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Subject: never miss the sunrise!

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NEVER MISS THE SUNRISE! LAST NIGHT WE HAD ALL BEEN AWAKE UNTIL ABOUT 3 AM, AND I TRULY THOUGHT NO ONE WOULD BE ON DECK SO EARLY THE NEXT MORNING.

I FORGOT THAT WE ALL KNOW HOW SPECIAL IT IS TO WAKE UP IN A NEW HARBOR.

AND WHAT A TREAT TO GO UP THE COMPANIONWAY HATCH AND HAVE THE FIRST LOOK

AROUND. THE MOON HAD HELPED US IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IN THE

DAYLIGHT. NOT ONE OF US COULD WAIT A MINUTE LONGER TO WITNESS THE BEAUTY

THAT SURROUNDED US THAT EARLY MORNING. WE WERE ANCHORED IN THE LEE OF SAN

SALVADOR ISLAND IN THE BAHAMAS.

THE EAST WIND BRUSHED ACROSS THE LOW-LYING ISLAND BARELY STIRRING THE SURFACE OF THE WATER. THE GOLDEN LIGHT FLOODED THE GREEN CASOURINAS LINING THE SHORE.

AS THE RISING SUN SMILED DOWN ON KANDARIK IT ENGULFED HER IN AN EERIE

UNREAL GOLD COLOR. IT WAS THE BRIGHTNESS AND CLARITY OF THE WATER THAT

SURPRISED US THE MOST. WE WERE SEEMINGLY DRIFTING IN AIR! THE PEARLY

SAND OF THE NIGHT BEFORE HAD TURNED INTO AN ELECTRIC AQUAMARINE CUSHION

THAT CRADLED KANDARIK. WE HAVE SEEN THE CLEAR WATER OF THE BAHAMAS MANY

TIMES BEFORE, BUT NEVER DID IT HAVE THE INTENSITY OF THIS MORNING. MAYBE

BECAUSE THIS WAS OUR FIRST REAL ANCHORAGE IN OUR CIRCUMNAVIGATION, OR

MAYBE IT WAS REALLY THE MOST FANTASTIC OF MORNINGS. WHATEVER THE CASE,

THE WHOLE FAMILY SAT ASTONISHED ON THE BOW WATCHING THE SUN CLIMB HIGHER

AND HIGHER TO ILLUMINATE THE JEWEL IN WHICH WE WERE ANCHORED.

THE EXCITEMENT ABOARD KANDARIK WAS INFECTIOUS. ALL OF A SUDDEN THE SLEEPY CREW BECAME ANXIOUS TO GET ASHORE. A HURRIED BREAKFAST, PUMP UP THE INFLATABLE DINGHY, GET THE OUTBOARD ON, FLIP FLOPS, CAMERA, TOWELS, PASSPORTS, SHIP'S PAPERS, AND AT LAST WE WERE ON OUR WAY ASHORE. THE LANDING WAS PRETTY FRIGHTENING, FOR WHILE THE WATER WAS STILL THE SWELL SWEEPING AROUND THE ISLAND FINALLY HIT THE SHALLOW SAND OF THE BEACHHEAD WHERE IT BROKE INTO A MILLION BUBBLES. THE DINGHY WAS SWEEPED AROUND IN THE CONFUSION, BUT AT LAST WE WERE SECURE AND SCRAMBLING UP THE SAND. THE HEAVENLY SMELLS OF THE EARLY MORNING TROPICAL LAND HIT OUR NOSTRILS. CHARCOAL FIRES, JASMINE, BAKING BREAD, BREWING COFFEE, WET SAND FROM A RECENT SQUALL, AND THAT PARTICULAR SMELL OF THE BAHAMAS OF SLOW DECAYING VEGETATION. IT WAS WONDERFUL!

AFTER AN HOURS SEARCH, WE GAVE UP TRYING TO CHECK IN WITH CUSTOMS AND IMMIGRATION. WHILE SAN SALVADOR HAD BEEN A POINT OF ENTRY IN THE BAHAMAS, SOMEONE FORGOT TO TELL THE POLICE ON THE ISLAND. THE CHIEF OF POLICE TOLD US NOT TO BOTHER ABOUT IT, AND TO ENJOY OURSELVES. IF HE WASN'T WORRIED, NEITHER WERE WE! LITTLE DID WE KNOW THAT THIS WAS TO CAUSE A PROBLEM FURTHER ALONG OUR VOYAGE.

BUT, WE DID JUST THAT, WE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED OURSELVES. A LONG WALK TOOK US TO THE OLD RIDING ROCK INN. WHILE IT WAS NOW DESERTED AND SAD LOOKING, ANDY AND I COULD NOT HELP REMEMBERING THE WONDERFUL TIME WE HAD THERE MANY YEARS AGO WHEN WE STOPPED HERE ON CARRONADE, OUR FIRST LITTLE SLOOP, THAT HAD BROUGHT ANDY TO MEET ME! WE DID FIND A TINY RESTAURANT

THAT HAD JUST BROUGHT OUT OF THE OVEN LOAVES OF SWEET BAHAMIAN BREAD. ON THE SPOT WE CONSUMED A WHOLE LOAF WITH COFFEE AND HOT CHOCOLATE. WE COULD NOT HELP BUYING TWO CUTE HOME MADE STRAW HATS FROM THE ONLY LADY ON THE TOWN SQUARE SELLING HER LITTLE STRAW OBJECTS D'ART. ONCE AGAIN THIS WAS THE FIRST OF MANY MARKETS TO CAPTIVATE SAMMY AND JAMIE. THEY WERE TO BECOME THE BIGGEST SUPPORTERS OF LOCAL STRAW MARKETS AROUND THE WORLD.

EXHAUSTION FINALLY OVERTOOK ALL OF US, OR PERHAPS IT WAS ALL THE GOOD FRESH BREAD, SUNSHINE, AND WALKING THAT LED US BACK TO THE DINGHY LONGING FOR OUR BUNKS. NOW WE COULD CATCH UP ON THAT MUCH NEEDED REST. WE ALL FELL SOUND ASLEEP AFTER THIS WONDERFUL MORNING ASHORE.

ANDY AND I WOKE UP AT ABOUT 8:30 THAT NIGHT. THE MOON WAS STILL FULL. A NICE BREEZE WAS BLOWING OVER KANDARIK'S DECK. SHE WAS READY TO MOVE ON. WE GOT THE ANCHOR UP, CREPT FROM THE LEE OF THE ISLAND WITH A LIGHT WIND BARELY MOVING THE SAILS. WHILE SAMMY AND JAMIE WERE SECURE IN THEIR BUNKS WITH THE LEE CLOTHS UP, ANDY AND I HELPED KANDARIK SAIL FREE OF THE LAND BOUND FOR POINTS FURTHER SOUTH AND WEST. A FRESH SOUTHEASTER BLEW UP REQUIRING TWO REEFS AND THE STAYSAIL. THIS WAS THE MOST WIND WE HAD SEEN SINCE OUR DEPARTURE FROM FORT LAUDERDALE. CLOSE-HAULED, WE FLEW TO THE SOUTH IN A MAGNIFICENT NIGHT WITH STIFF BREEZE AND GLOWING MOON OVERHEAD.

THE NEXT MORNING WE ROUNDED BIRD ROCK ON CROOKED ISLAND. OUR YOUNG

CREWMEMBERS SHOOK THE SLEEP FROM THEIR HEADS, AND LOOKED AROUND THEM FROM THE COCKPIT. "WHERE ARE WE?" THIS SIMPLE PHRASE WAS TO MAKE US LAUGH A MILLION MORE TIMES, AS THE INNOCENT BABIES WOULD OFTEN GO TO SLEEP IN ONE PORT, AND MIRACULOUSLY WAKE UP IN ANOTHER PORT. OH, HOW LUCKY THEY ARE!