

September 10, 2010

Dear Pops and Mom,
Well I can't say I am not disappointed about the birthday party in Solvang. I know you are right in following your doctor's orders and I do hope you feel better soon but darn! It was going to be so much fun to see everyone! I will be at church for your birthday on the 3rd and will contact Jennifer about the time. I am so looking forward to seeing you. My month has once again been full of adventure. Once I got settled on my mooring buoy in La Paz and Elliot and Jessica went home I started to work getting the boat ready to go up the coast. I needed to take off all



YAY! Lucky me... someone to change my tire!

unnecessary gear and put on the offshore safety equipment, sails and sail gear. As usual many, many trips to the van accomplished this. I also sewed some covers for two hatches to try to stop their leaks and a cover for the anchor windlass to cover up that leaky hole. Someday I will be able to go sailing without getting any water

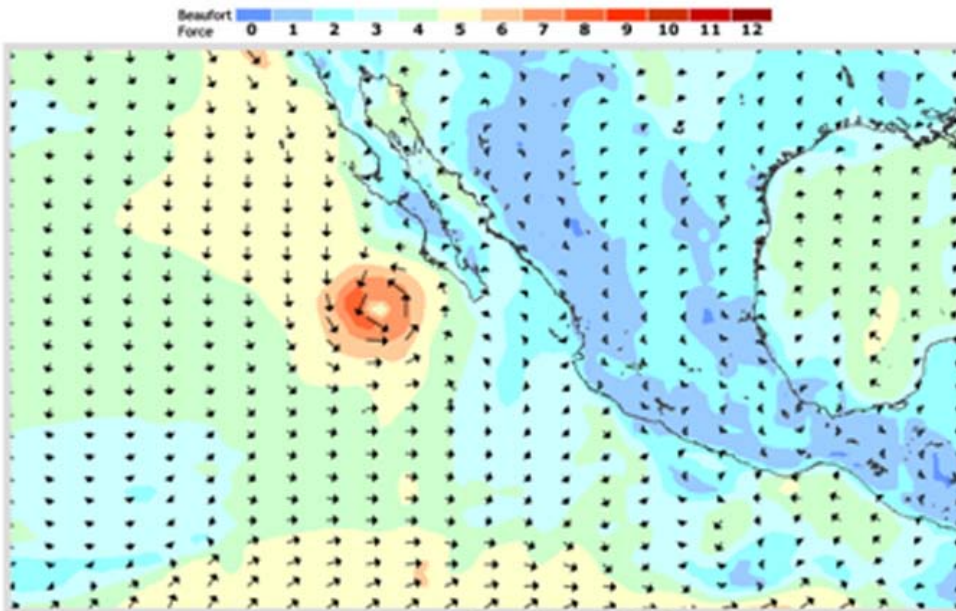
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Pacific Mexico Wind Chart

[View our Old Style Charts](#)

Chart Type: Size: Start Time:

63hr - Sunday 29th August 2010 4pm



While getting the boat ready I was constantly keeping an eye on Hurricane Frank. 100 mile per hour winds would not be good!

on the inside. While I had the machine out I made a new cover for the liferaft (which blew off at some point this year) and the barbecue (it blew away a couple years ago). Colin had me make some changes to the charging system and upgrade some of the electrical gauges. And I did the usual maintenance tasks such as filling the batteries with water, lubricating everything in the engine room, cleaning the bilge, lube all of the blocks and pulleys on the deck. And a total clean up including inside all lockers (as always getting rid of any unnecessary stuff). Yep the van is once again filled to the brim!

I was pretty much just twiddling my thumbs waiting for Colin to show up with the

generator. I had emailed him numerous times in the past 3 months and, of course, when I arrived in La Paz he had not started working on it. It is very hard to bite my tongue with this man but he is such a great mechanic and really takes the time to be sure it is finished correctly and to be sure I understand as much as I can about



Not sure this is what Tim had planned for his sailing adventure but Colin and I sure appreciated the help.

it. So I continued to call him, reminded him I have people arriving to help me get to San Diego, and that I am on a schedule. You would think by now he would believe me when I give him a date! Tim Horne (the river rafter/diesel mechanic) was due to arrive on Saturday, we were going to work on some tasks and leave on Tuesday to pick Marv Dunn (the sailor) up in Cabo on Thursday.

A week and a half went by and still no generator. I moved the boat to the dock in preparation for the install and to use the unlimited water and power to clean and do tasks. On Saturday Tim flew into Cabo. I drove there to pick him up and as luck would have it 1 hour after picking him up the van got a flat tire. So Tims first task was to change the tire! We got back

to the boat and he helped me with some other engine & electrical issues on Sunday and then Monday we decided to go to Colin's shop and see what was up. That was a perfect idea. Tim and Colin put the generator together while I ran around getting the welding done, picking up hoses and wires, etc. By 6 p.m. on Monday they were finished and had it running on the bench. We put it in the van and on the way back to the boat I called my friend John to offer to buy him dinner if he helped to get the generator down to the boat. So by the time we returned to the marina John had a block and tackle rigged to get the thing out of the van and into a cart to roll it down the ramp. We used the boom on the boat to lift and get it over in the cockpit. Tuesday Colin and Tim installed, wired, plumbed, and tweaked. Wednesday we left for Cabo... whew! Colin can be exhausting!

We left so late and had so much wind on the nose our speed was reduced to 4 knots at times. We barely made it to Cabo late Thursday evening and



Sometimes you have such a great day of sailing it makes all the trials and tribulations worthwhile.



anchored outside the bay in a spot I have been many times before. Marv had arrived that afternoon and was in a motel someplace... we were due to meet him at the fuel dock in the morning. The next morning the Mexican Port Captain came alongside the boat and was frantically waving his arms and saying (in Spanish so I am not quite sure what he was saying) that we could not anchor here, a hurricane was expected, large swell, not safe. So we moved to the fuel dock, got on the internet, and checked the position of Hurricane Frank. The weather service was still saying that it was going to dissipate, was not coming close to land, and there were no warnings of any huge swell. Just to be on the safe side we decided to stay that night in the Cabo San Lucas Marina and leave the next morning. YAY - now I have 2 guys working on my boat! We did some hand sewing on the mainsail to strengthen some spots that were a little sun worn, rebedded some fittings to stop more leaks, lashed the dingy, gas, and cooler to the deck, secured my bike and other gear inside, installed the jack lines (two 50' lengths of webbing running from the front to the back of the boat. When offshore if you need to go forward you wear a harness (arms go through it and it goes around your chest) and clip the

harness to the jack line so if you fall you stay in the boat) Installed the lifesling (a device attached to the boat on one end and a lifering on the other end. If someone falls overboard you throw this thing into the water and drag it over to the person and then pull the line to drag the person onto the boat) We put up the dodger (canvas to hide behind when waves crash over the front of the boat) and anything else I could think of.

The next morning was the day of the funeral of Denise's best friend Dawn's baby boy Trevor. She asked that those that could not attend the funeral send a picture of balloons released from wherever you are for a book she was making for her daughter Jordan. It is a very sad and long story. I am glad I could contribute in some way.

We left Cabo under beautiful sunny skies and very little



For Trevor

wind. As the day progressed the wind picked up behind us so we shut down the engine and got some sailing in. Sailing without having the engine on from Cabo to San Diego is pretty unusual as the wind is almost always out of the north but the tail end of the hurricane brought us some southerlies. By the next day it was wind on the nose and motoring as fast as we dared to push it. We were going slow and it was too rough so we just hunkered down and made the best of it. The guys did all the watches during the day and I did all the cooking. At night I did the worst of all watches from midnight to 4 am but if that was all I had to do NO PROBLEM! It was cold and



This is what you get when you try to take a picture of fog at night...

getting colder every day. It was so rough at times I was bouncing all around the galley... but still managed to amaze them with roast chicken, potatoes and gravy, fresh made salsa and home baked bread. One time I miscalculated a wave and the whole bowl of flour mixture flew across the galley. By the time the bread was done it looked like a couple kids just made pancakes for their parents.

I like having able crew... I watched as the mechanic had the sailor sail for a bit while he shut down the engine, added oil, and checked everything over. Grin!

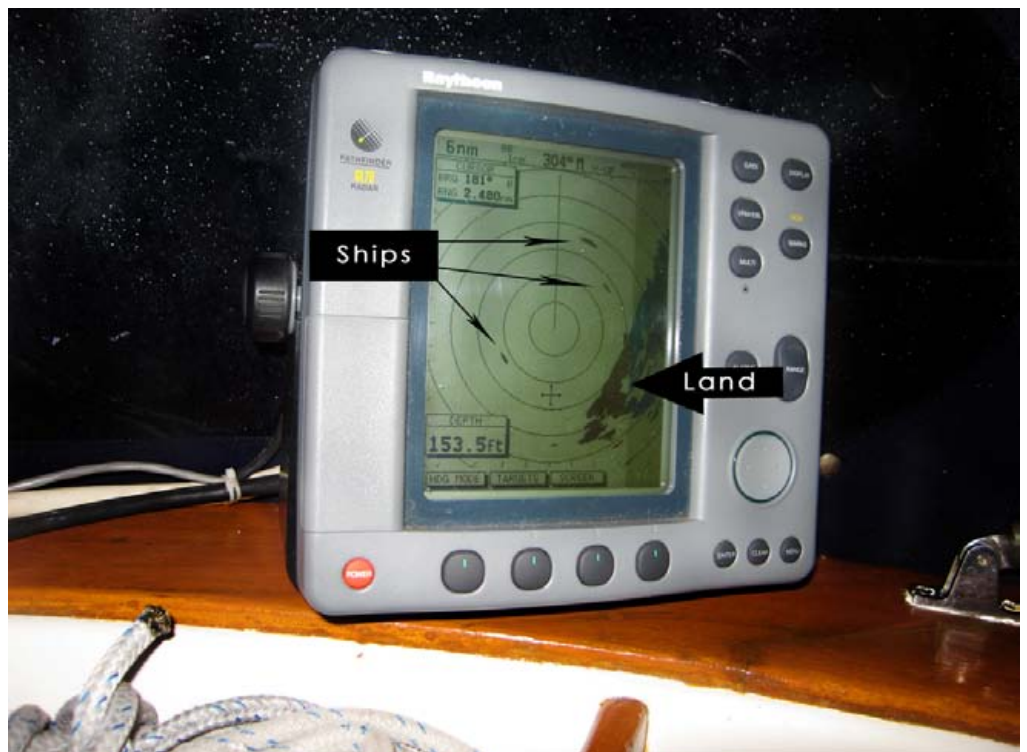
We stopped in Turtle Bay for fuel and a walk to town for a taco. A dusty, dry, little town with one restaurant, hardly any shopping, and a gazillion miles from anyplace! But they have fuel, beer, and tacos so the guys were happy and the cook had the night off.



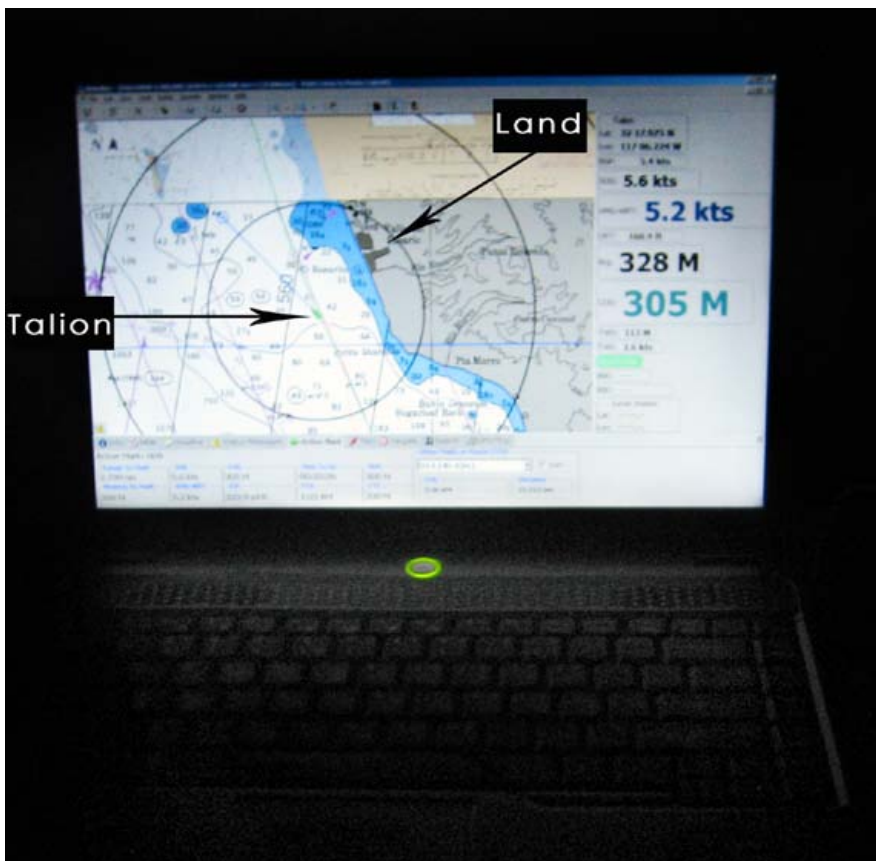
This is what I look at at night. The computer is down in the cabin on the table keeping dry and the radar is out in the cockpit under the dodger.

The next morning we left before daylight to try and get some miles in before the wind picked up. It blows the hardest in the afternoon and we were trying to get past the tip of this island called Cedros before then. It worked in that we past Cedros but the wind still hammered us in the afternoon so we slogged on. Then the next afternoon the fog rolled in. Sometimes it was so thick

you could barely see the bow of the boat. Thank goodness for radar. Between the computer screen telling us where we were relative to the land and the radar telling us where we were relative to the other boats we were slaves to our electronics. Trying to see something was not worth getting your head wet for. Considering our present speed and position we were due to arrive in San Diego at 4 am. Because of the fog we slowed down to make our arrival in the daylight. Then just as we got close to town the fog lifted and we motored on in under sunny skies. We had to first tie up at the customs dock and call the customs officers. In about a half hour three agents came down in uniform and big black boots with



The radar screen shows the position of ships in the area. We are at the center of the circles. Each circle is a distance of 1 mile. So the closest ships were over 2 miles away and we were 3 miles from shore.



The computer screen shows the boat on the nautical chart. The boat is the little green symbol. I have it set up to display the course, speed, location, and various other information.

papers galore. They questioned us, filled out forms, inspected the boat, threw out my eggs, looked at our passports, charged \$27 for some decal and left.

We got a slip next door at the Harbor Police Transient Dock for 5 days and we all took naps! Great trip, hardly anything broke and we got here when we expected to. The next day Tim left to go back to Aspen and Marv headed back to Portland. Now I am on my own once again. I have lots of projects to work on and some websites and publications that even pay money! I am also getting ready for the Baja Ha-Ha rally at the end of October. I may go to Colorado to visit the kids but I am not not sure as I am not sure where where I will keep the boat. On the weekends I can anchor at a spot between San Diego Yacht Club and Southwestern Yacht Club which is a wonderful location, free, and I can use the San Diego Yacht Club internet... so I love it! But anchoring there is only allowed Friday through Monday. The transient dock is only \$10 per night but they only allow 10 nights in a 40 day period and I have already used 5. There is



Tuna for lunch!

This was a demo... the next one he filleted!

another anchorage I am going to check out next week over by the Coast Guard base. Some people say it is not safe over there and others say that is nuts. I get 2-3 nights free at various Yacht Clubs around San Diego but that means moving the boat every 2-3 days and it would really only get me about 8 days. Other than that I did find a slip for 1 month for \$875. Yikes! So as you can probably tell from this rambling I am weighing all my options. First I will check out the "not safe" anchorage because that would be my cheapest option (with a visit to a yacht club every once in awhile to charge everything up). Oh, and the generator is purring away right now powering this computer and the fridge!

And finally, I received the following email a couple weeks ago:

"Hi-- my name is Jim Hibma, and I played for Dale as a sophomore at Valley Christian in 1967. We had great year and Coach Verhoeven told us the first day of practice that the first play of the first game would go for a touchdown. It did and I still remember the thrill of having the play work. The game ended in a tie, but I have always thought about the role of inducing an expectation and then having it work. What happened to Coach Verhoeven? Email me at Jhibma@hotmail.com"



Finally arriving in sunny San Diego

I emailed back that Dale had passed away and told him a little about Dale's life since 1967. I attached this photo of Dale coaching... it is such a great photo! Maybe Jim Hibma was one of the players? I have not heard back but I will let you know if I do.

Love you guys and miss you.
Take Care... See you October 3!!!
Patsy

