

SAILING ABOARD THE RIGGIN

By Lorenzo Caricchio

The day we sailed aboard the J&E Riggin the weather when we left was gray. Where we were headed the captain wouldn't or couldn't say. Then the fog closed in and wrapped us 'round and land was nowhere to be found. The yawl boat chugged and pushed us forward until it was time for the anchor to be lowered away, the tarp put up and we called it a day.

Next morning the fog was still there. everything was damp from our socks to our hair. The fog was thick and wetter than heck. That it would spoil our trip was our greatest fear. Captain Dave he paced the deck and promised it would clear. So the anchor was raised and catted and we pushed through seas that were matted with lobster pot buoys. Our warbling fog horn was blown on the run but no sails were flown all the way to Stonington. A brief stop, for which no one was sorry, to pick up lobster on our way to the isle of Two Dory.

Where we went ashore on the rocky coast to have a giant lobster roast and picked mussels to cook and eat - an extra special treat. After dinner the fog looked thinner. Back on board our spirits soared, 'til the island disappeared in the mist, and to a man, under everyone's' breath a single word was hissed -

Damn!

Will it ever end, the morning fog makes us wonder. Then a clap of thunder that we hear makes us scurry for foul weather gear and set sail in a hurry. The raising wind makes the sails take a strain, as the last of the fog congeals into rain. The cold bite of the squall gives a chill to us all, and some go below where it's dry and warm. On deck the one- two punch of the crew, Mike and Tyson, knock some teeth from the storm.

As quick as it rose the storm up and blows itself out. We settle down to a comfortable heel as we all take turns at the wheel, now showing no fear. Dave mutters - "I said it would clear. The rest of the trip is ideal. Fair winds and experiences that are more real than our normal lives ashore. With the sea and the sky, and the stars for lookin' and Dave's wife Sue's fantastic cookin' - Who could ask for more.

So, let a Hip-Hip-Hurrah arise from our throat to Dave and Sue for letting us play on their boat. Let's say another toast to the crew- Tyson, Mike and Sean the boys who treated us like men. Who showed us which lines to pull on, the ropes upon which we'd haul and strain and do it over and over, again and again.

Some people say sailing is a trivial pursuit, only good for getting a tan. But putting out to sea has a deeper meaning for such as we. The waves, the wind, the camaraderie, the raising of the boom, makes each of us think - Navigo Ergo Sum, - I Sail Therefore I Am!