

# Reality Cruising

by Kerri Glynn

You've all imagined it - or seen it in "The Way We Were" or "High Society". Two people beautifully dressed in whites, the man wearing a yachting cap, lolling about in the cockpit, drink in hand. No grunts, no sweat, no spills, no curses - not here! It's time to face the truth - this is Reality Cruising!

Our first sailboat, *Eland*, was simple - as simple as a 44-foot sailboat could be. So the disasters were simple and so were our solutions.

When we arrive at our first port of call and realize that we'd lost all of our water - a disaster since Jost Van Dyke didn't have the facilities to refill our tank. The lesson? In addition to taking a shower before you leave carrying bottled water on board - turn off the pressure water pump before you leave the dock. Every dock.

When your refrigerator doesn't work - for two years - buy lots of ice.

When your diesel engine fails as you're coming into Can Garden Bay - simply drop the anchor. (I'm especially proud of this one since my husband wanted to raise the sail and head back for Jost Van Dyke, which has no mechanics or marinas). We got the engine fixed in two hours and it cost us only \$40 and a Heineken.

When your anchor falls off the boat and plants itself well short of the planned anchorage as we entered Francis Bay - stay the night.

When without warning the winds pipe up to 45 kts. and your anchor drags with an enormous block of coral attached to it - at Jost Van Dyke again (I'm beginning to wonder why that's our favorite spot) - drive up on the beach and remove the coral by hand.

When the shower pump fails to work - use your dinghy pump and manually pump the water into the toilet.

And perhaps the most clever solution: When your sail tears and wraps itself around the headstay while underway, tape a steak knife to the boat hook and cut the leechline loose so that you can take the sail down.

When you jib halyard wraps around the headstay - do pirouettes outside the harbor.

Our second boat was a beauty and a systems disaster waiting to happen. It did.

When your transmission fails in a crowded harbor when the wind is blowing 25 kts. into the anchorage and you start crashing into other boats - tie up to the first boat you crash into - this minimizes damage. Take command of the situation - don't let well-intentioned

people help and cause more damage. And ALWAYS turn your windlass on when leaving the dock. That would have been soooo much easier (see *Eland* #3).

When a charter captain (from heaven knows where) rams into your boat on New Year's Eve in, oh no, Jost Van Dyke again, and crushes your bow pulpit into your roller furling stem fitting, after hooking your anchor and dragging you into the channel, says, "This has never happened to me before" and after you disentangle, she asks you to set her anchor - say "no." Do have a glass of champagne. Do attach a line from your stem fitting to a winch and straighten out the pulpit enough to sail to the Sunsail headquarters to have them access the damage (they were great).

When you have a guest on board who, trying to be helpful, puts lemon slices in every glass of water, leaving you with NO lemons to make your special chicken dinner - hide lemons under your pillow before leaving the dock.

Finally - when your auto pilot fails 1,000 miles from your destination and 120 miles from the nearest landfall in a 35-knot wind in 6-foot seas: Sail back to that nearest landfall, call a good friend (a REALLY good friend) and ask him to fly from Clearwater, Florida to Nassau, (in the Bahamas) to San Salvador (also in the Bahamas) with the replacement auto pilot - meet him at the airport with a small cooler containing a plastic cup, a sliced lime, a bottle of coke, and a bottle of rum before he turns around and gets the only plane out.

This brings us to the question of rum. Drinking rum, liberal quantities of it, is the most important part of living with "Reality Cruising." We have never had a boating disaster without lubricating our psyches with an application of "Painkillers" (recipe to follow).

As my captain, Tim, says, "I have led a charmed life on the seas. I have never died, except from embarrassment." This can be treated with rum - really.

"Painkiller" recipe:

- 1 part Coconut Cream
- 1 part Orange juice
- 3-4 parts Pineapple Juice
- Pusser's Rum to taste
- Garnish with fresh nutmeg

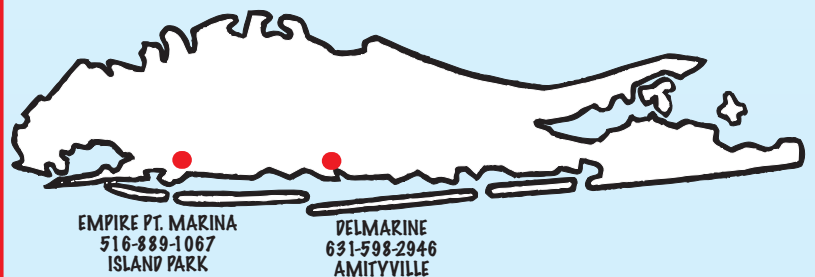
(Drink liberally.)



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