

# Saorsa II — 2010 Cruise

## Part 004

**2010-06-04 09:18 EDT (13:18 Z)**

Underway!

We locked out of the Marina Port de Québec basin at 08:09 this morning and headed out once more into the St. Lawrence River. Before turning down stream, we headed upstream and passed a flotilla of four warships moored at the Quay directly in front of the Museum of Civilization. They had arrived in the past 24 hours. German and Danish frigates yesterday morning; Canadian and American frigates late yesterday.

They were rafted off one another two by two, stern to each other. I believe they were visiting for a celebration of the Canadian Navy's 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary.

As we passed them, my Mistress dipped Her ensign in respectful salute.



*Illustration 3: NATO Frigates docked in Quebec City. Canadian to the right, American to the left, German and Danish against the Quay.*

We've now turned downstream and are making good time. The route we chose down from Québec follows the *Chenal des Grands Voiliers*. With a name like that, how could we not choose to follow it. Isle d'Orléans is to port as we motor sail down the channel.

We've got a fair and favourable breeze just now, a little light but we're getting some boost from the headsail. The tidal flow will be against us for a couple of hours more, but the ebb will set in soon after. Then we should have an easy and fast passage to Cap-à-l'Aigle.

It's still early, but the engine oil leak appears to be fixed. She'll get a work out today, so we should know for sure soon enough.

A grand start to a beautiful sunny day! My Mistress sails on, once more alive in Her element carrying me on our journey together.

I read a wee bit of Moitessier last night in my berth. A quote from his book "The Long Way" ...

*"People who do not know that a sailboat is a living creature will never understand anything about boats and the sea."*

### **2010-06-05 11:05 EDT (15:05 Z)**

We're here at Cap-à-l'Aigle marina harbour of refuge after a grand day yesterday.

We managed very well in catching the tidal flow just right and covered the 75 miles in ten hours.

The wind was favourable and at times strong enough that we had a grand downwind run under working headsail alone. With the wind dead aft or a little on the quarter, we hustled along and handily sustained six knots through the water. When combined with the river and tidal currents, our speed over ground at times exceeded twelve knots.

The scenery was enchanting.

When we left Québec City, Myra took the first watch and I went below to rest and write (see above). On returning to the deck for my watch, I was startled and awestruck by the beauty of the scene around me.

Tree covered rolling green hills on the river's north shore contrasted with a brilliant blue sky punctuated by fluffy billowy clouds. The river stretched before us into the distance as waves rolled up astern, passed beneath my Mistress, and flowed on down to the sea. White horses and streaks of foam covered the surface.

We are nearing the sea. The water is a little salty. The bow wave and wake now foam in exactly the way fresh water doesn't.

Deciding there was wind enough to sail, I shut down the engine and let my Mistress feel the elements She so loves. At once, She revelled in them, moving with ease and comfort in the wind, water, and waves. The pressure on the helm eased as She became as one with them and I with Her. My eyes closed as we embraced and danced on the water.

The tidal current of the ebb behaved as predicted and I had calculated. We whisked through the channel which separates Isle-aux-Coudres from the river's shore.

Shortly after, the wind eased and again we were compelled to start the engine. My Mistress balked at this necessary intrusion and Her motion became awkward as She forced Her way along. A resigned sadness overcame Her as the headsail was lowered and furled; She moved ahead under engine power alone. Soon,

my Beauty, your sails will lift to the sky again.

We negotiated the entrance to the Cap-à-l'Aigle harbour of refuge and found a vacant slip. A local fellow on the dock helped us tie up and we were here, roughly two hours ahead of schedule. Due attention to tidal currents and the turn of the tide is worthwhile!

Today, we sit and wait. My Mistress tugs at her lines, eager to be underway; I with Her, knowing and living the truth of Nelson's words, "It is port that rots both ships and men".

The wind has turned against us and the river. Wind against current brings a nasty wave pattern to the river's surface. So, we wait, as those who work in harmony with wind and tide must.

*End of Part 004.*