

# Saorsa II — 2010 Cruise

## Part 006

**2010-06-08 16:43 EDT (20:43 Z)**

This morning's 03:00 forecast called for 25 knots westerly, so we decided to stay another day in Tadoussac. Following our customary morning coffee and bowls of porridge, we had an impromptu lesson in celestial navigation, specifically the “Noon Sight”. It was a good think to do, as it forced me to reach into the dusty corridors of my mind in order to explain the theory to Myra. All good fun and useful.

The rain held off, so we decided on another run ashore. We set up the generator and left it running in order to recharge the ship's batteries while we were ashore.



*Illustration 6: Saorsa II, my Mistress, anchored in Tadoussac Bay (middle right)*

After a little poking about in town, purchasing some petrol, and window shopping, we ate a light lunch “Chez Mathilde”. Myra continues her somewhat quixotic quest for the ultimate *Poutine*.

After lunch, a visit to the marine mammal interpretation centre and then back in the dinghy and home.

Now, a quiet afternoon aboard. Still, we have occasional rain showers go by and the air is a bit chilly. So, we sit below quietly reading and writing with the fireplace and whisky warding off the damp and chill air.

### **2010-06-09 14:30 EDT (18:30 Z)**

Earlier today, Myra made a last minute run ashore in the dinghy to purchase the essentials, bread, coffee cream, and red wine. On her return, I had the breakfast porridge ready. That eaten, the anchor windlass went to work bringing in the ground tackle that had kept us secure for the past three nights.



*Illustration 7: Myra, the crew, returning from a last minute run ashore for supplies before departing Tadoussac*

The chain came up and anchor broke free. Again, my Mistress turned Her head away from shore. We rounded the point under engine and entered the Saguenay River.

Heading upstream, we passed the ferry docks and left Tadoussac behind. Looking astern, to the east, the river was a carpet of glittering jewels as the morning sun glinted, sparkled, and shone on the water.

There! Ahead, three points off the port bow, a white shape in the water. Then another, another, and another. A pod of Beluga whales frolic and play near the surface no more than a cable off our port side.

There must have been a dozen of them, each rising in turn to exhale their distinctive misty spout and inhale before slipping beneath the surface again. Their rounded white forms glistening in the sunlight; moving with a grace and elegance of indescribable beauty.

The headsail was hoist, the engine shut down, and we sailed quietly up the river. An easy down wind sail, idyllic and beautiful. In quiet reverence, we took in the majestic scene before us. The walls of the fjord rising stark and hard from the water's edge; the image softened with the varied green of the splendid trees. All beneath a brilliant blue sky, the whole bathed in sunshine of welcome warmth.

The river stretched before us in serene grandeur.



*Illustration 8: The Saguenay Fjord*

Now, we have sailed twenty miles upriver, another ten to go before we reach the park where we plan to rest tonight in Baie Éternité. My Mistress is sailing well under a working headsail alone. She manages five to six knots, comfortable, with quiet confidence She moves over the water.

Lunch was bread, cheese, and sliced pear. Simple, nutritious, fulfilling, sensuously tasty.

**2010-06-09 21:40 EDT (2010-06-10 01:40 Z)**

Magnificent day. A grand down wind sail for almost thirty miles up the Saguenay River. As we neared our destination in late afternoon and the wind began to fade, we lowered the headsail and started the engine. The ship's batteries needed a bit of a charge, so we elected to use the engine to cover the last few miles.

We arrived in Baie Éternité located between Cap Éternité and Cap Trinité. After a little searching, we found the moorings which were here. Then ensued an almost comical routine while we tried to pick up one of the oddest moorings with which I have ever dealt. We finally got the mooring pendant on board and ultimately secured to it with our own chain, swivel, shackles, and a Samson Ny-Lite connector.

We rewarded our efforts with a round of *"Dark and Stormy"*, followed by Steak and Frites for dinner. Then Chocolate and Cabernet Franc ice wine for dessert. A lovely close to a beautiful day.

**2010-06-10 10:00 EDT (14:00 Z)**

A late start to the day, I sit in the cockpit with my morning coffee lost in the grandeur surrounding us. We are dwarfed by the immensity of it all. Sheer rock faces rising hundreds of feet above us and descending to similar depths below.



*Illustration 9: Baie Éternité from our mooring*

Here, on a mooring about 100 feet from shore, we have over 70 feet of water beneath our keel.

The morning is grand. Brilliant sun in the clear blue sky with a few clouds to add contrast. As I sit taking in the sun's warmth, I remove my sweatshirt. One after another, my articles of clothing come off and I allow the sun to warm me as the gentle breeze delicately caresses and cools my skin. Making vitamin "D" should always be so pleasant.

The ship's batteries are running a bit low, but I cannot bring myself to disturb this gentle morning with the clatter of the diesel or the hum of the generator.

My Mistress swings quietly around the mooring, slowly changing the panoramic view of this place. Birds call, insistently competing with the lapping of small waves on shore and against the dinghy.

Yesterday, I made a mistake. As we were lowering the headsail, I let the halyard slip off the winch and the line ran swiftly through my clenched hand. A rope burn at the base of my thumb ensued. Very small, really, and not so painful this morning. A wee lesson and firm admonition from my Mistress, "be careful, my boy, for a moment's inattention can bring harm".

### ***2010-06-10 15:06 EDT (19:06 Z)***

Sipping Guinness, nibbling a left over lump of cheddar, and a few crackers. The sun is shining on us here at L'Anse de Saint-Jean marina.

We left Baie Éternité somewhat precipitously about mid-day. I went ashore in the dinghy this morning and met a Park Ranger. Apparently, we were too early in the season, the moorings had not been checked and prepared, and we would have to leave. A somewhat disappointing end to a lovely morning.

A couple of hours earlier, I had showered aboard. Always a bit of an extravagance as it uses the two most precious commodities on board, vizt., fresh water and electricity. But it had been five days since my last shower and I just felt that such a grand morning warranted the hedonistic revelry of a shower. After showering, I lay sitting-up in the cockpit to dry in the sun and breeze. Oh, my, what a lovely sensuous feeling.

Now, after a simple couple of hours running the engine as we motored down river, we are docked at the Club Nautique de l'Anse de Saint-Jean. It's a beautiful spot. A small bay on the south shore of the Saguenay. We haven't explored the village yet, but it appears neat and well kept.

So, I sip my Guinness, and enjoy the spectacular scenery.

***End of Part 006.***