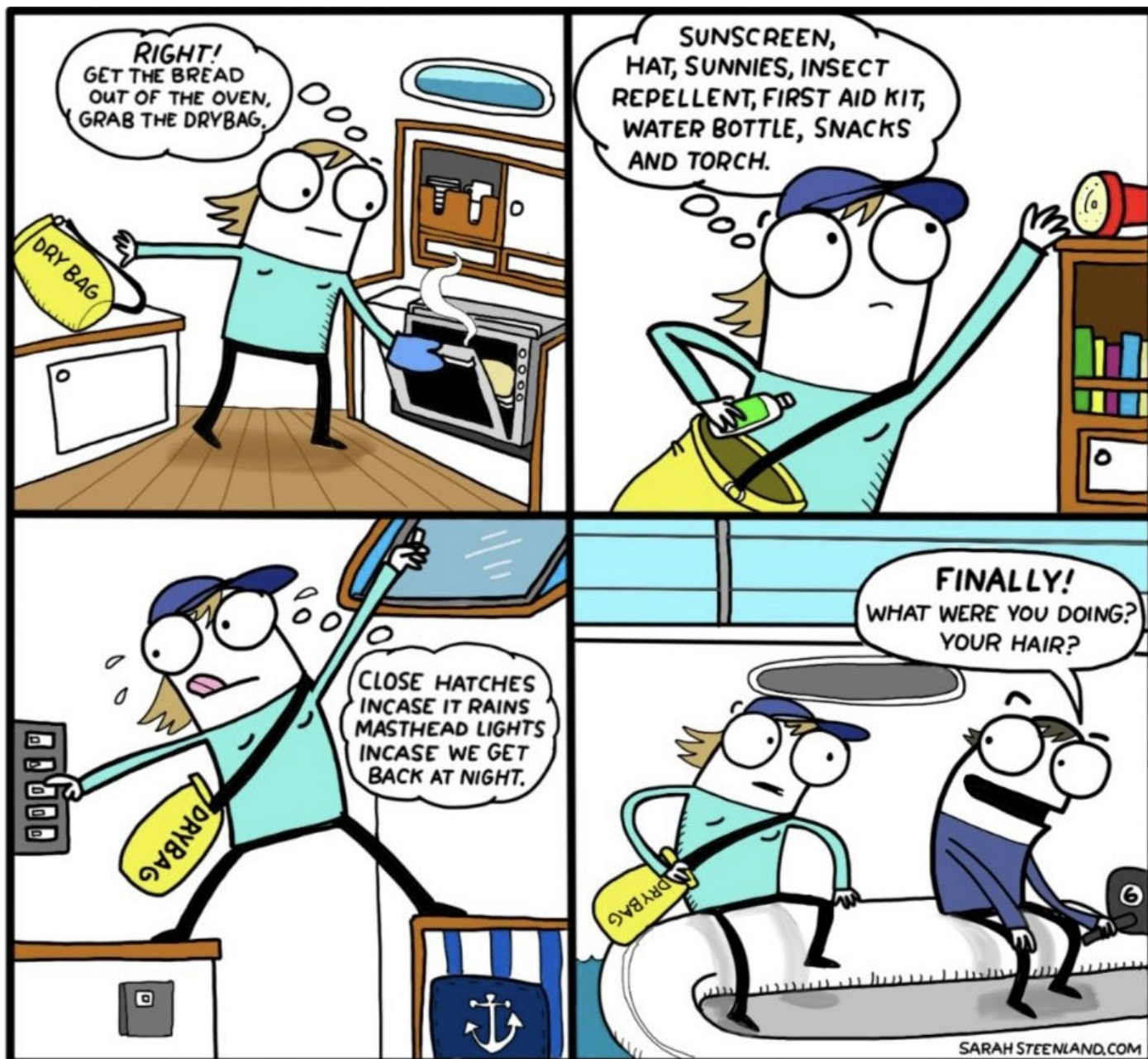
The raw side of the cruising lifestyle

Port Ghalib to Port Suez

**YOGA**

**PLUS Barge Boats, Food Afloat, and much more!**



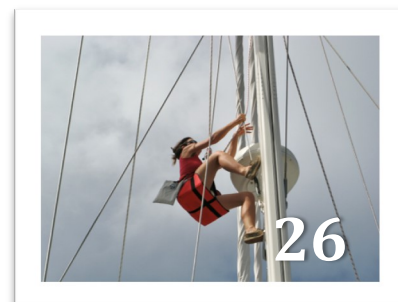


[www.sarahsteenland.com](http://www.sarahsteenland.com)

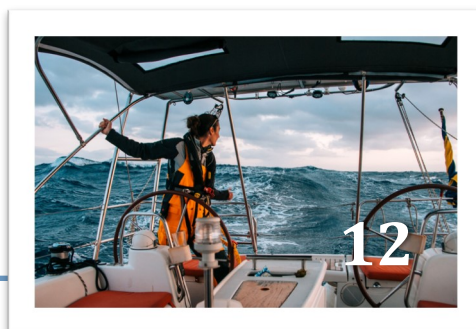


# Contents

4	The Bowsprit: Editorial.....	Shelley Wright
6	Resilience and Cruising.....	Lauren Hill
12	<i>Ryan and Sophie Sailing: The Raw Side of the Cruising Lifestyle.....</i>	Erin Carey
22	It's Possible! Reducing Gas and Water Consumption.....	Nicki Reynolds
26	Out of my Comfort Zone and onto a Stranger's Yacht.....	Regina Petra Meyer
34	Yoga Poses with Leanne .....	Leanne Hembrow
40	Port Ghalib to Port Suez.....	Poppy McFie
44	Sustainable Sailing: Sustainable Holidays....	Heather Francis
48	Flat-Bottomed Girl: Moorings to Remember...Valerie Poore	
54	Food Afloat: Mango Chutney.....	Heather Francis
56	Green on Blue: Plastic Proliferation....	Lynne Dorning Sands
60	Book Reviews	



**COVER:** Sophie from *Ryan and Sophie Sailing*.



Published by: SeaScribe Pty Ltd.

ABN 636577789

Editor: Shelley Wright

Postal Address: PO Box 83

Anna Bay, NSW 2316, Australia.

[www.sistershipmagazine.com](http://www.sistershipmagazine.com)

Email: [editor@sistershipmagazine.com](mailto:editor@sistershipmagazine.com)

Contributions are welcome. Please contact us for contributor guidelines.

©copyright 2023. SeaScribe Pty Ltd. Original editorial and advertisements in this magazine are copyright and exclusive property of SeaScribe Pty. Ltd.

Reprinting of any material in whole or part requires the written permission of the publisher.

Comments and opinions expressed within this magazine are not necessarily those of the publisher or editor.



# The bowsprit

From the editor



## Passion and loss (again)...

For the second issue in a row, I write this editorial with immense sadness. Last month, one of our *SisterShip* tribe, Lynne Dorning Sands, lost her life in a motor vehicle accident while visiting family in Australia.

Lynne is well-known in the cruising world, having circumnavigated with her husband Eric and their two little dogs, aboard their Crowther catamaran SV *Amarula*.

Lynne was passionate about the environment, and we were pleased to feature her story on plastic debris in the first issue of the relaunched *SisterShip Magazine* in April 2018 (reprinted in the current issue).

I first met Lynne online through the Women Who Sail Australia group and then later in person at the 2018 WWSA Gathering on the Bay at Port Stephens (where we officially launched the new *SisterShip Magazine*). I still find it hard to believe she is no longer with us.

The outpouring of sorrow that swept social

media after Lynne's passing is an indication of how loved this kind and caring woman was by those who knew her.

We dedicate this issue of *SisterShip Magazine* to Lynne.

As we navigate a new year, the team at *SisterShip* hopes 2023 will see you safe and happy.

Wherever you are on this blue planet, stay safe and, as always, look for the dolphin...



*Shelley Wright*





**ABOVE: Lynne Dorning Sands (left) and Mandy McLean (right) at the 2018 WWSA Gathering on the Bay at Port Stephens, NSW, Australia.**

***SisterShip* Magazine cruises along with an international flavour.**

**Our contributors hail from all around the globe. We encourage writers to maintain their voice and therefore their local spelling.**

**Measurements and navigation aids (IALA A and IALA B)\* are different too. We want to keep you on board with our ethos of a less regimented style, and a more international spirit!**

**\*The International Association of Marine Aids to Navigation and Lighthouse Authorities (IALA, previously known as International Association of Lighthouses) is an Inter Governmental Organisation founded in 1957 to collect and provide nautical expertise and advice.**





# Resilience and Cruising

*Bouncing back when you hit rock bottom*

By Lauren Hill

*SV Gambler*

Resilience — that inner strength, emotional determination, and ability to respond in the face of adversity — is a quality relentlessly demanded from sailors. Of course, we know this — most of us love a challenge.

You need resilience when that two-hour engine maintenance becomes a three-day ordeal because of a severed bolt. You need it when enduring heavy weather and you are exhausted. You definitely need it when you discover yet another bank-breaking issue with your beloved new boat that will delay your departure date for long-term cruising.

From liveaboards to racing crew and day boaters, we have all had times when we have needed to channel ourselves doggedly to keep going. Our choice of lifestyle as a cruising family has demanded more from us than we ever needed to live a nine-to-five life on land, and we are consistently reminding ourselves that we only benefit from the highest of highs because we endure the lowest of lows.

Raising two young girls aboard has meant that how we respond to challenges matters a lot. Two sets of eyes are watching us and what they see will shape their attitudes in adulthood. However, sometimes things happen that just knock you for six. They leave you deeply questioning your decisions and whether this lifestyle is really worth it. It is almost game over.

## Living the Dream

In September 2020, we sailed away from the UK aboard our Moody 46, *Gambler*, after completing a five-year plan to learn to sail, gain experience with a starter boat, save for, buy, and upgrade a blue-water cruiser, purge our life of possessions, rent our house, and move aboard. We did this whilst working-full time and home-educating.

We left with a vision of world-schooling the girls, showing them historical sites firsthand, exploring mountains, beaches, and rainforests, discovering new cultures, learning languages, and meeting amazing people.



We were on a steep learning curve, however, cruising down the Atlantic coast of Spain and Portugal, into the Mediterranean, was incredible and we arrived in Marina Di Ragusa, Sicily, in December 2020, to spend five months with a wonderful cruising community. Fast forward to May 2021 and we set sail for Croatia. With buddy boats in tow, we had an idyllic few months enjoying the stunning Dalmatian coast.

## It's not all sunshine and margaritas

Of course, we'd had plenty of challenges since leaving the UK – rough seas outside Cascais, narrow weather windows, frustrating boat breakages, tricky upgrade installations, marital blow-outs – the usual. We constantly told friends at home that despite our stunning photos, this life was not all sunshine and margaritas. This phrase couldn't have hit home more than in August when we were hit by a succession of life-changing blows.

The first (and in retrospect, easiest) drama, was being hit by an isolated thunderstorm whilst anchored off Milna, north of Split. We had expected spot storms but had not anticipated the power of the veering winds as the eye of the storm passed directly overhead. With hatches shut tight, we lay on our bed listening to the eerie silence, noting the zero second delay between lightning and thunder. From a gentle pitter-patter came the roar of what sounded like a freight train as *Gambler* was hit side on by intense gusts, the impact throwing my visiting brother-in-law out of bed across the cabin. The lashing rain and flashing lightning was disorientating and deafening. We were all up with life vests on within moments – the children were absolutely petrified. Once we realised we weren't dragging anchor, we sat tight and waited.

The damage: a bimini ripped to shreds and the stainless frame pulled apart; two lost SUPs; one flipped dinghy and sunken outboard; a load of lost fishing gear and

tools; two terrified children; two humbled sailors; and one speechless brother-in-law who will think twice before visiting us again.

Lessons learned: our oversized 37-kilogram spade anchor is awesome; always hoist the dinghy at night; and never leave stuff on deck.

We limped back to Split feeling shocked and shaky. Within three days we'd found a kind sailmaker who, sick of his work with endless charter repairs, was only too happy to help a cruising family in need. Our bimini mended, we headed north of Trogir towards Marina Agana, planning an overnight stay to get things in order, clean the boat, and do laundry.

## Our worst nightmare

What happened *en route* was a living nightmare. Just 300 metres outside the marina entrance, motoring at 1.5 knots having just put out fenders and lines, we were hit at full throttle, portside on, by an out-of-control jet ski with three aboard – a woman and two children. At the helm my husband, Tom, had waved and shouted frantically for them to stop from a way off. With wet hair strewn over their faces, and evidently no experience of driving such powerful machines, they only saw us a few boat lengths away. It was too late to do anything. Screaming through the window below, my eldest daughter and I saw the impact from front row seats. Tom had a raw view from up top. Seeing children, I raced up the companionway, diving into the water after them, and towed back two bloody, unconscious bodies and a screaming five-year-old. Tom made a Mayday call. My girls threw anything that floated into the water in an effort to help.

Time stood still that day. That evening we learned that the woman had died on impact. Her sixteen-year-old niece was in a coma (on a respirator for weeks before being repatriated). Her five-year-old daughter was



lucky. Having hit our fenders, she escaped with only a few bruises.

The events that followed are a blur – a succession of interviews with the maritime authorities and police, grandparents flying out to take the girls home to recover, dealing with insurance companies and visa extensions, feeling constantly nauseous and being unable to string a sentence together, glazing over mid-conversation in a vivid flashback.

Nothing could have prepared us for this kind of event. It was deeply traumatic. The damage to *Gambler* was extensive. The impact had shattered our interior cabinetry and the hull had huge cracks that went through the inner core. But *Gambler* had protected us. In the moments before the impact, I had expected the jet ski to come right through the saloon - it had been travelling so fast. Living amidst the damage in the days following, I knew I had to control the narrative in my mind – to not dwell on the morbidity of the event, but on the fact that *Gambler* had kept us safe from someone who, in their ignorance and inexperience, had made a terrible mistake, and had paid for it dearly.

## Scraping yourself off the floor

When something this catastrophic happens, you question everything.

*Why are we sailing with our kids? Do we really want this lifestyle? How can we feel safe again? What if bad things keep happening? Should we just pack up and go home?*

Full of self-doubt, we questioned whether we had been completely delusional taking our children on such a risky endeavour. We fought the fear that this was a sign — that worse was to come. Close friends and family grounded us in the reality that life is chaotic and bad things happen all the time — even on land.



One of the greatest comforts was the immense support we received from fellow cruisers – messages of encouragement from halfway around the world, offers from strangers to live with them, or stay on their boat, whilst *Gambler* was repaired. We were deeply moved by this solidarity and generosity, and felt grateful we could count ourselves part of this special community.

Despite the encouragement and counsel, for weeks we felt at a crossroads. Give up and go home, or pick ourselves up and continue? We finally chose the latter. Our resolve to persevere with our cruising ambitions was driven by three thoughts:

- 1) **The truth is in the numbers.** The truth was, we had been unlucky. Very unlucky. It was a statistical improbability that this would happen and both the storm and the accident were unrelated, not linked to the likelihood of any future event. Most cruising boats don't experience fatal accidents with high-speed craft. What we had experienced *was not normal*.
- 2) **Our girls are watching.** The kids were extremely shaken by both events. We talked about it a lot, and encouraged them to chat to friends and family who could help them process what they'd experienced. We considered what they would internalise if we threw in the towel,



sold the boat, and returned to England. They'd learn that when bad things happen, you retreat, give up, and live scared. That wasn't an option. They will undoubtedly face challenges in life and we want to equip them with the skills they need to overcome and thrive. How could we do that if we weren't willing to set an example?

**3) What about our dreams?** We'd worked our rear-ends off for five years to make our cruising dream alive and we had only just gotten started. We had so many more countries to visit, cultures to experience, languages to learn, nature to discover, and local cuisine to taste. If we gave up, it would have all been for nothing. And what would we go back to? Rain, dreary grey weather, and an over-scheduled life of endless striving. Not an option.

The decision to keep going was, in many ways, a no-brainer, and yet it took tremendous mental energy and emotional strength to make.

### Just when you think it's all over

Amazingly, *Gambler* was relaunched six weeks later thanks to the swiftness of our insurance company and their contractors. With only days before our visas expired, we were rushing to exit Croatia. But things never go to plan. A day after returning, the kids tested positive for COVID. The cost: ten days isolation and 400 EUR in visa extension fees.

Chomping to leave a fortnight later we had two failed attempts at leaving. The first time, finding ourselves with a huge oil leak which left the hydraulics team at Volva Penta stumped. The second time, sailing four hours out of Split to find a second oil leak as the Volvo engineer had cross threaded the relocated oil filter. With no wind it took us 12 hours to sail back to Split. We were spitting feathers.



Towering behind Split North anchorage and Marina Kastela is a large mountain with a barren rock face. We called it Mount Doom. We had anchored in front of Mount Doom when we'd limped back from the storm, had sat under it in the marina repairing *Gambler* after the accident, and had isolated with COVID with the mountain bearing down on us. Its magnetic pull had then dragged us back to Split twice with the engine issues. We felt like it would never let us go. But we persevered. Finally on 30 September, we left Croatia, checked out of Vis and sailed into Italian waters, whooping with joy and relief. Third time lucky. We were ecstatic to finally, be sailing again. A new chapter was starting.

With sights set on the endless summer, we sailed for the Canaries, making over 2000 miles from Split, Croatia, to Las Palmas, Gran Canaria, in under six weeks during a tricky shoulder season. We carefully chose weather windows and had memorable passages and lots of fun. After a month of preparation, team *Gambler* crossed the Atlantic in January, via Cape Verde, and had a



fantastic crossing complete with amazing fishing, delicious food, and a hilarious half-way party. We had escaped Mount Doom and were back to living the dream.

### Bad luck again...

Well, kind of. A week after landing in Sainte-Anne, Martinique, our adventurous and fun-loving girls persuaded me to join them on a rope swing — one which we'd seen plenty of kids and grown men hurling themselves off in the week past. We'd been handed the unlucky card again. Landing square in too-shallow water, I sustained a triple fracture to my tibia which required surgery, seven weeks immobilization, and months of rehab.

Lying in hospital, it was easy for self-doubt and anxiety to fog my thinking. However, I went back to my three rationales:

**Firstly, the truth.** People break bones. They also heal and recover. I later learned that two other cruisers in the same anchorage had also broken their legs/ankles within a week of my injury. I can only imagine the exasperation of the medical teams at the succession of sailors clogging their surgical rotas.

**Secondly, my girls.** The girls were watching how I would respond to this blow to our Caribbean cruising plans. *“Chalk one up to life-experience girls — we can get through this together!”* The kids and Tom stepped up incredibly, taking on 100% of my jobs and being my hands, legs, and attentive personal assistants.

**Finally, our dreams.** I could have broken a leg in the UK where I would be recovering under a sky of grey impenetrable stratonimbus clouds, drinking tea. Instead, I got to sit with a cold beer or pina colada under the Caribbean sun, complete with turquoise waters and bright blue sky. I worked my ankle back into action by swimming whilst watching fish scoot among the corals.

### No regrets

Chaos in life is unavoidable. The only control you have is over how you respond when it hits you. Now, hunkered down in Grenada, we know more troubles are headed our way — as they inevitably are for all of us who choose this lifestyle. However, our experiences have opened up doors for incredible friendships with other sailors, have left us inspired by the generosity and solidarity of the cruising community, and have given us the ability to authentically empathise and support others when in the midst of their own crisis. We have become stronger. We have tried to set an example of perseverance that will set our girls up for their future. And when we hear their shrieks of delight when they spot an octopus, turtle, or eagle ray in the water, we feel that despite all the pain and difficulty, it is absolutely worth it.



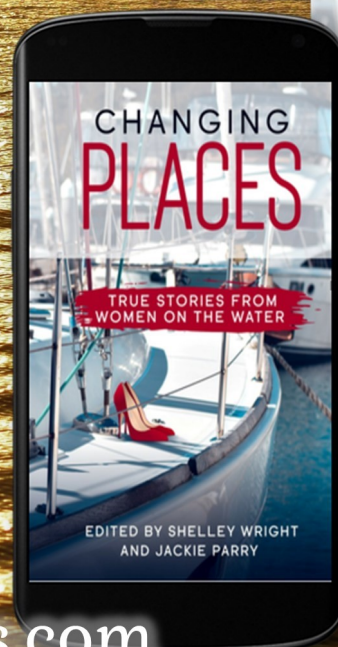
Lauren Hill lives aboard her Moody 46 along with her husband and two daughters. They set sail from the UK in September 2020, enjoyed a fantastic winter in Sicily and then cruised around the Adriatic. This past January, they crossed the Atlantic and have enjoyed meandering down the Lesser Antilles. Lauren juggles facilitating boat school with providing business consultancy to start-up companies in the health-tech world and mastering Spanish.  
[www.facebook.com/sailinggambler](https://www.facebook.com/sailinggambler)  
Instagram: @learn\_laugh\_sail



Join us as 24 women share their  
experiences of 'changing places' from  
land to sea  
and sea to land.

Their depth of feeling may surprise  
you!

Available via  
Amazon or good  
boating book stores



[www.sistershippress.com](http://www.sistershippress.com)





# *‘Ryan and Sophie Sailing’*

## The raw side of the cruising lifestyle

An interview by  
Erin Carey

*Ryan and Sophie are a couple in their mid-thirties who quit their start-up jobs in 2017 after nearly ten years of careers that left them dissatisfied. They departed from their home port of Stockholm, Sweden, in 2018 to pursue a life of adventures at sea, sailing around the world in a 40-foot sailboat. They have sailed 25,000 nautical miles from Sweden to the Mediterranean and three times across the Atlantic. They both work full-time, Ryan as the chairman of the board of a lithium battery company and Sophie as a content creator for their YouTube channel [Ryan and Sophie Sailing](#).*

**Erin:** Your channel is known for the fact that you share the real and sometimes raw side of the cruising lifestyle. Why is it important to you to remain this way?

**Sophie:** Ryan and I got started in the sailing life the way that many of us do these days — by proxy, on YouTube. The year was 2015, and the videos that we watched at the time made the “sailing life” look easy and fun. But even back then, I knew that there was no way

living on a boat would be the perpetual vacation that it seemed to be.

Fast forward seven years, we have learned to sail, bought the boat, quit our jobs, left the dock, sailed 25,000 nautical miles, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean three times, among many other adventures. Now, we know for sure that sailing the world as a lifestyle isn’t an eternal vacation, and if anything, it isn’t for the faint of heart!

But if we look back even further, I grew up in the 90s at a time where what you were supposed to “look like” and “be like” was vastly influenced by magazines like Cosmo or Teen Vogue. Those magazines would mostly promote the idea that you needed to be thin and wear a \$10,000 wardrobe in order to be “cool”. You’d get articles like “lose 5kg before the summer!” or “look at that celebrity at the beach who is fat just like you” which was meant to be relatable but was incredibly degrading for everyone involved. This



completely skewed my image of what I should aspire to and made me feel vastly inadequate. No one should ever feel this way!

These days, while virtually everyone can create their own media, I see the phenomenon of the “unachievable” image of what life should be perpetuated on Instagram and even YouTube, and I refuse to engage in that practice. While it is healthy to have dreams and aspirations, life is perfect for nobody. We all struggle with something, regardless of the posts we see on Instagram.

So, I do not want to participate in creating false expectations when it comes to what it's like to live and travel full-time from a boat, or contribute to the misconception that it's “easy”. Living and travelling from a sailboat can be physically, emotionally, and financially taxing sometimes, and everyone is better off knowing what they are getting themselves into right off the bat.

Yes, there will be cocktails and unforgettable parties, but also some unforgettable moments

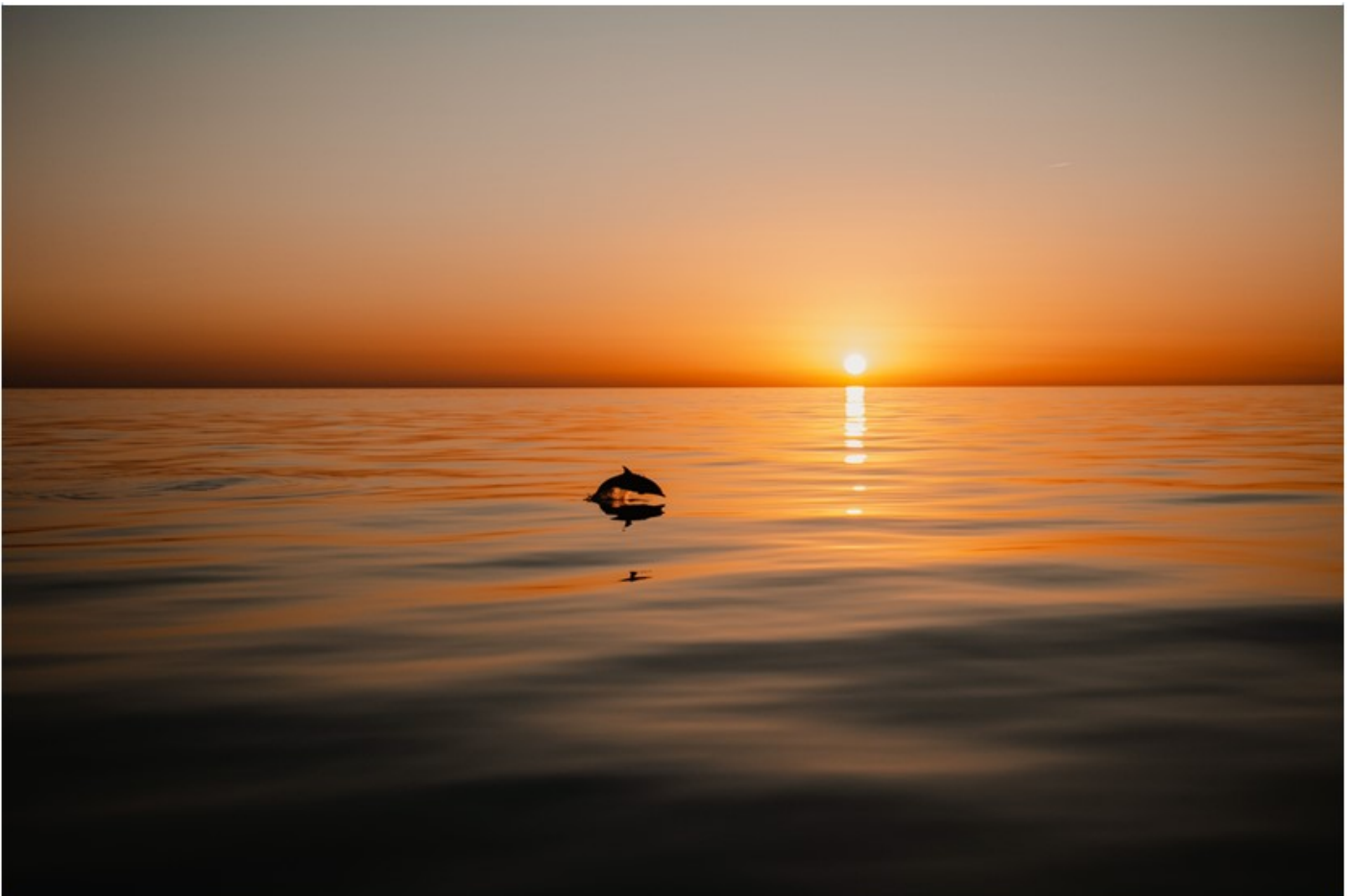
of disarray along the way.

**Erin:** You've been very open about the fact that both you and Ryan suffer from depression and anxiety. How has the cruising lifestyle helped/hindered this?

**Sophie:** Let me start by saying that if living and traveling from a sailboat around the world was a foolproof cure for depression, I think that a lot more people would do it.

I was first diagnosed with depression in 2012 after a burnout at work and I was only 26 years old. Looking back, I had probably been living with chronic depression my entire life, but at that time, I had to rethink my life choices and priorities. My depression brought along some crippling anxiety, compulsive thoughts, and I even lost some of my cognitive abilities. It was a very scary time, and it wasn't granted that I would come out the other side alive. I rebuilt myself little by little with the help of therapy and lots of physical exercise.

Today, I have recovered, and I am fully



functioning, but I learned that I will probably never get rid of my chronic depression, and I still experience episodes on occasion. Because sadly, depression does not care how incredible your life is. I have had episodes while sitting on our boat in what looked like absolute paradise. But I have learned to monitor myself, and my early signs of potential relapse, closely and for the most part, I keep it under control.

The bad news is that sailing as a lifestyle can make it more difficult to deal with mental health issues. You are often isolated from friends and family (if you do not make an effort to maintain those relationships and organize visits), access to therapy can be hard if you sail in remote places, and physical exercise on a sailboat is notoriously harder to achieve than on land.

The good news is that when you have learned to monitor and manage episodes, it is much easier to deal with them from a boat than having to go to work in the morning and deal with people you wouldn't normally choose to

spend that much time with.

So, I wouldn't say that boat life helps or hinders recovery from mental health issues more or less than any other lifestyle. What really makes a difference is the act of living with intention, because hopefully, in the process of re-inventing our life, you stop feeling like you have to endure your circumstances and create make room for dealing with anxiety or depression. When you start living with intention and create purpose, it is much "less stressful" to live and deal with episodes of anxiety or depression. I don't want to say "easier" because it is never easy, but at least you can give yourself the space you need to recover.

For me, it was choosing to live and travel on a boat. For someone else, it may look like changing jobs, or starting an activity that allows more flexibility.







**Erin:** As a YouTube creator, how do you handle the constant pressure to be ‘on’ and to feed the beast that is YouTube?

**Sophie:** In order to be a successful YouTuber, consistency is key. Viewers expect their favourite new content to drop on a certain day, and that lack of consistency can hurt viewer loyalty.

But I have taken the stance to never sacrifice my health or stress myself with it. If I am not ready to publish on a certain day, then I won't. It can still bring feelings of inadequacy sometimes, but I have to remind myself that nothing is worth making yourself sick, and stress is a form of sickness.

Sometimes, I feel very passionate about a certain video or piece of content, and I will be spending hours late at night and early in the morning to bring my vision to life, but some other times I have to prioritize my sanity!

**Erin:** You're a huge advocate for encouraging people to try the cruising lifestyle for themselves. What do you love so much about living on a boat?

**Sophie:** I think that first and foremost, living and traveling the world on a sailboat is an incredible way of exploring and learning about the world that we live in. When we lived on land and traveled internationally as tourists, we would mostly limit ourselves to destinations easily accessible by plane, because our time and financial resources limited us to those places.

On a boat, exploration is virtually limitless. You get access to places where international tourism barely exists, such as the little bays of Galicia in Northern Spain, or the Azores. We get to live like locals wherever we go, because we have the same needs as everyone else: buying groceries, going to the hardware store, sometimes going to the local doctor or hairdresser.

Instead of living in a bubble for a week of



vacation, we blend in with the locals and make friends literally all over the world. We are also not limited in time and often wander from small village to small village along the coast. It is a very rich way of living life.

I remember when we were cruising the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean, where tourists from all over Europe come to spend their vacation, I told myself, “Man, those people had to choose which one of the Balearic islands they would spend their vacations at, whereas we have seen all of them within a month.”

**Erin:** If people wanted to follow in your and Ryan’s footsteps, what could they do to learn all they could about living on a boat?

**Sophie:** I have spent half of my time since October writing and filming a course about how to get started in the sailing life, and we have identified six pillars on which to build a foundation in order to get into the sailing life.

The first one is learning to sail and develop seamanship. If you are going to live and travel from a sailboat, being skilled in the art of sailing and seamanship is 101.



The second is destination research and passage planning, which includes knowing how to get to where you go from a navigational and administrative standpoint as





well as understanding the weather and creating a passage plan.

The third pillar is choosing and equipping your boat according to your sailing and cruising ambitions. You can sail anywhere on any boat, but you need to be aware of what you are getting yourself into and how to make your life a bit more comfortable (we personally believe that the more comfortable you are on board, the more likely you are to continue this lifestyle!).

And talking about comfort, the fourth pillar is budgeting. Here again, knowing what you are getting yourself into financially will help you make better decisions and sustain this lifestyle. There is a misconception that you need to be rich to sail the world. You truly do not have to be rich, but you do have to be informed!

The fifth pillar is crew readiness. Another common mistake that we see some people make when they plan their sailing adventure is to plan their boat and finances very carefully, but in their excitement, forget to include their

partner in the decision-making or have them involved in the preparations at all. Having an engaged crew is key to a successful, happy, and sustainable adventure.

And finally, the sixth pillar is about enjoying the lifestyle! There are as many ways to sail the world as there are sailors out there, and no “right” or “wrong” way to do it. It is all about creating YOUR dream sailing life, which starts with a few reality checks about what it can look like sometimes.

But if you have those six pillars in mind as you get into the preparations of your sailing adventures, you will be ahead of the game.

**Erin:** Do you think YouTubers in general are portraying an honest depiction of the liveaboard lifestyle? Where could they improve?

**Sophie:** I think that we have seen a lot of improvement in the last five years. With more and more sailors taking to YouTube to tell the tales of their adventures, I think that 2022 sailing YouTube portrays a much more





realistic view of what living and traveling on a boat looks like.

In 2018 when we got started, we would get plenty of negative comments when we would document the harder sides of transitioning to a life on the water, but these days it's a lot quieter (but then again, maybe it is because I am ruthless when it comes to blocking the trolls).

I love what sailing YouTubers as a whole do these days. There is such a variety of channels representing all aspects of what the sailing life can be, you can always find someone to relate to.

I wish we saw more women skippers and also more diversity, but that is how the world of sailing looks like in general, not only on YouTube. It is still a very white and male dominated world.

**Erin:** What are your plans for the future aboard *Polar Seal*?

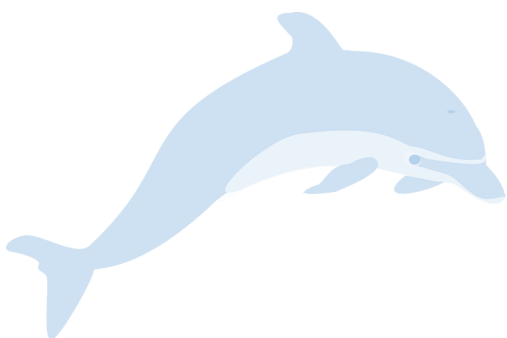
**Sophie:** In October on 2022, *Polar Seal*, myself and Ryan will finally be reunited on the East Coast of the United States after an almost four years long and grueling battle with US immigration, and we cannot wait to close that chapter and put it behind us.

The first thing we will do when we arrive is to pick up our new boat dog, whom we had been dreaming of getting in years. At the time of writing, she is three weeks old, her

name is Barnacle, and she is already a celebrity among our friends, families, and close followers.

In 2023, we will be sailing through the US canals up to the Great Lakes and will do a “mini North American loop” out of the Saint Lawrence. It will be the perfect grounds to train our boat puppy before we take on the Pacific.

But then again, if there is one thing we know for sure, it is that sailing plans are written in the sand at low tide, so who knows where we will be a year from now!



Erin Carey lives aboard her Moody 47 with her husband and three sons. After two glorious years in the Caribbean, the family crossed the Atlantic Ocean and are currently sailing the Mediterranean. Erin is the founder of Roam Generation, a PR agency for travel, leisure and luxury brands. *Roam Generation* is the only PR agency in the world run from a yacht!



A PUBLIC RELATIONS  
AGENCY SPECIALISING IN  
SAILING AND ADVENTURE  
BRANDS AND EXPERTS

# ROAM GENERATION<sup>PR</sup>



Let us help you:

- Raise brand awareness
- Increase your credibility
- Grow your followers
- Utilise the power of influencers
- Generate revenue

All through the power of earned media features in top-tier publications around the world.

[www.roamgeneration.com](http://www.roamgeneration.com)

[admin@roamgeneration.com](mailto:admin@roamgeneration.com)



Thwaites Marine Pty Ltd  
30, Industrial Dr. Coffs Harbour 2450 NSW  
(02) 6651 7810 , [shop@thwaitesmarine.com.au](mailto:shop@thwaitesmarine.com.au)



Raincoats now available at [www.thwaitesmarine.com.au/store](http://www.thwaitesmarine.com.au/store)



100% waterproof  
Cotton inner layer  
Multiple sizes



**MEMBERSHIP NOW AVAILABLE**

**Down  
Under**  
*Cruisers Rally*



DISCOUNTS ON MARINE RELATED PRODUCTS & SERVICES  
UNLIMITED ACCESS TO OUR OFFSHORE CRUISING COURSE  
INDIVIDUAL SUPPORT & ADVISE & MUCH MORE

**[DOWNUNDERRALLY.COM/MEMBERSHIP](http://DOWNUNDERRALLY.COM/MEMBERSHIP)**

AHOY SAILING

AUSTRALIA & THE SOUTH PACIFIC

**FREE SAILING NEWS  
FROM AUSTRALIA &  
THE SOUTH PACIFIC.**



**[ahoyailing.com.au](http://ahoyailing.com.au)**



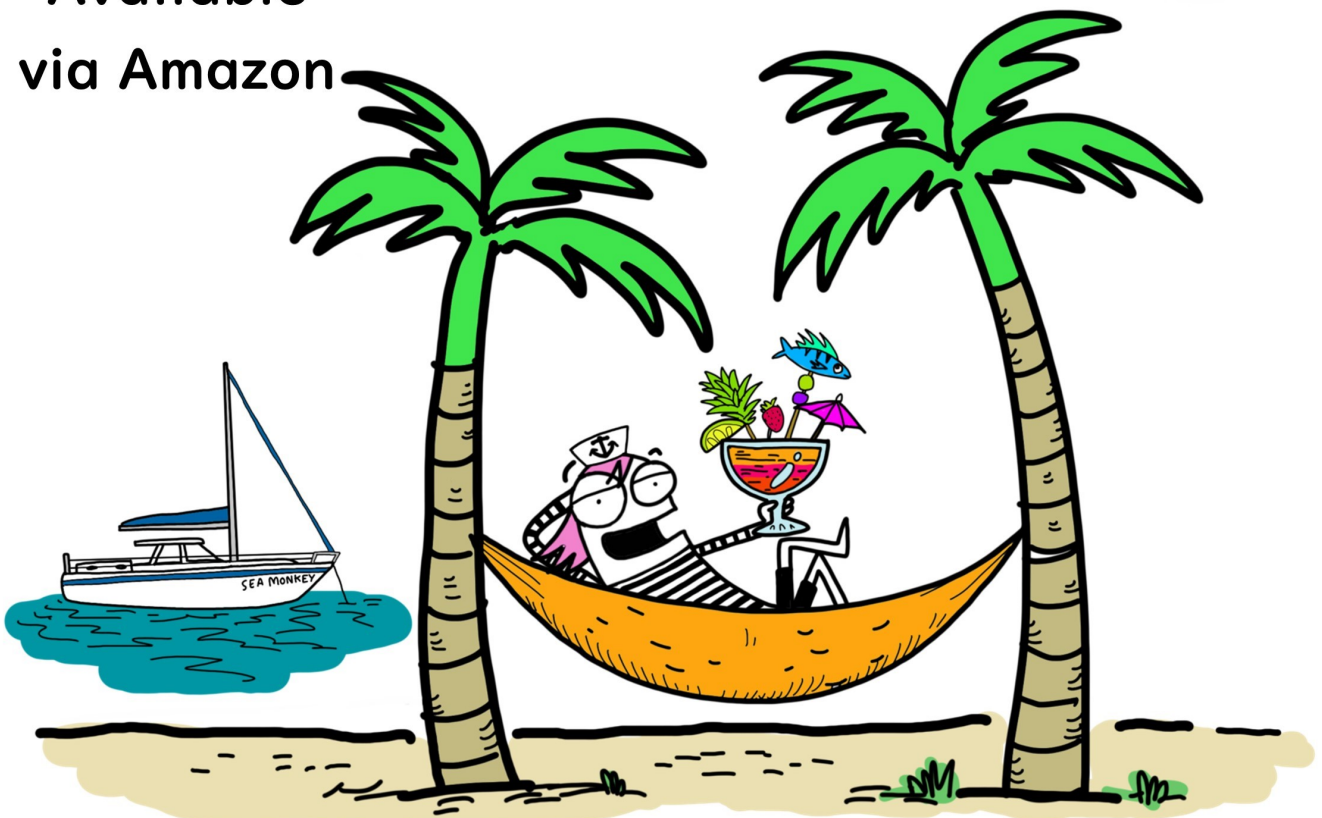
# Luff Out Loud: Sailing Comics by Sarah Steenland

Capturing the hilariously funny and ridiculously absurd situations that sailors tend to find themselves in.

If the saying is true and "a bad day sailing is 100 times better than a good day at work", then reading a comic book about the highs and lows of sailing life while you're on a boat must be 10,000 times better than anything, ever.



Available  
via Amazon







# It's possible!

## How we reduce water and gas consumption when living off-grid

### By Nicki Reynolds

Living on a boat, we have finite supplies of consumables such as propane gas and fresh water. Our sailboat, *Zen Again*, is a 10.4 metre fibreglass monohull with 250L tank water and no watermaker. We also have two 9kg propane canisters which we use for cooking and heating. So with our limited supplies, we need to be very careful with our water usage to ensure we don't run out mid-passage. This is especially true for long ocean crossings — our longest so far being from St Helena to St Lucia, a passage of 4100 nm and 31 days.

Even at anchor, it can be tedious lugging our 20L jerry cans ashore to refill our water tanks, and many places charge for providing drinking water. Many cruisers also experience challenges with getting their propane tanks filled (thankfully it hasn't been a big problem for us so far). So for all of these reasons, we try to be as efficient as we can with our water and gas usage. This article describes a few

techniques we've used to make our gas and water stocks last as long as possible.

#### Galley

We have a foot-operated seawater pump in our galley and this makes a huge difference in reducing our freshwater usage. I use this when we're at sea and in quiet anchorages where the sea water is unlikely to be contaminated with waste from other vessels. I always use seawater for washing vegetables and for washing up dishes, which are given a final rinse from a spray bottle filled with fresh water. I also use seawater for boiling vegetables and pasta, and breadmaking (mixed with equal quantities of freshwater).

#### Cooking — fast and slow!

One of the most important galley tools has been my pressure cooker. Because they cook using high-pressure steam, food cooks very quickly, reducing gas usage. Pressure cooking also tends to require less water than conventional boiling or steaming. I have a



1.5L cooker for everyday use and a 4L cooker for when I'm cooking larger quantities and steaming Christmas puddings. On long passages, I use the 1.5L cooker daily as I can cook just about anything in it: dried beans and pulses; complete meals such as chunky soups, stews, and casseroles; and hard vegetables that require longer cooking.

Cooking times for each of these items can vary so it's important to check the recipe, but to illustrate the difference, my small pressure cooker will have a casserole ready in 15-20 minutes. In the oven, it would have required at least 90 minutes of cooking, so the reductions are impressive. Pressure cookers can also be used to bake bread, which may be an advantage as the oven heats the boat in the tropics, and stays hot for a long time. As my oven is so small, I bake bread rolls and these are ready in 20 minutes, so they need less baking time than a large loaf. I bake them on my night watches as that's the coolest time on board (also it's a fun way of passing the time!).

At the other end of the speed spectrum, I have an insulated pot that functions as a slow cooker. It comprises a large pot and an insulated container, and all that's needed is to bring the contents of the pot to a boil. The pot is then taken off the heat and placed in the insulated container where it happily cooks on its own for 6-8 hours — very simple! The insulated pot works well for cooking large batches of soups, casseroles, and dried pulses. It's also successfully cooked turkey wings and other cuts that require long slow cooking. There are several versions of insulated pots available — I managed to find one that was compact enough to stow away on our small boat.

Other methods I've used to save water and gas in the galley include:

- Cooking larger batches of a dish (e.g. a casserole or curry) so leftovers can be quickly re-heated with the addition of a

few new ingredients to make a different meal.

- Bulk cooking carbohydrates such as rice, potatoes, or pasta. Leftovers are added to new meals or used cold in salads.
- Dried noodles (egg and rice types) just need softening in a little hot water before being added to soups, salads, or stir-fries. Couscous also just needs soaking for a few minutes in very hot water before adding oil and seasonings.
- No-bake recipes need minimal cooking and don't heat the boat.
- For night watches, we fill a thermos flask with boiling water and use this to make hot drinks rather than boiling a kettle every time.

**BELOW: My trusty 1.5L pressure cooker which I used daily at sea. The 4L cooker works well for larger batches and steaming Christmas puddings!**





## Personal hygiene

In the tropics, we found that we needed to wash often to stay fresh in hot oppressive conditions. We don't have a shower on board, but we fill a 5L pump-action garden sprayer with fresh water as an effective alternative. As it's manually operated, we can control how much water we use to make sure it lasts for a good time. On long passages, we doused ourselves in a bucket of seawater, followed by a freshwater rinse from our makeshift 'shower'. At anchor, we use it to rinse off after we've been swimming. When conditions get too rough for washing in the cockpit, we stay below decks and use a 1L bottle of water and flannel — low-key but very effective.

## Laundry

On passage and in remote anchorages with limited access to fresh water, some of our cruising friends wash their clothes in seawater with a little ammonia added. I haven't done this personally, but our friends assure us that their clothes felt fine and not stiff or damp.

## Collecting rainwater

This is another option we've explored, as we don't have a watermaker on board. We have a canvas rainwater collector under our solar panels with hose fittings attached to our 20L jerry cans. We've collected a great deal of water at anchor using this arrangement — even one heavy rain shower can half-fill a jerry can. During rainy weather, we can keep our tanks topped up very well. On passage, it's possible to collect rainwater but it can be a challenge to avoid contamination with

seawater, especially in squally or rough conditions. For our South Atlantic crossing, we didn't collect any rainwater and relied solely on our 250L tanks.

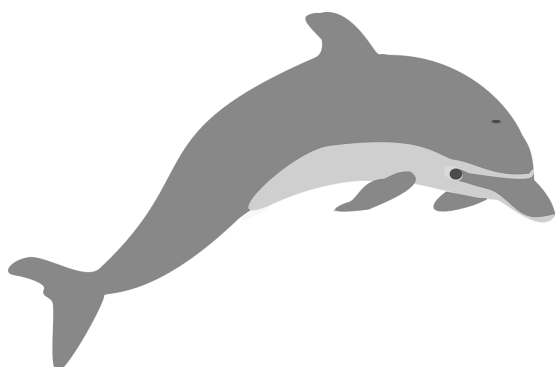
## Conclusion

I hope that I've been able to show that, by making a few simple adjustments, it's possible to minimise the consumption of water and gas when living off-grid. We've been able to manage perfectly well without a watermaker using our 250L freshwater tanks, even on long ocean passages. For example, after we completed our 31-day crossing of the South Atlantic, we found that there was still about 70L of fresh water left in our tanks! Similarly, reducing propane gas usage decreased the need to refill so often, which has saved us time, money, and hassle. I hope you find these tips and ideas useful.



**Nicki Reynolds is an Australian sailor and has been cruising with her husband Mike for nearly 30 years. In 2015 she and Mike sailed from Australia to the UK in their 10.4m monohull *Zen Again*. They are slowly returning home to Fremantle, Western Australia, and are currently exploring the western Caribbean.**

**[www.yachtzenagain.blogspot.com](http://www.yachtzenagain.blogspot.com)**







*Topsail Insurance proudly supporting  
Women who Sail Australia*

**Topsail exclusive WWSA offer:  
Free Legal Expenses Insurance worth \$75  
with every boat insurance policy purchased\***



for more information of the legal expenses product and benefits visit [www.mileinsurance.com.au](http://www.mileinsurance.com.au)  
or if you have any questions or want a quote then email or call us

**Perth, Sydney, Sunshine Coast**  
**1300 72 73 24**

**[enquiries@topsailinsurance.com.au](mailto:enquiries@topsailinsurance.com.au)**

Marine Essentials Legal Expenses policy is brought to you by Mile Insurance which is a trading style of Topsail Insurance PTY Ltd  
AFSL 467369 and underwritten by ARAG Services Australia.

\* Offer valid for all new and renewing policies please quote reference MILEWWS. Offer expires 01/12/23





# Out of my comfort zone and onto a stranger's yacht

By Regina Petra Meyer

My partner was not built for the ocean. Each time we stepped aboard a vessel, no matter the size, Sven would eventually turn pale, beads of cold sweat forming on his forehead, and after a while he would end up regurgitating whatever meal he had previously ingested. In our early days, I would fuss over him.

‘Sven, do you need help? Can I do something for you? Do you want a glass of water?’

I used to bombard him with questions until he lifelessly replied ‘No, just leave me alone’.

On one particularly rough ferry ride on a worn timber boat in Thailand, the deckhands nailed shut the lower deck windows with plywood panels. Many passengers were

aiming their misery into little paper bags while we fled the grizzly sight to a drenched but blissfully deserted sundeck. Sven limply hung onto the wooden railing; his listless eyes directed toward the horizon. ‘I just want to die’ he whispered.

Seasickness could not be as easily dismissed as I had hoped, and I learned to leave my man to his own devices. In later years, I was snapping pictures of seascapes and approaching islands while Sven was recycling his stomach contents in the ocean. More than once, onlookers gave me the evil eye for being such a cold-hearted girlfriend. Sailing was simply not his dream. It was mine though, and for years I looked for solutions to cure this wretched ailment and tried, unsuccessfully, to convince Sven to contemplate ocean travel.

Ironically, the perfect opportunity to realise my sailing dreams arose out of our flailing relationship, shortly after we moved to South Australia. We figured some time apart would help each of us to gain clarity on our future. While reading Jesse Martin's *Lionheart*, I learned about the possibility of joining someone's cruising yacht as a crew. In



exchange for exciting ocean travels, they expected the crew to help with sailing and onboard chores, and sometimes contribute with a small fee. This was a pivotal moment for me, and plans swiftly took shape. I jumped onto crewing websites and created a profile, paying careful attention to how I presented myself on these sites. After all, I was looking for a genuine sailing adventure and not for a romantic interlude on the high seas.

## Selecting the dream

Lo-and-behold, a few days later offers started trickling into my inbox. There was a family on a sizeable catamaran cruising the Pacific, looking for a nanny and some sailing help. A tempting option, but I yearned for a holiday and was not looking for a job.

The skipper of a large monohull was looking for crew willing to be recorded and with plans to broadcast the footage as a reality-TV type show. *Yikes!* The thought of spending time with a group of strangers on a yacht while documenting the lot was thoroughly off-putting.

Next email. Puppy-eyed sailor looking for a sailing companion, hopefully for eternity. Nope, not this one either.

An old salt wanted to take his vintage yacht from the Caribbean back to Australia. My heart jumped a little. My first option! This had the makings of a trip of a lifetime and all I needed to find out was precisely how dated both owner and boat were.

A guy my age wanting to sail his smallish yacht from New Zealand to Chile. Here was an offer to sail within the roaring forties. Excitement stirred... I had been reading books about the Southern Ocean and kept a close eye on the last Vendée Globe. Challenging to sail, no doubt. But adventure in spades! But with one man? Would that be doable? Would I be safe?



Emails flew back and forth and eventually I settled on the boat in the Caribbean. The owners were a retired couple from South Africa who planned to sail their yacht to Australia. During some calls, Henry, the skipper, answered my many questions and in return asked me for information on my background, interests, and experience in sailing.

By that stage, I had completed an introductory keelboat course in South Australia and had a mere five days of sailing experience under my belt. Not exactly what you would call impressive credentials... Over the years, though, people have appreciated my cooking, and I passed this information on in the hopes to boost my value as potential crew.

After several short Skype calls, Henry and I concluded we seemed like a good fit and, the decision complete, I booked a one-way ticket to Antigua. The old salt was down-to-earth,



clearly adored his boat, and had a lifetime of experience both as a professional captain and skippering his own yacht in retirement. He knew what he was doing, and I felt safe trusting him and his experience. The yacht, albeit rather pokey for a crew of five, was a sturdy cruiser/racer and would give me ample opportunity to hone my sailing skills. 'You can be the cook,' Henry informed me curtly and my heart sank a little. I didn't want to be stuck in the galley for three months and vowed to myself to do my utmost to impress the seasoned captain. Henry explained his wife would not be joining us for the trip and said he had already found a Scottish couple and, with me signed on, there was only one crew member missing. My dream was within reach!

### Leaving my comfort zone

When I relayed my exciting plans to friends and family, they did not share my overflowing

enthusiasm. 'You must be crazy!' was by far the most common remark upon mentioning my plans to sail on a 46-foot yacht from Antigua to Australia. Determined pessimists predicted I would die out there at sea. Much fewer optimists admitted to admiring my courage but without a desire to venture this far out of their comfort zone. I admitted my plans sounded anything but ordinary, but I was unwilling to let go of my desired adventure. Deep down I trusted that despite all the odds everything had the potential to work out just fine.

My heart was beating out of my chest when I got out of the taxi in Antigua and watched an old and frail-looking man hobble down the dock. This was my captain. I recognised his tousled white hair and the crooked smile from our calls. We shook hands and my crewing journey began.

For the first hour on the yacht, I felt nothing





but awkward, shy, and out of my depth, knowing that the people I just met would share this small space for three full months.

The plan was to prepare the boat for the passage, then sail and, with a bit of luck and tolerance, cohabit harmoniously. There were no doors, except for one to the combined head and shower cubicle. There was no privacy and, unless I wanted to hog the loo, there was no place for downtime.

Overall, I consider myself an extroverted introvert. I am a happy-go-lucky person, like a good laugh and enjoy the company of people. I am curious and love chatting, interacting with, and learning from fellow humans. What most people don't know is that to balance my outgoing side, I need a decent amount of quiet time for introspection and to recharge my batteries.

My privacy concerns didn't come to the test, as the boat's plans took a sharp turn and my much-anticipated adventure did not eventuate. We worked at the dock for weeks and in line with Caribbean temperatures, tempers soared. Soon, there was more tension on board than outside a G20 summit. Here is where my learning began...

## **Lesson #1: *Be flexible; plans change!***

This, without a doubt, was my first and most important lesson on crewing. Boat plans, I learned, are fickle, not just because of interpersonal clashes but also due to a range of external circumstances. Yachts are delicate things and parts break down all the time. Hard to source, it might take a week (or longer, God forbid!) to replace a pump. Here I had naively assumed that sailing was about swooshing into a bay, dropping the anchor, and toasting with a cocktail to a spectacular sunset. The callouses on Henry's hands and knees and his oil-stained clothes told a completely different story.

Another thing that entirely evaded my consciousness as a landlubber was that the weather had a profound impact on sailing schedules. Rather than scheduling departures to a specific day and time, when sailing it was the weather forecast that dictated our departure. Without the desire to head out into a storm, I improved at practicing patience.

## **Lesson #2: *Opinions, beware!***

This was a little tougher to stomach, and not because I don't have opinions. Quite the contrary! I grew up in Switzerland where I marinated in a culture of observing and analysing others. In my opinion, pun intended, we are experts in judgment. I have spent many years working on myself to understand where this trait originates from and aim to minimise this burning desire to be right, to prove my point, and to push my agenda. Within my first days on the yacht, I realised that if I wished to contribute to a peaceful experience it was best to keep some of my worldviews to myself. Or, at least share my values in a mindful and more palatable manner.

After sailing the Atlantic twice, once in each direction, on different boats and new sets of crews, I experienced first-hand that living with strangers on a yacht can be a wonderful and enriching experience. Those people grew close to me during the passage. There was no need to agree on everything and we could let each other's opinions stand. That doesn't mean there weren't any collisions.

On one occasion the Irish skipper yelled at me at the top of his lungs, using rather fruity language, all because I had accidentally dropped a tea bag onto the teak deck. Rooky error — I threw my green tea bag into the breeze and didn't pay attention when it catapulted right back onto the deck. Defiantly, I yelled back, owning my faulty action but furiously rebelling at his tone. Stalemate. Silently, we stared each other down



and then dropped the matter. A few frosty days followed, but we dutifully attended to our watch rosters back-to-back and granted each other space. And as quickly as it had flared up it blew over. The sun kept shining, and the smiles were back out. In the end, this proved a valuable lesson for me. We are human and it's okay when we are not our best aboard, but with everyone's willingness to move on and let go, equilibrium will be restored, and life goes on.

### ***Lesson #3: Respect the owners and their yacht!***

My sailing teacher shared this lesson with me, and I am grateful for this insight. A yacht is not just someone's boat. It is their mode of transport, their home, and sometimes even their livelihood. As a guest, it was my duty to respect the literal and sentimental value of the owner's property. I learned to step aboard each boat with an open mind and to ask a lot of questions. How do you like your tacks performed exactly? Where do you like your ropes and fenders stowed? What is your spinnaker procedure? In my experience, every boat owner appreciated when I showed interest in their yacht, maintenance, and sailing procedures. It helped to ease





misunderstandings and made for an enjoyable experience.

#### ***Lesson #4: More time and more money!***

Bring extra cash and have time up your sleeve! That's good travel advice for any trip, but essential for sailing holidays. I had to learn that travelling by sailing boat is slow and when things break down or the weather changes, so will our plans. A set itinerary when joining a yacht is unrealistic and can lead to disappointment. With a little more funds, I could enjoy a delay by taking a day out for sightseeing or if things didn't pan out, I could take refuge in accommodation ashore. Extra time and money bring a certain calm to the equation and allowed me to evaluate my options with less pressure involved.

#### ***Lesson #5: Men are more respectful than I thought!***

My final learning, I must admit, might read strange to you (and maybe it doesn't!), but my experience with the male species in yachting circles was largely a positive one. Before my stint on yachts, I hadn't been exposed to male-dominated industries, but was, of course, aware of 'boys' club' mentality. I treated crewing like a personal social experience and the men, I am pleased to admit, surprised me. I am aware this says infinitely more about my lack of expectations in the male species, than about the men themselves, but that's my truth.

Of course, I encountered bragging and unruly guys that matched the stereotype. However, in my personal experience while crewing on yachts in the Caribbean, Europe, USA, and Australia, the men who either skippered yachts or crewed on boats with me, were respectful. Not only that, it appeared most of the men were aware of how exposed a woman is aboard and took great care to respect boundaries. Not that harsh words were never spoken, sometimes unfairly, but I

never once felt threatened and when I rebutted in response to an unfair comment, I felt heard. I count myself lucky to have teamed up with supportive and mindful co-sailors.

In summary, I am immensely grateful for the wonderful, exciting, challenging, and stimulating crewing experiences I gained during my time at sea. My ocean wandering years have given me some of the most memorable moments and these invaluable experiences I will treasure forever. No doubt crewing has its challenges, but the perks, for me, by far outweigh the prickly bits. I would go out there and do it all over again in a heartbeat. Thank you to all of you who so trustfully open your boats and hearts to strangers like me.



**Born and raised in Switzerland, while working as a travel agent, Regina's curiosity was piqued by coordinating trips around the world. Eventually, she packed her bags and adopted a globetrotting lifestyle. Regina has sailed across all continents, living and working in Antigua in the Caribbean, the USA, and New Zealand. She currently calls tropical Cairns, Australia, her home.**

**Regina Petra Meyer is the author of the memoir *Change of Course: Sailing into Love & Adversity on Caribbean Shores*.**

**[www.reginapetrameyer.com](http://www.reginapetrameyer.com)**



In her mid 30s and trying to make sense of her floundering relationship, Regina is restless. Throwing caution into the wind, she books herself a one-way ticket to the Caribbean and joins the crew of a small, vintage racing yacht to satisfy her growing appetite for adventure.

Once aboard the old yacht in Antigua, Regina and her fellow crew members work tirelessly under the watchful eye of its cantankerous owner, as they prepare for the passage back to Australia.

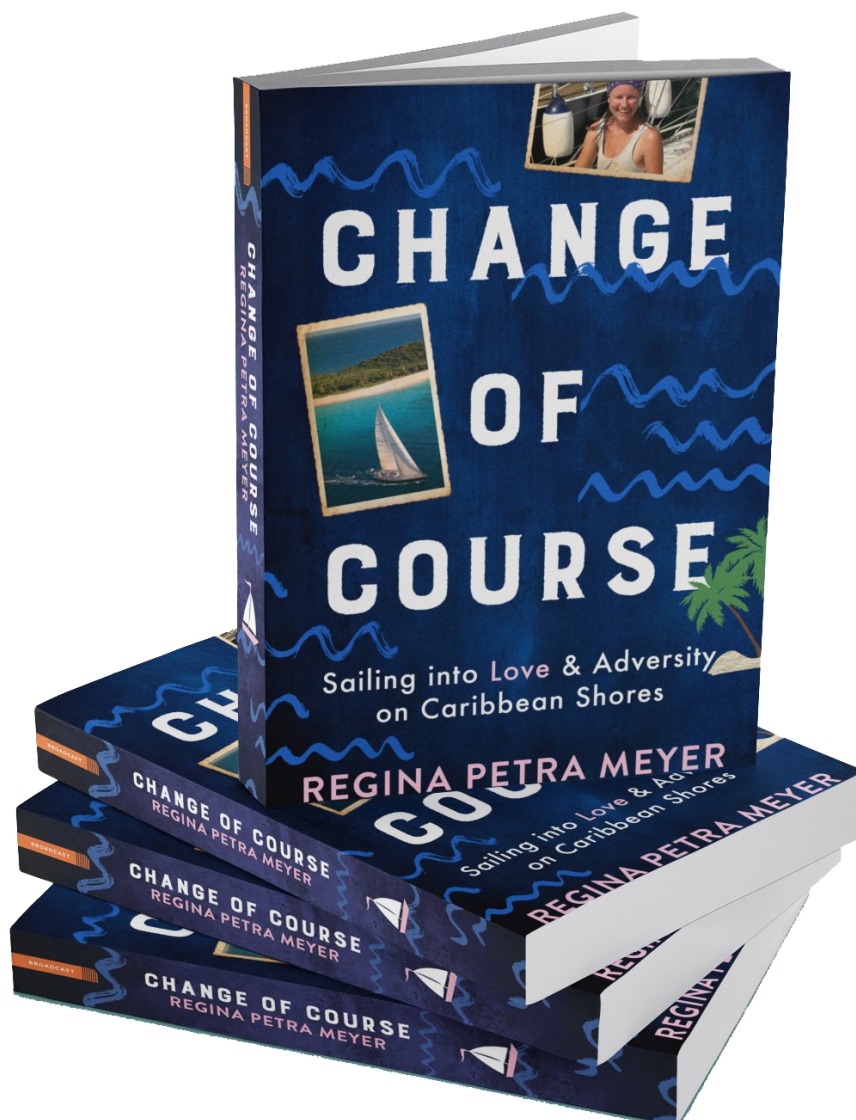
During a sultry sunset party on a clifftop, Regina encounters an alluring man. When her sailing trip is abruptly cancelled, Regina sets course for Europe aboard another boat, leaving the budding romance in her wake.

Released from former ties and without a home, Regina returns to the Caribbean. She moves into a rustic shack and as the only white resident in the tiny community, she must forge a new path.

A new life beckons, but are her dreams worth abandoning the comfort and security she has back home?

This is a true story of Regina's wanderings in the Caribbean, her passion for sailing and the unexpected, of love lost and found, and her search for freedom.

[www.reginapetrameyer.com](http://www.reginapetrameyer.com)





**“Takes you on a journey of craziness but of life well lived”**



Amazon reader review April 2020



[www.sistershippress.com](http://www.sistershippress.com)

**Available now from Amazon or ask at  
your local book store!**



[www.sistershippress.com](http://www.sistershippress.com)

[www.janethowleauthor.com](http://www.janethowleauthor.com)





**YOGA POSES**

**With Leanne**  
***Yoga4Yachties***



# *Utkatasana*

## Chair Pose

**Prepare to strengthen your legs, create stability in your knees, and balance and strength in your heels, arms and shoulders.**

Don't be put off by the name of this yoga pose, *Utkatasana*, which translates to "Fierce or Powerful Seat" or "Chair Pose".

Like all poses we attempt in yoga our bodies need to transition in stages. For this pose, for instance, maybe you will just take a standing position with hands on hips and sitting down and bringing different body parts into the posture slowly, then in time we will bring

arms, legs, pelvis, spine, and heels together as one, when we feel more comfortable.

### Let's explore *Utkatasana*

For our beginners, let's first stand in *Tadasana* with hands alongside body. Then take your feet, hip width distance apart, hands to your hips. Sit back and down as if you were going to sit into an imaginary chair. Stay right here. breathe long slow inhalations and exhalations, try not to create a deep arch in lower back. Try raising your toes and taking the weight of your body into your heels. Try raising your arms out in front of you. Play with this if *Utkatasana* is new for you.

**1:** Let's progress moving into chair pose with toes touching and knees touching. From standing, bring your toes together and knees











together and sit down as low as comfortable into the imaginary chair, tip the pubic bone up slightly ( imagine Michael Jackson pelvic action when he dances) — this takes the pressure off the lower back and doesn't over exaggerate the curve in the spine.

**2:** Now let raise the arms.

Option 1: raise arms as wide as shoulders and gather arms in, palms facing, and relax shoulders.

Option 2: raise arms and hug arm beside ears and hands in prayer position. Look up and breathe.

**3:** The breath is always the key to relaxing as you sit in this pose. Breathe in long slow and deep drawing breath in until you feel a doorway opening in the back of your throat, then release equally as long deep slow exhalations — repeat 3-5 inhalations and exhalations. This is known as your *Ujjayi* Breath — remember to relax your facial muscles.

### ***Benefits of Utkatasana***

Leg and thigh muscle tone and strength.  
Stabilises your knees.  
Strength in ankles, calves, arms, and back.  
Abdominal muscles and stimulate heart.  
Improves your posture.

### ***What part of body it helps***

Lower and upper body.

### ***What not to do — Important***

*Avoid pose if you have:*

Lower back, ankle, knee or hip injuries;  
low or high blood pressure

### ***Utkatasana —Chair Pose Tips:***

Use a wall or solid surface to lean against, sit back and slide down resting buttocks for more stability — I would also recommend legs apart on the boat always for beginners for this same reason stability. Tip for taking the excessive arching from lower back out of pose — lift pelvis up or tuck tailbone under



may make more sense to you ... to understand this movement practice sitting in a regular chair, and over arching lower back and then rocking pelvis up taking the arch out of lower back a few times. Then stand and sit in your chair and try the same action.



**I am sailor, yoga lover, yoga teacher trainer and retreat organiser.**

**I have had the pleasure of introducing yoga into the sailing community for over a decade from Fiji, New Caledonia, and Australia.**

**E-RYT 200 500 RYT - Yoga Alliance Registered 122921**

**I am the founder/creator of Yoga4Yachties, Yoga, Health and Sail Wellness T/A Namaste Ocean Yoga™**

**2021 I commenced 200hr Yoga Teacher Training School "Namaste Ocean Yoga School" - private tuition online and in-person training.**

**Read about the years of sailing parts of the world on our Sail Blog links below**

**June 2009 - May 2010 SV *Migaloo* Sailblog <https://www.sailblogs.com/member/migaloo163/130003>**

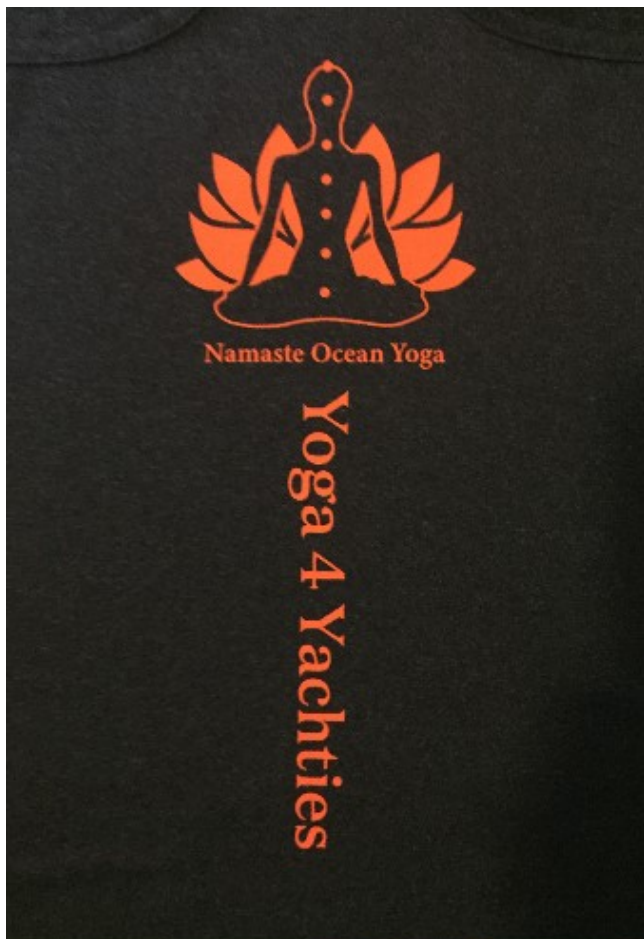
**May 2010 - Jan 2014 SV *Red Sky* Sailblog <https://www.sailblogs.com/member/redsky>**

**2015 - 2021 SV *Songlines* - *Down Under Rally***

**[www.yoga4yachties.com](http://www.yoga4yachties.com) [www.namasteoceanyoga.com](http://www.namasteoceanyoga.com)**

**[www.sail-wellness.com](http://www.sail-wellness.com)**

**yoga4yachties 2013 - 2022 © ™**



Pop the  
logo with  
Colour



73%  
Polyester  
27%  
Elastane



Order  
online  
now

[www.namasteoceanyoga.com](http://www.namasteoceanyoga.com)



# Port Ghalib to Port Suez

By Poppy McFie

My first yacht was *Scaramouch*, an East Coast 31, which I sailed around Australia with the help and support of a volunteer crew and many sponsors. The reason for my trip was to raise awareness and money for Parkinson's (as my father suffered from the illness). During the trip, I met some amazing people, including Mick McFie, who is now my husband!

Mick and I sold our two boats and bought a catamaran in France which we named *Trim*, after Matthew Flinders's cat, and sailed her around the Mediterranean for three years before deciding to sell her and go back to a monohull.

We were always planning on getting two boats when we returned to Australia, as Mick wanted a cruising yacht and I wanted something smaller that I could race and sail shorthanded or single-handed. After selling *Trim* in Sicily, plans changed and accelerated!

I checked out several types of boats, Beneteau Firsts, J Boats, X Yachts, and the Jeanneau Sunfast, and decided the Sunfast 3200 was the boat I wanted, small, fun, fast, easily single-handed, and capable of crossing oceans.

Mick bought *Annie May*, a classic Italian boat, in Sicily. But to make things a bit more challenging I found *Rascal* in Thailand! Why

buy *Rascal*? Well her previous owner has sailed her halfway around the world single-handed, so she was set up for single-handed cruising and John was willing to deliver her to Cyprus, slightly closer to Sicily for me to pick her up, or so I thought...

John was having a great sail from Thailand to Egypt when things went wrong. He avoided the pirates, but the weather and the sea were an incredible challenge. In his words, "It was the only time in the entire trip from Holland across the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Ocean that I thought my life was in danger" The Red Sea can be incredibly hard to sail, as I also found out.

I had been following John's progress when one morning I received an urgent message from my very dodgy Egyptian agent informing me John had fractured his ribs and had to make an emergency stop in an Egyptian Navy base. The agent also said I needed to pay a fine of 2000 USD, to get him out. I later found out this was a complete lie and the agent had tried to get money falsely out of other yachts in the past. I had refused to pay the 'fine' until I spoke to John and a captain in the Egyptian navy, where the story was quite different. The navy had taken great medical care of John and was incredibly helpful, money was never mentioned.

John limped *Rascal* to Port Ghalib in Egypt. Both *Rascal* and John were in a bad way. John

with fractured ribs and *Rascal's* engine had failed, all her electronics and navigation equipment were out, she had lost both autopilots, one tiller was damaged, the stove was smashed, and the bimini was slightly torn. A tough passage up the Red Sea! I was just about to board my flight to Cyprus when I received the call from John that neither he nor *Rascal* could continue.

On landing in Cyprus now with no boat to pick up, I called Mick in Sicily and said "I'm off to Egypt!" Mick said he would come too and we met in Cairo. After four flights, multiple COVID tests, and a massive amount of paperwork, we were lucky to even make it to Egypt, we still had to get to Port Ghalib.

I had spoken to John as to what *Rascal* needed and bought new electrical boards and wiring, Mick brought tools so hopefully, we could get her going.

John was feeling and looking a lot better and after a short handover he headed back to Europe. As for *Rascal*... she was still in a bad way. John had managed to get a local mechanic to fix the engine now named "Little Chugger", I wired in the new electrical panel and got the electrics and autopilots (now named George 1st and George 2nd following navy traditions) back up and running, Mick sorted out the tiller, anchor, stove now named "Sally", bimini cover, checked the engine, and sorted out the water and fuel.

*Rascal* was ready to depart, but we hadn't taken into consideration the Egyptian bureaucracy. The next nightmare began.

Our very doggy agent, who we couldn't change due to bureaucracy, was based an 11-hour drive away and only turned up when his next "Victim/Yacht" arrived. We couldn't depart without him filling in the paperwork and being at the port to handle the officials.

There are very few weather windows to go

north in the Red Sea, the prevailing winds are northerlies and the sea state can be nasty. It took four days for our agent to finally turn up. There was a weather window in one week and you have to apply to leave at least three days in advance to get clearance. Our agent confirmed multiple times that the paperwork was completed but the day before we were due to leave I double-checked with the Port Captain and he said it was incomplete and wrong and our departure may be delayed.

We were horrified and angry as there were so few weather windows. The agent had lied to me and the Port Captain. Fortunately, by now I had a good rapport with the Port Captain and another agent, and they did everything they could to help us leave the following day, but it was still uncertain if the paperwork would get approved.

We watched our friends sail off the next morning and waited, hours passed. We called the agent's boss and tried to speed up the process but to make it harder it was Ramadan so everything stopped at 6:00 pm. We finally got called to the customs dock at lunchtime, sat there for five hours, and the papers were completed at 5.55 pm. We could leave! But the challenge was not over...

Next, we had to deal with not only the weather and sea conditions but the Egyptian coastguard and navy.

We were informed that since the onset of COVID no boats were allowed to anchor anywhere up the Red Sea irrespective of the weather conditions. If you did, and were caught, you could face heavy fines. (We have since met other sailors who were told to move on from anchor at 9.30 pm in 30-knot headwinds with a broken engine or pay a 1000 USD fine — their agent managed to argue their case with the navy and they were allowed to anchor overnight but had to move on the next morning or pay the fine, despite what state the engine was in).



It would take us three days/nights to sail or motor approximately 300nm to Port Suez (the start of the Suez Canal), but we only had a two-day weather window before it would be blowing 25-35 knots. *Rascal's* little 15hp engine would struggle in those conditions and sailing to windward was almost impossible due to the sea state and narrowness of the passage between the shipping lane and oil refineries. So we would have to take the risk and anchor in a quiet bay and turn off our AIS.

The first night's sail was excellent. *Rascal* went well, 7+ knots. We had an encounter with the navy but only had to alter course. But true to form nothing was going to go quite that easy.

Sally, the stove, stopped working the following morning and it looked like we would be eating cold cans of veggies and drinking cold coffee for the rest of the trip, — not very inspiring. Fortunately, we realised she didn't like being damp, so as long as we covered her with a towel after we finished using her to keep her warm she would work (Sally was a convection stove, not gas).

The winds then dropped and we motored the second day and dropped anchor at 9:30 pm in a bay to sit out the bad weather which was predicted overnight. Fortunately, we were not discovered. The following evening, the forecast looked OK and we headed off.

Initially, the winds were light, then from the south, and we flew along reaching a speed of 13 knots dodging tug boats and cargo vessels! (We might have been slightly over-canvased!)

But then the winds turned, and going into the third night we had 25+knots and one-to-three-metre breaking seas on the nose. The Georges (autopilots) were unable to cope so we had to take turns to hand steer through the night.

In some of the toughest sailing I've had to do, we had to drop the mainsail and motor as *Rascal* couldn't make any headway against the

wind and seas in such a narrow channel and avoid shipping. Little Chugger was at 3000+ revs to keep control and make progress. At one point I heard an "Oh F\*\*k" from Mick as a three-metre wave broke over the top of the bimini and straight onto Mick — luckily he was clipped on.

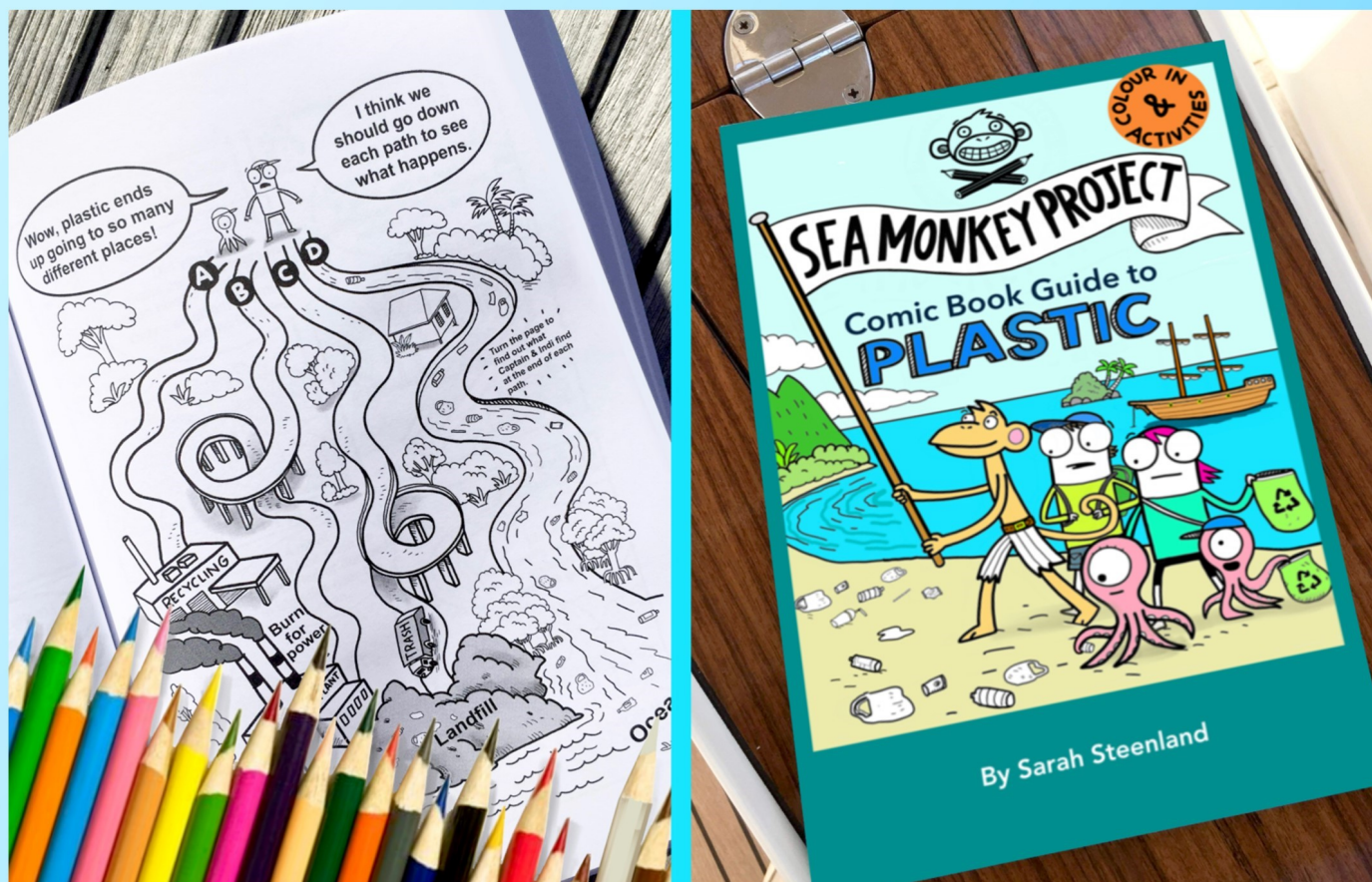
It was a tough night but I finally got George 2nd working and Sally warmed the kettle so I could have a hot chocolate, pure luxury. We even managed to get a little sleep.

The following morning the weather had calmed down and we spotted Port Suez in the distance. On approach, a Pilot ship approached at speed and demanded a bribe of cigarettes! We told him we had none and, fortunately, they headed off.

We finally docked at Port Suez Yacht Club at 11 am, at a very run down "dock" at the start of the Suez Canal, and had a warm meal and a glass of wine on board, very relieved that part of the trip was over!



**JOIN SID THE SQUID AND HER FAMILY IN 'THE SEA MONKEY PROJECT GUIDE TO PLASTIC: A COLOUR IN AND ACTIVITY BOOK' FOR 4- TO 12-YEAR-OLDS.**



**‘Cruising cartoonist’ Sarah Steenland and her family sailed from Australia to Asia seeking the pristine tropical islands and crystal-clear water that cruising blogs and magazines portrayed.**

**Shocked at just how much plastic was piled up on beaches and floating on the sea, the Sea Monkey Project was born.**

Email inquiries to  
[books@seascribebooks.com](mailto:books@seascribebooks.com)

**Available from  
Amazon**





# SUSTAINABLE SAILING

## Heather Francis

## Sustainable Holidays

This Holiday Season there is a palpable feeling of excitement in the air. After more than two long years, spending fun-filled afternoons with friends and family is finally a possibility. We still need to be cautious when socializing and travelling, but it is heart-warming to know that plans will be made this year without too many “what if” contingencies being considered as well.

It is easy to get caught up in the hype around the holidays, when luxury is demanded, and excess is expected. Like everyone, I have fallen into the trap of buying items that are unneeded, opting for convenience over quality, and choosing sparkles over sustainability. And like many, I spent two Christmas’ alone, so I am really looking forward to celebrating this holiday season. However, I think it is important to think

beyond the day and consider how our holiday plans and purchases can make a difference in future.

### SHOP ‘TIL YA DROP

There is no denying that shopping is a part of everyone’s festive season. Whether you are picking up provisions, buying gifts for someone special, or outfitting yourself for a holiday party, you can make a difference just by making small changes to your shopping habits.

### SHOP SMALL, SHOP LOCAL

Supporting local and small businesses is important, particularly this time of year. Supporting a small business means more of the money stays in the community, and that also fosters a sense of community. It is true that box stores are often cheaper, but cheaper doesn’t mean better, and it usually doesn’t mean sustainable. Whether it is a butcher, local retailer, a food vendor, or small online business, your purchasing power counts, so



consider how you use it.

## HANDMADE

Before you shop, think about making a gift. You don't need any special talents to make gifts. If you can bake, sew, knit, garden, whittle, draw, paint, or write, you can make a gift for someone you love. And, if you're not handy, or don't have the time, then consider supporting a local maker, artist, or craftsman. An item made by hand, with care and attention, is always a gift imbued with love.

## EXPERIENCES, NOT THINGS

Instead of giving a *thing* why not gift someone an *experience*. Offer to teach someone to sail or to help them service their outboard. If you love to cook, you could make a special meal or teach someone how to make your favourite dish. Invest in a gift certificate to a local club or community center that offer courses your giftee is interested in. Museum or theatre tickets are lovely gifts to give and a great way to support the arts.

## EAT, DRINK & BE MERRY

Sharing meals, cooking traditional recipes, and indulging with friends and family are what many look forward to most this time of year. I find it easy to get carried away at the grocery store, but I also try hard to avoid food waste. During the holidays, when abundance and celebration go hand-in-hand, it can be especially difficult to keep the festivities and sustainability in balance.

It is estimated that 43% of food waste occurs in the home. This means, as consumers, we have the potential to affect BIG global change. Here are a few quick tips to help you eat well but waste less this holiday season.

## PLAN AHEAD

One of the easiest ways to avoid food waste is to buy only the amount of food that will



ABOVE: Home baking.

be consumed before it spoils. This can be hard during the holidays when we all like to be prepared "just in case". A good way to avoid throwing out spoiled food is to make a meal plan and shop accordingly. Allow for a few speciality items, but don't lose control in the cheese isle.

Also consider what you will do with items that are not used in time. Things like cheese and meat freeze very well, as do baked goods, so make sure there is some space in the freezer (if you have one!). Think about leftovers from the big day and how you can re-cook them into the next delicious meal.

## EAT UGLY

Estimates state that 46% of produce never makes it from the farm to the table because of cosmetic preferences. In other words, almost half of all fruit and vegetables are wasted only because they are not pretty enough to sell.



You can choose to eat ugly by shopping at a local market or roadside stall, where there is usually more variety in colour, texture, and shape. If this is not a possibility, then keep your eyes open at your local grocery store for cosmetically imperfect produce labelled as “ugly”. Often sold at a lower price point, you can prevent food waste and save some money too.

## **EAT SUSTAINABLY**

What we choose to put on our plates has far reaching environmental consequences. Eating sustainably asks that we consider where and how our food is grown, the resources used, the environmental impact of the entire process, the conditions of the animals, and how the workers are treated and paid. It is a return to more traditional methods of food production that values the land, the animals, and the people, as much as the profit.

With rising food costs, it can feel daunting to try to eat sustainably, but it doesn't just mean splashing out for expensive food stuffs marked “organic”. You can eat sustainably by reducing your meat consumption, choosing wild caught instead of farmed fish, eating seasonally, buying local, buying fair trade, growing or making your own, and eating less packaged and processed foods. It would be a great New Year's resolution too!

## **WRAP IT UP**

Part of the delight of the holidays is the anticipation of discovering what's inside a beautifully wrapped gift. Unfortunately, most wrapping paper purchased is used only once, and rarely recycled, if it can be recycled at all. Sustainable gift wrapping has a reputation of being ugly, but it doesn't have to be. With a little thought you can give to both the planet and the person.

## **REDUCE AND REUSE**

Keeping holiday wrapping paper and gift bags to reuse year to year is a great way to



avoid piles of paper ending up in the landfill. You can also make your own wrapping paper by upcycling glossy magazines, old calendars, craft paper envelopes, or other boxes and packaging you may have gotten in the mail.

I especially like using newspaper for gifts that are sent to friends and family far away — the wrapping tells a story of where the gift comes from. Add a colourful ribbon or flower to brighten up brown paper or newsprint. A stick of cinnamon or a sprig of rosemary are lovely ways to evoke the smells holiday.

Making upcycled wrapping paper is a great project for kids, and a fun way to get them involved in holiday preparations. Painted handprints, potato stamps, a collage, or a drawing are a great way to personalize a present.

## **USE FABRIC**

Using a piece of beautiful fabric to wrap gifts is not a new “green” trend. *Furoshiki* is the traditional Japanese art of using fabric to wrap gifts that dates back several centuries. I check Op shops for vintage cloth napkins, tea towels and handkerchiefs to wrap smaller gifts. A pillowcase, sarong, or t-shirt work for larger items. You can use remnants of fabric

as well but the great thing about using a tea towel or sarong is that the wrapping is also part of the gift!

## THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

Advertisers do a great job convincing us that that pretty trinkets and unneeded things are what the holidays are about, but we all know that Christmas doesn't come from a store. The past few years have been hard for everyone, and, without wanting to sound like the Grinch, it looks like we've got a few more hard times ahead to muddle through. Perhaps that's why, this year, it feels more important than ever to think about those beyond our immediate circle. There are so many ways to give without buying a gift.

Donate to a foodbank, support a toy drive, clean out your closet and give clothing to a local shelter, there are always ways to give back to your local community. There are also long-term charities such as animal shelters, local arts funds, and national charitable foundations. You can also donate on a global scale to disaster relief funds, war efforts, and international organizations like the Red Cross and UNICEF.

I know times are tight, but you don't always have to make a monetary donation to make a difference. Just taking a few minutes to think of others can mean a lot. So, check in on an elderly neighbour, call a friend who has been going through a rough patch, and smile at the cashier who is having a crappy day. It is often the littlest things that help.

Whatever you celebrate, whoever you're with, I hope your days are merry and bright and filled with love and hope for the future.



**ABOVE: Handmade gifts.**



**Heather Francis is from Nova Scotia, Canada and has lived and worked on boats throughout the world. Since 2008 she has been living and sailing onboard *Kate*, a Newport 41 sloop, with her Aussie partner, Steve. She is a writer, photographer and cook who tries to live mindfully. Follow at [www.yachtkate.com](http://www.yachtkate.com) or [@sustainablesailing41](https://www.instagram.com/sustainablesailing41)**





# Flat-bottomed girl

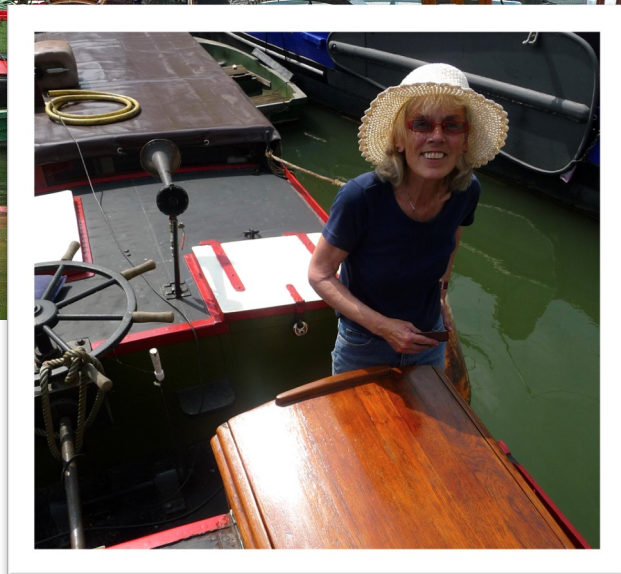
## Views from the canal

**VALERIE POORE** takes the helm of our regular barge boat column.

### Moorings to remember

During our cruising holiday this summer, I made a special note of the moorings I particularly liked on the rivers and canals we travelled along. I didn't give them stars or ratings, but I took photos and noted them in my journal. When we got home, I started writing blog posts about the trip and used these notes to remind myself of where we'd stayed. What struck me as I browsed through them was how often it was the informal, wild moorings that I enjoyed the most.

My curiosity was piqued by this discovery; I hadn't really considered it much before. But then I started reading the notes I'd made from other, earlier trips and found I was pretty consistent in my preference for roughing it, so to speak. My notes are pretty brief; for instance, in 2017, we were on the rural Upper Scarpe between Douai and Arras and we moored above the lock near the village of Brebières. There was nothing there — just a single bollard, some rusty sidings, an overgrown bank, and a filthy sign through which we could just discern this was a place we could moor up.



*My notes for that evening say, “Tied up under sign for mooring. Had to use the anchor as a mooring pin. Very hot. Went for walk. Came back. Read a bit. Then [we] decided to clean the [mooring] sign. So absurd. Sign bigger than single small bollard. Had fun cleaning it and planning garden around the bollard. Going to paint it [the bollard] in the morning.”*

*I took photos of Koos diligently washing the sign with our broom, and we did indeed paint the bollard the next day. I also wrote, “Love this place. Best mooring of the whole trip. So peaceful. Close to local allotments with charming name, “Jardins familiaux”. Nice to see people on their way to and from them. Collecting vegetables seems very companionable, very “familiaux”! Even the ducks laugh.”*

Despite my scribbles being somewhat cursory, they still evoke the pleasure we had there and the blissful tranquillity of the environs on that enchanting golden summer evening. We had no electricity or services and there really was nothing to recommend the village of Brebières to visitors at all, but for us it was perfect.



Reading these notes prompted me to wander even further along that memory lane in 2017 and I noticed that again and again that my favourite moorings were those random places where we found a bollard or two amongst the wild flowers and grasses along the canal. Don't get me wrong; there were good marinas too, and believe me, I relished the rare opportunities when I could have a real shower. Using my camping 'douche sack' was challenging if I didn't want the general public sharing my ablutions. However, most of the time, I found the such formal arrangements a little soulless and always preferred places where we simply found ourselves running out of day and choosing canal-side banks or old loading quay walls.

The same was true in 2018 when we headed for the Sambre for the first time. For most of the first days of our trip, we stayed at formal moorings, marinas, or the ubiquitous *haltes nautiques* (the French name for visitor

pontoons where you can stay for a maximum of 48 hours). On the magical Dender river and the subsequent Blaton-Ath Canal in Belgium, our overnight stops were determined by the lock keepers much of the time, and where they weren't, the only possible stopping places were along the riverside at towns like Geraardsbergen and Ninove, which, while pleasant, offered us neither facilities nor rural peace. If I can't have one, I definitely prefer the other.

However, the real gem of that trip was when we found ourselves before a lock that refused to open to our *'télécommanding'* on the Sambre river. We were close to a tiny village called Sassegny; it was late on a sizzling afternoon, and we suspected that the VNF (French waterways authorities) office must have closed as we could not make contact with anyone to help us. The resident of the lock keeper's house was not a VNF employee, but he saw our problem: there was nowhere for





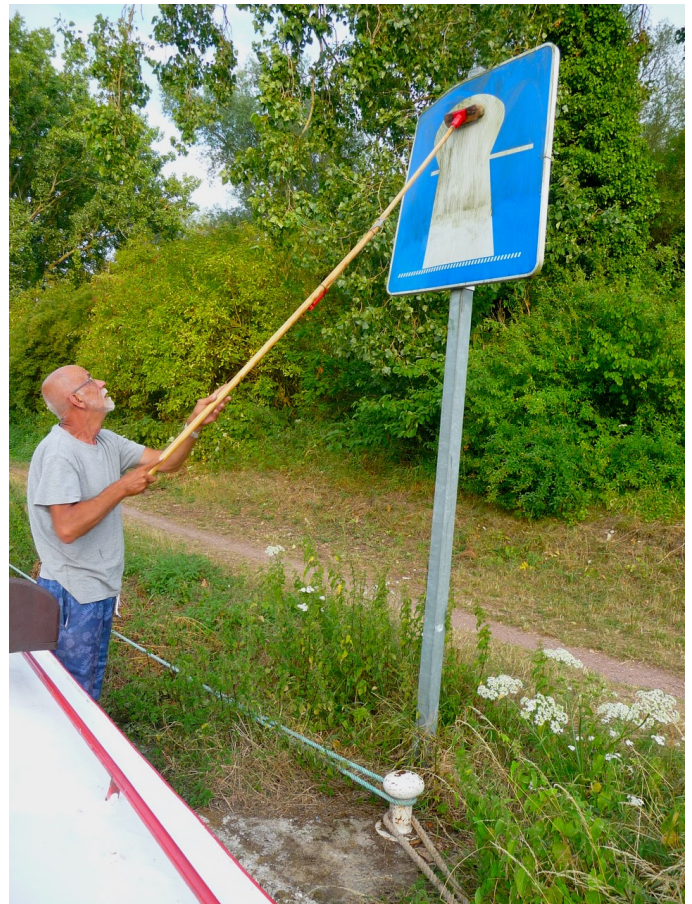
us to tie up, other than with our bow in the bank held by an anchor and our stern against an old pole, the remains of a former pontoon.

Wordlessly, the kind man hunted around in a nearby shed, found an old fencing stake and, picking up a hammer on route, he walked down towards us and proceeded to whack it into the ground.

*"Passez-moi votre cable,"* he called out to me, indicating the rope I was clutching.

I gratefully threw the looped end of the line towards him and he slipped it over the stake. Koos attached his stern rope to the old pole in the river and *voilà*, we were sorted for the night.

And what a magical place it was too. We will long remember the still peace of that evening when the only sounds to punctuate the hushed silence were the occasional trains



rumbling past on the line a few metres from





the lock; that, and the haunting calls of an owl, the rustle of creatures moving through the reeds, and the captivating sight of an otter creating a bow wave as it swam along the bank close to the boat.

This year, we've had other such precious moorings. Surprisingly, though, one of the most memorable was not a place that would normally suggest magical moments. On our way back from France, we'd just completed the first day of a long haul on one of Belgium's watery highways. It was hot, and we were tired from standing in the glare of the sun for several hours. We'd just been through a lock and were contemplating whether we should go through the next before finding a mooring when we saw an empty quayside that seemed to have our name on it. It didn't look particularly prepossessing, and the environs were very noisy with the whoosh of traffic from a major road on the other side of the canal.



Sound seemed to fill the air like a huge echo





chamber, but with exhaustion creeping in, the decision was made. We pulled into the quay, tied up, and, as is my wont, I stepped ashore to have a recce.

As soon as I'd crossed the disused railway leading to the industry further on, I turned left into a lovely leafy tunnel and wandered along it, relishing the shade the trees offered. No cars came past; it felt remote and detached from the busy world on the other side of the waterway. I explored a lonely football field and wondered if anyone ever played there. There were pits in the surface and tufts of brown grass that would definitely hinder any youngster with dreams of becoming another Messi or Ronaldo. Returning to the boat, I urged Koos to come and see my discovery.

The two of us continued still further along the tree tunnel, and at its end, we found ourselves at Obourg Station, a village stop on the way to the city of Mons nearby. In a

chance encounter, we met a local man on the platform who told us the station was home to a WWI war memorial commemorating the spot where the first shots of the Battle of Mons had taken place in August 1914. He pointed to a small brick structure to the side of the level crossing.

The memorial was adorned with an elaborate plaque, below which were framed photos of Obourg during the war as well as one of the English soldier who became the first British POW in WWI. An information board next to the monument also told us of the heroic action of an unknown, solitary British soldier who'd held off the German advance from his position on the station roof; his covering fire allowed his fellow countrymen to retreat and escape. Sadly, he sacrificed his own life in the process, so seeing this tribute to the courage of one of my compatriots in such an obscure location was a profoundly moving experience.





Had we not been tired, we'd never have moored in such an apparently unappealing place; the noisy soundscape would have been enough to deter us. But we were so pleased we did and Obourg's scruffy quayside will remain in our memories for many years to come.

So while I enjoy marinas now and then, I do so mostly for the people we meet when we congregate with other boats. My real preference is for these more random moorings, far from organised facilities but full of unknown promise.



**VALERIE POORE** was born in London, England, and grew up in both north London and the west of Dorset. She moved to South Africa in 1981 but returned to Europe in 2001, which is when she began her love affair with the lovely Dutch flat-bottomed barges (hence the page title). She has lived on a barge in Rotterdam's Oude Haven since then, but summers see her and her partner on the Belgian and French canals. Val teaches writing skills at the local uni for a living, but has written several memoirs about her waterways life. Writing is a lifelong love as well as being her work.





# Food Afloat



## Mango Chutney

By Heather Francis

Nothing says tropical to me like the syrupy perfume of a mango tree, dripping with fruit. Being from Canada, however, it took me many years to embrace tropical flavours during the Festive Season. One year, craving cranberry sauce to accompany our holiday roast chicken, I decided to stir some dried cranberries into the batch of mango chutney I was making. The result was condiment that mixed fond childhood memories with more

sophisticated adult flavours, a perfect combination of sweet, tart, and spicy. My Festive Mango Chutney quickly became one of our new holiday traditions and I hope it becomes one of yours.

This chutney is a thick spoon-able sauce, that comes together quickly, but there is no need to get it to “gel” or reaching a certain “set point”. This makes it almost foolproof. It pairs well with chicken, pork and curry dishes.

Give a bottle to friends as a holiday gift or dress up your cheese plate for those ubiquitous Happy Hour get togethers.



**Yield 5-6, 500ml Jars**

## INGREDIENTS

- 1 large onion, diced
- 5 garlic cloves, minced
- 1" fresh ginger, grated
- 4 large mangoes, peeled and diced (about 6 cups)
- 1-1 ½ cups water (varies depending on how juicy your fruit is)
- ½ cup of sugar
- 6 whole cloves
- 2 cinnamon sticks
- 4 cardamom Pods
- 2 Tbsp of lime juice
- Chilli powder to taste
- 1 cup dried cranberries

## METHOD

In a large pan, sauté onion in a little oil until translucent. Add garlic and ginger and sauté until fragrant. Add the peeled and diced mangoes, sugar, and water enough to cover. Stir to dissolve sugar then add whole spices. Bring to a boil and turn to low, simmering with the lid on until the fruit is soft (will depend on how ripe the fruit was), about 20-30 minutes. Keep an eye on it and add more water if necessary to prevent burning. This should be a thick, spoonable sauce. If there is too much liquid remove lid and reduce. When fruit is soft but not mushy, add cranberries, chilli and lime juice, simmer for 5 minutes more. Ladle into clean, dry bottles and process in a water bath for 5 minutes.

\*You can substitute pineapple for 1/3 of the mango. Instead of dicing, grate the pineapple on a box grater, it will give you a much smoother texture and you won't end up with mushy mango



chutney with hard pineapple bits.

\*I use whole spices so that the chutney retains a nice yellow colour, but dried will give the same flavour. I don't mind picking out the whole spices later, but if that bothers you simply tie them in cheesecloth and remove before bottling.

## Enjoy!





*Reprinted from  
SisterShip Magazine  
April 2018*

## Green on blue

**In the first of our regular environment series, LYNNE DORNING SANDS looks at the issue of 'Plastic Proliferation'.**

In 2001, we completed and launched our catamaran, and in 2002 we set off from Australia on our, as yet incomplete, circumnavigation. Our first ocean crossing was from Darwin to Dar es Salaam, across the Indian Ocean via Scott Reef, Cocos Keeling, Chagos Archipelago, and Mahé in the Seychelles.

It was on Cocos Keeling that we first remarked on the proliferation of thongs (flip flops) on one of the uninhabited beaches. Interestingly, there appeared to only be the left shoe each time. We noticed this as there was quite a rip between two of the islands and the local expatriate community had set a floating rope like an amusement park ride. Before entering the water at the start of the

'ride' you had to clamber across jagged coral rock and the easiest way to do this was by grabbing any thongs within reach, wearing them, as best you could, and then leaving them again at the 'ride' entry. The entry was a knee-deep area where you donned your mask, snorkel and fins, then glided out with the rip over brightly coloured coral teeming with tiny fish until it widened and deepened, offering abundant vistas over more species of coral with larger demersal fish and sharks lurking in the depths. The floating rope offered a security blanket and a route back to shore once you found yourself out in the deeper water.

Our next stop was the Chagos Archipelago and, once again, the main beach trash was thongs and fishing floats. Bear in mind that the nearest inhabited island to Chagos is Gan, the southernmost of the Maldivian island chain, some 300 nautical miles away. From Chagos we crossed to Mahé, in the Seychelles, and on to Dar es Salaam.

We had previously lived and worked in Dar from 1993 to 2000. Our plan was to return to Tanzania with our catamaran to operate a marine consultancy business and low-key charters, which we did from 2002 to 2006.

As far as plastic pollution goes, I recall our early days in Dar es Salaam when we went to the market and carried our produce home in natural hand-woven bags made from coconut fronds. Sadly, in the mid-1990s the blue



Plastic is found on many remote islands.





Collecting trash on a tourist island near Suva.



plastic produce bag came into existence in Tanzania and we used to remark on seeing the mangroves with the ubiquitous 'blue flowers' adorning them. In addition, the Pepsi factory moved from recycling glass soda bottles to using the new plastic PET (polyethylene terephthalate) bottles.

Times were changing and unfortunately, as we are now seeing globally, so was the increase in plastic pollution, as these wonderful First World conveniences were introduced into societies which were, in effect, managing perfectly well without them.

With the increase in plastic pollution came various aid-funded recycling projects, and the trash would be reduced until the project ran out of money and the initiators returned home.

Between 2002 to 2009, when we were based in Tanzania, we cruised north as far as Kiwayu in Kenya, east to the west coast of Madagascar and eventually down the Mozambique coast to South Africa. We have always despaired at seeing trash strewn on deserted beaches and thrown from passing ferries, but one of the most notable items

was a computer monitor on Île du Lys, Îles Glorieuses, an uninhabited island and bird rookery 100 miles north west of Madagascar.

Later, sailing 150 miles off the north coast of Brazil, we were shocked by the amount of trash floating in the flotsam from the Amazon River. As we made our way to the Caribbean, we noticed an increase in plastic bottles and fast food packaging. Most notable was Trinidad, especially in the port of Chaguaramas and, even more shocking, out at the uninhabited island of Chacachacare, 10 miles to the west. With the currents, tides and prevailing winds, it is evident that much of this floated in from the large Gulf of Paria which separates Trinidad from Venezuela, just a few miles further west.

The good news is that we did see small boats heading out to Chacachacare from time to time and returning overflowing with black bags full of trash. The small fishing village of Charlotteville, on Trinidad's sister island Tobago, was surprisingly clean and when we commented on this whilst checking in, the





Computer monitor on Île du Lys.

customs officer proudly declared that the town's motto was, 'Clean, Green & Serene', which it was.

During our time in the Caribbean we regularly collected rubbish, disposing of it in bins wherever possible and occasionally burning it, which may not be the most environmentally friendly way to dispose of it, but in some places very few recycling or waste disposal initiatives appeared to be in evidence. Sometimes, the Hash House Harriers would do a run on a windward beach in Grenada and collect bags of rubbish as a community service.

Despite this, the proliferation of rubbish has become untenable. The unfortunate part of plastic pollution is that, now, the world can barely keep up with eliminating it efficiently. This is noticeable in countries such as Fiji, where we are currently. With over 300 islands spread out over more than 7,000 square

miles, the logistics of managing plastic waste is a huge challenge. Add to this the fact that people are simply unaware, or unconcerned about the impact of their actions on the marine environment.

We are committed to doing what we can to bring attention to this and work with organisations\* and create awareness by sharing initiatives that we have come across through research or personal experience.

**\*see Lynne's blog for a full list.**



Lynne Dorning Sands and her husband, Eric Toyer, have been living aboard their Crowther catamaran SV *Amarula* since they launched her on the Clarence River, Australia, in July 2001. They operated a marine consultancy business and low-key charter business in Tanzania, East Africa, from 2002 to 2006. Since 2006 they have been slowly making their way around the world and are now in Fiji. Lynne's blog can be found at: [www.amarulasail.com/](http://www.amarulasail.com/)



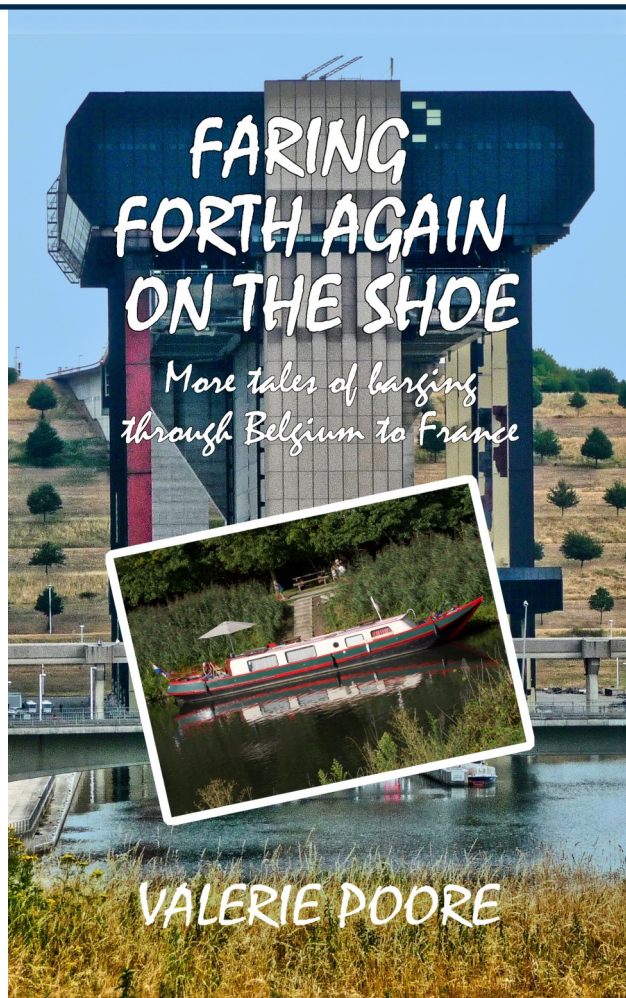
## New from Valerie Poore

This travelogue is a sequel to *Faring to France on a Shoe* and is an account of Val Poore's further cruising adventures with her partner, Koos, on their Dutch Barge, *Hennie Ha*, aka the Shoe.

Once again, Val and Koos set off for a summer of 'faring', the word they use to describe travelling by barge as distinguished from cruising and sailing. It is, after all, a very different experience to meander along the canals at a snail's pace and enjoy the waterside scenery, towns and encounters with local people. These are adventures of a gentle kind that take them along the lovely waterways of Belgium, through numerous locks of various shapes and sizes, and into France through a very beautiful back door.

Available via Amazon:

[www.amazon.com/Faring-Forth-Again-Shoe-Barging/dp/B093LRK88M](http://www.amazon.com/Faring-Forth-Again-Shoe-Barging/dp/B093LRK88M)



# Hook

HK12  
HK16



**simplicity.  
lightweight.  
resistance.**

The universal solution  
for high workloads.

- Line size Ø 12 and 16 mm
- For loads up to 2200 kg
- Openable loop in Dyneema for maximum versatility



# antal

The Antal range comprises of over 350 items of deck hardware with a very wide range of sizes to choose from to suit any kind of boat.



40mm  
Snatch block

REVOLVING PLATES



Distributed in Australia by  
[deckhardware.com.au](http://deckhardware.com.au) 02 9905 9400



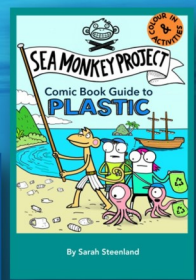
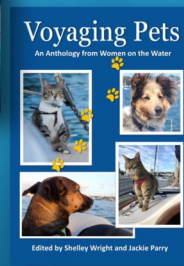
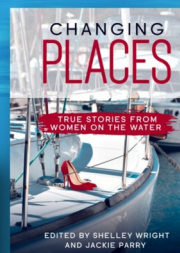
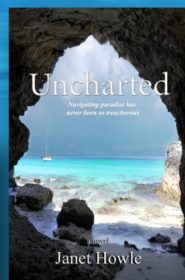
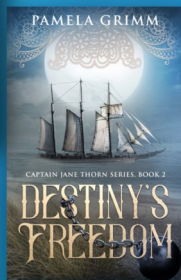
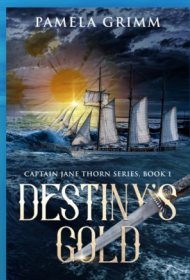
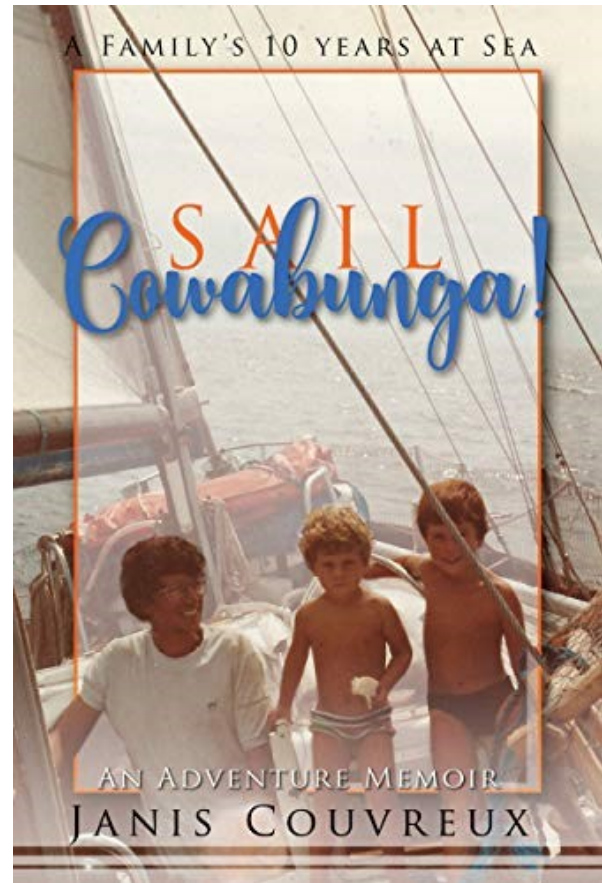
# Book Reviews

## Sail Cowabunga!

by Janis Couvreur

Published 2020. Available from Amazon  
205 pages, ASIN B08QDZCY6T  
Review © Valerie Poore 2022.

I've read numerous sailing memoirs but this one, which I received as a gift, will stand out in my memory for the amazing spirit of curiosity Janis Couvreur's family maintained throughout their travels and the way the communities and people they met embraced them. Finely and sensitively written, this is a story of the family's adventures, experiences and courage when faced with huge problems both practical and medical. I could hardly put it down. Very highly recommended!



**SisterShip Press**  
**Books by women on the water**

[www.sistershippress.com](http://www.sistershippress.com)



# The Essence

A collection of photos and short vignettes reflecting on one sailor's life with the sea.

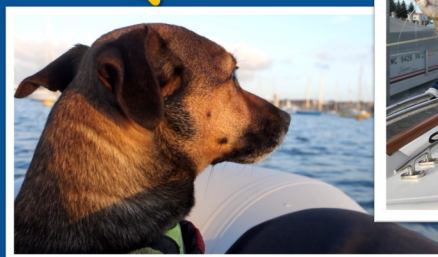
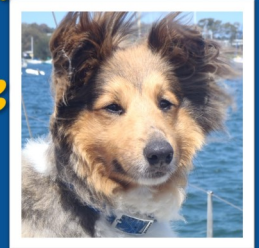
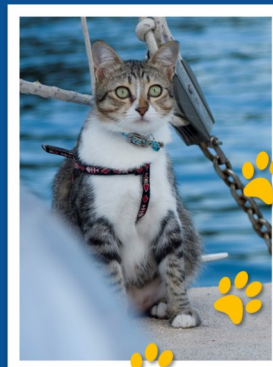
By Deb Akey

Available now on  
Amazon.com

"If you live on the water, or want to imagine what such a life would feel like, you will love this book.... like unwrapping a chocolate to savor...one at a time."  
Ardys Richards

# Voyaging Pets

An Anthology from Women on the Water



Edited by Shelley Wright and Jackie Parry

40 INSPIRATIONAL SAILOR WOMEN

ONE MUST-READ BOOK BY GINA DE VERE.

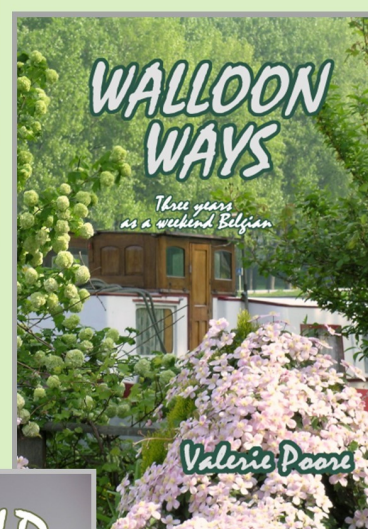
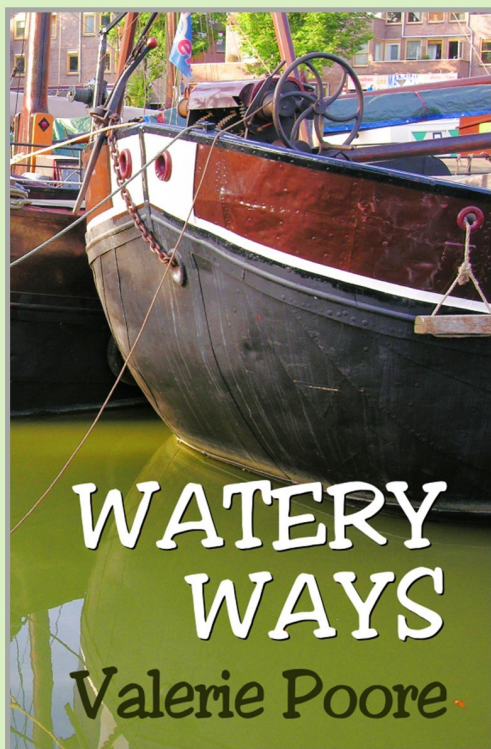


AVAILABLE NOW

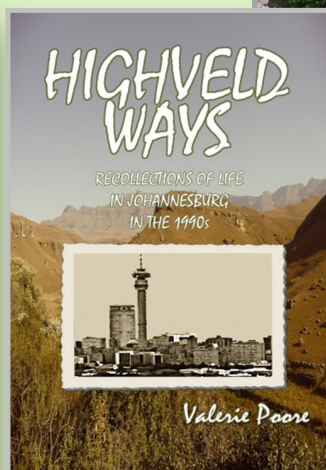
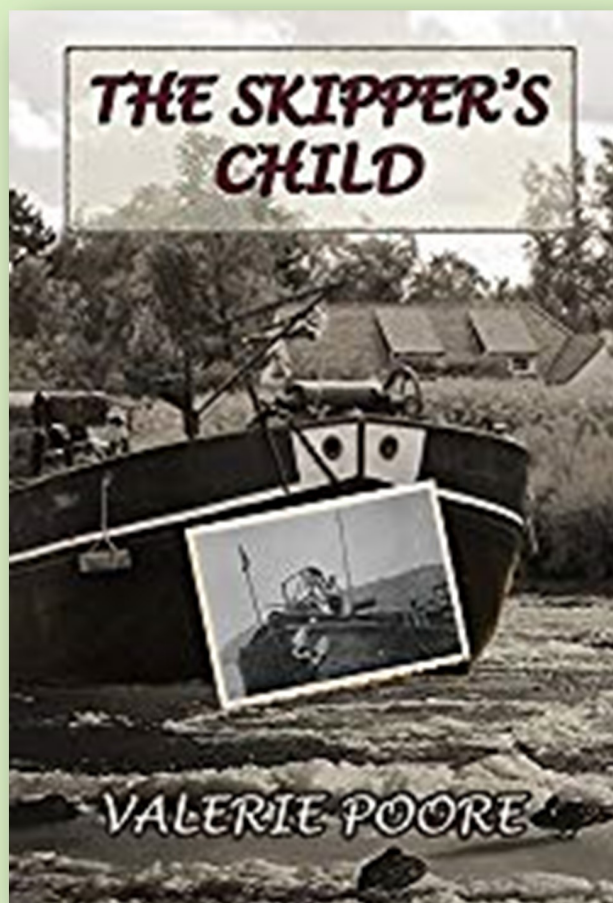
AT ALL GOOD BOOK STORES

[bluewaterwomen.com](http://bluewaterwomen.com)





Valerie's books can be found on  
[Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)





*Facing Fear* is the inspiring true story of Lisa Blair, who on 25 July 2017 became the first woman to sail solo around Antarctica. She very nearly didn't live to tell the tale. Seventy-two days into her circumnavigation, when Lisa was more than 1000 nautical miles from land, the mast of *Climate Action Now* came crashing down in a ferocious storm. In freezing conditions, Lisa battled massive waves and gale-force winds, fighting through the night to save her life and her boat. Following her ordeal, Lisa relied on her unbreakable spirit to beat the odds and complete her world record. With unwavering focus and determination, she sailed home, completing her journey after 183 days. This is the story of her remarkable voyage.

Order your copy from  
[www.lisablairsailstheworld.com](http://www.lisablairsailstheworld.com)





# SELL

BOAT BROKERAGE - BLUE WATER CRUISERS - CLASSIC YACHT  
SALES - VALUATIONS - DETAILING - TUITION - PHOTOGRAPHY

# YOUR

# YACHT

*with*

*EziYacht*

WWSA  
MEMBERS  
DISCOUNT



TALK TO US TODAY

0 4 1 0 3 5 7 7 5 5

EZIYACHT

WWW.EZIYACHT.COM