

May/June 2020



Sustainable Sailing

BEAUTIFUL BRUNY ISLAND

South to a Sailing Life

SHIPYARD IN A PANDEMIC

Koh Lipe



Cruising Home Waters

PLUS Barge Boats, Dogs Who Sail, Art, and much more!

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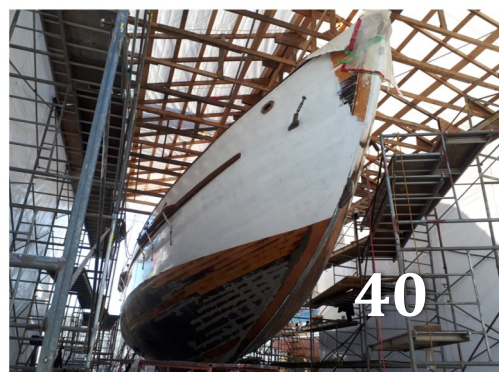
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Celebrating real women on the water

Send your 'Real Women' photos to
editor@sistershipmagazine.com



MADELEINE BRYANT from the USA sent these photos going through Port St Lucie lock in the ICW in Florida.

Madeleine says, "I captain a 1986 Endeavour 35 sailboat called *Knot Vanilla*. This was my first lock on my sailboat".



The bowsprit

From the editor



Whales and serendipity

Here in Australia the days are shortening, jumpers and beanies are making an appearance, and the humpback whale migration has begun. While the whales are free to head north to sunny climes, the annual pilgrimage of southern sailors to the tropics is in doubt. Of course, this is not restricted to Australia.

Long before Covid-19 was a speck on the horizon we were sent a wonderful story on the advantages of cruising home waters. Oblivious of just how relevant it was to be, I tucked it aside for a future issue. Kate Gilgan's reasons for staying in home waters had nothing to do with a pandemic but the story could have been written especially for these times as many boaters (and holiday makers) appear restricted to local waters for the foreseeable future.

Emily Whebbe's account of struggling to adapt to life on shore, written for our Changing Places short story competition last year and in the recently released anthology, is another story that could have been written during the current pandemic.

Can you remember what you were doing in

1988? I was living on the Queensland coast, sailing a small van der Stadt called *Bunyip*, and spending as much time as possible on the breathtakingly beautiful coral cays of the southern Great Barrier Reef. The southern-most of those cays is the stunning Lady Elliot Island. Sarah Miller contacted us recently after seeing her story about Lady Elliot in a scanned back issue (Issue 3 1988) of *SisterShip*. Sarah sent us a follow-up piece (see Page 36) and will share more of her recent adventures in an upcoming issue.

These serendipitous threads that are woven through *SisterShip* constantly amaze and delight me!

Stay safe and, as always, look for the dolphin!

Shelley Wright



New from SisterShip Press!

How do you part with a lifetime of memories and treasured possessions, leave the comforts of a home, and wave farewell to family and friends to move aboard a small sailboat for a life on the ocean?

It's certainly not a life that suits everyone.

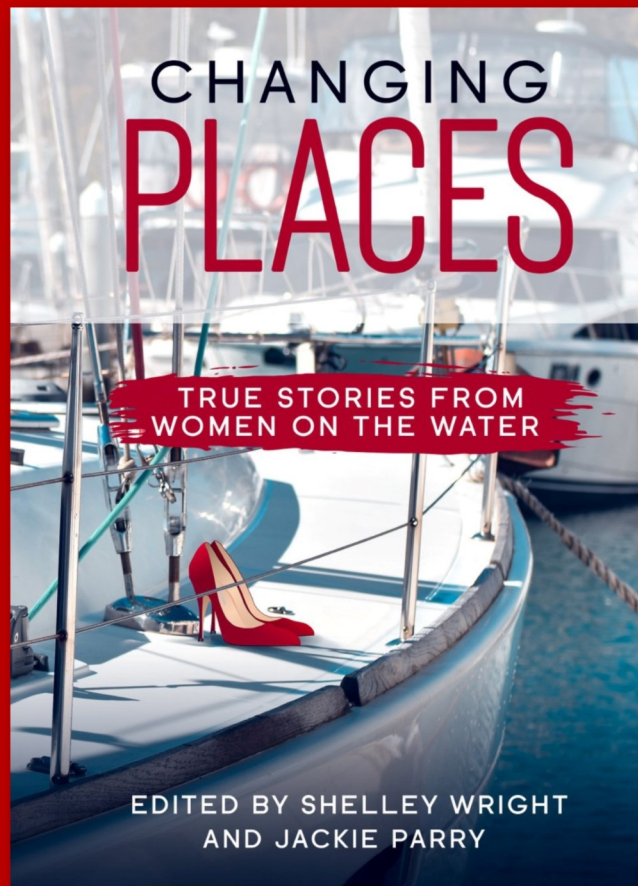
But what if, when the time came, you didn't want to return?

Join us as twenty-four women share their experiences of 'changing places' from land to sea and/or sea to land.

The depth of feeling may surprise you!



www.sistershippress.com



Available from Amazon or editor@sistershipmagazine.com

***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.**

Then and now: *SisterShip* 1989 and 2020!

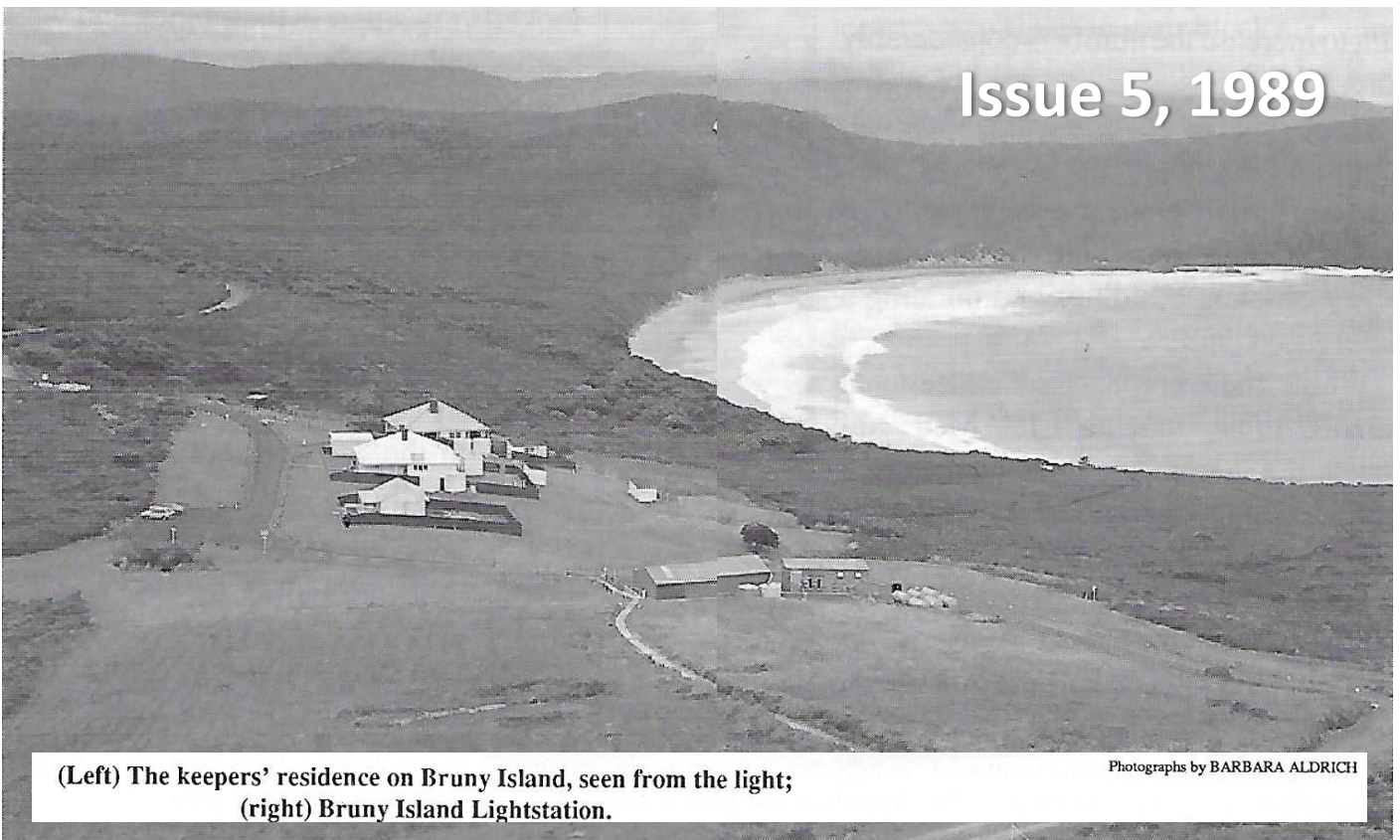
While scanning back copies of the original *SisterShip Magazine* recently, something caught my eye. A lighthouse in the June 1989 issue looked very similar to one I'd seen in a file sent by Helene Young. Sure enough, it was the same lighthouse, Bruny Island Lightstation, Tasmania. Even better, Helene captured the same view of the keeper's residence that Barbara Aldrich had in the 1989 issue!

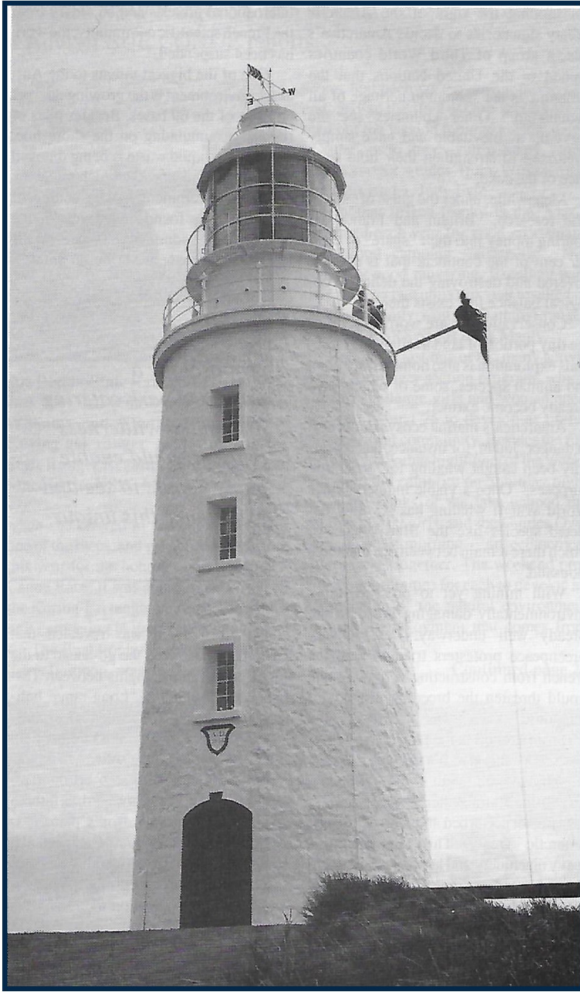
Helene's photo essay of Bruny Island is on Page 59 of this issue. You can read Barbara's story from 1989 in the scanned copy of Issue 5 on our webpage.

If you have a 'then and now' story you'd like to share, send it to us:

editor@sistershipmagazine.com

**Back copies of *SisterShip Magazine* are available at
www.sistershipmagazine.com**





Lighthouse Bay from the Bruny Light
(Photo Helene Young).



Bruny Island Lighthouse (Photo Helene Young).





KATE GILGAN

Resisting The Pull of The Big Pond: Advantages of Cruising Home Waters

Abigail and Henry enjoying breakfast underway as we transit from Gibsons, British Columbia to Sergeant Bay, British Columbia along the Sunshine Coast.

“You guys live on your sailboat?”

“Yes. All four of us”, I answer, scanning the shoreline to keep track of my six and five-year-old, who have hit the beach with bottle rocket fervor after three solid days of rainfall.

“Oh how exciting. So where have you sailed to?”

It’s the inevitable question. People want to hear about crossing oceans. Crystalline tropical anchorages. Crew lazing about the cabin top under makeshift sunshades. Bare feet and starry nights set to acoustic guitar. Albatross. Dolphins. Flying fish. And who doesn’t like a good storm story?

Their faces fall as I tell them, “Not far, actually. We mainly explore around home.”

In the shadows of career exhaustion, and tired of our shared over-consumption, my husband and I left ‘normal’ eight years ago. We packed up our apartment, stashed our stuff in a storage locker, and moved aboard

Skibo, our Contessa 26, to find out if our well-meaning family and friends were right – were we crazy?

We fell hard and fast for the romance of the sea, having soon thereafter given up our coveted marina slip in downtown Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, for the lure of life on the hook. Where my days once consisted of errands on the commute home, dinner parties for eight, and regular appointments at the hair salon, I was now thrust into a world of monitoring water tanks, solar panel configuration, and learning how to row a dinghy.

My husband Michael, inspired by Lin and Larry Pardey’s “go small, go now” wisdom, had removed *Skibo*’s ever-failing clamorous diesel engine and replaced it with a sleek and, admittedly, somewhat underpowered three horsepower electric golf cart motor that pushed us along at a modest two knots. The unintended gift of its modesty meant that we both had to learn how to sail in any, and all, conditions.

Our first six months at sea found us successfully navigating two treacherous tidal passes under sail, learning the crucial advantages of acute timing to slack tide with our hand-hewn sculling oar, well-worn and ever at the ready. We knew our sail compliment intimately, when to reef and when to heave to. We forged our skills and commitment as a team – our sailing crew of two – over sea trials that saw *Skibo's* oak tiller suffer a fatal crack while sailing through a surprised and sudden Force 6 gale just five nautical miles out of our anchorage off Gibsons, on the Sunshine Coast.

One year after moving aboard, our daughter was born. She came home from the hospital to *Skibo's* embrace. No standing headroom but cozy and functional, *Skibo* was a dreamy full-keeled bassinet on the water – a perfect playpen to cradle a curious baby. Eighteen months later our son was born, and we upgraded to *Skibo 2.0*, a Columbia 29 of 1964 vintage. She graced our new family of four with her comparatively capacious 8-foot beam, teak decks, and a sturdy full keel molded with the hull. She was swift and sea kindly.

With a full complement of burgeoning sailors in our crew, we faced the obvious next step. When and where would we choose to sail away to? What distant land captured our wanderlust? Which system of prevailing winds would we dalliance with? Be bold, audacious, and daring, and head into the brisk chilling magnitude of the rugged and stunningly beautiful North Pacific waters to Alaska? Or would we entertain the tropical allure of South Pacific islands and the taunting race against hurricane seasons? Perhaps west, to Hawaii — a less daunting month-long passage to trial our skills with promise of warm waters and fresh pineapple to replenish our provisions upon our triumphant arrival?

We chose none of these. We chose to stay home, as it were. The coastal waters of

Canada's west coast Gulf Islands and Howe Sound are epic landscapes boasting challenging ocean currents, wild tidal passes upwards of 20 knots and competing weather systems that provide formidable sailing grounds for even the most skilled of crews.



ABOVE: Trick or treating during a gale on Halloween 2018 aboard *Golden Goose II*, with Henry the fisherman and Abigail the princess.

BELOW: Departing from Belcarra Regional Park public dock with our dingy loaded with bi-weekly provisions and laundry to return to our ship.



With a combined surface area of 8,800 square kilometers of cruising playground, the Strait of Georgia and Howe Sound offer endless islands, islets, bays, and open waters aplenty.

After envisioning near every iteration of possible ocean passage making, we found our contentment in plying our home waters. We realized our own backyard offered a diversity of sailing conditions with a plentitude of adventurous discovery.

Perhaps the greatest gift of our chosen cruising grounds is not having to choose between adventure and family. So often I've talked to world cruisers, or read stories, of those wrenching occasions when a family member falls ill and the distances and logistical maneuvering required to travel back home are impractical.

We've been lucky to host many of our family and friends aboard our latest ship, a commodious Catalina 30, such that our adventure becomes their adventure. Being familiar as we are with the cruising grounds, we can handily make day trips and overnight excursions without too much mishap. Our guests now arrive, grinning with anticipation, as they spy our crab trap set with bait, promising and usually fulfilling the promise of a fresh crab dinner served alongside a salad of peppery dandelion greens mixed with sweet and tart blackberries picked shoreside.

Our family enjoys international travel, to be certain. We trade every second Canadian winter for a six-month sojourn to Bali, Indonesia, where we revel in the encounters of the extraordinarily exotic culture of the Balinese. These long-term trips away have made our time back in Canada increasingly precious, imbuing our experiences of traditional Canadian holidays and cultural practices with fresh vigor.



Abigail enjoying a rare day of snowfall in our False Creek anchorage in Vancouver, British Columbia.

We have celebrated Halloween amidst foghorns, and gale and heavy rainfall warnings that have made going ashore for simple trick-or-treating an impossibility. Instead, the night found my husband and me rotating our posts around the ship: the v-berth a neighbourhood door, the head another, the galley, under the dinette, in the recesses of the starboard quarter-berth yet another, as our children scurried the 30 feet from bow to stern, gleefully belting out 'trick-or-treat' at each imagined door.

We've wrestled with, and reinvented, Christmas traditions to fit them into the small space of our ship's cabin. Brine-soaked and beautifully browned turkeys become roasted chicken halves or guinea fowl to fit within the tiny available enclave of the gimble oven. Well intentioned Christmas flower bouquets that would add a delightful seasonal pop of colour to a landsman's front entrance hallway table get dismantled and refashioned into a miniature Christmas tree pinned to the bulkhead.

I've frantically searched YouTube for videos of Santa Claus rowing a dinghy, assuring our children that yes, indeed, Santa can make it aboard the ship even though there's no room to land his sleigh. Just in case, we still scattered oats in the cockpit. Have you ever tried cleaning up oats from a snow dusted cockpit in the dark without disturbing the "reindeer" prints? It's part of the magic that life on a sailboat has brought to my world. It's the same magic that has me reading a news story to my kids about the Easter Bunny taking swimming lessons, and receiving emails from the Tooth Fairy, proudly sharing that she's learned how to row a dinghy just in case it's raining too hard or is too foggy for her wee fairy wings to carry her from shore to ship on a mission to retrieve that monumental first lost tooth.

Cruising families are as varied as the array of ships and their designers found in any anchorage. Our family relies upon an Internet connection for our entrepreneurial business needs and homeschooling pursuits, and our chosen home cruising grounds allow for consistent access. Libraries and community centers offer rainy day shore options and the lure of treating ourselves to an unlimited hot water shower.

There is a special kind of resourcefulness, courageous compunction, and wilful commitment to the freedoms of maritime life that fulltime liveaboard sailing families, couples, and solo sailors possess, and I've been gifted with meeting both local sailors and abundant international voyagers too. Cruising our home waters has brought us a community — a thriving and embracing maritime community of like-minded ingenuity-infused and freedom-loving folks who share in the trials and the triumphs of life at sea, hearkening back to the days of rugged homesteader communities.

Transient though the boating community can sometimes be, there are mainstays within our cruising grounds. We welcome the



ABOVE: Abigail gets a haircut aboard *Golden Goose II* in our anchorage in Deep Cove, British Columbia.

BELOW: Big sister Molly and big brother-in-law Kaden visit and enjoy snuggles with Abigail and Henry aboard *Golden Goose II* in September, 2019.



newcomers, support one another, and are there to see off with fair winds those venturing out on their own passages.

Perhaps though, the most multifaceted benefit of staying within a home cruising

ground is the plentiful number of familiar ports of call that offer fresh and affordable provisions, allowing me to dependably manage our monthly budget. Such predictability in the cost of food and supplies is, in large part, how we are able to incorporate inland domestic and international travel into our family adventures.

As is the often-shared dilemma of cruisers, the logistics around incorporating inland travels with sailing are vast and varied. Do you spend precious cruising kitty dollars and rent a motorcycle, or do you forgo onboard space and pack along a folding bicycle? Do you source a caravan, RV, or otherwise pay for inland accommodation or do you decide to sacrifice venturing into the mountains and valleys of these new lands altogether? Often cruisers share their trepidations at leaving fallow their vessels in unknown harbours and untested holding ground, unsure of the safety and security of such choices. Knowing our cruising grounds as we do, we are comfortably able to leave our vessel in secured anchorage to travel inland.

While I do enjoy the flexibility and luxury of being able to leave our ship, secure in the familiar holding ground of favourite bays, I still carry with me the rather traumatic experience of one such trip to the southern interior of British Columbia. After having enjoyed the resplendent calm of summertime sailing in mild 10 to 15 knot winds under the Pacific Coast High that settles over Georgia Strait each July and August, we shortly thereafter found ourselves blasting along the Trans-Canada Highway in a rented Toyota Yaris at a raucous 110km/hr — which equates as 55 knots. My husband calmly leaned across the car from his post in the

driver's seat and whispered to me, “Take a bearing.” Trees and rocks, entire mountain sides were jetting past us at speeds wholly unfamiliar to my sailing senses!

And though I marvel much at the grand and glorious destinations our airplane travels have afforded us, I must admit I’ve caught myself standing on a distant shoreline, looking longingly out at the horizon while fanning myself against equatorial heat and longing for our ship — our home — swinging around to point into the wind and popping open the fore hatch as a delicious ocean breeze fills the cabin with an instant cooling kiss.

I love sailing and the life it has given my family and me. Coming to terms with not venturing off world cruising right away was a complicated mix of too much of one thing, not enough of another. We weighed our wishes, commitments, and dreams against our currently outfitted ship and available funds.

And really, that’s the challenge we all face — cruisers, day sailors, liveaboards. We navigate that delicate balance between compromises too far in either direction in search of that secret equation that offers just the right amount of sailing.

While offshore voyages may well yet be in my future, resisting the pull of the big pond and choosing to sail in home waters, for now, has given me, well... sailing. I get to sail. Often and regularly. And for a sailor, that’s just about the best reason to do anything..

KATE GILGAN is a writer, mother and hesitant adventurer. From a life at sea to a rustic wilderness cabin to life in Bali with their two youngest children, Kate and her husband Michael delight in family-style discovery and exploration.



South to a Sailing Life



By Janet Gannon

When she's not sailing, Andrea is likely to be underwater enjoying the Mesoamerican reef.

Andrea Radoff is sailing in the southern Caribbean, running a sail business, and doing it all with two city dogs.

The sun is warm, the sea a perfect Caribbean blue, and the wind, well, it's sporty as we beat to windward. It's pretty much a perfect day off the south coast of Roatan Island, 150 km north of Honduras. Andrea Radoff is showing me she's not just a capable captain aboard *City Dogs*, her Beneteau Oceanis 393. She's also a registered nurse, and I need her attention right now as my breakfast isn't up to the rigors of the sea. I'm embarrassed, but

I remind myself Andrea must deal with seasickness all time as she introduces tourists to sailing and snorkeling in the southern Caribbean. She is calm and kind, and when we reach the morning's goal, a mooring centered inside a horseshoe-shaped reef, I soon forget my woes and follow her into the water for a leisurely and colorful snorkel session.

Andrea makes running a charter boat look easy, but there's a lifetime of experience behind her confidence. After a wonderful day on the water with Andrea and her partner,

Steve Hopkinson, I wonder what path led her to Roatan. On a cold, blustery winter's day here in the States, I call her and we talk about her growth as a sailor.

Andrea Radoff started sailing as a girl, when her family would sail in the eastern Caribbean. "I just loved everything about it. I used to dream about going out on my own. I loved being on the water, under the stars."

Her love of sailing stayed with her through college and when she moved to New York City to become a nurse, she found a sailing club and honed her skills. "I always thought sailing was super expensive and I wouldn't be able to afford it, especially in New York City. It turned out the club was quite reasonable."

Andrea sailed small tiller-steered boats – J24s, J80s, Melges 24s – for the first time. "Those boats were so much fun. They were so fast, so responsive. The tiller is unforgiving. I kept going the wrong way until it finally clicked one day. You really get to know your points of sail. It's a small, reactive boat."

The waters of New York City turned out to be a great teacher as well, with strong currents, shifting winds from the tall buildings, and incessant boat traffic from water taxis, ferries, barges, and cruise ships. "If you can sail in New York Harbor, you can sail anywhere. You're in this tiny little boat, and there's so much going on. It's not easy, which made it all the better for me, because I like a challenge."

The club also allowed her to crew on racing boats. Great for her competitive spirit, but like so many she was turned off by the yelling. "I decided it wasn't my cup of tea." But she spent more and more time on the water, eventually becoming a coach for new sailors. It wasn't a paid position, but it allowed Andrea to sail without paying a membership fee. "I got to sail as much as I wanted. I wasn't doing it for the money. I was happy to be able to sail. It was a great learning experience."



ABOVE: Andrea at the helm of *City Dogs*, her Beneteau Oceanis 393.

Andrea's partner Steve knew nothing of sailing or diving until he met her, but her adventurous spirit rubbed off on him. "I introduced him to diving and he was obsessed." On a dive trip to Roatan in 2015, they chanced upon a sunset sail charter, an encounter that changed their lives. "It was kind of a disaster. They didn't really know what they was doing. They blew up the stove and singed their eyebrows and lashes. Steve ate the food and got sick. It wasn't the best sunset sail. I said to Steve – and this is the competitive New Yorker in me – we can do this. We can do this much better."

Her initial interest in sailing to Roatan was reinforced by her time treating patients. Working with cancer patients getting chemo taught her a lot about life. "I saw some of these really sad cases. All of the sudden, you have cancer. You're going to be dead in a year. It dawned on me. Life is short. There are no guarantees."

Andrea says this was the beginning of a "year and a half impulsive plan". She started a checklist of what they would have to do. She had enough hours for a captain's license and an unfortunate injury at work gave her time

to take an online class and take her test. With a “six-pack” license under her belt, she turned to getting more dive certifications. She and Steve got their Divemaster certifications, although Andrea notes that you really need to be a Dive Instructor to pick up work. On another trip to Honduras, she hired a driver to take her to every possible place to keep a boat. She bought her Beneteau and rented her apartment. She convinced her father, who thought she’d lost her mind moving to Honduras. She and Steve quit their jobs. Things fell into place.

Andrea and Steve were joined on the first part of their passage south by three of her girlfriends from the sailing club – all accomplished sailors – and their two dogs, Fozzie and Mischa. The dogs are so important to Andrea that she named the boat and her business after them – *City Dogs*. “I was most concerned about them. They’d never been on a boat. I didn’t know how they

were going to handle it. I could tell they were quite fearful, but they did great especially once we got the netting up. They relaxed.” The passage was like most passages: lots of beauty, some bad weather, and spectacular sailing. After a year and a half of planning, they found themselves home in Roatan.

Roatan is part of the Mesoamerican reef, the largest barrier reef system in the Western Hemisphere. The island is the premiere diving destination in the Caribbean, and plenty of tourists and cruise ships visit each year. The extensive reefs are a blessing and a curse for boaters. “The snorkeling is great. There’s lots of little holes to go to,” Andrea says. Navigating through them is a challenge though. “The charts aren’t up to date. They haven’t been updated since the 1980s. Once you get inside the bays, there are no depths.” She relies on local knowledge, other cruisers

BELOW: Fozzie and Mischa, the City Dogs, have settled into their sailing life very well.



who have waypoints, Active Captain, Google Earth, and of course common sense. “There’s so much reef. Even with a cruising guide, I’ve got Steve up on the bow. We go very slow in and out of places.”

There are plenty of other benefits to Roatan for a charter sailing business. “There’s great wind here. The trade winds come out of the east all the time. Most of the time you’ve got 10-15 knots. The snorkeling is great. There’s lots of little holes to go to. And it’s not crowded. It’s not like the BVIs that are inundated. And it’s not expensive like the Eastern Caribbean.”

Sargassum, the floating seaweed usually found in the Atlantic gyre, has been a problem. Extensive blooms have impacted the entire Caribbean in recent years, and the seaweed proliferates in such huge numbers that it makes boating difficult. “Last year it came in a lot. The first time I docked with Sargassum, well, I always come in slow, and it was so thick, it stopped us cold. We couldn’t move. We had to throw lines to the people on the dock so they could pull us in. It wraps around the propeller and you lose steerage. If it’s really thick, do we even try to go out? Are we going to cancel because of seaweed? It’s so thick it kills fish. They float up to the surface and it smells terrible.”

When I ask her if being a woman has been a challenge, she notes that the local society is particularly misogynistic. Officials have laughed in her face when she asserted she, not Steve, was the captain. Mechanics have refused to work with her. But sometimes, being a woman is a plus. “I was away and Steve got totally ripped off. Oddly enough, I can get a better deal. I’m good at negotiating discounts. I can get away with more because I’m a woman. They’re unsure of how to handle me. It’s definitely noticeable. I’ve been laughed at. They always look a little puzzled.”

How have Fozzie and Mischa, the city dogs, adjusted to life on a charter boat? “They’re

with us 24/7. They’re very happy, unless it’s rough. If it’s rough for us, it’s rough for them. Mischa always has a smile on her face when we’re out. They’re spoiled little doggies. I feel like the dogs weed out the bad people. I’ve had one or two people ask if I can leave the dogs. I said, ‘they come’. They’re part of the deal. They’re in the name. They were city dogs. Now they’re boat dogs.”

Now that *City Dogs* is an established charter business, Andrea has some advice for others who might want to follow in her footsteps. “Do it”. She has taken hundreds of visitors off the beaten track in Roatan, snorkeled over dozens of reefs, and made many friends. She has even inspired one woman to quit her job, move to Roatan, and become a dive instructor. “Life is short. Too many people wait and they never do it. You need to have some money, but there are ways to make money. Do it now.”

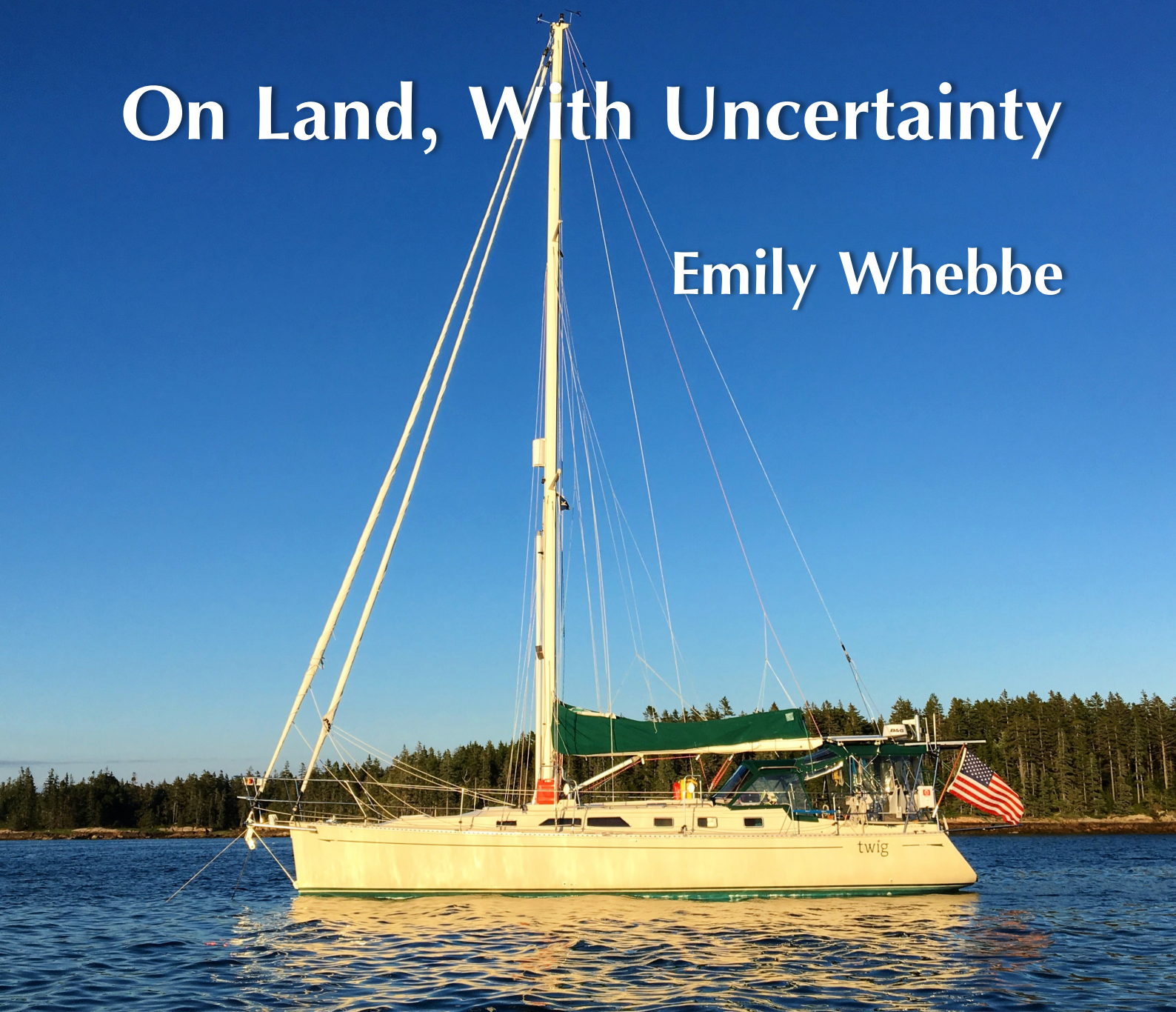
All photos courtesy of Steve Hopkinson.



JANET GANNON is a sailor, scientist, and writer who sails out of Brunswick, GA, with her husband. She signed up for sailing lessons at camp because the instructor was cute, and she's been a sailor ever since. She is a true North American East Coast boater, having been on the water from the Bay of Fundy to Key West. Janet is also the founder and administrator of the Facebook group Cruisers Who Care About Climate.

On Land, With Uncertainty

Emily Whebbe



“We’re just taking a break for the winter”, “We might want a new boat”, and “We’re clear out of money”, became the lines I repeated when explaining why we were preparing our boat for winter when EVERYONE around us was outfitting to head south. They packed their boats full of canned goods, their favorite American toilet paper brands, and spare parts. They repaired rigging for going offshore and installed new equipment. Their hypnotic excitement flooded the air causing me to sometimes forget that I wasn’t joining them. I’m generally not a big follower of people unless they have really spectacular ideas like living

aboard a boat, tasting every flavor of donut, sailing south for the winter...those types of things I wanted to follow.

I had a mixture of emotions as we packed up all our belongings and moved off *Twig*. The chapter did not feel complete. I was haunted by the aching feeling that we hadn’t traveled as extensively as I envisioned two years earlier. Still, I forced my hands to painstakingly scour every inch of her, removing each of the things that made her ours. We were erasing any evidence (minus all the upgrades) that we had been there. And yet, as I sat there finding notes my daughter

had hidden in the crevices of her bedroom, I felt as if *Twig*, my home, was the one being removed from my life.

My mind was doing what it always had done in any breakup or life change; it was making things seem worse than they were to make it easier to move on. I remember a time when an ex-boyfriend accused me of making him into “this horrible person” as I ransacked our apartment, packing up everything that was mine (and some things that weren’t). With tears streaming down my face as I broke up with him, I found it incredibly surprising that he could be so mature as to notice this in that moment. I said something too mean to repeat, but what I should have said was that he was right. I needed to remind myself of everything that was wrong with him so I could move on with good conscience.

I did the same with *Twig*. Why would I want this tiny kitchen when I love to cook and bake? Why shouldn’t I have a washing machine in my home? This damn boat costs so much to maintain, is it worth it? In a desperation and to stop my mind from rewriting the good memories, I tried flooding my thoughts with the benefits of living on land: we’re going to have endless hot water! A bathtub! A permanent address for deliveries! My own laundry machines that don’t require cleaning out that mysterious ball of ick before using them!

We had decided to spend the winter in Maine, where we had spent the previous two summers sailing. It was familiar enough, we knew a few people there, and it was relatively easy to find an inexpensive house for rent because almost nobody in their right mind wanted a house only for the winter in Maine. We were laughed at and other strange reactions, but we figured we were hearty northerners who wouldn’t fall soft to a bit of winter.

After two years of living and sailing *Twig*, she was nearing the point where we felt

completely at home and comfortable on her. We knew what she was capable of, and what was not capable of (which was basically nothing). We had ideas on how to improve her. We were always strategizing ways to make her perform better. I could be half asleep on the port settee and know that it was time to reef. I could be knocking around in the galley sautéing mushrooms and know when the wind speed changed. I would spend my watches on passage writing an ode to *Twig*, wondering if she could hear my thoughts, or if she felt my encouragement to keep bashing into those waves and not give up. In all honesty, after moving seventeen times in the last fifteen years, she fulfilled my mind’s perception of what my home should be more perfectly than any other home I had inhabited. I had lived in an array of small spaces (an old bus situated in a rainbow eucalyptus forest, a houseboat, tiny rooms in shared houses, a one room home in the city) and found comfort in their efficiency, but a sailboat was the pinnacle of a tiny home. We could be anywhere we chose, from Boston Harbor to an uninhabited island in the Pacific. If we needed new surroundings, which I often longed for, we could have them within hours.

Sailing from Martha’s Vineyard to Annapolis on what I dubbed “possibly the last time



we'd sail *Twig*," (a phrase I kept repeating to my family but mostly to myself as mental preparation for what was to come), I felt oddly settled in our decision to put *Twig* on the hard for the winter; to take a break to recoup our costs after not working for two years and bleeding all of our money into her. We decided to be efficient about the whole winterizing process and list *Twig* for sale while she was resting. If she were ever to sell and if we were ever going to have equity to buy another boat, this was the time to try to sell her. Months later, I would accept that my "settled" feelings were maybe just a result of being intensely distracted by the move itself, and that I wasn't actually settled at all.

Land life felt strange to me. My initial excitement quickly waned. I realized that it was just an eagerness to move on with our lives after we decided to move from the boat. It was an excitement to complete a task. Check mark, done, we were on land. Now what?

My feelings became increasingly unsettled with every act of "settling" into our rental

home. I figured it was just the newness and adjustment period taking hold of my increasingly unstable emotions. My days were more sedentary, and my extra energy was expressed in either strange or less than efficient ways. The tasks at hand weren't nearly as dire as they were on *Twig*. I felt underutilized. Each day brought fewer chores that were less rewarding than boat chores.

One day on land, the wind was howling through the windows, trying its best to squeeze through the cracks in the doors. The ocean was knocking away at the shoreline with a ravenous swell. I looked out the window in search for the wind instrument out of habit. Another time, in a moment of panic, I rummaged through the kitchen and utility closet for ten minutes searching for a water level gauge for the well. There wasn't one. I could turn the faucet on and let it run without consequence. What was the actual fun in this? On *Twig*, each precious gallon was accounted for, and every hour could only bring five new gallons on board. Our water making science experiment was now hidden from us in the layers of earth that magically



filtered our well water. Earth filtration in itself is wildly amazing to ponder, but making salt water fresh in a floating home, adjusting all the components, and making sure the energy was available to do so was even more spectacular.

We mourned our lost connectedness with *Twig*, where we were inundated with data from all possible sources: wind speed, water temperature, humidity, energy usage, energy generation, water storage levels, fuel consumption, speed, water depth. Virtually anything we wanted to know about our environment could be gathered. We ingested weather predictions with voracity. We made decisions that could have brought us to danger. Walking the fine line between safety and potential disaster was something I grew addicted to.

On land, I had time to watch documentaries about Fundamentalist Mormons, Hasidic Jews, Polygamists, and the Amish people, becoming fascinated by other outsiders in American society. One might say that my whole life has been a collection of ‘feeling like I don’t fit in’ moments, but I’ve never quite felt like the literal fish out of water that I was on land. After years of feeling out of place in sailing, like I wasn’t a real sailor or didn’t know enough about sailing to live on a boat, I realized that was the very place I felt most at ease. I had spent way too much time feeling like an outsider in my life, and the recognition of finally knowing what I need to be happy was groundbreaking. And now, what if this realization came too late? What if I hadn’t tried hard enough? My family was relieved to take a break for the winter and reconnect with routine and schedules, but I often loathed those things. Was there something I could have done better to make them as convinced of boat life as I was? What if someone bought *Twig* for a price we couldn’t refuse, and we never again found a boat we liked as much?

These questions whirled like a funnel cloud

in my head each night. I missed sleeping. Sure, our sleep was often interrupted on the boat from noise or concern, but when I did sleep, I felt rested. A land house is so damn quiet. It is perfect for riling all these thoughts and anxieties up at odd hours of the night giving me an unrested state of being most days. A house doesn’t move. I missed the feeling of being rocked in a gentle hammock of the ocean’s breath. I tossed and turned all night, wondering if I would be wishing for this stillness if we ever moved back to the water.

As the weather grew colder, we inadvertently began a process of becoming preoccupied with thoughts of our own consumption. How many gallons of propane does the furnace use per day? On the boat we would have this figure calculated to the minute, but in a rambling large house, it was not so easy, and it really didn’t matter. The propane company would deliver before we ran out. But us? We needed to know what was happening in our home ecosystem.

Perhaps most difficult was trying to explain my feelings anyone without sounding like a spoiled mermaid. I had everything I needed. My family had everything they needed. Our daughter was making leaps and bounds of progress in school and enjoying it. We were living in a nice house with ocean views in a highly sought-after area. Why wasn’t this enough for me? My efforts to portray that I had learned how I prefer to live came across as either complaints of land life or an arrogance that living on water was better than living on soil. I failed numerous times and learned to keep things mostly to myself, and to focus on the positives of land life for the time being.

I spent hours pondering what I had enjoyed most about living on the water, wondering what was missing. I agonizingly made a mental list of all the things that made sailboat life miserable at times: being covered with salt and everything feeling wet all the time,

seasickness, never-ending to do lists, and boat expenses that just wouldn't quit topped my list. I longed for those miseries. I joked to myself about the need to wear more clothes on land taking the option of being land-based out of the running. The agonies of owning a boat were worth it! I promised myself I'd never loathe hand-washing dishes or clothing again. I promised I'd really get a hold of my finances so we could have some form of working budget and live on a boat again. I made working remotely my number one priority and found a really great career both helping people and helping our cruising budget. I became fixated on getting back on *Twig*.

I realized that I had been drawn to challenging ways of living, that I always had. I lived for the challenge in my careers, in my living spaces, in my relationships. I loved how each day on *Twig* was a mix of routine and newness. The weather would throw anything our way and we had to deal with it. We had to survive no matter what. But above the challenges, I craved the connection to the earth, to the sea. My mind constantly wandered to salty air so heavy I could taste it, priceless unobstructed views, and the complete privacy and solitude one can only find when their home is surrounded by a moat.

Over the course of the winter, I made small progress towards my goals. I became employed for the first time in two years. We talked about what we wanted for our future. We decided to move back to *Twig*, mostly out of efficiency and convenience as we already owned her. But also, we realized that we enjoyed the connectedness to our home and to the earth, whether it was a sailboat or otherwise, we needed this in any abode we occupied. I began a quest to learn to worry less about the future, and take heart in what I know now, trusting my feelings whatever they are. I remembered my similar feelings after a short stint of living in Hawaii. I remembered every cell of my being screaming at me,

“Why are you leaving here? This is where you're supposed to be!” I remembered that I had worked through those feelings with thoughts of wherever I was, that's where I was supposed to be. My home would always be *Twig*, either in a figurative or literal sense, and that was the only thing that mattered amidst whatever changes were ahead.



Emily Grace Whebbe is an explorer and writer. She has traveled the North American east coast from Nova Scotia to the southern Bahamas, with hopes to go further on *SV Twig*, a Saga 43. She has been known to collect wordy certifications (She has a US Coast Guard captains license, is an Internationally Board Certified Lactation Consultant, and is working on becoming a National Board Certified Health and Wellness Coach) and change her scenery often. She is a mother to a very curious and extremely talkative 7 year old, and a partner to a man who puts up with her constant longing for newness. When she's not sailing, she's either making plans to do so or hiking, baking, or writing. Her blog can be found at www.sailingthebakery.com.



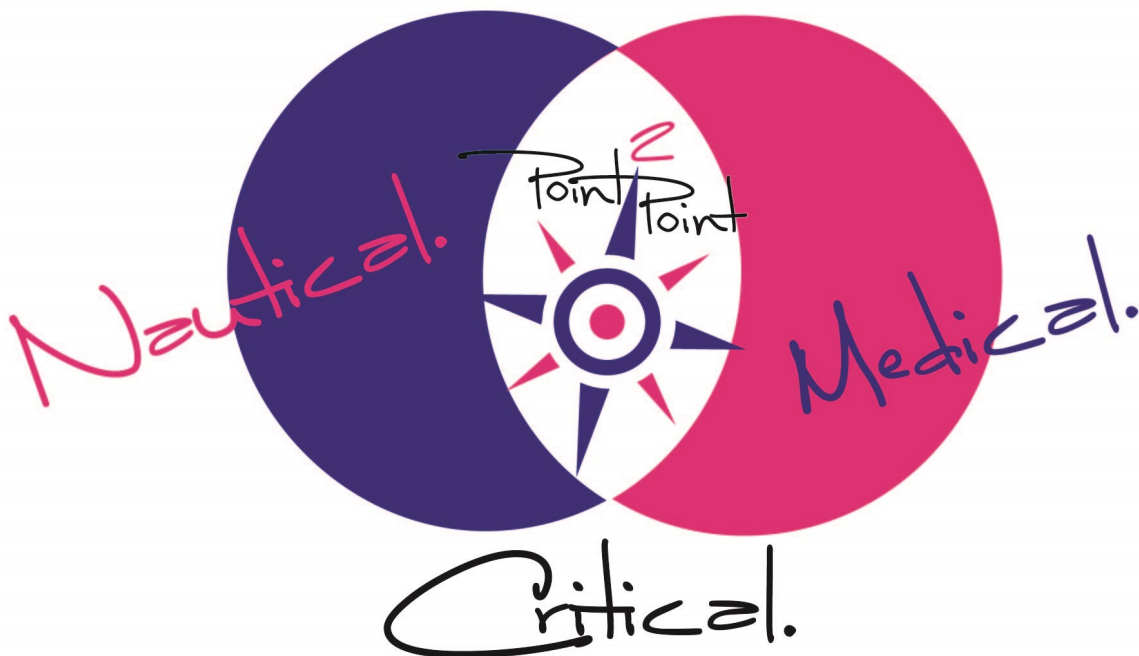
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Flat bottomed girl

Views from the canal

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

Living a flat-bottomed life in lockdown

As I write this article, we're in the middle of the Corona virus pandemic crisis that's been sweeping the world since early in the year. Although it's currently showing no signs of abating, some countries are beginning to talk of loosening the regulations. Even so, the current regulations will only be relaxed under certain provisos, which tells us the dangers are far from over yet. There's no doubt it's affected all of us dramatically. Everyone, everywhere, has had to accept restrictions and limitations on their lives, and those of us with boats and barges on Europe's canals are no exception.

The Facebook group I belong to, Women on Barges, is full of posts from friends afar mourning the fact they cannot get to France, Belgium or the Netherlands to be reunited with their floating summer homes. There is hope that it will be possible later in the year, but there's no guarantee of that yet and I really feel for them. Even for me as someone who lives in the centre of a boating



community, life has changed considerably. Rotterdam's Oude Haven is quiet in a way I have never experienced before.

First off, I'll admit I'm not spending much time on board at the moment. Because my lovely *Vereeniging* lies in the heart of Rotterdam's busiest business and commercial area, and because it's almost impossible to maintain the social distancing rules with neighbours, I feel it's simply safer not to be there too much. Our barges lie so close together I almost bump into them, (the neighbours, not the barges) every time I step outside, so I've retreated to my weekend getaway on the Dutch-Belgian border where my partner and I have our own holiday boat, the *Hennie H*. Down in Zeeuws Vlanderen (or Zeelandic Flanders as Wikipedia calls it), we have space in which to move with plenty of walks in rural fields and lanes, so it's altogether a better place for us to be. We are two baby boomers and as such we're on the wrong end of the age spectrum when it comes to being vulnerable to the virus.

Having said that, I go to Rotterdam every

week to check on things and it's very strange to see the Oude Haven now. At this time of year, with Easter just past and the school holidays up ahead, there's usually plenty of play in our part of the harbour: rowers, boats with outboards, speed boats, floating hot tubs, jet skiers, swimmers, you name it, everyone's out there – normally, that is. Add to that the occasional drunken students hurling chairs and bikes into the harbour at night (why that should be amusing I don't know) and the odd inadvertent plunger, it's a season when the Dutch come out to enjoy their water. At the moment, though, all is still. There are no jet skiers, cruisers, or hot tubbers; sports are currently forbidden, and although a few residents are still pottering around in their rowing boats, and some brave kids are trying out the chilly waters of the river as respite from the unseasonably warm sunshine, the harbour is ours. Do I like it? You bet. Do I miss the pleasure boaters? Not really, except perhaps for the floating saunas,

which are always fun to watch.

Another change is that where the terraces would usually be crowded with coffee drinkers by day and alcohol drinkers by night, now they are empty. No longer are glasses being raised but paint brushes and ladders instead, as the café owners catch up with maintenance during the lockdown. The chairs and tables are all stacked up and in place of the buzz of conversation and the chink of cutlery on porcelain, we hear the growl of electric drills and the whine of sanders being used to smooth down furnishings ready for varnishing. At night too, peace reigns; there are no drunken students (bliss) and my bike remains safe from a dunking. And while I worry about what the situation is inevitably doing to our '*boreca*' (as the hospitality industry is known), I have to admit the delight of undisturbed sleep has much to be said for it.

As for my own maintenance, at the end of





this month, I'll be having a haul out and I'll be on the slipway for two weeks. I expect you're wondering how this is even possible in the current lockdown, but the policy here in the Netherlands is very simple. As long as we maintain the 1.5 metre social distancing rule, we can still largely do everything we want. "*Houd afstand*" or "Keep your distance" is a sign seen everywhere people are likely to gather in shops, businesses, public transport,

and even on the street. All these signs are displayed with images indicating the 1.5 metre distance between two people and in the supermarkets, there are stickers on the floor marking the appropriate gap. As long as we all comply, life and work can continue.

However, the leisure industry as a whole is closed because it's impossible to ensure people maintain their distance in such social



situations, and, for obvious reasons, hairdressers are also closed, as are schools and universities. But, everything else can still be open and operational, and in many cases, businesses such as building and house painting are continuing as normal. This is also true of our shipyard. As a barge owner, I don't have to be close to those in charge of hauling my *Vereeniging* out of the water, nor do they have to help me with cleaning and painting. As a result, it's all still legally and practically possible to do the work.

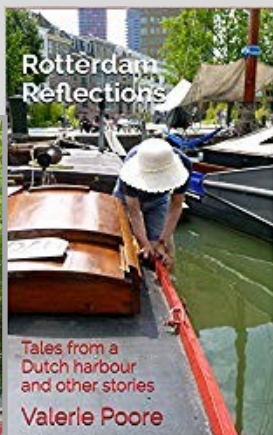
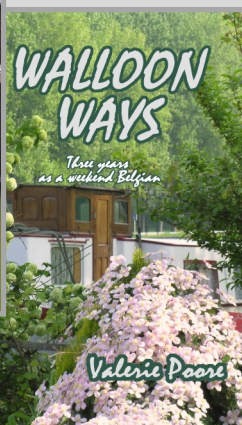
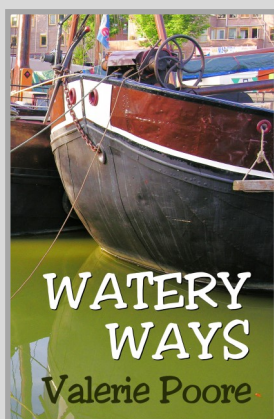
So on that note, I'd better get on with preparing the tools of my own trade as a flat-bottomed girl. Out with the high-pressure sprayer, the mussel scrapers and the rollers.

It's time to gather it all together for a couple of weeks of serious hard labour – all at a suitable distance, of course.



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.





Valerie's books can be found at the following Amazon links:

Harbour Ways: <https://geni.us/CkA1N91>

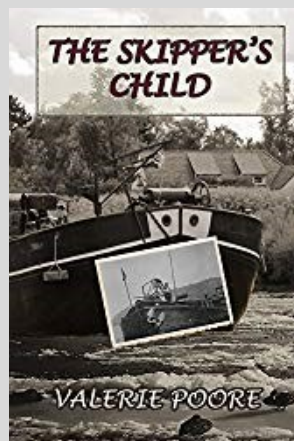
Walloon Ways: <http://geni.us/1CDTu>

Faring to France on a Shoe: <http://geni.us/AOt9kT>

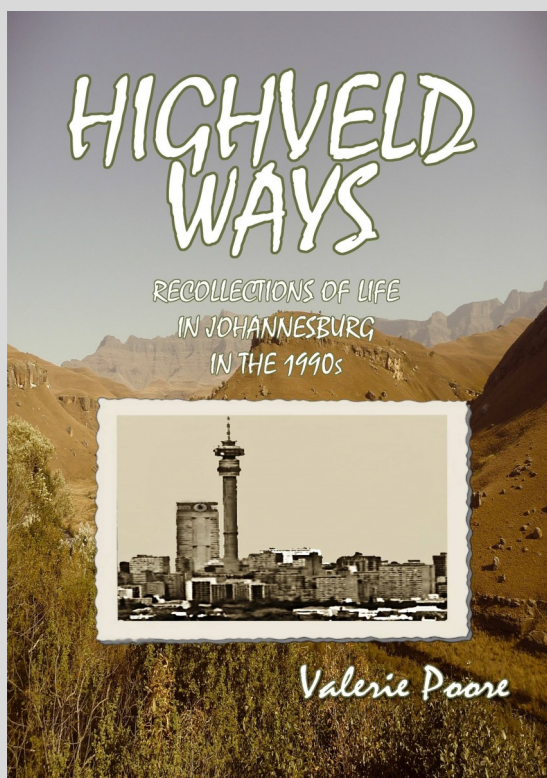
Rotterdam Reflections: <http://geni.us/5pSxcgs>

The Skipper's Child: <http://geni.us/PBwQnP>

Watery Ways: <http://geni.us/lusDZT>



New from Valerie Poore....



This is the third book about the author's life in South Africa. In Highveld Ways, Valerie and her children join her husband in Johannesburg and begin a decade of life in and around the city. During the years that follow her arrival in 1989, Valerie explores the Highveld area on which Johannesburg is built and learns to love every aspect of South Africa's biggest, baddest city. The family move house five times and each new home brings its own memories and adventures, along with trips to Namibia, Zimbabwe and other parts of South Africa. The backcloth to this memoir is the turbulent political upheaval of the early 90s as well as the emergence of the New South Africa under Nelson Mandela. While no story about South Africa at the time can escape the often violent lead-up to the changes, Valerie's memories are focused on the events, the places and above all, the people who filled her life at the time.

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Fun Vibes and Visas in Koh Lipe



MAIN: Hat Pattaya.

BELOW: Walking Street entry.

GINA DE VERE

If you are thinking of sailing in South East Asia, and Thailand in particular, it is most likely you will pass through Langkawi Island, the northernmost exit on Malaysia's west coast on your way to Thailand. If so, you will check in and out in Kuah Town where there is a large comfortable harbour and good shops for provisioning.

On entering Thailand by sailboat the Thai Customs Department gives you a 30 days entry visa on arrival in Koh Lipe, which is just 40 nautical miles north of Kuah. Immigration for yachts can be done here, but only for the sailing season from November to end of March. You will need to check for up to date information on <http://www.mfa.go.th/main/en/services/123/15393-Visa-on-Arrival.html>

The whole island closes down after the



tourist season.

My DH*, Christian, and I really enjoy the

ultra-laid-back vibe in Koh Lipe. Because it is such a short distance away it makes a very convenient port to enter for a visa run from Malaysia. In Malaysia a person can stay for 90 days and a boat can stay indefinitely, however one has to be out of the country for at least seven days before returning to Malaysia. This is no hardship when visiting Koh Lipe and the surrounding islands with stunning bays and clear waters.

We have visited Koh Lipe several times over the past five years of being based in Langkawi. It is a small island of just 1.6 km square with three major beaches: Pattaya with its 1 km long sandy beach, and Sunset and Sunrise beaches. Because there are regular passenger ferries from Langkawi Island, this is a busy little place, a favourite with tourists. The island offers mostly mid-range accommodation with no high rises or hotel chains, but prices rise steeply in the peak season around December.

On our sailboat *Stardancer* we anchor or take a mooring at Sunset Beach, which is roughly



Reggae Bar, Hat Pattaya.

north west, facing dramatic Koh Adang. As its name declares, this is the spot from which to enjoy the amazing sunsets. In the late afternoon, the stretches of beach on this side of the island are covered with people who suddenly materialise to watch the nightly show. Not much else happens on this little island. There are full moon parties, some good bars, and the occasional live reggae band, but mostly after 10 pm it is very quiet!

Sunset Beach itself is a narrow strip of soft sand along a shallow shelf of turquoise water, where the local small fishing boats and water taxis pull up onto the beach. At one end a stunning point of brilliant white sand juts out into the sea, attracting not only body bronzers but also those who enjoy windsurfing and kiteboarding. This stretch of sea is often very windy with strong currents. We take the dinghy ashore to leave in front of the Fisheries Department, where there is one green rubbish bin, then walk up the path, turn right onto a narrow road then take a hard left down a track. This leads out onto Pattaya Beach where the gaily painted local boats are lined up to whisk the tourists off on snorkelling and island day trips, and where



Bundhaya Resort.

you must go to check in and out with Immigration.

To find Immigration, walk east along the soft white sand past the groovy beach café, The Reggae Bar, that surprisingly has great Blues

blaring, to just past the Bundhaya Resort and you will have reached Satun Immigration Check Point – Lipe. If fast ferry speed boats are about to arrive or depart there will be lots of tourists milling around and it may take a while to inch your way along the queue to tell the officer behind the partition you are a yacht wishing to check in. You are then given three forms to fill in. If the officer is free you can hand him the forms along with your 200baht fee, Last Port of Call sheet,



Immigration signs.



passports, and boat papers. The Immigration Officer does the lot, Immigration, Customs and Harbour Master. We were impressed how quickly and efficiently the process was handled.

Unlike Langkawi's main beach, Cenang, where buildings block access to the sea, Pattaya Beach is generously wide with little bars, hostels and hotels set back with only low-rise buildings. There are no cars; just motorbikes with sidecars used as taxis or scooters to hire. The access to Walking Street is off this beach. This is a fun place to spend time after late morning when the little stalls, boutiques, and cafes open. The narrow lane heads inland for about half a kilometre. At night it comes alive with pretty lights, food, and music until about midnight.

I am a coffee fanatic. Each destination becomes a hunting ground for the best coffee. I only have one a day, but it must be a good one. Another favourite of mine is anything avocado, especially avocado and chocolate smoothies, but sadly this is not a good avocado season so I missed out, though



ABOVE: 'Our' pizza place.

BELOW LEFT: My DH in Walking Street.

probably a good thing for my waistline. I had a coffee instead and I was in raptures. I only hope Blooms Cafe and Hostel keeps up the high standard consistently because we shall visit again. This big village has everything you may need and probably much that you do not. There are pharmacies (no hospitals), ATMs, hairdressers, dive shops, souvenir shops, clothes boutiques, a small supermarket, lots of cafes selling local foods, many massage places, a pricey but good international restaurant/bar named The Box which does great hamburgers with good Australian beef. But our favourite stop is a tiny pizza place. For the past few years we have dropped by and got to know the people who run it. The owner works the season in Koh Lipe while her husband does the same in Koh Phayam, further north offshore of Renon, in their other pizza shop. The Thais we have met work hard and seem to be most enterprising.



Wandering the lanes that split from the main street is fun as well as an excuse to walk off the delicious coconut ice-creams and do some people watching. Koh Lipe is a cosmopolitan place and just about anything goes with the tolerant Thais.

The scenery of nearby islands with their limestone karsts and sheer cliffs is dramatic. Tarutao Island is a large island approximately 20 nautical miles away from Koh Lipe, with an interesting history as a penal colony and as a pirate hangout. It has good anchorages.

Fifty-three nautical miles away, Koh Muk is another favourite. We paid 200baht each for tickets to enjoy the national parks for five days. The fee goes towards helping keep the beaches clean and walkways clear.



RIGHT: Time for a massage.

BELOW: Street map of Koh Lipe.



Hopefully, you will want more than the taste of Thailand that Koh Lipe will give you and will wish to explore more of this magical country. Over the years we have travelled many thousands of kilometres by sea and by motorbike up to the border with Myanmar and Laos and continue to be enthralled at the diversity of scenery, the culture, and the smiling people. There is a feeling of joy here. You just can't help smiling in return.

*DH = Dear Husband



A New Zealander by birth, Gina has been sailing full time on her monohull, a Gib Sea 47.2 with her husband Christian Selaries for the past 15 years. They set sail from NZ in 2005, sailing the South Pacific, Papua New Guinea twice, Australia to Indonesia twice, exploring Borneo, Thailand and Malaysia, and the South China Sea.

Sailing was a huge change from the career Gina enjoyed as university lecturer in marketing, innovation, and entrepreneurship, and as CEO of her business consultancy, Masters Consulting. She continues her work as a Life Coach. Her newest adventure is as book author, having previously had articles published in sailing magazines in Germany, USA, Australia, and NZ. Gina's aim in life is to inspire and support women in particular, to make the 'leap' to a more adventurous, fulfilling life.

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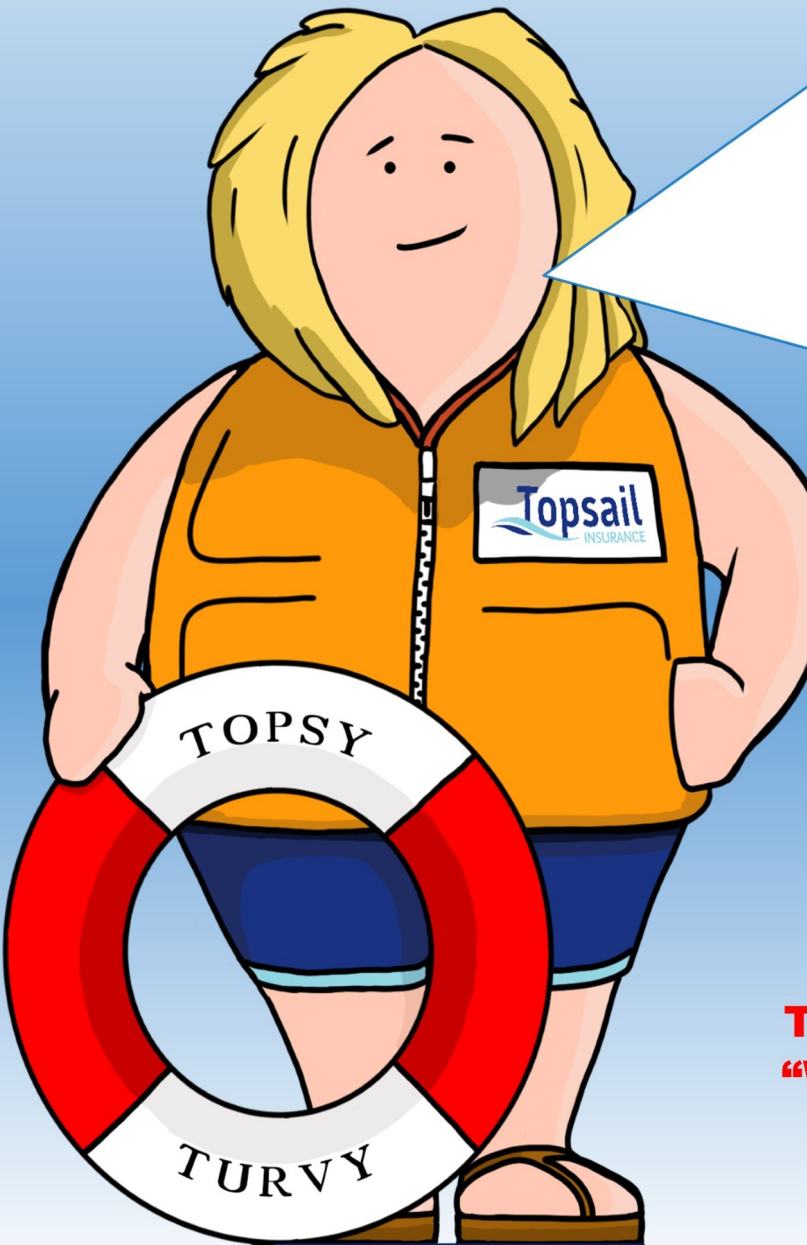
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SisterShip Revisited

By Sarah A Miller

What are your first memories of sailing?

I was about 12 the first time I went sailing, on a dinghy that our neighbours owned. We lived on a school compound in Suva, Fiji, and they kept the boat under a mango tree of the boarding house between our houses. They sailed at Laucala Bay, near the University of the South Pacific, and launched the boat where the NZ WWII seaplanes used to land. I think it must have been a fairly gentle trip because I don't remember much about being on the water.

My next recollection was crewing for a school mate, Jean, in a Heron when I was in Year 12 in Whyalla, South Australia. For some reason, whenever we jibed, we would capsize. So, we got plenty of practice at righting the boat, although the rescue boat was always nearby or closer when white pointers were known to be about! Learning

to sail in Whyalla wasn't the best place to "learn to feel the wind" because the BHP stack always told you where the wind was.

How did you hear about *SisterShip*?

I heard about *SisterShip* from a work colleague at CSIRO (Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation), Glenda, who used to work in the laboratories at Cronulla. Glenda was an excellent storyteller and talked about CSIRO staff who had often kayaked to work from across the bay at Bundeena. Glenda also spent a bit of time at sea on research voyages and my memory of those stories was about big seas and swells and being seasick.

Why did you write the article?

I wrote the article about Lady Elliot Island in 1988 after describing the holiday to a friend, Diana Temple, who was also a friend of Ruth

BELOW: Kayaking on Lake Macquarie during the novel coronavirus pandemic (Photo: Robyn Fry).



Boydell's (founder and editor of the original magazine). I wasn't sure that *SisterShip* wanted "land-based" stories, but I'm glad that I was introduced to Ruth through this story. I met Ruth in person 15 years later when I moved to Lake Macquarie.

What have you done since then?

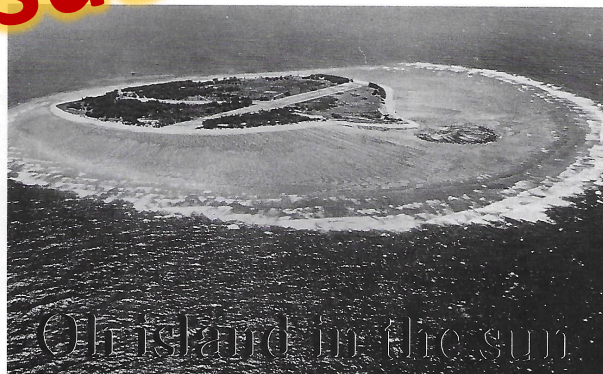
Since the Lady Elliott holiday, I have also had a few sea-kayaking adventure holidays at Hinchinbrook Island in north Queensland, in the Yasawa Islands in Fiji, and Isla de San Cristobel in the Galapagos.

What are you doing now?

About six years ago I started sailing regularly with friends Jittima (Kae) and Paul, and border collie Bosun, on a 39-foot catamaran on Lake Macquarie. In 2017 Kae and I did a "Women's Sailing Experience" course in a Force 24 at the Newcastle Cruising Yacht Club. Some of the trips we have done from Lake Macquarie are to Broken Bay and Cowan Creek, to Broughton Island, as well as to Sydney Harbour.

Issue 3, 1988

If you're looking for a mid-back tropical holiday under canvas or in a cabin on a tiny coral island, Lady Elliot Island is the spot for you. SARAH MILLER reports.



Lady Elliot Island, Queensland, Australia

WITH the setting in of winter in the southern hemisphere it is time for warm water women to head north. Most would keep costs down and drive, but not too far. Lady Elliot Island is the most southern island of the Great Barrier Reef. It is 80 km NE of Bundaberg, 400 km N of Brisbane, capital city of Queensland.

The island is an ideal place for scuba divers, snorkellers, reef walkers and bird watchers.

It has a "family" resort and caters to people looking for a relaxing holiday. The only wrecks are ships. Accommodation is in cabins, with or without amenities, or in permanently erected tents with wooden floors and frames. Shared amenities are close by. The tents have 4 single beds (2 bunks) and cabins have a double bed and 1 or 2 bunks. All meals are supplied in a smorgasbord style and are of good quality for traditional eaters. Vegetarians are not so well catered for but won't go hungry.

Scuba divers should take all their gear except weight belt and tank. Diving in the coral gardens is a memorable experience with almost landscaped garden beds alive with a wide variety of fish. Unfortunately when I was there it was too rough to get to

the outer reef. Guided dives are swum too fast to fully explore small regions; however, the dive masters are confident, professional and friendly. The dive guides will take your weight belt and tank to the dive site and they provide you with a cart for the rest of your gear for the five minute walk to the dive entry point.

Snorkelling can be on the reef flat at high tide or, for those unafraid of depths, 10-20m above the coral gardens. It is not often that I have seen divers snorkel! Introductory dives are available in very calm conditions.

The reef flat provides an interesting introduction to reef life. Guided tours are available, complete with glass bottom bucket, walking sticks and old sand shoes. Hints on snorkelling are given to those adventurous enough to take that one step further.

The resort was built in 1985 following complete destruction of the vegetation by guano mining and wild goats. The bird life on the island has increased and is being encouraged. Some rarer species of birds are now starting to nest.

There have been a number of ship wrecks on the island. One of the more

recent casualties was recycled into a bar near the dining room. Bits and pieces of other wrecks are scattered around the island.

Costs (in \$A in May 1988):

Package: 4 days, 3 nights inc. meals and air fare (ex Bundaberg) \$355
Package: 7 days, 6 nights (as above) \$579

Air fare (return ex Bundaberg) for day trip* (arr. 11am, dep. 3pm) \$120 (NB: 10kg baggage limit, although nothing was said about my 18kg dive kit plus backpack with clothes.)

Diving (per dive inc. tank and weights) \$15
Dive equipment (additional per dive) \$15

Snorkelling equipment (unsure if per day or 1/2 day) \$10-\$20
Bar prices reasonable

Car storage in Bundaberg (under cover, per night) incl. transfer to airport \$5

* Day trip to Lady Musgrave Island is probably more interesting.



You can read Sarah Miller's Lady Elliot Island story from 1988 in Issue 3 of SisterShip Magazine. Free back copies of the original magazine have been scanned and uploaded to www.sistershipmagazine.com

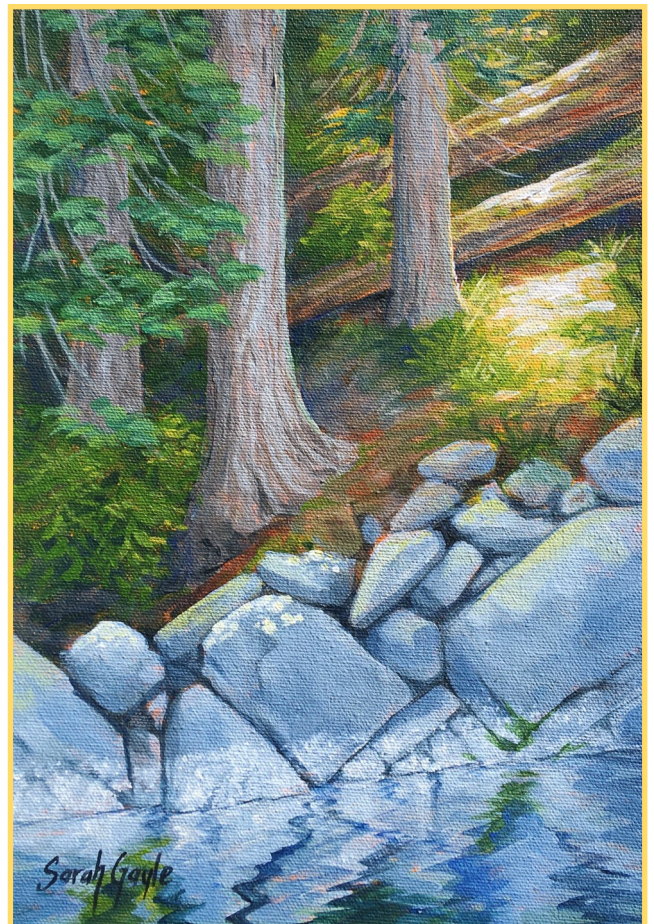
Artist Afloat

Sarah Gayle

My love of art and the desire to be creative has led me on unique travel and education paths throughout my life. My formal art education taught me the relationships between math and art, the importance of learning to draw, and Fletcher color theory. It also gave me tools to better understand the inspiring work of masters like Vincent van Gogh and so many others.

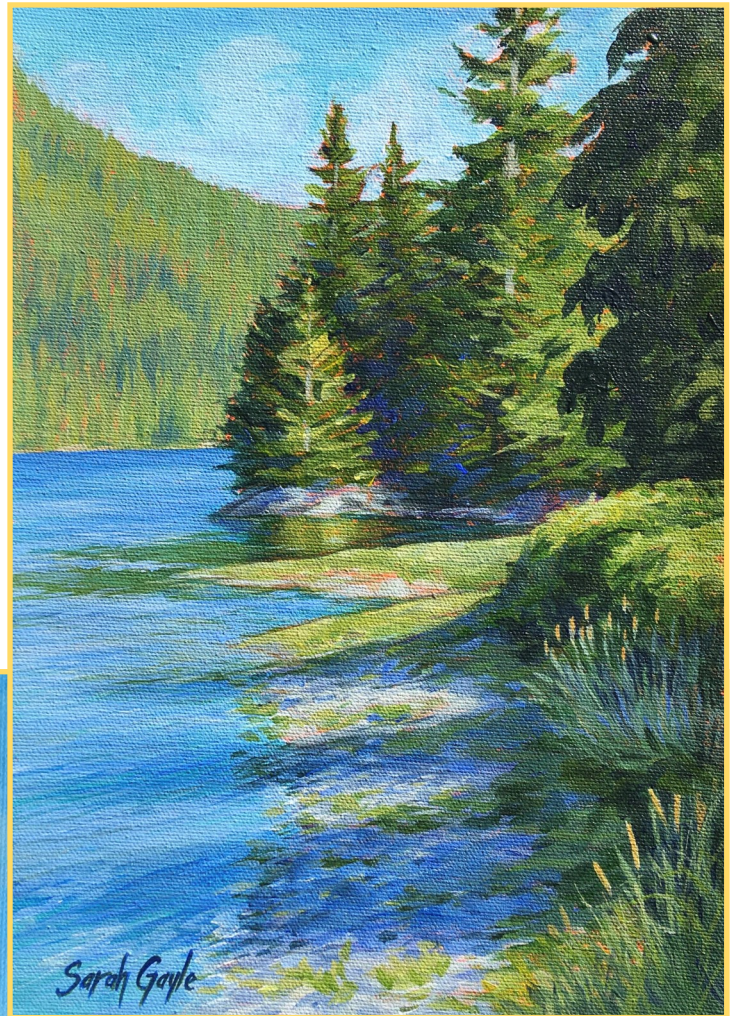
Now my creative world is afloat! Living aboard a 35-foot sailboat presents me with endless possibilities for artful inspiration. I love that my creativity and passion for art can be shared with others through exhibitions and teaching and that it is art that first connects me with the communities I am a part of on or off the boat.

Currently my creative mediums are acrylic, watercolor, and digital art.



In the summer we cruise the Gulf Islands and San Juan Islands or points north (we are not warm weather people). Most of my recent art reflects the BC Canada coastline, our favorite place to explore.

Website: www.sarahgayle.net



Shipyard in a pandemic



Phoebe Gilday

News moves strangely in a shipyard. Time moves strangely in a shipyard.

I went to work on March 13th; before the Canadian border closed; before anyone was talking about social distancing; after hand sanitizer was scarce and toilet paper almost as rare. We live on the boats; we wander the locked yard at night to stretch our legs. Everyone is exhausted and sore and has a dry cough from wearing a respirator all day, yet also somehow inhaling sawdust and paint fumes. News of course came in, but it seemed surreal. Emails from head office got stranger and more panicked. Could we launch in a week? Definitely not possible. How was everyone holding up? Totally fine, thanks for asking.

One night someone broke into our tool trailer looking for masks (I'd moved them). Then the Corker dropped his tools halfway

through the day and said he had to go find guns before the zombies came (we're in Canada, that just isn't a thing). He hasn't come back. Two weeks later the 'tools down' came from the office. We got one boat to ready to launch and put her in. When the fuel truck came the driver put the clipboard down and backed away, he told me to use my own pen. I think it was then I realized what world I was stepping out into.

Pushing the ship far enough from the dock against current to slip in fenders, the crew stood shoulder to shoulder, as we do.

We dropped anchor for the night and went to take a breath on the beach. There were signs saying it was closed. The ferry traffic was a fraction of its usual self. Our arrival at home port was greeted by one lone office representative. He took our lines but jumped aside anytime we got near.

As the crew sat snugly around the galley table the owner talked on speakerphone. There were government subsidies coming; the company would survive, we were all laid off, 'stay safe'. The office rep waved at us nervously, retrieved his phone from the table, and left.

I don't think any of us wanted to leave that galley, elbows touching, steam from mugs mingling, sawdust in our hair. We didn't yet understand what supermarkets were like, the empty streets, the choreographed dance with the checkout clerk to tap a card without approaching too close.

In hindsight, we should have been shut down earlier, but we were a small self-contained unit, a family sheltering in place. I'm glad we got to steal two extra weeks of 'normal', as normal as a shipyard can be.



PHOEBE is a commercial skipper on a tall ship on the west coast of Canada (currently laid off and starting a garden), she has traveled the world as an officer on cruise ships but now stays closer to home, exploring the BC coast both commercially and recreationally on her own Dana 24.





SUSTAINABLE SAILING

HEATHER FRANCIS

FOOD WASTE

For the past couple of years, I have been trying to reduce the amount of food we waste onboard *Kate*. I didn't consider us particularly wasteful in the first place; a decade of sailing has taught me a lot about being mindful when it comes to our provisions. Still, there was room for improvement.

I started with little steps – vowing to use all the canned goods before buying more, making stock every couple of weeks with our leftover chicken bones, considering where our food comes from – not only fresh goods but packaged items as well. Sometimes it took willpower to buy foodstuffs we needed instead of the fancier things I wanted but knew I seldom used. Often recipes required some creative reimagining as I attempted to use random bits in the fridge rather than source new ingredients.

The results were satisfying. I finally saw the bottom of our dry stores cupboard and stopped finding rotting produce hidden in the corner of the fridge. However, when I started researching how I could do more, I was stunned by the figures on global food waste.

The United Nations states that approximately one third of all food produced globally is wasted, either due to spoilage during storage and shipping or simply thrown away. That works out to be about 1.5 billion tonnes of food annually, enough food to feed the 800 million people who are suffering from starvation, twice over. The carbon footprint of that food waste is massive. When that food waste ends up in landfills, where it cannot properly breakdown, 3.3 billion tonnes of CO₂ is released. If our food waste was a country, it would rank third in annual greenhouse gas emissions, just behind China and the United States. There are the issues of excess water usage, pollution, and deforestation that are all part of industrial farming. The further I dug the more depressing it seemed.

And then I read that approximately 43% of food waste occurs in the home.

At first glance this seems like a miserable statistic, but I think it is one with an immensely powerful silver-lining. If 43% of the responsibility rests on our shoulders as the consumer then we also have the potential to change the outcome of 43% of the problem. As individuals we have the power to affect BIG global change simply by modifying a few daily food habits. If someone gave you a 43% chance of winning the lottery wouldn't you buy a ticket?

During the current Covid-19 pandemic, as people across the globe grapple with food shortages, breaks in supply chains, labour shortages on farms and in processing plants, talking about food waste is more essential than ever. Committing to being more mindful when it comes to your consumption and food waste is an easy way to regain some control in what can seem like a very unsteady time.

The great news is, you don't have to have super culinary skills or access to a frou frou farmer's market or vow to give up your favourite foods, to start reducing your food waste. All it takes it is a little consideration when buying, storing, and preparing your food. As we've seen in recent weeks, when we all work toward a common goal the results are powerful.

USE WHAT YOU HAVE ON BOARD

Anyone who likes to cook probably enjoys planning a special meal and shopping for exotic ingredients. Unfortunately, this is not the most eco-conscious way to cook. Creating meals from items already in your pantry and fridge may not seem as glamorous but it can give you the creative kick you crave. Experimenting, learning to substitute ingredients, and exploring new cuisines can prevent food waste and make you a better cook.

TAKE STOCK

Many boaters take stock of provisions only when preparing for a long voyage, but regularly checking stocks is a good habit to get into. Knowing what you already have onboard will help avoid over-buying, and doing regular checks gives you a chance to rotate stock and check for any deterioration. This is especially important if you store cans in a damp bilge area where they are prone to corrosion. Bring older items forward to use and stow any new additions where they will be reached for last. And don't forget to check fresh foodstuffs for blemishes and rot.



STICK TO THE PLAN

Creating a weekly meal plan and shopping list is a great strategy to avoid food waste, not to mention stress when it comes to mealtimes. Planning meals around what you have on hand and arming yourself with a shopping list can limit impulse purchases and ensure you buy only the items that you need and will use. Buying only what is on your list when at the shops does require some practice, and if you are anything like me, remembering to take the list does too, but don't give up.

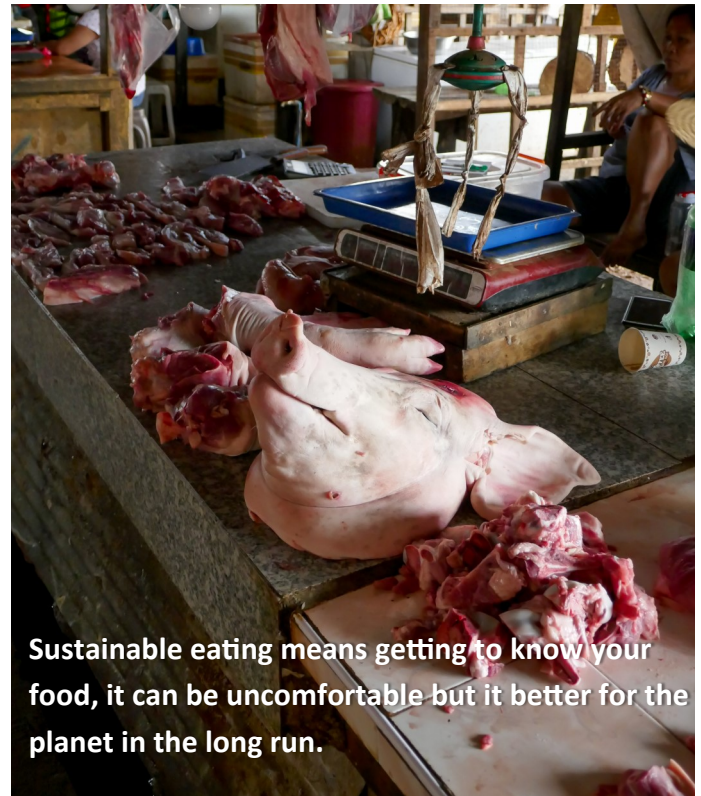
DON'T BUY MORE THAN YOU CAN USE

One of the easiest ways to avoid food waste is to buy only the amount of food that you can use before it spoils. This can be a tough

one if you are provisioning for a long passage or time in more remote destinations. This is one of my biggest downfalls, especially when it comes to seasonal produce like mangoes or tomatoes. I like to preserve when I have a glut of fresh fruit or veg, often making a batch of quick pickles or chutney. You can also buy yourself some time by batch cooking and freezing.

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. Shop at a local market, 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 save some food, and some money, win win.



Sustainable eating means getting to know your food, it can be uncomfortable but it better for the planet in the long run.

PROPER FOOD STORAGE

There are many tricks you can use to extend the life of your fresh goods. Storing herbs and leafy greens in cups of water, using breathable beeswax food wraps, keeping onions and potatoes separate, rotating eggs, vacuum packing freezer items, and keeping a big fridge well organized are all ways to improve food storage and reduce food waste. Food storage is a popular topic, the list of resources online is endless.

USE YOUR SENSES

Best Before, Best If Sold By, Use By. These are all phrases used in the food industry, but what do they really mean? Unfortunately, there is little in the way of standards when it comes to these BEST suggestions. *Sold By* dates promote product turn over in stores and do not indicate when food will spoil. *Use by* and *Best Before* suggest when the flavour of the food may deteriorate but do not mean the item is no longer safe for consumption. When buying or eating food after these suggested dates trust your senses. Check cans for rust, dents and bloating, check that the pressure button on any jar top is not “popped”, and discard anything that seems





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. 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 is easy to feel overwhelmed when considering the environmental and social impacts of something as simple as the we food we eat. However, perhaps now more than ever, it is important to be mindful of what you put in your body, where your food comes from, and how it is produced. I hope these suggestions give you a tangible and easy place to begin your own journey towards reducing food waste. And remember, the small steps we take together towards reducing food waste can, and are, making a difference.

suspect. Mold, major discolouration, and strange odours are bad signs. Toss anything that is unexpectantly fizzy immediately. Meat, dairy, and fish that look or smell strange should definitely be avoided.

SHOP LOCAL VS. ORGANIC

Many people choose organic over locally grown, thinking that it is a better choice for the environment. However, that isn't always the case. Organic does not necessarily denote pesticide and chemical free. Regulations on organic farming vary greatly from country to country. Getting an organic certification can be cost prohibitive for small farmers. It is important to consider farming practices, shipping distances, and packaging when choosing your food. Buying something organic that is from an industrial farm, wrapped in plastic, and shipped half way across the world probably has a greater environmental impact than choosing locally grown but not certified organic.

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



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 or [@sustainablesailing41](https://www.instagram.com/sustainablesailing41)

FROM THE GALLEY

BY LEANNE HEMBROW

Roasted Cauliflower and Leek Soup (Serves 4)

Original recipe credit by Yogue

I love this recipe. I was introduced to it through my yoga community during a Facebook project in 2018. You can make it thicker and use as a substitute for mash potato.

This creamy and rich tasting soup has no dairy but is full of vitamins and anti-inflammatory benefits. Make extra and freeze it for a lunch later on in the week.

Ingredients:

- 1 head of a small cauliflower
- 2 leeks
- 2-3 cloves of garlic
- 2 tbsp cold pressed extra virgin coconut oil (or ghee) or extra virgin olive oil
- Pinch of turmeric
- Fresh ground black pepper + Himalayan pink salt or Celtic sea salt
- 2 cups organic chicken or veggie broth
- Sesame Seeds
- Filtered water as needed.

Preheat the oven to 400 degrees F

Prep:

Gently wash, drain, and rinse the cauliflower, then break it into medium sized florets using clean hands or a knife. Discard hard bits of the white stalks, but keep the tender ones, chopping them into 1/4-inch pieces.

Use the white portion of the leeks. Save the green stalk ends in a freezer bag or box for making stock in the future. Slice the leeks lengthwise first into half, then chop into half-moons. Wash leeks well in a bowl of water.

Peel and slice the garlic into halves.

Bake:

Line a rimmed baking tray with parchment paper. Scatter vegetables in a single layer, drizzle with oil, add some salt, pepper and that pinch of turmeric, as well as any other herbs you might like to use. Place the tray onto the middle rack of the oven and roast for 20 minutes. Check vegetables for softness and if needed roast for approx. 10 minutes longer.

Remove tray from the oven, let the vegetables cool slightly.

Blend:

To make the soup, pour the veggies and chicken broth into a high-speed blender and blend until smooth in two stages, so the blender does not overfill. You can also use an immersion blender in a soup pot. Add more water if needed to liquefy the soup to a consistency you like, 1 cup should do it.

Enjoy:

Taste the soup and serve in a bowl, topped with toasted black or white sesame seeds for extra minerals and a toasty crunch.



Yoga Health and Sail Wellness is all about learning how to reclaim the 'Healthy Happy You'. In the process you will gain so much knowledge about great food and yoga. You will receive daily emails to your inbox with much help to keep you focused and enjoy the 30 days of stepping in the right direction to regain your smile and confidence with the body you're in.

My Sail Wellness program is based on years of health experiences whilst sailing, with help through nutritional mentor advice - understanding common allergies and what we all know now as a problem gut. I bring you encouragement and wellness via daily mentoring. I encourage your phone calls, video chats and provide tips on food, healthy recipes, nutritional supplements advice, a 4-week meal plan, along with Yoga guidance. All included in the program. As a bonus, once subscribed to my program you also receive a range of discounts with Yoga Retreats, workshops, yoga clothing, and monthly subscribed Yoga Wellness and set fee private zoom yoga classes.

Leanne has been involved in Health and Wellness most of her adult life, she is a trained Esthetician, E-RYT 200/ *400 CYT* Yoga Teacher and wellness mentor.



Yoga4Yachties



Hi, I'm Leanne Hembrow, John and I run the 'Down Under Rally' but I am also known as Yoga4Yachties. I have been a practicing yogi on board our sailing vessels for 10 years travelling ports of the world and a qualified Yoga Teacher since 2013.

I share my love of Yoga with Down Under Rally Participants and my Sailing Community in various anchorages from Australia to Fiji, check out my website www.yoga4yachties.com to join one of my Yoga Retreats and see my yearly class schedule. Our Catamaran Songlines displays my Yoga4Yachties Logo, please come and say "Hi" if we are anchored nearby, I would love to share a class with you.

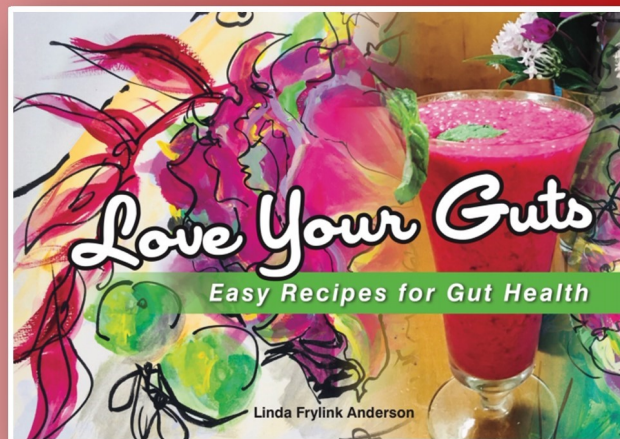
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Love Your Guts – Easy Recipes for Gut Health

LOVE YOUR GUTS AND YOUR GUTS WILL LOVE YOU BACK!

Simple and delicious recipes to improve gut health, lose weight and feel wonderful.

Gut health has a huge impact on our physical, mental and emotional well-being. Eating foods that promote a diverse "microbiome" can have dramatic effects on your health, including your weight. Knowing which foods will feed those good bacteria and keep the bad guys away can be confusing, but it doesn't need to be!



Linda Frylink Anderson amazed us with her tales of adventure and sailing the world in **SAILING IN MY SARONG** and **SALVAGE IN MY SARONG**. The extended holiday, regular sundowners, and indulgence in exotic cuisines around the world had its downside though, and the time came for Linda to make a healthy change. She lost a sensational 30 kilograms (66 pounds) quickly and simply by eating for gut health! Now Linda is showing you how to **LOVE YOUR GUTS** too, with this collection of delicious, simple meals to make loving your guts easy and fun!

Linda Frylink Anderson, Artist, Writer, Teacher, Sailor, Gut Health Mentor

Phone 0402330244 Email: artistinthebush@gmail.com

Facebook Gut Health group : Love Your Guts with the Sunny Girls

Link to join : <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1779976948969216/?ref=share>

Sailing blog : www.valiam.com.au



BROADEN YOUR HORIZONS WITH THE DOWN UNDER RALLY

Whether you are westbound on a circumnavigation and considering your options for cyclone season or you are already in Australia and looking to make your first offshore voyage, the Down Under 'Go West' or 'Go East' Rally can assist.

2017 Go East Participants 'Gadji' - New Caledonia

Image Credit: Luke Ludemann - DIY Sailing

GO EAST

CRUISERS RALLY
AUSTRALIA TO NEW CALEDONIA

If the adventure of sailing to and cruising in new countries appeals to you but you would prefer to make the voyage in the company of likeminded people then the **Go East Rally** can help turn your cruising dreams into reality.

Each year the **Go East Rally** departs Queensland for the 780nm voyage to New Caledonia.

The **Down Under Rally** believes that New Caledonia is the best-kept secret in the Pacific.

Cruising in New Caledonia offers the opportunity to sail and explore literally hundreds of miles of sheltered waterways inside the largest barrier reef fringed lagoon in the world. The lagoon is truly a sailor's paradise and offers those who cruise there clear blue water, pristine coral reefs and literally hundred's of uninhabited island and atolls and just as many uncrowded anchorages.

The **Down Under Go East Rally** can help you prepare for the voyage, make the voyage and enjoy the destination.



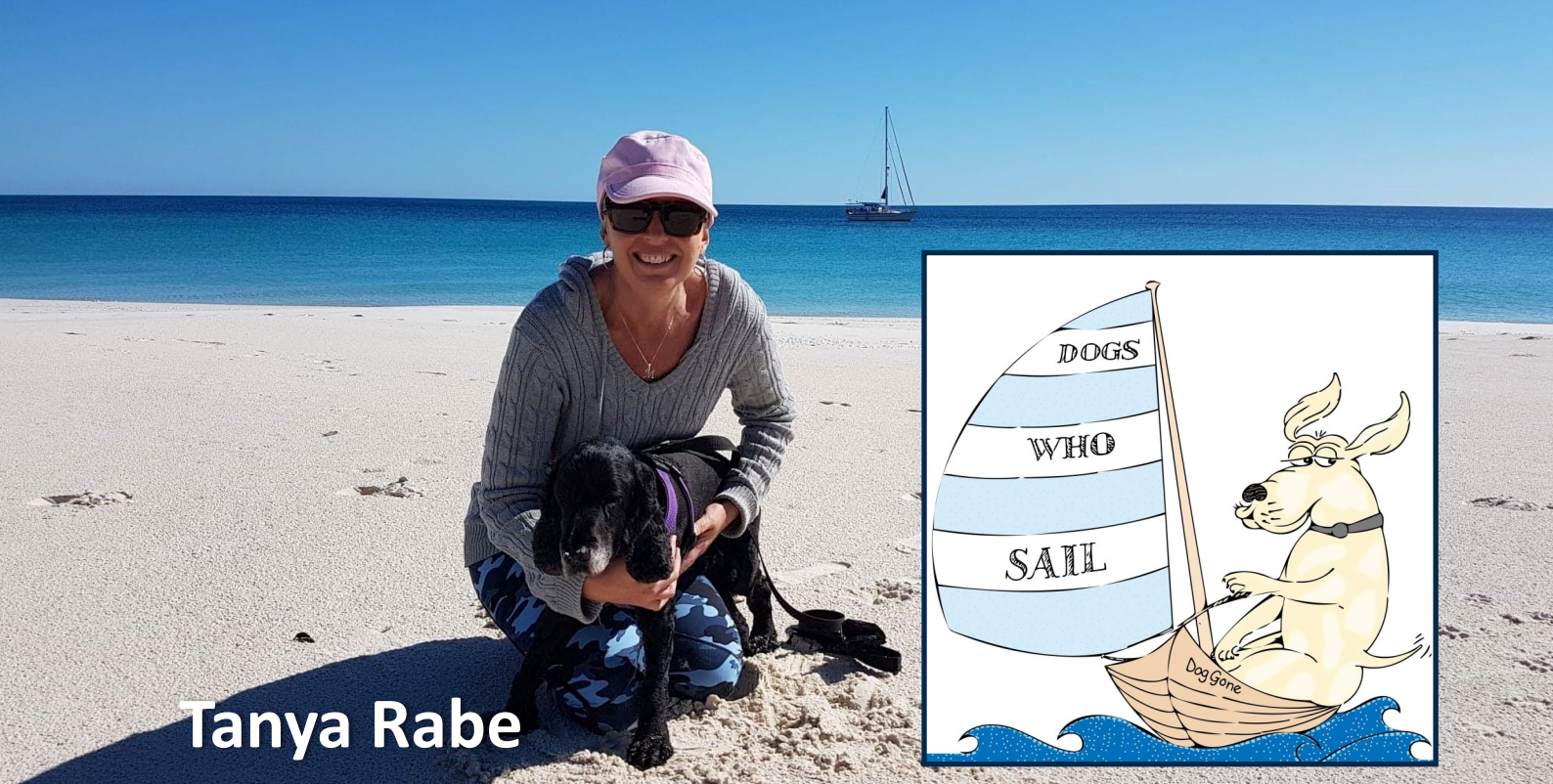
To sail halfway around the world and not visit & spend time cruising in Australia is simply a travesty, yet year after year many international cruising yachts choose to do just that! Why?

In years gone by, Australia earned the reputation of not being 'cruiser friendly' and this came about as a result of a few poor experiences that were caused by a lack of readily available information about what to expect and how to prepare for arriving in the country by yacht.

The **Down Under Rally** has remedied this situation and in the past 3 years more than 100 international yachts have joined the rally and entered Australia without a problem. They have then gone on to tick off many bucket list items, such as sailing under the Sydney Harbour Bridge and being on their own boat and witnessing the spectacle of the world famous Sydney New Years Eve Fireworks.

The vast majority of the East Coast of mainland Australia and the spectacular coastline of Tasmania offers the visiting cruising yacht the opportunity to sail by day and anchor at night, as well as experience some of the most diverse and spectacular locations you will ever find, in a relaxed and convenient manner.

Find out more at: www.downunderrally.com



Tanya Rabe

HELP 13-YEAR-OLD SAILOR KAT GROW HER ANIMAL SUPPORT COMMUNITY

Dogs have an uncanny ability to bring people together. Two complete strangers who may have ordinarily passed one another with a simple ‘Hello’, begin a conversation about their dogs.

Last week I had the pleasure of meeting two spirited women within my *Dogs Who Sail* community. Thirteen-year-old Katarina set sail with her parents and two Cocker Spaniels in June 2019 aboard their Lagoon 56. The family’s adventure began in the Mediterranean where Kat and her parents spent the summer sailing between Italy, Greece, and Croatia, becoming acquainted with their new home.

Their plan was to circumnavigate the world, but as they have experienced recently with the Covid-19 pandemic, sometimes best laid plans are forced to change. Kat’s mother Karen explained, “We haven’t really got any plans now, originally we were going to be sailing until we finished and that would be until we got fed up. A lot of it was going to be on how Katarina got on.”

When the family first bought the boat, everything was new and exciting. Initially it felt like an extended holiday in a heavenly part of the world. Kat was able to invite some of her friends from Europe onboard during the summer school vacation. The girls would spend their days jumping off the back of the boat, swimming, snorkelling, and having a blast, just like teenage girls do.

It wasn’t until her friends returned back to their normal lives in Spain and the family



Kat.

moved on from the Med, that Kat found sailing life to be a bit challenging at times. She began missing her friends and the simple pleasures of hanging out with them and sharing their lives back in Barcelona. Kat was also being home schooled on the boat, missing the fun and social interaction of school days. Not to mention, there aren't many thirteen-year olds who want to be with their family in an enclosed space 24/7, regardless of how dreamy the adventure sounds.

Karen realised that she had to help Kat find something to fill the void. It had to be something that really inspired Kat, something that motivated her and touched her soul.

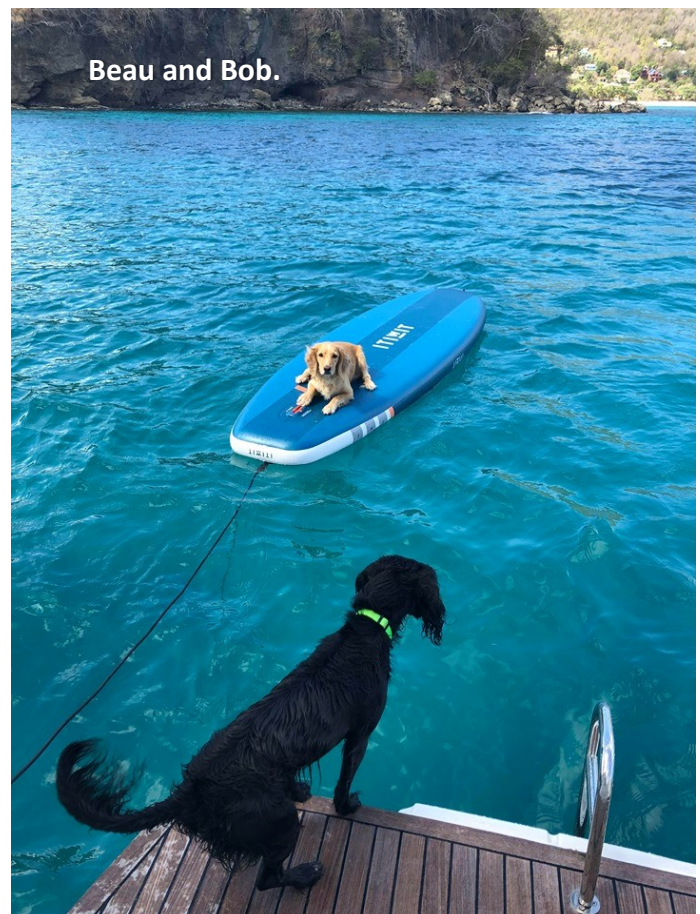
The idea came to them both when they were visiting islands in the Grenadines, in the Caribbean. As they walked around the island of Mayreau, they witnessed a gross oversight of the welfare of domestic dogs.

“We don't quite understand why the locals actually have dogs”, Karen said to me with a puzzled look. “They chain them up in their gardens 24/7. It's very hot here. There is no shelter and no water.” A vet who was volunteering on the island told Kat and Karen that she had approached a local resident asking for their permission to give her dogs water and take them for a walk. The local looked at the vet and said, “What dogs? I don't have any dogs.” She had forgotten about them. This is not uncommon within some of the Grenadine islands.

It was on Mayreau that Kat and Karen met Jill, an English woman who had been on the island for a number of years where she created the Mayreau Community Welfare for Animals. Jill has an arrangement with vets who are willing to volunteer at her shelter where they perform surgeries, apply treatment and general care for the local dogs. In return for their expertise and compassion, Jill offers three months free accommodation.

Kat, being a dog and animal lover, was touched deeply by the condition the dogs were living in and how neglected they were. It is worth noting that the locals are not terrible people, they often feel by chaining the dogs up, they are doing them a favour as dog baiting is not uncommon on these islands. Kat wanted to find a way she too could help Jill. Initially she walked the dogs at the shelter, and over time Kat and her mum started approaching residents whose dogs were chained up in the yard to see if they would be happy for Kat to walk their dogs for them.

It became clear to Kat that once her family moved on from the islands for the next leg of their circumnavigation, the dogs that she was caring for would go back to being chained up in the owner's yard, in the blazing sunshine with no shade, water, exercise, or love. It was this realisation that motivated Kat to do all she could to ensure a better future for the neglected dogs in Mayreau and beyond.



Kat's Animal Support Community

Kat's mission is to raise much needed funds to keep animal shelters operating on these small and impoverished islands. She will also be providing essential educational resources on her website for future sailors who are following in her footsteps.

Kat would like to see other families pick up where she left off. To make this possible, her website will provide links to the shelters on the islands where she has volunteered so travellers can connect with the shelters directly. Kat will also be documenting what she has managed to achieve in her own volunteer work for the shelters with practical tips and examples.

Kat is aware of the need within the local communities to encourage kinder and more responsible dog ownership and general care for the wellbeing of all animals on the islands. Together with her mum, they have been chatting to local children, teaching them to fill up dog water bowls with fresh water and to have care and compassion for these living beings.

The communities they have encountered in the Grenadines are quite poor. It is rarely an option for an owner to have the luxury of extra money to pay for medication for themselves, let alone their dog. Kat would like to start sourcing medications that would typically be discarded in Western countries because they are approaching or passed their shelf date. If Kat is able to secure these medications at a cheaper price, she hopes donations to her charity will be able to cover

TANYA RABE co-founded *Dogs Who Sail* with her two Cocker Spaniels Maxy and Mel. What began as a space to share their own story as liveaboards has now grown into a global community of dogs on boats. Tanya devotes her life to caring for dogs, celebrating their individuality and promoting responsible dog ownership. Ask to join Tanya's closed Facebook group *Dogs Who Sail*.

www.dogswhosail.com



Goldie.

these costs and the animals can receive much needed treatment.

How can we help Kat?

If everyone who reads this story is able to make at the very least a \$1 donation to her crowdfunding page, this will give Kat the launch pad she deserves to kickstart the fundraising side of her charity. Unlike huge charities where donations are eaten up by administration fees, whatever Kat receives she will be passing onto the shelters and sanctuaries that she knows need her help immediately.

Let's get behind Kat and forego a glass of wine or cup of coffee to give her fundraising efforts a boost. By following the link below, you can make your donation. Alternatively, go to www.justgiving.com and search Katerina Anderson.

Kat's fundraising



Keep an eye out on *Dogs Who Sail* Facebook group and dogswhosail.com for the official launch of Kat's website which, I will add, she is doing all herself.

On behalf of every *Dogs Who Sail* furry crew member — Kat, we salute you.

Dogs Who Sail is dedicated to dogs on boats around the world

If you have a dog who sails and would like to connect with other dogs who sail then this is the place for you.

If you are thinking of getting a dog who sails but have a few questions then this is perfect for you too.

Dogs Who Sail burgees now available!



Find us on the web:

dogswhosail.com

Facebook: Dogs Who Sail

Email: admin@dogswhosail.com



Jeanneau 36.2

For Sale!

Beautiful yacht. 1999. Well equipped and maintained. Low hours diesel (850hrs). New upholstery throughout. Harbour and foredeck covers. BBQ. RIB with Honda outboard. Single line reefing. Electric head. Water 185 litres. Diesel 160 litres. New Manson 20kg, Bruce spare anchor. Davits and solar panel. Comfortable two cabin layout. Sails really well. 2019 survey available to serious buyer. Sadly for sale solely due to ill health.

Ready to sail away!

Located Scarborough, Queensland, Australia.

Phone Andy 0420850510 or Jane 0420854505

<https://yachthub.com/list/yachts-for-sale/used/sail-monohulls/jeanneau-36-2/246398>



Barefoot Boating Blunderment (BBB)



Jane Chevous

Jane and her husband Ivan try to follow the BBB principles on the sailing boat *Chantey*:

- #1. Go with open arms;**
- #2. Walk barefoot and tread lightly on this earth;**
- #3. Blundering or random wandering in the flow; and**
- #4. Take only friendship, leave only delight.**

Overcoming together

We are in our second month of lock-down as I write this, and like everyone we have been trying to make sense of these strange times that we are living through. Can I even write about 'barefoot boating' when we are trying to overcome a global pandemic? I pondered this during a few sunrise yoga sessions on the foredeck; and actually, I think sailors have a lot of insights to offer right now. In fact, the BBB principles seem to chime with the times.

Go with open arms: Hold on to hope

I've been continuing my online course on mental health as we travel, and there's lots of wisdom to glean from trauma studies, as well as current Covid-19 research. Something is traumatic if it makes us fear for our lives, and that is true for many people now. What helps our resilience to survive this?

Welcoming a nasty virus with open arms sounds a daft thing to say. And I don't mean that we should ignore the suffering, or pretend it isn't happening. Having open arms means being real and fully present in our situation. If someone says they're scared, don't rush in to reassure them that it will be alright. Rather, acknowledge and explore the feelings — 'tell me more about that.' Talking about our fears and realising we're not alone, helps us to stop feeding the big anxiety monster inside us.

Acknowledging the feelings enables us to move on to release them. There's a lot of mourning right now. We need to find ways to grieve all the different losses — not just people we know who have passed, or the current isolation from family and friends, but our sense of safety, our plans, separation during key life events (we are missing the

birth of a granddaughter, over 4,000 miles away). Sobbing can be very therapeutic. Writing or gathering memories, sharing photos, creating our own rituals. I wrote a poem for someone who recently died, with whom I had a complex relationship, so it was a mixed set of feelings. I read it aloud and set fire to it in a little cardboard boat, Viking style, and sent it (and him) out to the Universe on the Caribbean Ocean. Another friend held a Zoom 'Letting Go' ceremony, with family and friends sharing testimonies, poems, songs and prayers. Rituals help us to release, accept, and eventually heal.

Amazingly, trauma survivors also teach us that trauma can lead to growth. Many people describe deeply spiritual or life-changing experiences arising out of trauma recovery. Like bronze emerging from a refiner's fire, we can find unknown depths of strength, compassion, empathy, and persistence from facing adversity. I don't mean that it is a good

thing to suffer, or noble to choose it; but that despite everything, positive things can come out of adversity, and it helps if we recognise them, and embrace the growth that they offer us.

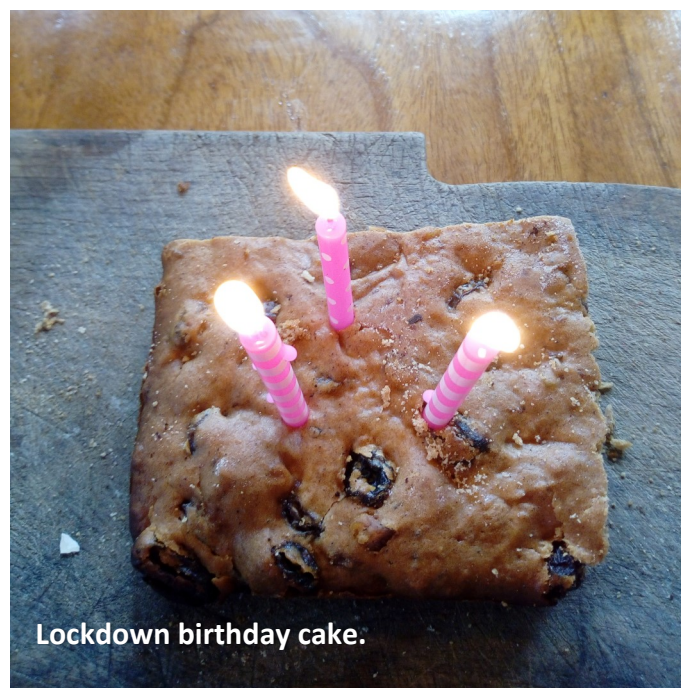
This is so important because it enables us to hold on to hope. We can avoid despair by holding our arms open to hope, together.



Tread lightly: This is universal

The BBB principles of care for the earth and spreading friendship, come from our belief in community and shared responsibility. Most of the cruising sailors I meet have a great sense of being part of a global seafaring community, and citizens of the world, not just one bordered land mass. I cannot think of any other time in remembered history when the whole world has been aware of such a global threat, and united in our efforts to respond. Most of us might care about the environment, but there are major disagreements about what threatens it and how to protect it. There is an amazing global unity in our shared concerns and co-operation to battle this virus. We can all do our bit to 'flatten the curve'.

We keep saying that as liveaboard cruisers, practising barefoot boating, the impact has been much less on us, than any of our land-based friends. We are already used to being confined in a small home for weeks on end, to provisioning when you never know what you might be able to find, whether from a



discount superstore, or a fish or bunch of bananas from a local in a canoe. As cruisers we are staying put, but still trying to support local traders. We're all in the same boat!

It's also 50 years since the first Earth Day, and let's hope that one legacy of Covid-19 is to strengthen our resolve to protect the earth from the problems caused by our greed, extravagance, or recklessness. We know that global lock-down has already had many positive effects on the earth through less pollution, and less waste. We have been learning to be even more frugal and self-sufficient, and more careful of how much waste we generate and how we dispose of it. Let's encourage each other, and our land-based friends, to continue to live lightly when the virus threat has lessened.

Take only friendship: Being a scattered community

We have noticed that our land-based tribe are struggling a lot more with communicating at a distance, mainly via technology. At least we are used to that! It's such a fundamental part of human nature to be in a relational, gathered community, that it is always a challenge to keep our close connections when we are scattered and separated.



Technology makes this so much easier than it was for the early global travellers; I am old enough to have written airmail letters that took weeks to arrive, when I was volunteering in Southern Africa as a young adult. Social media, Zoom, email, WhatsApp – as long as we have the gadget and a signal, we can stay in touch almost instantly. We received a photo of that precious granddaughter five minutes after she was born! As cruisers we know that finding a good signal can be a challenge, and we have actually moved anchorage less than usual this last six weeks, in order to stay within the reception area of the only local mast. That helps to remind us that not everyone has access to that technology, and it's important to find other ways to stay in touch with those that don't have smartphones or computers. We call our mothers on their landlines and arrange to send them letters and cards by post. Staying connected is a priority while we are physically apart.

Even in self-isolation, we can send our friendship and support to those who need it. Cruisers and locals here are swapping fish for marmalade, flour for coconuts, and helping with donations of medical supplies. There is a lot of mutual support, information-sharing, and lifting each other's spirits. I am very grateful to the cruising neighbours who run our local SSB net every morning, helping us all to stay connected. Land-based family and friends are making masks for local medical staff, raising funds for urgent supplies, volunteering, or working in front-line services. Others are balancing working from home and caring for children and elderly relatives. With the help of technology, I have even been able to contribute to a rapid research project, on supporting off-radar children and young people who are at risk of violence or abuse in their household, (you can find the report here if you are interested www.vamhn.co.uk/covid-19-resources.html). We can all play our part, however small it might feel. Each grain of sand helps to create a beach.

Random wandering in the flow: We are not in control

One of the gifts of sailing life is the close relationship we have with the natural forces of the universe, which bring us awe and wonder, fear and delight in equal measure. Out on the vast ocean in our little sailing boat, we cannot forget that although we can be prepared, ultimately, we are not in control.

Often our land-based lifestyle deceives us into thinking that we are in control of our lives, especially if we just buy the latest gadget, take that life-changing self-help course, find the perfect balance between work, rest and play. This pandemic has been an important reminder that we are not in control, we never were, the only certain thing is that we are all going to die sometime, and the sooner we accept that the happier we can be. Trying to be in control of life just leads to massive stress; both because things go wrong, and because then we blame ourselves for not succeeding – the double whammy.

Many faith communities and mental health



experts agree that acceptance of life, and being in the present, are the most important practices for our well-being and happiness. In the end we are all wandering randomly, because we can neither know the future nor control it. Covid-19 and sailing teach us an important lesson here, about going with the flow. We need to travel with the fair winds and tide, rather than battle against them; heave to and ride out the storms.

Overcoming together

I started by wondering how we overcome this global challenge; actually I think 'coming through' is a better term. This isn't an enemy we can beat; it's a tough aspect of life we need to accept, support each other to survive, and hopefully come out wiser and still joyful.

I love the word 'survive'. It comes from old French and means 'living above or beyond'. How we can 'live beyond' this situation, and what life lessons can we draw from it? Do write in with your ideas.

What I take from this is connection and togetherness, even when apart. I read an Aeon article recently by Abeba Birhane, where she introduces the Zulu phrase 'Umntu ngumuntu ngabantu' - which means 'a person is a person through other persons'. We will survive this darkness, and come through into a brighter light, if we accompany each other on the voyage, and perhaps that living through each other in togetherness is the greatest gift we can both give and receive in these times.

Jane tries to follow the BBB principles on the sailing boat *Chantey*, with her husband Ivan. She blogs and shares her writing at www.barefoot-tales.uk



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Bruny Island, Tasmania:

A photo essay



Lighthouse Bay from the Bruny Light.

By Helene Young

Autumn light in Apollo Bay.



Original lens in the Bruny Lighthouse.

Bruny Island brackets the eastern side of the D'Entrecasteaux Channel, protecting it from the full force of the South Pacific Ocean and the Tasman Sea. Its lighthouse first cast a beam in 1838 and remains the longest serving light in Australia, having provided safety for 158 years before being replaced by a fibreglass light. Its white-washed column stands tall on Cape Bruny and the spiral staircase takes you to magnificent views of Tasmania's southern coast.

There are a myriad of bays providing safe anchorage on both North and South Bruny and each has its own charm. The western side provides more protection without the endless swells rolling in from Antarctica. South Bruny seems wilder, more remote. North Bruny is a little gentler, situated further up the Channel and within an easy sail of Hobart. The isthmus that joins the two is home to a colony of Little (Fairy) Penguins.

Foraging is fun on Bruny Island and living off wild caught food adds to the adventure. Even if you don't like to dive, mussels and oysters are thick on the shore. Flathead, wrasse, squid, and mackerel are easily caught from the back of the boat. Samphire grows in many of the sandy bays and is delicious lightly steamed. Apples, blackberries and rosehips are prolific on several of the smaller islands. Desserts never tasted better.

The old Quarantine Station on North Bruny still welcomes guests and in the time of Covid-19 it seemed like a great place to hang out – especially with a friendly trio of ducks! National Parks and reserves are dotted across the island. Perhaps the most spectacular is the walk to Fluted Cape. With the winds from the south or west anchoring in Adventure Bay is possible and the walk is easily accessed from there.

With glassy reflections, an abundance of wild life, and plenty of safe anchorages you could spend a few months exploring Bruny Island and still find new things to delight you.



Bruny Island Ferry in the sunrise.



ABOVE: Mussels in Fancy Bay.

BELOW: Samphire growing in Mickey's Bay.



Oysters in Fancy Bay.



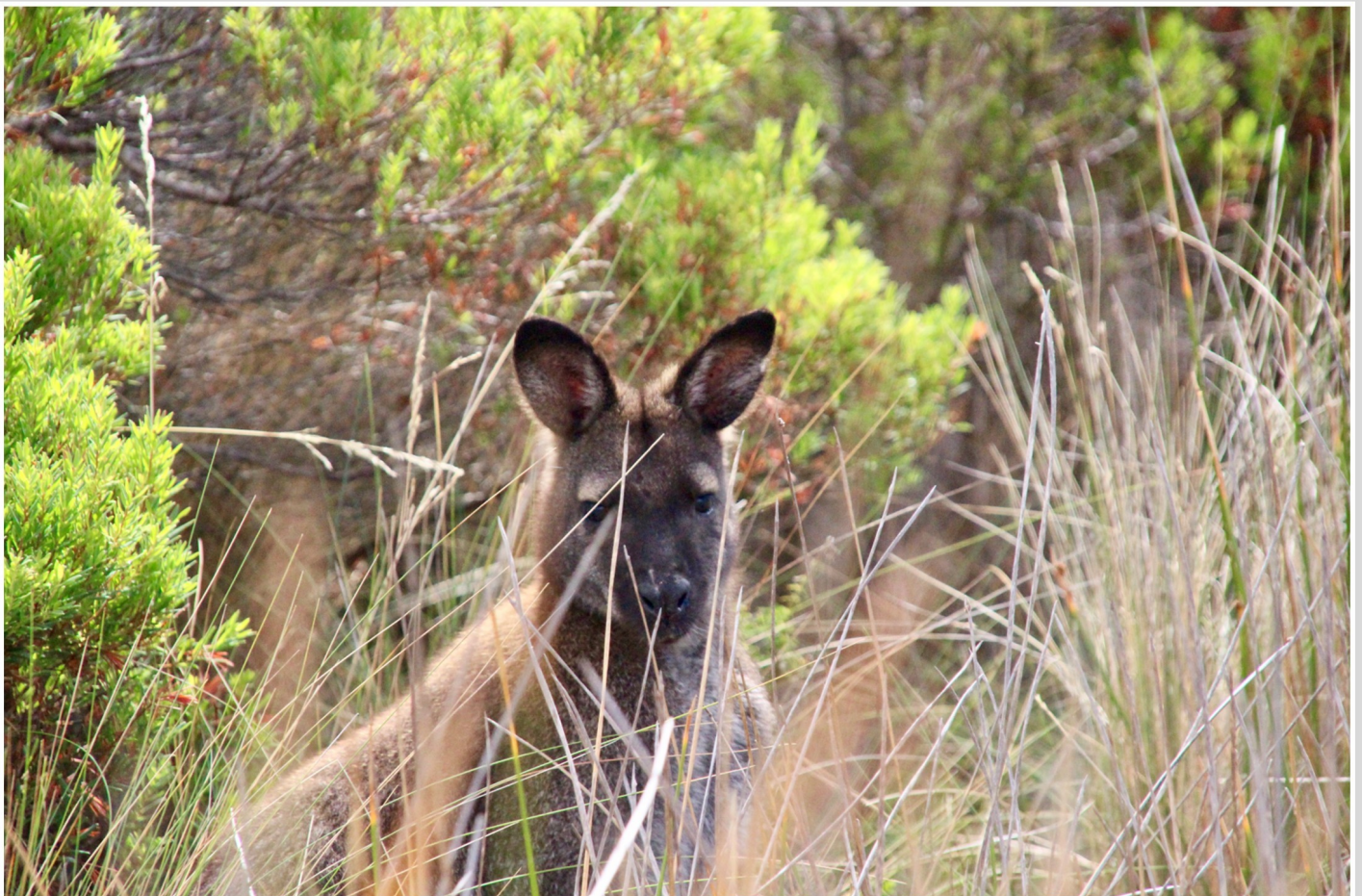
RIGHT: Rosehips.

BELOW: Wild blackberries.



RIGHT: Wild apples on Partridge Island.

BELOW: Bennett's Wallaby.





ABOVE: Penguin Island from Fluted Cape.

RIGHT: White Breasted Sea Eagle in Barnes Bay.



She Oak Point.

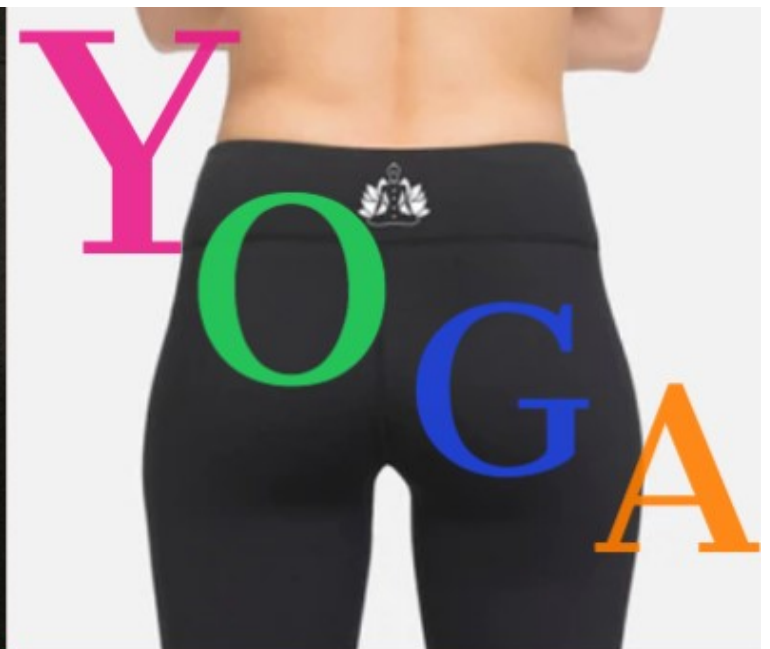
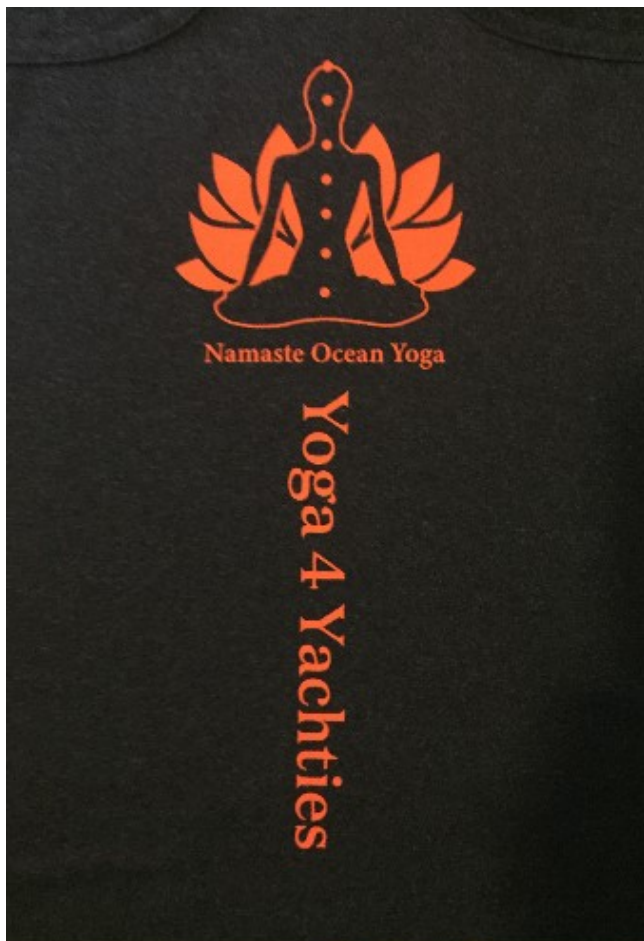


ABOVE: Fluted Cape.

RIGHT: The Ducks of Quarantine Bay.



Sunset from the Duck Pond.



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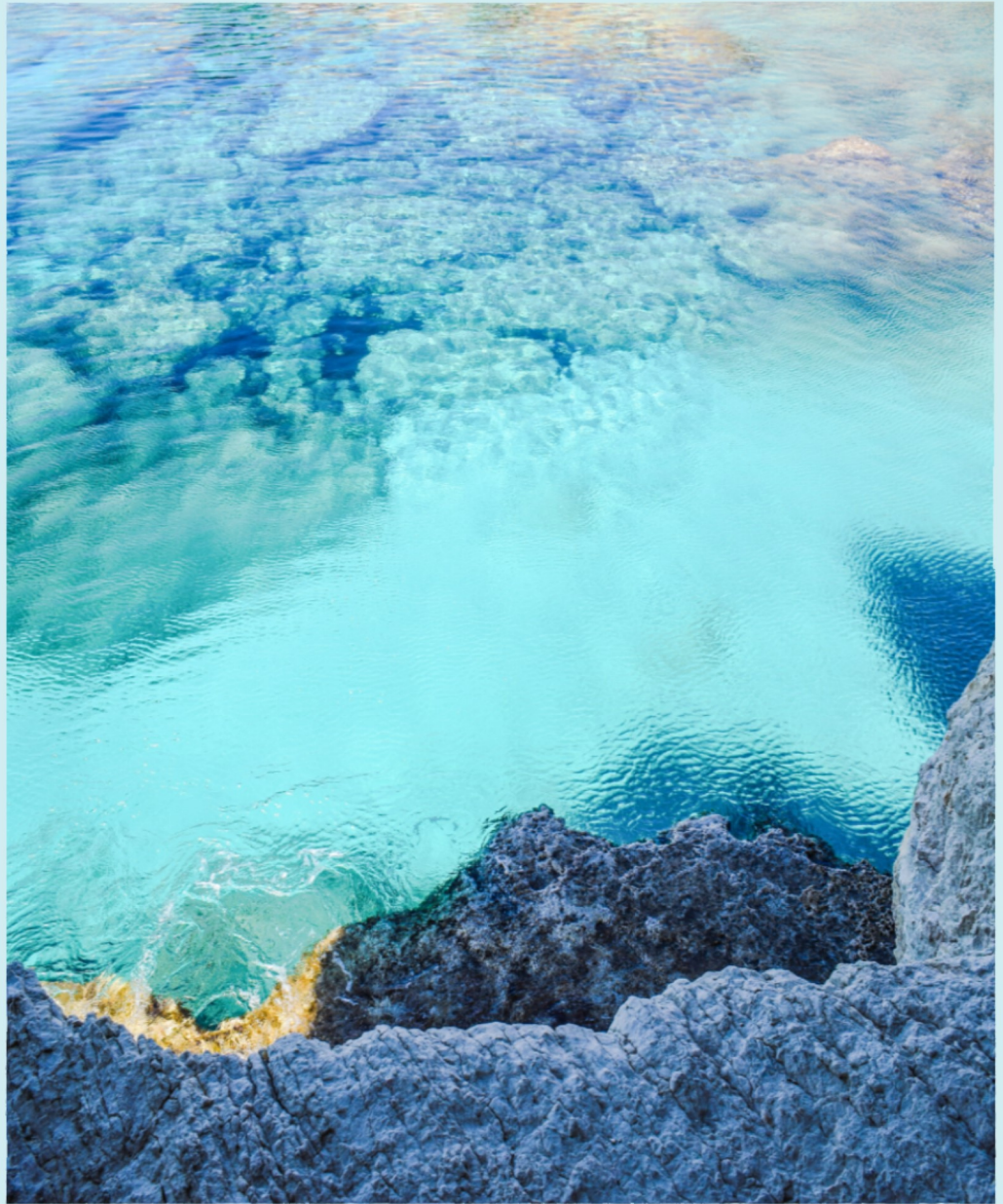
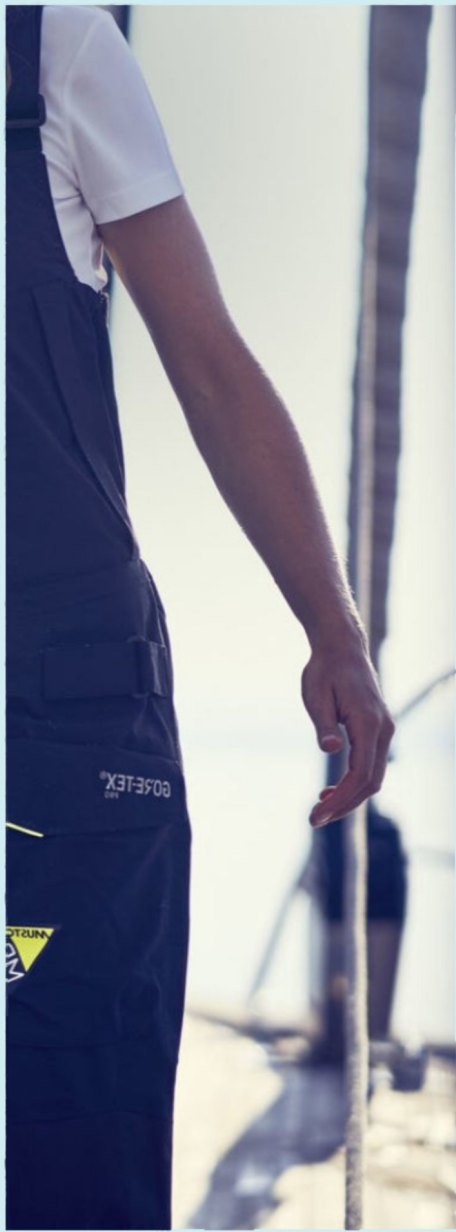


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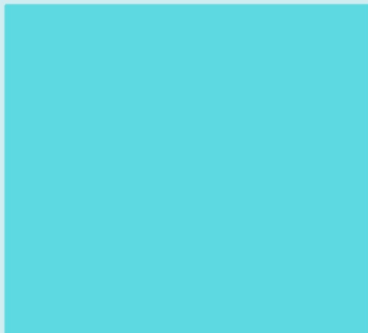
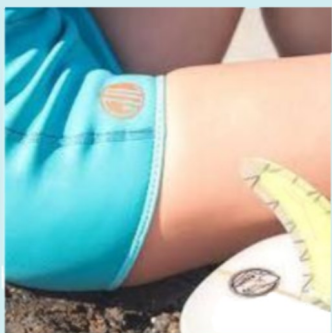
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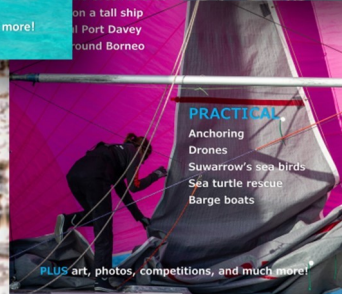


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