

Friday, July 25, 1993

Chub Cay

The wind is 15-20 K Small Craft Caution. We are staying here today. Mort is antsy, however, and is talking as though we go tomorrow regardless. I am very upset. We have a 10 hour run. The history of this trip is, something goes wrong every day. I can't imagine doing 10 hours of rough seas.

Mort says we were beat up the 5 hours to Chub with the wind 10-15 K. I can't imagine (or rather I can imagine) doing twice that in those conditions.

I know if I take a stand he won't go, but I can't ~~see~~ want to go through the "silent treatment". That eats my insides out.

Needless to repeat, but I will, I feel like I have a fist in my throat.

Mort gives lip service to staying if its bad, I don't know what is happening to him.

We had Will Dickens & his friend Perraine and his mate Mike aboard to do charts for them. They are from a small sport fish called "Will Power".

At lunch I asked Mort to give me assurance that we would not leave with Small Craft Adversary. He said "I could be assured." I know that was not what he wanted, but he relieved me greatly. At 2:30 I called the Forecast Office of the Nassau Met Office ^{for updates} He said 15-25 gusting to 30 knots 4-7 feet. I asked when it will abate and he said Sunday.

6.25.93 cont.

Of course Mort listened to the N.W. So. Ct. weather at 6:00. It said winds would be light, which incidentally they said they would be today (But they weren't.) He wants to go we had words.

I think he just does not know how to use "hang time" If he read it would fill his empty hours, but he adamantly refuses to pick up a book. However as soon as we are back in Marathon and start seeing Jim & Linda Smith and she asked him what he has read lately and suggests a book or two (which I probably have suggested) he will begin reading again. This is a prediction. I will apologize if I'm wrong. In Marsh Harbour, I was begging him to get into some books - nada - all it took from Linda was one word. I wonder what I'm doing wrong. Cause when he reads he has more patience with waiting.

This has been one first class bitch of a day!!!!

I sound very bitter as I re-read this. I pray that this is just a reaction to the cumulative frustration, worry, etc. of this trip. I pray that this isn't the end of this relationship. But I can't take much more. I know he feels the same way, but, although, I don't blame him for our major problems, I do feel he could react in a more mature & sympathetic way

6-25-93 Con't

After all this is not happening "only" to him. It is all happening to me too.

The day deteriorated from bad to worse. We reached the point that we both were too upset to eat dinner and went to bed sans evening meal. — Good for the weight situation in my case, but not good for either of our nervous systems.

We were awakened at 4:00 A.M. to torrential rains & whipping winds. We were out there in our rain jackets wedging coils of heavy line between piling & Starcheon.

We were soaked to the skin & Mort had a bowl of soup at 4:30 A.M.

Saturday, June 26, 1993

Chub Cay

We awoke tired, but hopeful for a better day. Those hopes were dashed when Mort found that one of the engine room fans was burned out. It was another rapid slide into depression.

At best we are snapping at each other.

Went over charts with Phyllis & Tom of Wandering Star

As we stood on the dock with Foy Trot and Wandering Star waiting for weather, we were approached by two Black Bahamians. They asked if we wanted some conch & ... We took 10 conch at \$1.00 each and put them in the freezer.

This almost helped our mood, but before it was time to eat we were bickering again. We have to leave tomorrow

Sunday, June 27, 1993

** Chub

After a very sleepless and restless night we awoke at 5:00 (Mort) 4:30 (me). I came up to call the Nassau Weatherman. We hoped to leave today. He said the system we have been waiting to pass has stalled. It will be 15-20 knots E.S.E. 14-7 ft seas. Thunder showers. I called twice to check. Same old - same old.

Mort said we are not going.

We went back to bed and snuggled. We should be good together again today. I guess it is that we are resigned. I pray we can ease^{off} this tension we have been generating.

Well this day will tell the tale.

I love him so much. It pains me to see & feel the damage we do to each other at "bad" times.

At 8:00 A.M. found that Nassau downgraded the Winds but it was too late to start our 10 hours and be in by 6:00^{PM} when the marina at Cat Closes.

Morts taking it pretty well.

At Noon the nightmare gremlins got us again. I found my fridge defrosted. I didn't know how to tell him. The breaker was off and the compressor wouldn't ~~hold~~ go on. Mort fiddled with it and we put it on our side and it held. It is 12:15 and we will see.

This trip and our perpetual breakdowns are not to be believed. We are so frightened that something of a major nature will happen!!! We are really skeezy. "I Wanna Get Home!!!"

6-27-93 Con't.

At 1:00 Mort and I went down "into the Chamber of Horrors" i.e. The Engine Room with the spare new Refrigeration pump. We worked like a well oiled machine, Mort doing & me fetching, holding and praying. At 2:10 we had refrigeration again. Whew!!!

After that we rested until shower time. We had invited some young people we had met at Chub on their small boat - also with troubles - Dave & Nancy Lunsford and their guests, Craig & Nancy, for cocktails.

We enjoyed their company very much. They left at 8:00^{AM} and then we had dinner of Broiled Quail, peas & rice, and Bean salad. Very Good.

We were in bed by 9:30. We have a very early day tomorrow. Hopefully we can leave.

Monday, June 28, 1993 Chub Cay to Cat Cay

After hardly sleeping at all, I was up and making coffee at 5:00 AM. I woke Mort at 5:30 then called Nassau MET Office. It looked good. At 6:00 we started the Genny to run her until she begins to overheat, before we turned around Dave & Craig were there to help with lines. It took us 10 minutes to get the Port Engine started. Our 6:30 start didn't begin until 6:45, when we pulled away from the pier.

At 8:45 we passed Northwest Channel Light and were through the Tongue of The Ocean, Ties to four foot waves on our Aft Port Quarter. The minute we passed the light (which really isn't there yet. Instead is a red buoy & the Light ^{Whorl})