

Even though the boat did not have a motor (“the parts were on order”) and the furling jib would not furl, I felt that we should take time off and go sailing. That evening we went on our first sail with just the main. We didn’t go far, just sailed out in front of the town and back, perhaps 4 miles all together. It was in very light winds so it took quite a while but it was still lovely.



Mick’s first time at the tiller



Wake me when we get there

The next day we finished up a few more projects and sorted through the huge pile of junk, some things we gave away and others we trashed. The boat was defiantly floating about 4 inches higher than the last time it was afloat based on the line of marine growth we scraped off. In celebration Mick and Ari went swimming off the dock, much to the delight of the big German Sheppard who was devoted to Mick. In the background were the ever present brush and forest fires that would, one night, affect our navigation in a most unusual way.



Rin Tin Can to the rescue, or Can I jump in the water, Can I?