



Still, we carried on, dauntless in our desire to circumnavigate. The bad times were tempered with good, the times of which we dreamed, and we find ourselves describing our 2½-year, 31,106-mile voyage, as Kristi states it, as "the best and the worst time of our life." . . .

It seems as though I have always dreamed of running before the gentle Southeasterly Tradewinds with the long Pacific swell lifting and gliding my sailboat, graceful and swift, towards an idyllic South Pacific lagoon, colored

turquoise and emerald by tropical sun and crowned by puffy white tradewind clouds. (This was long before we discovered that the Southeast Trades rarely blow gently and that the long Pacific swell was a well kept secret.)

Anyway, I had long dreamed of sailing to the South Pacific and Kristi, more adventurous than I, was equally enthusiastic. We started a long-range scheme to plan a trip, acquire a yacht and set sail below the equator, and determined that we would need five years to

complete all the saving and preparation.

One evening, lying on the floor of our small San Francisco apartment with a small scale chart of the South Pacific spread in front of us, we watched my finger, rigged for downwind sailing, trace a well smudged course across the ocean from the Marquesas, through Tahiti and westward to, oh, about Fiji or Solomon Islands.

"You know," I said, thinking out loud, "since we are this far west, I wonder what it would take to just sail