

# Saorsa II — 2010 Cruise

## Part 003

### ***2010-05-31 17:37 EDT (21:37 Z)***

Alone on board for the past few hours. The solitude is a welcome break. Feeling a profound sadness.

The small oil leak in the engine will be difficult to remedy. It's at a small cover held in place by two machine screws with damnable Phillips heads. Attempts to remove the screws simply succeeded in damaging the heads. Not sure about next steps.

(N.B. My first diagnosis on the source of the leak was incorrect. See below)

### ***2010-05-31 23:03 EDT (2010-06-01 03:03 Z)***

Our Sail from Portneuf to Québec City was both interesting and challenging. The strong wind warning in the forecast proved to be something of an understatement.

After leaving Portneuf under engine, we raised the mainsail with a single reef and shut down the engine.

We quickly gathered way and maintained five to six knots through the water for the entire 32 miles to Québec City. Frequently, our speed through the water exceeded hull speed and hit hull speed. When combined with the river and tidal currents, we often managed nine knots over ground.



*Illustration 2: Docked at Marina Port de Quebec*

***2010-06-01 08:02 EDT (12:02 Z)***

Thunderstorm overnight and a grey rainy morning. Rather matches my melancholic mood. Steady patter of rain drops on the dodger canvas, a damp chill coming down the companionway to ache my bones. But the coffee beans are ground, the kettle boiled, and the fresh pot of coffee is in the press almost ready to drink.

For me, happiness is such an elusive feeling.

Buzzer of the kitchen timer just rang. Coffee is ready.

***2010-06-02 16:44 EDT (20:44 Z)***

A rainy afternoon in Québec City. Low overcast clouds blanket the sky and rain falls steadily changing now and then only in intensity.

My mood is greatly improved, but still not the best. I'm grieving. What, I'm not sure. There are just too many possibilities. Perhaps it's more than one thing.

A good day today. We started with our usual coffee, hand ground beans in the press.

After coffee, we took advantage of the morning calm and motored to the fuel dock to top up. She took 42 litres at a very reasonable cost of \$44. After returning to our assigned slip, we got ourselves ready for a run ashore.

The first order of business was to locate a boulangerie. We found a lovely small establishment and enjoyed a very agreeable breakfast of cappuccino and brioche-au-chocolat.

We headed out on our self guided walking tour of the old town of Québec. Narrow cobblestone paved streets flanked by all manner of small shops selling antiques, T-shirts, jewelry, and excellent food.

Notably attractive was the Place Royale with the Église Notre-Dame-des-Victoires. The latter being the oldest stone church in North America.

We stopped for a light lunch in a nice restaurant across Place d'Armes from the Chateau Frontenac. We ate under an awning while enjoying a view of the park and lovely street scape.

We carried on and toured an archeological site recently opened to the public by Parks Canada. It is the stabilised ruins of the foundation and basement of the original late 17<sup>th</sup> century Governor's Chateau. Very interesting.

Rain began and we returned to the boat. On the way back, I made a short side trip to the Canadian Naval Museum of Québec. A small but interesting display.

After returning aboard and resting briefly, I summoned my resolve and determined to embrace and commune with the ship's engine. On closer examination, I determined the engine's oil leak was from around the rim of the oil pan crankcase on the bottom of the engine. The twenty or so machine screws holding it in place needed to be re-torqued to tighten the seal.

Space in a yacht's engine room is highly constrained and that directly beneath the engine all the more so.

After much contorting of myself into very awkward position, I managed to get a wrench onto each fastener and tightened each of them slightly. I had to guess at the torque applied as the space was so limited I could not get my torque wrench beneath the engine.

My crew, Myra, ably assisted in the process including cleaning the hull beneath the engine of old oil. If the operation is successful it will stay clean.

Now I sit writing, listening to the rain on deck, and wondering what the future holds. In spite of recent setbacks, my journey continues.

*End of Part 003.*