

Saturday, July 4, 1992  
16:34 EDT

I finally met her, my lady of the island. Sandra Alameda: Santa Maria. A restaurant, a waitress, niece of the owner. A smile. A tape, "Guns and Roses". A request, no words, understood. Eyes talking. More beer. More music. Another smile. Dreams, she wants to be a stewardess, or perhaps a computer programmer. She wants to dream. "I have a dream, but I think it might not come true." Sandra, take your dream and fly as high as you can, and if from that height you can see me, then stop by for some coffee, and spend the night. Then if you like, you can spend the rest of your life with me. No real reason to give up a dream, Sandra. Just steer it from time to time. 18 years is just enough height to take a jump from. Hold that thermal with your beautiful wings, keep that freedom. Share it only when you are sure. My lady of the island, keep the light here on the coast. I'll be back someday, in cards or stories, or phone, or flight. Or perhaps, you will find me, looking down from that thermal.



/tkslg

The water sloshes in the forward cabin as we begin our final journey, leaving this island to the port side, some rocks, and the long tack to Spain, hoping the current takes us south again. Only 9 days, making 100/day. No water or fuel, this last port. Just the basics. And, of course, my lady of the island. Another dot, in time and space. A pointer, if you can see that far, or if you are a good navigator. Important to know where those rocks are, important to mend that horseshoe NOW, sew that sail NOW. When the storm hits, it may be too late. Course, it is only luck when the connector between the main sheet and the sail breaks and the sail is down. Don't count on that happening too often. Wave to a few friendly lighthouses, and set sail for east again. Open water. Spain.

Monday, July 6, 1992  
16:03 EDT

The sun was supposed to do the god-through-the-clouds thing, but the clouds have caught up with it. Well, it's not too late. 3.8, 3.6, 4.2, knots. "I'm still young, but I know my days are numbered." Heading 95 magnetic. Slowly going in about the right direction. "If I can, I would like to meet my maker". There's a Skeleton...

A lonely day, today, until some music came on. Little sleep last night and today, getting my brains beaten out. Like wearing a helmet and getting your head beaten by a softball bat. Makes you mean after a fashion. Lots of sleep, but not enough. Shirley does the steering and Herman does the cooking tonight, and the chicken was very good, as was the homemade bread. Our speed is better, but still not something to write home about. I think if we take down the staysail, we will do better speed with no extra heel. However, it isn't just the heel that is the problem. The speed is what makes my head and body pound on the 'cushion' up forward. Wave after wave, as we plow the ocean forward, my innards shake, rattle and roll. At least tonight it is my tack, and I get to lie on the side, rather than the divider. I feel that need to call home again. I bet mom had a couple of things to tell me. Shirley seems to be losing her cool, and this crazy computer is winking out on me again. Seems that the previous charging wasn't even halfway. Shirley is bouncing between 100 and 115 magnetic.

This seems to be the most lonely part of the trip. Griz was the best friend I have had, so far, and if he were here we would spend a good deal of time talking. BoB is still trying to prove something, and he has seemed less than friendly the past day or so. It could be for the same reason that I am less friendly -- no one to love, away from home and land for so long. And besides, I got the girl.

I haven't really talked about that much here. We landed at Santa Maria to see the church that Columbus landed at after a storm. His boat was nearby, and his people came in to the church and started to worship. Of course, the town's people didn't think much of this, and they were promptly arrested. Columbus was on the boat, and in hearing this, talked to the mayor and had them released them out. After our crew made this stop, via taxi, we asked where we could find a really good dinner. We said OK, and were taken to this restaurant that had both a beer sign and a visa sign in the window. They opened the restaurant for us, and this rather attractive young girl greeted us with fairly good English. I recognized the look in her eye, and the songs kept coming. Patience, the G-n-R song that I have been thinking about for the past few days, was playing on the cassette. The looks kept coming, the beer kept coming, and I kept returning. Finally, in an effort to screw things up, BoB said something about working there, and what if I became part of the family. She didn't understand, and I tried to encourage BoB to keep his mouth shut. He motioned to his hand, and she said "oh, no..." "Why, is he too ugly?" "No, uhmmm...the reverse...he is perfect, but maybe he doesn't want..." That shut him up for the rest of the meal, and kept the smiles flowing and increasing in intensity. She asked if I was staying, and then if there was any way I could stay. She also said that she might be visiting Boston soon. "When?" Next year...oh well. I told her that New York was nice during the holidays. She wanted to be a stewardess, but couldn't get the hang of the French that she needed. Programming computers was another possibility. That was the night that the disco was opened, and she said that the people there were friendly. I so wanted to go, even enough to contemplate jumping ship. Not enough to jump ship. I took her hand as the second taxi left (We could only get one cab, and Jack wanted me to take the first trip. I said no) to say good-bye, and she pulled me closer for a kiss on the cheek, and then the other -- French style. My heart stayed, and thought about all the things that I wanted to say, could have done, could have said. My bed and dreams became torture chambers. Self inflicted. Well, not entirely, there was that softball bat...

The following day I cooked. Apart from breakfast, things didn't turn out that well. The macaroni and cheese weren't very cheesy and got cold instantly as I handed it up into the wind. Overboard, most of it. The ham did a little better. Also, the day was eclipsed by running out of fuel. At Horta, someone passed the fuel line over our boat to get diesel, and Liz even mentioned to get fuel while we had the chance. Perhaps Jack was saving money, perhaps he wanted adventure. In any case, we didn't get fuel. He used the plastic containers to fill the one tank, only 3/4 full, and the other tank had fuel from the voyage here. Our second day out of Santa Maria and we are low on fuel. Low on water, for some reason. And since the towable propeller generator thing doesn't work, we will have to conserve battery power. The transmitter really takes a lot of juice, 120 watts. So -- we have to run the engine to generate power, but we have only 3/4 of a tank left. The race is on. Worse, the wind direction and speed combo is not really great. And the sail ripped at the center reef point. There is no radar reflector up at this point.

OK, OK, a bit negative. Losing my lady of the island hurts, so did the failed macaronis, and I guess the negative side crept in. I felt the first real pangs for home-at-last yesterday and today. The music that Herman brought along really helped, as did the 'Dummies.' The wind picked up. With some hope the temperature will also pick up a little. And so will spirits. I have only another hour left for watch tonight. (This is my first time on watch that I am writing during my watch, occasionally looking for boats, and watching where Shirley is steering). The light is getting low, and so are the batteries, but the wind is picking up.

Yes, home will feel good this time. Warm bed. Dry Clean.

Thursday, July 9, 1992

17:10 EDT

400 miles or so to go. A difficult day, yesterday. The cook was down, Ralph-huing time. Lots of bouncing, 15d or more of heel, pounding and more pounding. Spirits were down yesterday, a lot. I am getting really beaten up every night in bed, but not as much as Bob is. My watch last night was very pleasant, with Don Henley, Abby road and SuperTramp keeping me company.

Today was very different. BoB woke me up at 10 to change a sail, when Herman and Joe were available. I was not happy about that. However, after I got some beauty sleep, I woke up, took a refreshing long shower while cleaning the head, and I peeked out the window. I, of course, saw the ocean. Last night/this morning I had a dream that I had made it home, and I was at work, and I suddenly realized that I had made it, and I began to jump for joy. For some reason, I was yelling "I'm going, I'm going" Right about then, BoB came in and I thought in the dream that he was taking the fire extinguisher to stop me from jumping overboard. Then I really woke up, and I saw BoB and told him what I saw/was dreaming. He didn't seem very impressed. I also dreamt about returning home on the QE2, and the captain somehow rode through some impossibly small spots and dropped me off very close to my house. Then there was something about Jack calling a tug boat on a certain frequency. The frequency was around 400 but he had a dial and not a digital readout, so he couldn't complete the call.

Well, after my shower, and seeing the ocean passing by outside the boat, and realizing that we are at the second halfway party, everything seemed all right, and despite all this bouncing and wave smash/crash/bashing, the bash that breaks the boat will not come during this trip, and we will all make port and look back at this moment as we have the ships passing by, small in the distance, apprehensive, then close, and when we know that it will not really hurt us, pleasantly as it passes by, back into the distance. Time being substituted for the length dimension. Right now, I am here, and soon I'll be looking over this file, or perhaps someone else will be reading it, and this moment will be the dot of light on the horizon, a pointer of what had happened, a full color picture and experience, and still a dot. With this file, it will be possible to take all these words and treat them as dots: not only to read them, but to allow them to be pointers to other things that happened, not recorded here. The whole file, a dot pointing to the trip, and each word, a dot pointing to feelings, and slightly hidden memories.

Friday, July 10, 1992

7:49 EDT

11:49 local time

36.00n

11:42w

We are within 300 miles of our port. Time seems to be stretching now, the two or three days to go seem longer than the whole trip. Beating into the wind, bouncing along with water dripping onto my body or into my face, BoB hanging on for dear life, Herman wishing for port, Peter on the verge of getting sick but not actually getting sick, seems to make this sunny day not that sunny. But the sky is blue, and whatever I see of it I should be thankful because it could be rain. The not-so-infrequent bash from waves sends water over the side, makes the boat and all her rigging shudder, makes my hatch leak, and makes it impossible for me to 'pop' my head up through the hatch for some air. A one minute pop could be followed by Jacks bunk getting soaked, and me also getting soaked. Perhaps some time above with just my bathing suit would make this day brighten a bit...

Herman and Joe are still under covers. BoB is just now getting up. I am cook of the day, with little sleep last night. The sleep I got brought a few dreams up, though. Like me in a mall, taking photos of some weird iron work, and three black guys trying to steal my camera. The police sent them away, then I found out I have to pass them again to get to my car. They hassled me again, and the police sent them away again. I grabbed a crow bar away from one of them, and I was going to hit them with it. I decided not to, and I found my car by using my transmitter for the alarm. I also had a dream that Lupe was living in a house near the World trade center, and it was knocked down by 6000 mile per hour winds. One other segment about high-speed trains in Ireland crashing into another.

Leftovers today for lunch. Perhaps, fresh bread for dinner. We'll see how easy it is to get topsides. My water bed is no longer fit for sleeping in, so I will have to make other arrangements. Our noontime position and speed still indicate 48 hours plus a little extra from here. It is hard to tell how much fuel that we have, since we have been motoring to charge batteries and we didn't start out with a full tank. If we have to motor the last day, we might have to dock with sail power. I almost wish I could press the PgDn key and be there already, but I wouldn't do it. This is the last few days, less than 100 hours, less than 50 perhaps. Skin darker, hair lighter, saltier, with 3000 sea miles behind me. Hold this course, and as the little Snoopy thing says above my head (port side facing forward) "Sail on!"

16:19 EDT

20:19 jack time

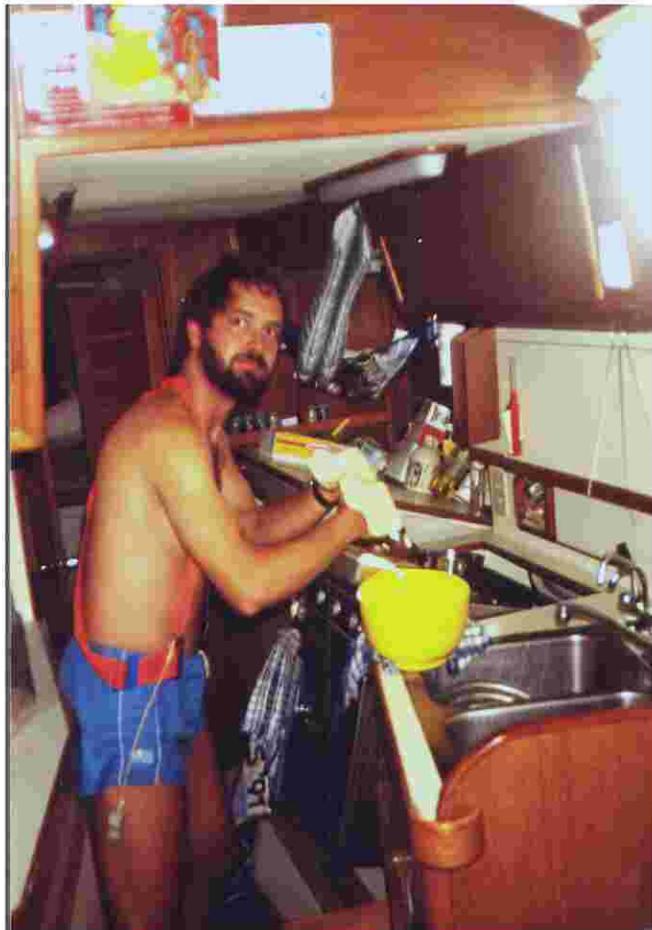
36:10.6n

10.40.04w

to Sherry 82 DT 214.57NM

TTG 36:00 to 49:00 at 4.4 kts

Well, food today went much better than expected. First, lunch was a chicken noodle-vegetable noodle-tomato soup with less water than the concentrate asked for, and some of that spaghetti season stuff. For dinner, I did what Jack said was impossible -- I made pizza. I just took 3 cups of flour, pkg. of yeast, cup+ of water, 3 tbs. of sugar, soy sauce for salt content. I let it rise about 2 or three hours, then I put it in the pan.



All I could find for ingredients was pimentos, an onion, some local cheese, sun-dried tomatoes. I forgot the black olives. I also found some anchovies, and Jack, Joe and I all like anchovies on pizza. Better than expected, an even three and three. I also wanted to try some pesto sauce, but I put it on the non-anchovy pizza. The little piece that I tried was OK. BoB liked the pesto slice better. It didn't come out to all that much, but no one complained. In fact, Herman said he would try it at home. I was rather happy about that.

Spending the whole day with flying knives, rocking stove top, people passing to get to their watch, and the challenge of up-hill moving food-bottles-onion slices-cutting boards. I couldn't stop the garlic dressing from making a big splash in the floor/wall/other wall/door. It made the kitchen into a combination skating ring and cement mixer. Just holding and not falling is a challenge. Making pizza from flour was another story. Fun though, and I didn't feel the least bit sick during the whole process. Keeping the mind busy with so many things to do seems to be the answer. The food was warm and filled the gut. Strange, the crew seemed to like to soup with the rice better than the soup without rice. But every meal was eaten to the entirety, and there were no leftover-throw overs/outs.

Jack just reached Liz at the intrepid. She is there with a Christianne and some other folks. After we switched to beta we had a fairly good contact. That is, when the Russians let us have a minute or two. Seems most of the other talking on the SSB is Russian or Spanish, although today there was some Portuguese. I was just wondering if I mentioned that at the halfway party we all toasted Sandra Alameda,

as "all the girls left behind in various ports with broken hearts," and others reinforced with "yes, to Sandra!", especially me.

Executive decision -- time to eat a pop-tart. Smells like apple...hmmm.. let's see..ah, yes...frosted brown sugar cinnamon. Good, though. Think I'll be a hoggie and eat both of them.

BoB was saying that he just as soon as not be on this leg, but he wanted to be able to tell people that he made it all the way to Spain, and not just to the Azores. It was curious that he said that. Not from the point of view that he would feel that, but since he tries to make himself out to be so invulnerable to others, that he would admit to a heavy external reference. I thought about it, and I know that is a reason why I have done many things in my life. Darn, Peter took the other Pop-tart. I didn't do this for that reason. I did it to prove to myself that I can set a course and follow it. Bam. Wow, after I typed it I heard it, and a good one also. I made this journey because I knew that it was something that I had to do. Of course, I will be telling, boasting, of this journey. But I wouldn't give it as a reason for it. Any part of it. Even this last leg, missing out on a night with Sandra. All had to be done, for me, internal. I spoke to BoB today about mystical thing and cards/stars/etc., and he is definitely a pig. In fact, he called 'us' a pig: "Even a blind pig can find an acorn" Well, BoB, everything has a reason, and my reason for being here is the compass thing. Not to tell a story. But the story does blend in well, at times. Like here and now...

Saturday, July 11, 1992

2:53 EDT

6:53 local

35:58.27n

09:32.59w

dream sequence

(I did get sleep last night)

*I was walking down a long path, through all kinds of backyards. Always live close enough to a store that you can walk. Walking and walking. Now I am in another country. I think it is Ireland. I expect to see Margaret. Aihwa is there. She is linked into the movie somehow, and the movie in the end of the dream is what we are both watching in a store window and we are both crying, because it talks about two people just like us that get back together and are very happy forever.*

*I am in a department store, and it is a combination store and school. I am naked, because all of my clothes are dirty or smelly or I simply woke up without them. I know that I should feel embarrassed, but I don't. I am walking along, very quickly, down some stairs so fast that I am almost floating. I buy some clothes, and they look nice. I think that I charge them to my account, since I work there.*

*I have a job as a teacher of small children, and I am a fun and wacky teacher. All the students love me, and when I ride the escalators I hold out my hand and they all hold out their hand, five's style. Everyone recognizes me, and loves me. My boss, I think it is "T", and I am really under cover as a teacher for something of international importance, goes to a meeting. At the meeting, first he is shown some of the wacky things that I am doing, and how all the students love me and are learning quickly. Then, when he is ready to leave, they tell him that they do not want me anymore, because this is not their method of teaching, and teaching should be structured and strict. Now T tells me that he has no one, and he isn't mad at me because I did a good job.*

*Aihwa took some German, and I am following her as she is doing her job and I am trying to talk to her. She doesn't understand the German phrase spruces die Dutch? but it could be the way we are pronouncing it. Now, instead of being at her job, we are at a computer convention. There are people all around that I have seen for years. Not only is Ann Viggs is there, Judy is also there. I am waiting in line for food, and then since I have connections or I am helping in the event, I try to bypass the line. No good. People get upset. I try to catch up with Aihwa again. She is going to the gym.*

*Later, I am in Chinatown, and I am trying to buy a note book, because I want to write down the number that I saw, 6589. Or 689. Could be a date, I just realized. Anyway, I run in to her while I am about to buy lunch at some kind of a cafeteria, and she walks with me. I start telling her about my job, and I know that she needs a new job so I let her know that people are looking for someone. I show her the things that young students have written, and one is written backwards. I seem amazed, but Aihwa takes it and links it to a whole passage, that has a certain amount of letters in each word, and she reconstructs the whole message from just the first letters, knowing the rule of how many letters in each word and what words could fit there, etc. I am amazed, and then I begin to realize that she is even better fit for the job, that she is perfect. It is then that I realize that she is perfect for me, and we are walking in a mall and I then see the movie, that somehow also links to a song.*

*There is also a part where, in this country, everyone is issued a very powerful gun, and the bullets have your name on them. When you shoot someone, you have to explain. Aihwa says that they adopted my idea, and in this country I was a spy but at a very high level. So it is probably true.*

**7515**

**7/5/89**

**7/15**

**6589**

**\$7**

**\$9 American**

**Saturday, July 11, 1992 (remember 7/7/77?)**

**13:21 EDT**

**17:21 local**

The last full day sailing. The water stopped its bashing, the boat leveled off, and we are doing a comfortable 6.4 without even trying. Sails are trimmed for a close reach, everyone was on deck today at some points, and it was warm, sunny, and coca-butter kind of weather, ever since we passed cape saint Vincent's. Now, the seas are very light, big rollers that are less than 1 meter. The cream of the last few days, after all the torture. Well, not the last day or so, my making bread and pizza, and other stuff. *All that you buy, beg borrow or steal.* All eclipsed by this trip, at least for now. In a few days, home will be all around me, and this trip (dot) will be getting smaller. The memories of BoB's problem will be gone, late night pop-tarts, wet beds, other memories. Baking bread. Lost in time, found in this file, and a few addresses and photos. And some gray matter.

My bread is rising, and it is time for me to put my shirt on. I'll be on watch in two hours or so. Good to have a place to store the trip, here and all.

**Sunday, July 12, 1992**

**10:29 EDT**

**14:29 ship**

**36.32n**

**06.19w (from Herman's hat)**

The end...well, not yet. The smell of land, the cat sensed that last night. Up early, 6:20 or so ship time. Ready to land, and I feel sad. The trip is over, and I have seen the ocean last night, steering by the moon, and felt that the world is not big enough to run away from anything. I have sailed an ocean, and found only one thing...me. All these sea miles, sun, bashing, and water, lots of droplets. Fuel, perhaps low, perhaps not. Lots of worn canvas, worn boat parts, worn crew members. Lots of everything. That is what the sea is, lots. Sea=Lots. Puts things into perspective. I was saying good-bye to the ocean last night. Lots of tears, contained in the ocean. She has made many cry, for many reasons. Distance that she uses to separate people from things, people from people. I guess the only way to really overcome distance is to make the ocean your home, your lover. Then you can be at home everywhere, because every point on earth has been shaped by the ocean, in one way or another.

Towers. Steer your course. The captain was very nervous today, scrambling to keep command. Poor guy, one whole month plus trying to hold on. Did a darn good job.

I was the first one to spot land. 12:19pm ship time. Through the haze, with the benefit of my Revo's. Gotta admit, they do work, they really do cut through some haze. Felt good, even a moment shaking BoB's hand, saying "congratulations, you have just crossed an ocean." Yep, straight across. Boom. Now I know what lies under the VZ bridge. Here.

Not tied up yet, stuff still has to be cleaned up. Jack tried to mobilize the crew, but we didn't get much done. Joe steers 50 magnetic now. Get out fenders, comes the command. Lower the landing gear. The smell of the burning rubber soon.

Steering a compass heading is not as easy as steering a point. We have done OK with GPS, but little else. Food was good, some times were hard. Breakfast was good - corned beef hash and taters and onions. Hungry for lunch.

Talking about songs that mom sang to you as a child. Bushel and a peck. Or more. Being adopted, a long conversation rang out last night. BoB says to leave well enough alone. Small talk, and BoB performs his song. Proud man, he is. Good for the transfusion system. Yes, it is time. Some of us have nothing to prove, only time for life. Some are reciprocal. I am probably somewhere in between. Things to prove to others, but settling in to believing in me. Somewhat easier now, that the sea is behind me.

The dock. Just to the right of the lighthouse, meters away. Looking for the hole in the breakwater. A beach 1/4 mile away. Still have no real plans on how to get home. Finding it should be easier now.

/gth

July 15, 1992  
18:39 EDT  
0:39 Local time

Ronda, and too tired to leave the room. Perhaps. We did Gibraltar in 24 hours or so. 'Ness' is playing keyboards today or tomorrow. I will be flying home within 48 hours. Remember playing those games on the boat? LESS THAN 100 HOURS TO GO? Just wanted to leave a marker here in Ronda. For when I return yet again...

/gth

Saturday, July 18, 1992  
9:12 EDT  
15:12 local time

If I could see the GPS, and if there was one here on board, It would be moving VERY fast right now. 2 levels of magnitude faster than when I was on the boat. The trip - seems as if I had gone to a movie and seen it. Except for the fact that that my hands are still pretty chewed up.

Iberia, sailing to London, to then sail to the us. Motoring, but not diesel, jet fuel. I have a selection of tickets, all from false starts. Trying to find a bargain returning home proved to be more of a challenge than sailing across. First a flight, then another, then another. I have a ticket that I booked in Ronda left somewhere in Madrid, and a fax floating in Ronda, and a brother/father/friend /travel companion in Torimolienos, Spain. No bargain, at last. A reservation made from a phone booth. Where? In the center of Seville. What time is the flight? 13:45. Oh, ok. Well, what time is it now? 12:30. Right? Will he make it? I'll handle it, as Herman loves to say. Herman also loves to say "VPL -- visible panty lines", "She still has the shrimp in her pocket", "When then say that something is wrong with them, agree", "The perfection stage", "Lifting the dining room table", "You don't UNDERSTAND", "I wonder where my ducks are now...", I will have to send him a couple of dollars now that I used some of these. I'm sure more will pop up...

The car was split, and the last night's room was split. Dinner was good, at the Antoxo place, near the fountain. Rape fish, two ceramic vessels of wine. Then I get up late. Might not have made a difference, I don't know if I would have left without a copy of the ticket. I think I would have, and made the best of things... Well, I am here now, bearing no gifts, other than this file. And stories not written. And photos. I have to share this with anyone who would like to take this trip, but only for a day or two. Elapsed time: about 43 days. And 43 nights, give or take...

The loud speaker said on the ground in 30 minutes. Then 3 hours to get things re-together, and back up in the air. Likely check some bags, and then cab home. No sense in saving money now, might as well just go for it. It seems that I have been having this idea of coming home at night and surprising Girlie. The daytime arrival didn't make much sense, so it didn't happen. Night time arrival, 10:30 or so. The plane slows, and drops. I feel the keyboard tilt forward. 12 hours to go, plus a little. Home will feel very good after this whole mess. My bed, my shower. Home will mean different things soon. Re-decoration, new this and that. Flashback to a dream of finding a new wall unit at Moby-mud. And BoB telling me that I am fired, just before I woke up. The stress of the trip, and some allowed-in fear. Not a big deal, we all know now what lies under the bridge. Home will also mean cooking bread, and other cooking. Level ground makes a good seasoning. Pizza - you tried all the rest, now try the best. It the best available this side of Azores and this side of Gibraltar. Domino's doesn't deliver out there. Surface returning soon, so I will return to this file there -- or back in the air...

/gth

Saturday, July 18, 1992

2:45 PM EDT

Local time

This is the last and final leg back to the US, and one more leg to go yet -- the cab ride home. home HOME - the word sounds good. Dry clean. Things returning to the center. Home will mean something different now, and so will the ocean. I am very glad to be home, and I will make it just that for now. And I will be making full speed effort to get everything in my life status-OK and ready. I have ran as far as I can, and now I have found, on the other side of the ocean, my home. Inside? Not as much as I thought. Somewhere over in the US. The possibility of going to Lafayette exists, but Herman didn't seem too thrilled to have me as a permanent guest. But he will be a very good host should I visit, I feel sure of. I NEED my OWN boat. No more playing and begging for a boat. I will learn and teach and make mistakes on my own boat. I guess I haven't found a good captain yet. Perhaps I will captain a charter boat to Turkey, or teach sailing. That would be the best expression of what I am, and a good balance of fun and business.

Travel. Enough for now. Travel can exist within, also, and that is what I will do for a while. Travel in this file, to all the places I have been within all those little dots, points of light. Tennants Extra and Bloody Mary mix, to start the day going. I wonder what my alcohol situation is at home? Time to replenish. Time to PARTY. All day tomorrow. Home will feel great. All that Star Trek to recover, and the day to day stuff that I will mix in with what I have seen/learned. Of course, I'll have to make pizza tomorrow...

Do it...course is set, and no excuses. I have a right to be happy, and I have no reason to any longer make excuses. This plane started to bounce a little, and I noticed that I was not shaken by it, and I didn't feel it. The sailboat on the screen was funny -- bounce bounce itself. The heads here are bigger, and you don't have to pump them. They are the suction variety. I wonder if you were to use them whilst sitting down if they would suck your balls off...?

For the next week or so - keep a shield up and keep out all day to day stuff and have some fun with my trip. Some drink, some love. Swim off the side for a week while making slow forward progress. Step by step, little by little. OK. I hope the Moby is in really better shape, with the wall unit, paint, or at least the louvers. If not, it will be nice to know the fridge is clean and the carpets are not dusty. Time to breath that bad air again. Also, time to really love life. And work. I will be putting in more time at Con Ed, no OT, just more time. Thanks Con Ed, and Riva. Could not have done it without you. I mean all this recovery stuff. Money speaks. Course, there is plenty of it out there..Just need a way to divert it..

I have a sailboat -- Gene Hirschel. Time to out up Bubba. Shake out those reefs.

/gth