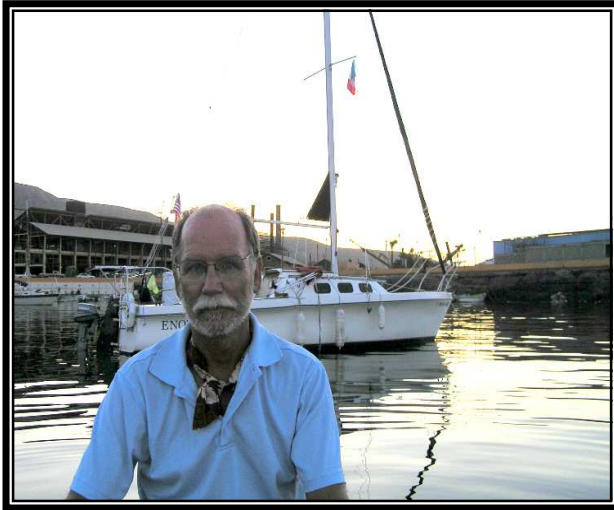


## Baja Voyage Day 25

We slept in this morning in Bahia Piedra Blanca and had a leisurely breakfast of pancakes, I think, and then left for Santa Rosalea about 10 nm away. Before entering the harbor at Rosalea, we anchored off a black sand beach and I rowed ashore. Just across the street was a Pemex gas station so I didn't have to rely on Ricardo to get gas for the motor.



**The harbor at Santa Rosalea**

We motored on into the harbor and dropped anchor in our "usual" spot. I was excited to show Alice the town and the little marina, and for her to meet some of the people. We spent some time tidying up the boat and then went into town.

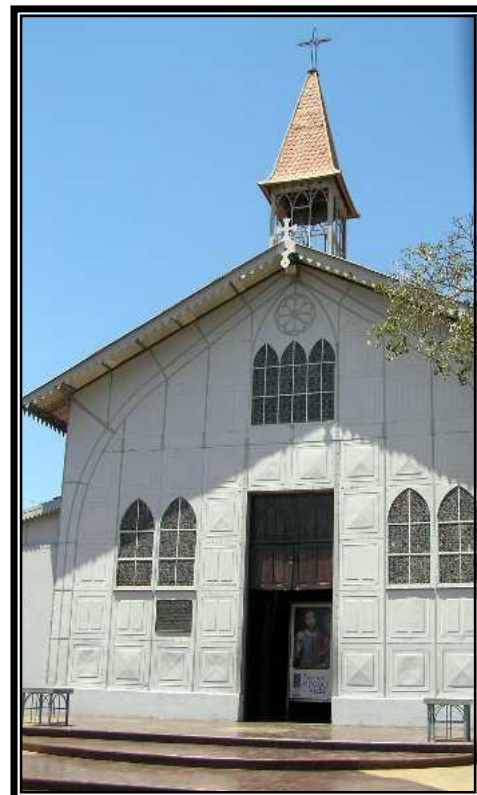
The church designed by Eiffel was the premier architectural feature of the town and Alice also enjoyed the French atmosphere of the older buildings. We did some banking and made a few purchases and returned to the boat and a siesta.

Later that afternoon, we returned to town for the special bacon wrapped hotdogs and salsa for dinner. Alice was not impressed. She did, however, like the ice cream. We spent some more time just wandering around in the cooling streets enjoying the activity all around us.



**Eiffel's church interior**

Back to the boat we went, settled in and enjoyed a nightcap -- rum for Alice (not Mt. Gay but Bacardi) and a cold Negra Modelo for me.



**Eiffel's Church, assembled in 1889**

True to form, but not a surprise, the squid fleet left and returned over the next several hours. Though the pangas were annoying, the thing that really made sleep difficult was the staccato slap as foot -long fish constantly leaped out of the water and fell back to the surface. Occasionally, they even thumped into the boat. Judging by the extra organics in the water and leaching of the slag blocks, I suspect that the poor fish were trying to get a breath of fresh air.



**Dawn breaks as Alice sleeps**

We left at 3 am since we had either a long (35nm), or a really long (80nm), sail ahead of us. The difference depended on whether the closer destination would provide us with adequate shelter. The first destination would be Punta Trinidad. The alternate would be the well-protected bay of San Francisquito. This bay I had visited previously. I knew that should we have to make landfall in the dark, I was familiar enough and confident in my ability to negotiate the narrow entrance to the inner cove in poor light.

Once underway, Alice settled back to sleep. Since she is less than 5'3" and with the front filler cushion in, she could sleep crosswise with her feet to lee. This she did through the sunrise, eventually waking several hours later. With the bright morning sun, we rounded the imposing Point of the Three Virgins. I don't know how the point got its name, but there are 3 very high (4200, 5400, 6400 foot) peaks quite close to the point. Also, I had mentioned the interesting geology of the peninsula, and this point was a good example to show Alice. We could see white sandstone stratified in a manner typical of wind driven sand dunes and overlaying it was a layer of dark columnar basalt from a lava flow. What a sight it must have been when the land was formed! To find out more about the geology of the Sea of Cortez, go to this site: <http://www.meer.org/sea-of-cortez-origin.htm>



**Alice with the petrified sand dune topped with basalt in the background**

In late morning, after a brisk sail, we approached Punta Trinidad. We could see a curving beach with low cliffs jutting out from the north and south and a sprinkling of rocks surrounded by breaking seas. On the beach we could see a fishing camp, and anchored off were several pangas, rocking wildly. It was obvious that at best this would be a roily anchorage, so we opted to continue north. The wind was still favorable for continued sailing, but not for anchoring here.

Alice took the helm, while I slept for several hours. The wind held steady until late afternoon and then we motor sailed. It was dusk when we rounded Punta San Gabriel. We slipped into the inner bay of San Francisquito with the last light of twilight. The moon was waxing bright and the temperature was perfect for a night of lying in the cockpit bed enjoying the splendor of the universe. At about the same time of year, but the previous summer we celebrated our 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary “honeymoon” in the Turks & Caicos islands, but this evening was even more romantic and beautiful than any spent there.