

# Saorsa II — 2010 Cruise

## Part 005

### **2010-06-05 17:27 EDT (21:27 Z)**

Haendel! Luscious, rich, beautiful, savoury. Wasser Musick, natürlich. A delicious treat. Strength with elegant restraint. We should all be so. Even here, on an impecunious cruising yacht, there are CD's and Haendel. As we once knew him, good old Georg.

Rain patters on deck, steady, insistent, all is damp and chilly. A cold that makes one ache to the bone. Grey sky, brighter than dull lead, but not much so. Puddles on the hatch overhead catch and grow with each drop. Patterns of endless random variation contrast with Haendel's mathematical precision and disciplined rigour. A metaphor for life itself.

An agreeable afternoon passed in conversation enhanced with Pinot Noir. But, Oh! How I long to feel my Mistress lift to the sea, to watch her frolic unfettered.

A tan has returned to the back of my hands. The hair contrasts blonde against my darkened skin.

The forecast for tomorrow is good. We will cast off the dock lines at mid-day and catch the tide to ride the ebb current to Tadoussac and the Saguenay River.

For me, a small step in my pilgrimage to the sea. Father, RCNVR, V7381, served aboard HMCS Saguenay in the '30's when the Canadian navy was in its infancy. That Navy now is 100 years old and I voyage to the river that gave its name to the ship on which my father sailed. A small gesture to honour all who served and those who did not return.

*“On all the oceans where whitecaps flow,  
There are no crosses, row on row;  
But those who sleep beneath the sea,  
Sleep in peace, for our country is free.”*

### **2010-06-06 12:38 EDT (16:38 Z)**

We're motoring our way straight to windward into a cold easterly. Surprising, since the forecast for this morning was for northerly winds. Environment Canada does it again.

The engine is thrumming away driving my Mistress forward. Soon, we will be in the channel and turn to head Nor' Nor' East. Then, the main will be hoist. For now, the engine must do the work.

It's cold on deck under a grey low overcast sky. The fireplace in the cabin is lit to warm the off watch crew. Kettle boils. Tea is made. My turn on watch soon.

### **2010-06-06 15:25 EDT (19:25 Z)**

We continue to drive ahead under engine power alone. The wind shifted as we altered course into the channel and again it is against us. Now, we have the ebb tide helping us along, but my Mistress shoulders through the waves with a sense of urgency. We must reach the Saguenay River at slack water or the tidal

current will keep us from entering. We push on.



*Illustration 4: Pointe de la Tete au Chien lighthouse on the way to Tadoussac*

### **2010-06-06 19:21 EDT (23:21 Z)**

Chi mi na Morbheana!

Cold rain water trickled down the back of my neck and I shivered as I continued to hum the melody to the familiar Chi mi na Morbheana. The Saguenay was before us. The rolling hills on either side framed the river mouth. Drenched in rain and drizzle, the tops of the hills vanished in mist as low clouds scudded over.

We had timed it right. The Saguenay was tame and peaceful at slack water.

A bit of anxiety as we sought a good spot for our anchor. The bay shelves rapidly and we did not want to be aground when low tide came next to Tadoussac Bay at 05:30 tomorrow.

Vessels on moorings appear to have taken the best spots, so we squeezed in between them and set our 33 lb. Bruce anchor on 15 fathoms of chain in 30 feet of water. Short scope indeed, but little room to swing. There's as much chain again in the locker if needed, and well we might.

For now, we are comfortable. My Mistress rocks gently to the swell, holding me sweetly. The fireplace glows

and warms the cabin much as my tot warms me.

Rain persists. A cold dreary day, but all is well in the world as my Mistress lies gently to Her anchor and chain.



*Illustration 5: Tadoussac from aboard Saorsa II at anchor.*

### **2010-06-07 14:18 EDT (18:18 Z)**

Back from a run ashore in the dinghy. Rain on and off all day... more on than off. Mist, low cloud, obscures the tops of the surrounding hills. Very little wind, what there is is cold and biting.

A lovely walk about in Tadoussac. It's a pretty town, very picturesque but completely given over to the tourism industry, primarily "whale watching". There are high end boutiques, over priced cafés, artisan craft shops, B&B's, hotels, and all such.

The harbour is given over to a small fleet of largish inflatable boats and cruise vessels all intended for sight-seeing and whale watching.

Nonetheless, it was a nice walk in the rain followed by a light lunch and beer at the local pub.

The dinghy and outboard motor continue to work well. I tore the outboard to pieces a few months ago to

deal with a recalcitrant carburetor. Seems to have worked; engine started easily and ran well.

With two people aboard, the dinghy moves along very nicely with the wee 2 hp outboard buzzing away on the transom.

The rain seems to have settled in for the day, but the forecast assures us it will stop by tomorrow morning. We'll see.

Tomorrow, we will up anchor and venture up the Saguenay.

Just sitting in the saloon now, near the fireplace, sipping hot whisky. Perfect!

*End of Part 005.*