

A Week of Salt and Sugar

It has been one week since Pam, Linzi and Meiling stepped into the Coast Guard boat, the Red Thread was still on the rocks and listing hard to port as the tide dropped 8 feet leaving her very high and dry.

I have not received any emails or messages other than logistical, but Pam tells me of the rousing success we have as our tapestry is woven with a very strong weave of people from very far away. I feel truly humbled. I can not wait to read them and respond to everyone for the outpouring of concern and love that I am being told of and I feel it all the way down here in southern Chile. Proof again hearts are not connected by genetics or proximity. Thank you

The salvage company is probably more properly described as a vulture company. They look for very large payments and even the title to the boat itself. I decided not to sign anything over and with mi Amigo Benjamin we were off to solicit the help from nearby fisherman to pull her off the rocks and re-anchor her to get a better assessment of the total damage.

The Red Thread was pulled off with some cracking, screeching and scraping Seeing her floating was an awesome site. The contingent plan was to re-beach her if the holes were more than the pumps could keep up with. The leaks were less than we had thought, the biggest hole being on the transom and slightly above the waterline, so it only leaked sometimes. In the end, another dive was required to better inspect the damage. I sheepishly admit I was so afraid to get back in the water, even though I had a wet suit this time, but the cold and hypothermia were still with me. The Coast Guard came and took another report and more pictures. They left with condolences and the girls passports. The girls could not get to their passports initially due to the boat being high and dry and much too dangerous to get near.

An hour in the water with many large pry tools got the rudder to swing free and even got two blades on the propeller to pitch forward. The third blade had to be cut off. The final analysis was that there was minimal water leaking in and the ability to move the boat forward, but not backward. Other losses were the windlass, the auto pilot, a number of electrical circuits needed replacing (not sure why), the lifelines were broken and the outboard on the dingy was lost when it was over-turned in an attempt to pull the boat off the rocks. The rig was in good condition and with less than 5 gallons of water coming in every hour, it seemed like I could get this thing going.

Benjamin and I had dinner with a big bottle of wine and talk about many things for many hours. I had been there for five days and he was at my beckon call for help the whole time. It turns out Benjamin was personal friends with Pinochett the 'ruthless dictator' from the late 70's to the mid 80's. The best political talks ever. I got to hear all about that era and got to know a man who would truly do anything for someone even though I was from that 'manipulating' country of ours. To realize how tough Benjamin is, he lives in this place with no heater. At 62 he is as strong as anyone I've ever met. When I asked him

why he did not have a heater in his house, he replied: "Es not Miami", es warm in summer", which is only seven months away.

On the morning of April 13th, with ice on the ground and new snow on the peaks, Benjamin and I untied the lines, pulled up the anchors and he pulled the Red Thread out the opening of the lagoon to a perfectly calm, cold, clear day. Engaging the engine is like driving with two flat tires, but it moved the boat forward at 2.5 kts. With the current in my favor, the average was 3.5 knots. Two hours down the arm and into the bay where the southern winds filled in, it was time to set sail to the north, only 85 miles to the nearest place where we would be able to put a new propeller on. It was just awesome to have the sails fill and feel Red Thread sail again. Two Blue Whales within 300 feet of the boat and just a huge sigh of relief, I realized in just 20 more hours, I would be close enough to get a tow from fishermen into Quinchén, a warm bed, food and a reunion with Pam and the girls.

Night came on, it was cold, but I was dressed for it. What a great day... so far. A high speed boat came up from behind flashing lights and yelling at me in Spanish over a loud speaker. I was 18 miles from Quellón the southern city on Chiloé. They put their boat in front of mine forcing me to go into irons and try and find out what was going on. It was the Chilean Armada with orders to tow me back to Melinka 38 miles to the south, where I had just come from at the whopping speed of 4 knots for the entire day. For 45 minutes, I used my best begging in Spanish which got me nothing and I finally screamed at the captain of the Chilean Armada "POR QUE!!!" (why). He moved his boat away and an english speaking officer came on the radio saying 'They have orders to tow you to Melinka, We do not need to tell you why, be towed or surrender your boat.' For the next five hours, it was back to Melinka where I was asked to anchor within 50 feet of four fishing vessels. In telling him this was not good place to anchor he responded in a similar tone as my 'por que' with "PLEASE"! So down went the anchor and off he went. The boat drifted into the fishing boats as soon as the slack was picked up. In the cold and dark of night, I decided to pick up the 350 feet of anchor and chain hand over hand and then I went and anchored in 95 feet of water at 2:00a.m. No sleep for this night as the wind picked up and it was cold... again.

In the morning, I looked in the mirror and saw someone who looked so strung out that they could take me in on being a drug addict Red eyes, scraggly hair, rough shaven, wear on my face like the Boniville Salt Flats and the same clothes I had when I went in the water for the first time a week ago. It was still windy and I was ordered to come to shore now a good 1/2 mile away. "The motor is broken", Silence and the message: "We are coming aboard, please prepare. More paperwork, reports and I had to come ashore so off I was to meet the port captain in person.

With all the ships papers and my passport in hand I was escorted into his office where I didn't understand half of what was going on. I did my best to explain what I was doing where I was going and why. I was told the boat is not safe and I can not sail it in Chilean waters until it's fixed. Out came the paper work for the salvage company as they took the ships documentation and forms for me to sign her over. In the room with four well

dressed groomed Navy personal offers a lot of Macho and I looked like the derelict bum. I stopped trying to reason with them about my ability to sail the boat and my qualifications as a sailor and went to that place every 13 year old girl knows that works in all circumstances. I started to ball. As I laid down all my money (\$290US) on the table I said in Spanish: This is all I have with a lower lip that could not stop quivering. I continued that I was so tired, hungry and can I please just have a cup of coffee, the entire time feeling broken and ruined. The port Captain, whose name was "Don Juan" took me out of his office and outside, I thought to help me regain my composure. Instead, he took me to his Aunt's house where she made me coffee, eggs and bread for breakfast. This house was the first time I had been warm in a week. A huge smile came with food that tasted nothing short of awesome, and not much was said as my little whimpers finally stopped.

When I got back to the Navy office there was a group of men waiting there, who jumped up to meet me. All my money was returned and the port captain himself who said in very poor english: You can not sail, but they will take you for no payment to Quellon. There you will need new papers and authorization to move. Good luck.

That is where I am today. We are still apart, Pam is working so hard to help, but we can not communicate well and my days are filled with more than I'd like. The boat is still broken and in some ways the edge feels too close, but progress is here, it has not been easy, but easy would not be the Maddox way.

Again, I sit and say thank you so much for the warm thoughts and feelings. They do cross the miles. I can not wait to sit down to read and respond to everyone. Hold on, we have a long way to go, but not as long as it was first thing this morning. We knew hitting the rocks was the beginning, not the end. This part seems pretty hard. It just feels wonderful to have our tapestry looking so beautiful, I am humbled.

Glenn goes on trial

The next day starts with an eight hour tow by a fishing vessel from Melinka to Quellon across the bay of Corcovado, the opening to the Pacific. It was a great clear day. The rudder was locked into position and I got to sit back and watch as the 48 miles ticked off rapidly. The tow was at 8 – 9 kts. There is just no way that I could have sailed that fast and despite being re-routed to Melinka the night before it was very nice to have someone else pulling me along.

Clear days result in cold nights and the crystal clear day brought on that biting cold that was so constant. The tow brought the boat right to an anchoring spot in front of the city pier. Dropping the anchor without the ability to back up to make sure she is holding is just bad seamanship, but with no outboard for the dingy, no reverse off the engine and not knowing anyone who might be able to pull on the boat reminded me that I am at the whim of so many things.

The idea of hoping for good weather for the night may be stupid, but had I known what it was would have made no difference. On our crossing from Easter Island to mainland Chile you are constantly in awe of the insignificance of this boat, its crew and our place on Earth. More scope was put out and down below, a blanket around me and hot tea. Boots, foul weather gear off a look up at the stars with a little wish, (who knows, it worked for Pinocchio) and time for sleep.

About 30 minutes later came a rapping on the hull and being so startled that I ran outside in bare feet, in my tee shirt looking for rocks. It was a fisherman who was telling me in Spanish that the port captain is calling me and I have to call him on the radio. It is things like this that will make me twitch for years to come when I hear wind and banging. Semi hyper ventilating, I call up and I am notified that I am not authorized to move, (I wonder if he could guarantee that) and I need to report to the Armada's office at 8:00 in the morning with passport and all the ships documents and a notification that my current Zarpe was suspended. Once again sleep seemed to be elusive and I remember seeing the clock for the last time about 3:00am.

At 7:30a.m. I opened my eyes, jumped up running around to get ready to go ashore which would be a long row in. This time I would be ready, I'm bringing my translation book and I'm going to have a cup of coffee, you can only pull the girl thing once and I'm sure the story about the blubbering Americano was forwarded.

At 8:15a.m., I walk into the Armada building where I am expected. I am told they need my passport, Zarpe and ships documents. The officer starts filling out a form entitled "Dileto". Not paying much attention to it, I waited while four officers opened an office and asked me to come in. I ask for my passport back. The officer directs me to the office of the four waiting officers who are all in their best dress.

My Espanol is poor, but I do understand about half of what is said, sometimes losing the full meaning, but the port captain spoke some English making it easier for me. The first twenty minutes were about the status and safety of the boat, which I was told, the boat is not seaworthy. I noticed they were working off a list that was numbered 1 -7.

As we are moving down the list, I am noticing that they are not asking for understanding, rather, they were telling me what I had done. Being arrested a few times in my life, I ask: "Am I in trouble?"

"We don't know yet". Once again the surge of adrenaline ran up and panic hit me again. I grabbed my book, looked up "dileto" and found out it meant crime – minor. I quickly changed modes from explaining and started defending and asked them to tell me the actual charges in English.

1. Operating a vessel without a Zarpe
2. Causing a search plane to be dispatched
3. Failure to respond to the coast guard calls
4. Failure to stop when directed

5. Threatening an officer
6. Operating a vessel that was concluded to be unseaworthy.

All of a sudden the sea looked pretty friendly and I now know what the Melinka Captain meant when he said: “Good Luck”. Fortunately some of the charges were based on the Armada not doing their job properly as I had my Zarpe with me so a few of these charges were without any ground at all. While I didn’t ask directly for clearance to move the boat, the Armada was told I was moving. The boat did have the US flag flying off the back and international law requires that they hail me in English.

When I yelled “Por Que!” (why) at the officer the night before, it was considered a very significant insult. A break was taken as the accusing officers needed to be called due to the fact I had my Zarpe and many accounts were conflicting. I took my own advice that people like to help those who are doing something worth while or noble. In Spanish, I asked the ranking officer about his family, his kids and where they lived. I walked to the world map on the wall and showed our travels, where we had been and where all our new friends were in countries such as Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador. I had copies of the girls passports and talked about their impact on those they had met and why they were such amazing children.

When we were all reconvened, I started by telling them, in Spanish, that I had yelled at the officer and would like the opportunity to apologize. The phone call was made to Melinka and in Spanish I apologized without justification. The speed of the talking increased way beyond my ability to understand. In the end there was one more item that had not been crossed off, that was #6. The ranking officer said he was willing to do an inspection of the boat to see if it really was seaworthy. There was a bunch of paperwork where all parties had to sign off that 1 – 5 were being dropped. I got a ride out to Red Thread with three officers and an escort from a large Zodiac chase boat. I still didn’t have my passport or ships papers, but the men were smiling and the mood was much, so much lighter.

Chilean fishing boats often operate without bilge pumps, radios, lights and even the most basic safety gear. I was able to show them all the back up parts the three bilge pumps, our array of safety gear that would outfit 10 people and more communications equipment than the entire fishing fleet in southern Chile. A 2006 boat is rarely seen in this area and all four officers attended the inspection more out of being impressed than actual structural survey. Forty minutes later the ranking officer notified me that the boat was cleared for solo transit to Quinched, where Pam and the girls waited for me some 60 miles to the north.

I had to drop the anchor again, get more fuel and finish up the paperwork so I could be on my way. The Armada pulled out the weather report which showed winds from the south at 10 kts for the next 18 hours, the port captain said, you really need to go now; Quellon is not a good anchorage so I put only 5 more gallons of diesel on board. I asked the captain how strong the currents were outside the port and he responded, “They are not bad”. I found out that asking a guy who is in a powerboat what the strength of currents

are is like someone on a bike asking a car how steep a hill is to climb. In all my dealings with the Chilean Armada I found them to be the friendliest, kindest, least flexible people I have ever met. I was given a series of hearty hand shakes and “Bien Viajes” from the entire Armada. I was off again, 3 knots ahead and 60 miles to go with 8 knots of wind out of the south.

Turning north out of the channel the current came onto the boat and nearly pushed her backwards. With the sails up and the engine running Red Thread was making a whopping 1.7 knots COG (course over ground) despite the boat was going 4.3 knots over water. After a quick calculation, I realized at this rate I would be there in 42 hours, if nothing went wrong. The problem was I didn't have enough fuel for 42 hours. I just kept thinking, “Damn power boaters have no idea what a current is”.

Hitting Rock Bottom

After four hours, I had made nine miles of progress, but the tide was getting ready to change, which would put 2.5 knots in my favor. At 5:00 p.m., the wind clocked around and was coming from the north, right on the nose. Believing it's better to go faster further, I fell off to the east and got the boat sailing at almost 5 knots, Yee Ha! Sailing again!!, too bad in the wrong direction. The current had just started going in my favor and I watched the speed climb to 7 kts, but the wind had increased to 20 kts from the North so my course went even more East and I started to see winds in the mid 20's and sometimes low 30's. The current was pushing me along and when the current from the south met the winds from the north they created 7 -9 ft standing seas. Suddenly, Red Thread was at a near stop, the rain was coming down in sheets and the boat was pitching fore and aft with almost no forward progress.

One of the conditions for leaving Quellon was I had to report in to the Armada every hour on the hour with my position. It had gone very well and I looked forward to practicing my Español. At 6:00, I informed the Armada that the wind was from the North and the waves were quite large. They responded: “OK” check in, in one hour. There isn't bad weather just bad clothing and with all my gear on it felt great to be sailing again, the wind the rain and the dark all were the stuff all great sea faring tales are made of. I would have to make long tacks to get there, but it was doable and I had adrenaline on my side.

I missed the 7:00 check in and at 8:00 I informed the Armada that it was blowing steady 30 – 35 from the Northwest. The Armada called back in 15 minutes later and said that it was expected to blow harder before it subsided, so continue with caution. Now eight hours into this run up to Quinched my distance made good was poor, the wind was blowing steady gale and it was dark, really dark. The thought “if something breaks now, I'm in big trouble”, kept crossing my mind. Beating to weather through the night was sounding worse and worse all the time. At 9:00, I called in and notified the Armada that I was turning back to Queilen, about 15 miles back. 15 miles of those hard earned miles that took all day to gain, but pounding the boat and myself for another 20 hours just did not seem like a better idea.

The beam reach back to Queilen would require going around a group of rocks and again turning northwest close hauled into a narrow passage and an anchorage to the north. The maps for the area are poor, keeping clear of everything is the best way to navigate, but in the narrows there is little alternative other than lining up the navigational buoys and staying in the middle. Sailing off the wind is such a treat, it's fast, the boat sits relatively flat and allows time to plan when to turn, where the currents are coming from and best approach.

At the first waypoint, Red Thread turned 30 degrees to the north. That lovely beam reach was now a close reach with much more heel and keel-hungry rocks looming near. At the second waypoint 15 degrees more to the north, putting the boat on a close hauled course close to a rock out cropping, but right on track to enter the narrows and into the anchorage. Along the port side, was Isla Tranquil, another place with nothing but rocks and a lee shore that started to make the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

It was time to start the engine up in case I need my 3 knots of auxiliary power. Long keeled boats do not point well and I needed some help to make the narrow opening to Queilen. At 9:45 p.m., the motor stopped: "mother....., this is bad, this is bad!!!". Locking the wheel and tearing through the spare parts box, I grabbed new filters and changed them and pumped the priming pump until I could feel fuel. The problem was the old filter looked good. I checked the bilge, everything looked OK. I started the engine again, it roared up and ran. I turned it off. The fuel pickup must be on the starboard side, sailing in 35 knots of wind on a starboard tack had sucked air into the fuel system. Great, I have 30 -35 knots of wind which the motor can not over come, I have a lee shore on my port side and I can't run the engine unless the boat is flat, "Oh, I'm #@&*d".

I just needed a little lift and I could sail right into the narrows and then I could worry about the rest. Going back to my racing days of coming up on all the puffs and coming down before the boat would stall, cracking and re trimming the sheets was working. At 10:00 p.m., the call from the Armada came in. I ran to the radio, gave my position, wind and sea conditions and said, "I have no motor", then repeated it in Spanish. The reply back was: "Check in, in one hour". I repeated that my motor was not working and asked if there were any vessels in Queilen that could assist as I needed it. The radio crackled back: "OK, talk to you in one hour".

In forty minutes, it wouldn't matter anyway, I'll either make it or I won't and nothing in South America responds in 40 minutes so I didn't even try to call again. Back to crack the sheets, take the windward shifts when I could get it and fall off before the boat stalled. Again and again all the while looking at the lee shore of Isla Tranqui wondering if that would be the next place where Red Thread would be on the rocks.

At 10:50 p.m., I had pinched my way up and sailed into the narrows and was out of the waves and now the options opened up. I furlled in the main, leveling the boat to try the engine again and it roared up just like it was supposed to. Sure enough at 11:00 p.m. the radio cracked from Queilen: "Red Thread, what is your position?". I notified them that I

would be anchoring for the night; they responded back that my Zarpe would not be valid after 12:00 noon tomorrow and I needed to reapply for a new one before I sail to Quinched. Now I was more or less out of fuel, my zarpe was going to expire and I was exhausted. I motored to the anchorage wondering what I would do. I could see the depth dropping and at 90 feet I stepped to the side of the dodger and saw a salmonary about 20 yards in front of me. One more heart attack, a 90 degree turn and wondering if this would ever end.

Dropping the anchor was easy, the wind pushed the boat back and a firm tug on the anchor was all I would get to ensure a good hook. Putting lines away and tidying up helped ease my nerves and take in the silhouettes around the anchorage. My thoughts were: this damn place and what an amazing place kept pressing the conflict of unbelievable beauty and beauty's savage side. Being trimmer, helmsman and navigator is tiring and stepping into the cabin I was beat, and too tired to eat or drink. It was only about 9:45p.m. in Denver so I picked up the phone and called my brother.

"I'm spent, I need help". I told him, "I sailed the hardest 39 miles of my life over the past 10 hours and I'm only 9 miles from where I started, maybe it's time to give up?"

My brother said, it sounded like a typical Maddox trip.

"You wish you weren't there?" Yep.

"You tired?", Yep.

"You hungry?", Yep.

"You lost?", sort of.

"You, my brother, are on an adventure". He continued, "Maybe it's time to pack it in", you made it most of the way and the cost for a tow will be much less from where you are and you may have no choice, you have no fuel and if the Armada pulled your Zarpe?...maybe it's time....".

I told him, it just didn't look good now, but maybe tomorrow something will happen, but for now I need sleep and a new perspective. Bryan asked: "What do you need now?"

"I just need to talk to you, I miss talking to you and I hope we can talk when it seems like the world is not falling apart, I need to get back to Pam and the girls". For ten minutes more I got to release fear, anxiety and stresses that were so heavy. Now I could go to sleep, despite the howling wind in the rigging.

At eight o'clock the next morning, I peaked outside. The boat was still floating, still on anchor and there was sun. WOW! Am I lucky or good? Who cares, a cup of coffee will really make this a good day. I get my cup, get cleaned up, new shirt the rest stays the same, but who am I trying to impress? 30 minutes later I turn on the SSB to listen for weather on the Chilean Pacific net and the second item of business of the day: "Has anyone heard from Red Thread?" I heard: "Red Thread is in Quellon", "No Melinka", and I butted in, "This is Red Thread".

“What’s your position?”, “I may have more problems, my zarpe has expired and I’m not in Quinched”.

The sailing vessel Incantation chirps in, “Can you repeat your location?”... “I’ll be at your anchorage in 15 minutes”.

When David arrived so did the Armada, but David hearing of all my Armada woes, tells them that he is there to escort me to Quinched. The Armada goes over my paperwork and gives us the OK as long as I have an escort. The next problem is fuel. I have no pesos on board and no fuel. David pulls out a 2 horse power engine and says I’m sure we can talk someone out of fuel in Queilen. So, off we putted to Queilen talking about what a pain the Armada are.

Sure enough we found diesel in a back ally from a guy who charged \$6.48/gal. David reached in and paid the guy without asking about the price, quality or amount. The fuel came out of a vat that looked like something that fell off a freighter, and then run over by a few trucks and somehow it ended up in this ally and the guy is telling us it’s diesel? We wonder.

David looked at me and said, “Don’t worry; I can filter this for you, if there’s water or bad things in it, we’ll get it out”. So we bought 15 gallons, filtered it into the tanks, nd checked the filters on the engine again. Before going back to his boat, he stopped and stared at the galley which had an empty cup of coffee, three crackers a half empty can of fish and a few dirty dishes in the sink. “I’ll make you dinner tonight, do you need food now?”

No..., I’m fine.

At 3 knots, we set off with my escort nearby until I got a call from him saying this slow speed was hard on his engine and he needed to speed up but would meet me at the anchorage and have dinner waiting. Just after sunset, I pulled into the anchorage. This time, no wind which made it harder to anchor, but after two attempts, the anchor was down and I was onto Incantation for a great gourmet pasta feast, with salad, whiskey and even desert. All this came at a price I wasn’t sure I was willing to pay. David is from Canada and for two hours I got to hear how all the problems in the world are because of the United States and if it weren’t for all the policies of the US the world would be a better place. Of course, he then continued about “my friend shrub” (little Bush)... Never bite the hand that feeds you, right?

Now I was just nine miles from Quinched, rested, full and had lots of comebacks for that damn thankless Canadian who obviously had an inferiority complex and... was one of great saving people of my trip whom I owe an awful lot to. Why do all these angles have such strange politics? One fascist and now one screaming liberal and I mean screaming. Thank you God for David, can your next angel be normal?

Ten days after hitting the rocks, I could hear Pam on the radio for the first time. It was clear, it was close and the desperate feelings of being at that anchorage arose. Queilen seemed a long way away. It was blowing 25 on the nose as I approached at less than 2 knots, but there were plenty of people there to help put the boat on the mooring. William, the owner of the marina said, "What are you doing here?, your girls are all waiting for you".

Getting married, holding my daughters, Linzi and MeiLing, for the first time, making the national team for skiing and seeing Pam, Linzi and MeiLing again are times that just stand still. They had been staying in a rented house and wanted me to see it and all the pictures they had drawn for 10 days. The girls wanted to play hide and seek, then "throw me in the air, daddy", then tag, then Trouble, then let me show you my new friends, then, then, then. For 12 hours, there was not enough 'Dad' to go around. When I was asked how it went, "ah, it wasn't too bad" and that is how I felt with all of us together, finally.

The Game of Chess

Mark Twain said, "There are many things I've worried about, fortunately most of them never happened". Now, just 58 miles from Puerto Montt, my biggest worry was taken off my list. The hobbled propeller broke with a sharp metallic sound. I informed my 'escort boats' that the boat had no propulsion. I would have to get to Puerto Montt by sailing her there; I announced that: "I'm now a real sailor" and it was time for us to part ways for a while.

Fifty eight miles to go, a light following breeze the Chacao Channel to cross and the narrows through to the upper bay and an 18 foot tide with currents to match. This was like the worlds slowest chess game, make a move and wait 3 hours to see if it worked, but every move leaves your queen exposed and you are just gritting your teeth hoping your opponent does not see your mistake, all the while keeping your composure as to not let on that you see the potential loss.

The winds were so light that the boat was moving on average 1.5 knots with times when the wind would come up and push me along at four and five knots for brief moments. Trying to plan what the tide and currents would be when the boat got there was impossible, maybe 3 hours maybe 6 and that makes a big difference. The biggest obstacle would be the Chacao channel, the opening between Chiloe Island and the mainland. The currents reach up to 9+ knots and slow down the further east you go.

Ten hours after becoming a real sailor the currents of the Chacao channel started pushing on the boat about the same time as Kamakazzi's arrived (divine wind). Sailing wing and wing, I crossed the Chacao Channel with 5 knots over the water and 3 knots made good. Next up were the narrows into the upper bay, the only light houses in all of Chile that we had seen were there blinking marking dangerous shoals. They must be bad if they are marked, for Christ sake there is no safe shoreline here. The sails and heading were set for the eastern side of the passage in hope that the current would push the boat to mid channel and not suck her into the eastern shoals. It was dark now and the flashing

lighthouses were right where they were supposed to be. I still had my queen and it was my move again.

Claude, the captain of Azzar called over the satellite phone at about 7:30 p.m. and asked for my position. He responded, you are doing great, call us in the morning. We have contacted the Armada and the marina and they are ready for you. "Hang in there; it's going to be cold tonight". Great! Cold again!

The current stopped its push on the boat and my divine wind was still with me: "I'll be in Puerto Montt, by 3a.m." is that good or bad? But the winds stopped to zero and I mean stopped. Our wind instrument reads to the tenth of a knot and it read 0.0. This slow chess game was wearing on my nerves so my move was to call my brother and asked him what he was hearing from me. "I worry that I'm losing it a bit, tell me what you're hearing." Her replied with "You want to hear this?" That's the code for here it comes.

I responded with "Yes, it's time as I can see the finish but it seems unreachable now and I feel very alone and the voices of doubt are creeping in. Did I fight the good fight, save the boat, our trip and ourselves or am I being tenacious to my detriment?"

Bryan responded, "You wanted this...this whole experience, most of your life you have been using words like: 'I don't fit in here', or 'I want something different'. You don't sail 15K miles and say, 'I just want the sunny parts, you take the whole experience which is what you have and this is what builds the family you want and now you have it...".

"Do you think Pam and the girls will be mad at me for putting her through all this so I can have this?"

"Pam needed this too, look at who she is, who she has become, no longer the person who simply gets busy when the stress starts, but someone who knows how to take on adversity and deal with it and let it go by. The girls are full of life they take it head on and to see MeiMei she is the little girl you wanted, that is what you wanted and that is what you have".

My Dad had lots of saying for us to remember him by and one of them was: "Advice is normally worth what you pay for it". This advice cost me \$100 in satellite charges and being marooned just outside of Puerto Montt. The one hundred dollars was the easy payment and fortunately, I had many hours to start absorbing the ramifications of the last 18 days with the new understanding that this is part of what we set out to do:

1. Create meaningful relationships with ourselves, other and the environment.
2. Create the family we want.
3. Take the girls back to China

All of these objectives were being realized and we still can go to China. All that we ever wanted had come together. It just cost a lot, or so it seemed a lot for what is the cost if we didn't attain what we wanted?

My move to steer east in the channel proved to be a good one maybe only exposing a few pawn or bishop this time. The tide was getting ready to change again and despite the little wind, the boat was moving 1 knot ahead in the right direction. The stars popped, the lights of Puerto Montt were clearly visible and as Azzar informed me: "It was cold!". The flood tide took Red Thread into the upper bay another three miles clear of the rocky shoals and right in the middle. Thinking of Captain Cook who did this without a motor too and all the coves and places he found in the high latitudes of British Columbia and New Zealand, that guy must have had nerves of steel. He didn't even have charts! I had a lot more to work with than he did, but then again, I'm no Captain Cook.

With the cold came the want and need for sleep. It is hard to sleep very long with the constant thoughts of rocks, currents and tides going through your mind all the time. Was I good or was I lucky? Luck will eventually run out and even if you're good, well the sea is littered with good sailors boats. A fleece blanket, all my foul weather gear and a very steady boat brought sleep for brief periods. At 4:30 a.m., the coffee went on and the warming process started, this would be the last day. No rocks, no water in the bilge and no panic. Pam was in route to New York and had no idea what was going, which is fortunate. The difficulty of someone sitting and waiting is probably harder than experiencing it yourself.

As the sun rose a slight breeze filled in from the east. Adjusting sails and the very light sound of water trickling past the bow was heard for the first time in more than 7 hours. The wind and GPS were picking up movement and I didn't have to keep seeing all those zeros. 1.5 kts made good only 9 miles from the entrance to Puerto Montt and right on schedule Azzar called over the phone to check on my position and status. I said I could be within 2 miles of the entrance in 4 – 5 hours at this rate.

A call back 30 minutes later with the message that they were leaving in 30 minutes and that should put me about 5 miles out. I thought for a moment of saying "Don't put your boat in danger, just wait I'll get there eventually", but that thought left as soon as it came and I replied: "Great, I'm ready for you".

Sure enough Azzar met the Red Thread right at the 5 mile mark, David from Incantation jumped aboard set up the bridal for the tow and began preparing the boat for docking. The Armada dispatched its high speed zodiacs. The officers informed me that they would be coming aboard. Learning lessons from the past I immediately said "Por favor" and offered them coffee thus dropping everything I was doing to ready the boat for her tow. First be polite then find out what is going on.

The officer was quite concerned when they did not see Pam and the Children on board. A quick explanation that they were on their way to the U.S. put them at ease; they then let me know they were there to help. The five miles took just over an hour to cover the fastest Red Thread had gone in days.

Following proper protocol at one mile out Azzar, announced: “Security, Security, Security” (International notification to all vessels) “The sailing vessel Azzar is towing yacht Red Thread who is fully disabled, please clear the channel to Puerto Montt”. This was repeated at ½ mile when the Navy also notified that the “disabled vessel Red Thread has priority over all traffic”. It is difficult to hear all the radio chatter about the Red Thread being “disabled”, but was also amazing to see all boat traffic stop and wait as we turned north into the channel entrance.

The plan was to go past Club Nautico make a 180 degree turn and allow Azzar to stay clear while we would aim for the dock, releasing our tow line. There was no way of stopping Red Thread so it was like a dead stick landing, or so I thought. As Azzar announced her turn Red Thread followed outside her track and was released. Twelve people were on the dock waiting to grab lines and help catch our 16 ton boat. The navy set up a line off the stern to help slow her down and Club Nautico sent its boats to assist in the turn. Standing at the wheel, I said nothing as everyone knew what to do and maneuvered Red Thread around a bend and onto a the dock. The gentlest landing we have ever had. David announced: “Boat is secure!”

Wow, secure, a word that had not entered my vocabulary, thoughts or mind in eighteen days. Secure! The 300 plus mile trip to Puerto Montt was complete, the boat had not gone aground again, the leaks did not intensify and the line of people helping on the dock was overwhelming. I stepped off the boat to thank the dozen people who greeted me, but it was I who was congratulated with handshakes, big smiles, slaps on the back and “It’s great to have you here”. The Armada: “Excelante, Capitan”. More cruisers from Denmark, Canada and Australia there to catch lines and greet me, and even the employees at Club Nautico all came out to greet me in Spanish (of course). A note was passed to me that Bob on Beta Plus in the Falkland Islands who was going in for surgery had sent an email asking to be updated to our fate*. There were so many people following this 18 day odyssey that I didn’t know, but were sending in radio calls of: “Great to hear you are in”.

It’s hard to explain the feeling of stepping off to such a welcome, but it reminded me of the marathon runner who wasn’t much of a runner the one who finished dead last, but as he crossed the line after the banners and stands of people had all left there were those few who stayed and applauded the effort, the will and the determination of this last person who wasn’t there for the victory, but completing something that was overwhelming. There are moments that stay with us forever and being last was the best feeling I can imagine.

All the pain, worry and suffering that Pam went through waiting for me to arrive and leaving knowing there were obstacles, I wish she could have been here for this. The pay off for all the effort 18 days all summed up in 15 minutes, by all those who were with us.

In Chile, there is no event that doesn’t require paper work, so into the office to fill out the paperwork of my arrival for the Armada, more copies of the boat papers, passports and a hug from the woman helping me. I was handed a key and pointed to where the showers

were. Still getting the occasional thumbs up or congrats I got to the shower stepped in and just like in Quellon, I just started crying, but at least this time there were no witnesses.

All good stories have to have a great supporting cast. Mine was the best and I know I didn't do a good job telling everyone's roles.

Pam Maddox- When things were there worst, she was at her best, keeping her cool working the problem and proving her depth of courage and poise. Pam had the very difficult job of waiting while the reports rolled in from the Armada of my interception to Melinka, the trial in Quellon and the gale force winds outside Quilein all the while taking such gentle care of our girls. It takes an amazing person to have the faith and belief that she has in me. I think most others would have cracked.

Linzi Maddox- While we were retrieving the anchors she had to stay at the nav station and reset circuit breakers and hand thing to me and Pam. I've always described Linzi as full of love and courage, but now I know she is full of poise too.

MeiLing Maddox- Every opportunity she had, she wanted to let me know that she loves "her boat" and wants to sail again.

Benjamin – Who would have thought an absolute angle would come in the form of a friend to a fascist dictator. Words can not express my gratitude for saving us from the cold and offering everything he had to us. I so much want to see him again.

Bryan Maddox- In my darkest moments it was mi hermano who never wavered on his support, belief and faith that we were up to the task. Even as I said, "I don't think I can do this anymore", his only question was, "What is it you need?" When I needed it the most his wisdom was shared.

Bob Runge- Mr. Cool, who was always there, and worked so hard to keep Pam and I together with the communications. In the end, Bob was instrumental in us saving the boat, the salvage companies never got their hands on it and our hopes of sailing again are alive.

Doug Holzman- Sluggo my second call, while we were abandoning the ship. Doug called the US Coast Guard with our information and coordinated with the Chilean Coast Guard.

Al Gore – For the internet; the messages of love and support were simply awesome. I never thought there were so many pulling for us to make it. Every message was awesome and kept for future viewing when I'm silly enough to think I'm alone.

**Beta Plus is a ham operator who coordinated communication between Pam and the boat during my first crossing of the channel south of Chiloe Island. He contacted the Armada and the cruisers net and eventually got David on Incantation to meet me. He*

stayed up til midnight keeping in constant contact with me even though he was going in for heart surgery the next day!

The Power of a good story

A hot shower and a nap make everything look so much better. I awoke to the rapping on the hull from the marina who informed me I needed to check in personally with the Armada. It had been a good nap. I informed the marina that I was sick and couldn't make it, one of the few lines of Spanish I can convey well.

All those people who had run to the docks to catch me when I arrived earlier wanted to go to dinner and wanted me to join them. Sailors are an interesting bunch to hang out with. They all have great stories, but they all think their story is better than yours. Since I was more into the listening mode, I sat next to a couple that spent 2 ½ months on South Georgia Island, the next couple had been around The Horn and to Antarctica and David who had been everywhere and knew more than anyone else.

The lady next to me leaned over and said, "I'm sure you are tired of telling your story, but would you mind telling me?" I said, "Actually, I haven't even told my wife the whole story, it's kind of long if you want to hear it."

I started to tell Kirsten and noticed that all side conversations stopped and everyone tuned into the story I was telling of being on the rocks, abandoning the ship and the trip to Puerto Montt. It is really rare to have so many with so many stories to be listening to one person. The more I told the more intent the listening would get. The only comments were: "I remember you asking for help when you were intercepted" and "I heard you the night your engine died, but was too far away."

The only pausing was for ordering and when food came, I kept telling my story and before I knew it dinner was over the story was over and the dishes had all been cleared. No one said anything. After about one minute of pure silence Claude said: "Glenn, when the bill comes start crying and see if you can get us out of paying".

When you can keep the attention of eight sailors for that long, I knew that it was an amazing story and the goal to get everyone home safe seemed to resonate even with this group of seasoned sailors. But it is the story that others would tell that would truly change my life in Chile.

The next morning I woke up to a note stating that I was expected to appear at the Port Captains office today. Kind of like going to a proctology exam, you know you have to go, but find the slowest way to get there. Finally at 2:00 in the afternoon, I found myself at the door to the Armada where I was led to the office of foreign yachts. The guy I hugged on the dock was there so we exchanged greetings and he sat down and started writing a citation. "What is this?", I asked and he smiled and said "protocol".

"But I didn't do anything wrong."

“We’ll see, you need to be here in two days when the Captain is here, see you then”.

This only took about 20 minutes and most of the citation was already written up, he just added my passport number with the question: “Are you planning on leaving Chile before your hearing?”

“Yes, I mean no”

Two days later I show up 30 minutes early for my hearing and like the time before I am greeted and the paper work is started with more citations.

1. Operating an unseaworthy boat.

I protest, “It’s a sailboat”. I am here safe with no incident.

2. Not reporting into Valdivia per zarpe

I protest again, “I informed Melika that I was changing plans 10 days ago.”

With a very put out look on his face he starts writing again as he asks me to stand back.

3. To review the conduct of the Captain of the Red Thread

“What does this mean and why are you asking me to come back?”

“We need witnesses who are not here now.”

Getting worked up I ask: “Witnesses for what” all the while I stumbled through my Spanish dictionary to find the word for ‘witnesses’. “Will there be someone there who speaks good English?”

“Maybe, See you in one week”.

I was left babbling: “but, but, what...”

I walked wondering what had just happened. I read the citation and had no idea what the charge was or what witnesses were needed. It didn’t say anything about witnesses on the citation. Back at the marina I tell the crowd what is going on and they all start giving me all sorts of advice, but I think that everything has gone well for me so far, I’m sure I’ll be OK”.

The next day was my birthday. We were all meeting at the Yacht Club for cake and wine, to celebrate it. Along with good conversation, I also got a lot of advice and some stories of what I should do.

1. They are going to fine you, just take the fine and pay it, but don't tell other countries that this happened.
2. Get your boat on the hard so they can't kick you out of the country.
3. Show them the propeller.
4. Tell them that the tow was OK'd by the Armada

The list of advice went on and on, but just about everyone said: "Get in touch with the US Embassy now". The next morning my first call was to the US Embassy who said they could help, but they needed to know what the citation was for, as did I.

Two weeks earlier, I had received an email from Carl Peterson who said he was having dinner with a friend who sells navigational equipment to Navy's around the world and was telling him our story. Peter informed Carl that he was good friends with the Admiral of the Navy in Chile and might be able to help if we continued to have problems. At that time we had a new zarpe to get to Puerto Montt and thought all our troubles were over. I hung up with the US Embassy who informed me not to take this lightly; I called Pam and told her we need help now!

Carl and Pancha were on their boat traveling up the East Coast and somehow got our cry for help and got us the names and numbers within hours for the Admiral. I was told to call him at 8:00 in the morning and he would take my call at his house.

Right on time, I called the Admiral and for five minutes I told him our story. He asked for an email of the citations and where they had come from He said, it's probably 'red tape', and it might be difficult as we are in a state of emergency due to the Chaiten Volcano erupting this morning. The list was sent out and included the ten or so citations that had been written over the past 18 days: Melinka, Quellon, Queilen and Puerto Montt. My email went out at about 8:45 in the morning.

I called Pam at 9:45am to tell her that I was able to talk to the Admiral and it sounded very good. Ten minutes into the call I hear in Spanish: "Where is the captain of the sailboat Red Thread?" It was the Navy in their best dress suits, white gloves looking for me. I assumed that I had gone over someone's head and they were out for mine.

As I greeted the officer, he notified me that he had been sent by Admiral Cavajal and he was here to discuss the citations levied by the Puerto Montt Port Captain. All I could think of was 'This was bad'. He asked to see the citation and as I handed it to him I said: "I was hoping someone could explain the charges to me".

The officer who never batted an eyelash responded: "I apologize on behalf of the Coast Guard and the Navy for the way this has been handled. All charges are dropped and you do not need to go to the Port Captains office until you are ready to set sail again".

All I could think of was: "Really?"

H continued, “We are sorry for any trouble this has caused you or your family”, he wrote down his name and cell number and said please call if you have any further trouble. Then he left with his two accompanying officers.

Trying to stay composed all the while having the thoughts: “Oh my God, oh my God...” I ran to the computer to send Pam a message that it was all done. In my email box was the following message:

Glenn,

I have given orders to the Admiral of the Coast Guard to have the citation taken care of TODAY.

Please inform me when this is done.

Admiral Cavajal

The euphoria and relief was amazing. I ran up and down the docks to tell everyone that I was cleared. Most looked puzzled as it was just two hours ago I was wondering how well they fed their foreign prisoners. I couldn't get over how quickly this was taken care of, how relieved Pam was and one more time someone comes out of no where to help me. On this day I ran up the phone bill but called to thank everyone for their help and share my amazement of the situation. It was 24 days since the boat went on the rocks in Seno Galo and the flood of emotions was still coming.

I stopped to look out over the marina with the feeling like “I am king of the world!!!” I am amazed. However, this was just a hurdle, the boat still wasn't out of the water and the road to sailing her again would take more miracles. It is just that this one was so much fun. The Admiral of the Navy bailed me out in less than two hours, which was so cool!