

Sunday, April 30, 1989

After a restless night on anchor at Hale Cay, with 15 knot winds out of the South and lightning flickering in the distance, we made the decision not to use the Port Engine today, because we don't want to take the chance the shaft will back out.

It will be a long day, and we pray the Starboard Engine can do the job.

The pressure of the problem with the engine is the icing on the cake of the pressure we feel to get home in time for Mom. We pray to the God Lord that we can get the boat home and secure & be able to fly home to Mom together, by the end of the week.

At 7:00 A.M. we began pulling up the anchor and were underway at 7:20 doing 5 to 6 knots on one engine.

We are both very nervous and strung out over these last developments. None the less it is comforting to have Nancy + Carl Myers keeping in touch by ~~the~~ V.H.F. on the journey today.

The wind is blowing and the waves are
 abeam of us. It is a very uncomfortable
 and exhausting ride. Mort is in a mass
 of perspiration at the helm. We are making less
 speed than the two sailboats Ultimate Tolly + Seawitch.
 At about 2:00 we learned that "everything
 is relative!" Ahead on the skyline we viewed
 a long line of thunderstorms. On the radar
 it proved to be 6 miles in diameter. We
 therefore knew that at our reduced 6 knot
 speed, it would take us an hour to make our
 way through the storm, that is if conditions
 allowed.

In nothing flat she hit. Lightning, wind,
 rain and huge seas were enveloping us.
 Our radar was useless and we lost sight of
 the two sailboats we were following. Mort
 told me to get out the life jackets and we put
 them on. Mort was wonderful. We were
 constantly aware of 'one engine only' and he,
 in spite of the difficulty in steering kept
 us beautifully on course. To make the
 Cheese more binding, the winds were so
 great that they tore our bimini off,
 and it flapped in sheets and shreds
 in front of the starboard bow windows.
 It was designed to take 100 MPH wind, and

it had withstood verified 65 MPH. wind in St. Simons. This says something about how hard it blew, **

When the wind and rain subsided, there was only one sailboat in our radar or view. We were horrified. The boat we could see turned out to be Ultimate Folly, and we later discovered that Seawitch had lost her jib, it too flapping and threatening to foul her other rigging. They, therefore, gave up trying to stay on course and allowed themselves to go with the wind until it played out. **

We ran into no other storms from then on, and when the tip of Indian Cay gave into view, we thought we were home free. We were at this point tired, shaky and had had no food at all today. However, I had been able to convince Mort to drink some orange juice for fluid + energy.

It became apparent that in order to avoid the shoals around Indian Cay, and to be able to make for the Marina on the tip of Grand Bahama Island, we would have to make a short jog into the ocean.

The theory of relatively once again came home. The storm we had just come through was a piece of cake compared with what we now faced. No sooner had we crossed the barrier reef than we were in the worst conditions we have ever faced or ever hope to face again. Ten foot seas, and we had to take them, mostly abeam to make for the breakwater at the marina.

Many ~~at~~ times our precious boat, struggling with one engine was 30° to the water.

~~***~~ Mort was magnificent!!!!

He says I was great. While he struggled to keep us from broaching, I tried, with shaking hands to determine from the charts and with the binoculars where the entrance to the marina was, and to direct Mort away from the shallows and the rocks. (For about a mile there are rocks on one side shallows on the other, and there are no - not one - nada - buoys or markers until you are at the breakwater and entrance. ~~***~~)

It was a truly terrifying experience.

We entered Jack Fav Marina, exhausted, our crews drawn to two tought Stungs.

Getting into the pier was not a beautiful picture, because our vessel does not like shallow water and Mort had only the one engine making precise manouevring impossible. ~~It~~ Eventually, however, we were secure and our engine turned off. It was then about 5:00 P.M.* Ultimate folly & seawitch followed soon after.

While Mort checked in with the Dockmaster, I made an effort to call Mom. The phones were impossible to get to, Long lines and hours of waiting. I was too exhausted to wait & I'll try again tomorrow.

We showered, had a Huge drink, hot dogs and beans (which tasted like ambrosia) and were in bed by 8:00 P.M.

We're going to try for a mechanic tomorrow for the engine.

Monday May 1, 1989

We awoke at 5:30 A.M. I am still shaky. The wind is too heavy to go today, and it looks like tomorrow will be the same. Today I'll wash clothes - many loads - try to get some of the salt off of the boat, and try to reach Marwin. I may have to fly out of here soon - I don't

at this point
*** Most uttered the
most fervent prayer
I have ever heard him
say. At the top of his
voice he prayed:

"Dear God - please
cut us a break."

** At this point Most tied
a line around my waist,
and I went out on the
bow to pull the shreds
of biminii aside and tie
and knot them to the cleats
so that Most could see to
pilot the boat