

## Sunny Spray's travels, episode 19

*Falmouth Harbour, Antigua, April 4-7, 2017 Translated and edited April 9*

Dear all,

Today is April 4, and two days ago we arrived in Antigua. Together with its satellite island Barbuda, Antigua is one of the Northernmost of the Leeward Islands. From here onwards, the island chain is truly dipping towards the West. After Antigua, we will still visit St. Barths and St. Martin/Sint Maarten, where we have a doctor's appointment for Bob on April 24. Depending on how that visit goes, we may still be going to the British Virgin Islands for a lightning short visit. Because yes, we are running out of time, by mid-May we should be ready to cross the Atlantic Ocean and head towards the Azores. One moment you think you still have months ahead of you; the next moment you no longer count in months but in weeks and even days!

Geographically speaking, we have not visited that many islands in the past six weeks; culturally though there were big differences. Out of necessity we spent more time in Guadeloupe than foreseen, but the picture below testifies that we spent our time well and had some fun!



*A highlight during our visit to Guadeloupe was a sailing trip with Carl Chipotel and friends in a traditional Guadeloupean sailing boat, called a "Santoise". For official pensionados like us it was no small feat to hang outside the boat and actively shift your weight around with the changeable wind!*

Episode 18 was sent from Roseau, Dominica. We arrived there on February 14, (my 65th birthday), following a beautiful sailing trip from North Martinique. Our departure harbour was the bay of St. Pierre, the old capital of Martinique. However, the anchorage was not good, and St. Pierre's history did not make us happy either. So, we left after only one night, thereby missing a visit to the volcanology museum and a walk on Mount Pelée, the highest volcano in the Windward Islands.



*Mount Pelee erupted violently on May 8, 1902. Since April there had already been minor eruptions, with attendant loss of life and goods. However, local businessmen convinced a wavering governor that the population should neither be warned nor evacuated and that the papers were not to write about the eruptions, all this to avoid a panic, and panic would be bad for business. Thus happened. When the volcano erupted with a massive fireball of superheated gas, according to experts with the destructive power of an atomic bomb, the town, ships at anchor and the population were annihilated in seconds.*

*Only two people survived the disaster: a cobbler, who at the moment of the eruption was down below in his cellar, and a murderer locked up in a stone prison cell. One ship managed to limp away with a couple of survivors. The disaster costed 29,933 people their lives. The bay is littered with dozens of shipwrecks, making anchoring difficult. I found it a depressing place.*

Our landfall in Dominica was Roseau, its capital, but the town was hardly worth that title: it was small, dirty, crowded and with the inevitable reggae music blaring from numerous loudspeakers along the shore. Neither was there a real bay or anchorage, nor a proper quay, there was just a small wooden platform that served as a dinghy dock. Fortunately, there was a row of moorings, so that we could tie up safe and sound, without having to anchor in deep water.

Those moorings are the property of free entrepreneurial spirits, and it was quite a sight if one or two came racing along in their pirogues in order to capture you as a client for their mooring. We chose a mooring from Marcus. These entrepreneurs are highly trained local guides, who can arrange anything for their clients, including help with clearing procedures, transport or trips inland. They are very nice, very capable and you can hardly shake them off!

From Roseau radiated a system of small local buses, as we had also experienced in Grenada and Carriacou. Since we enjoy taking a bus and meeting local people, we took a bus to reach the Trafalgar Falls, twin waterfalls with a nice pool beneath them, in which it was possible to swim. It would not be the only waterfall we were to visit in Dominica.

After Roseau we gradually sailed North, with a stop in Mero, where we were the only yacht at anchor, to arrive in Prince Rupert Bay, a large but not very indented bay in the North of Dominica. Some one hundred yachts were anchored near the small town of Portsmouth. Near the town, we also found the *Ixion* of Jim and Corinna Barry, a Canadian-American couple whom we had met for the first time in Prickly Bay, Grenada, and again in Anse l'Âne on Martinique. The *Ixion* had found a good spot away from the mass of boats, so we anchored close by. It was a quiet and nice spot, and we could leave the dinghy at the fishermen's pier. Actually, the fishermen were so nice that they would lift your dinghy out of the water and on top of the pier if the wind or waves became too much. From the pier, we had an easy walk to Indian River, a beautiful creek that wound through remnants of the rain forest. We visited the creek on our own; the official tour guides charged 50 US\$ per person, but threw in a short trip in a pirogue.



Indian River was a beautiful creek, with a badly signposted path. It did not help that it had rained quite a lot, making the path muddy and difficult to find. Nevertheless, we had a wonderful walk, made extra nice since we had to cross the creek various times, allowing us to fill our water bottles and clean our feet from the clinging mud!

During the walk, we saw many huge trees with abundant air roots, small geckos, and a farmer who tenaciously tried to wrest a living from tiny fields scattered all over the place. Some of the fields had sorry looking orange trees, and the farmer informed us that the trees did not produce many oranges. Being the owner of dozens of orange trees in Spain, we were not surprised: seldom have we seen orange trees that were in such bad shape.

When we informed the farmer that his trees were in need of heavy pruning, he was surprised, he did not know that these trees need pruning at all! We had all in all a really nice conversation.



*n impression of what we met along the Indian River walk.*

*Returning we arrived at a very well laid out Bush Bar. A cold beer was tempting, but since they thought that the pristine silence of the rain forest could use some loud reggae music, we quickly left. What a pity.*

The anchorage near Portsmouth was a bit removed from the yachting scene, so we decided to anchor for a while in the Northwestern corner of the bay near the other yachts. The second day a fierce Westerly wind arrived, and the anchorage became very windy and rough. We and the other yachts around us were bucking as if we were at sea and it became impossible to land with the dinghy at the dinghy dock. That created a problem, because some hours earlier Bob had dropped me off ashore for a walk on my own and some shopping. Bob did arrive to pick me up, but had to turn around in vain. Fortunately, there was an American couple who had just walked their dog ashore; their dinghy was larger and sturdier than ours, with an electric starter for the motor. They managed to get off the pier and were kind enough to give me a ride home to *Sunny Spray*.

Jim and Corinna of the *Ixion* had also gone ashore that day and had left their dinghy as usual at the fishermen's dock. The fishermen had pulled their dinghy up and tied it fast, but the waves were so violent that it would have been impossible to set off. They had to spend the night ashore in a small hotel.



All in all the situation deteriorated rapidly, with several anchored boats starting to drift. So, while already dark, we decided to hoist the anchor and find our way back to our old anchorage, near the *Ixion*. Not that the sea and wind were any better there, but at least that spot was away from the mass of boats and the collision risk much less.

Next day the wind and sea had died down, so we could continue with our plan to visit the interior of Dominica with the four of us in a rented car. It became an absolute highlight of our trip. What a beautiful island, what a beautiful scenery, what an impressive rainforest, the waterfalls, the coast. Dominica has not much to offer in terms of culture, the towns are not very pretty, but with respect to scenery and niceness of the inhabitants, it tops our list!

What helped during our visit was that Jim and Corinna knew the island well: they had spent several months on location when Jim worked on the making of the first "*Pirates of the Caribbean*" movie, being engaged as the master rigger of the good pirate ship "*The Pearl*". The various locations where the movie was shot are a favourite destination for film buffs!



*Normally it is quite pleasant to swim in the pool beneath a waterfall. At Milton Falls, however, the cold falling*

waters displaced the air, so that down below there was a fierce, arctic wind of at least Beaufort 8. We managed only a few seconds in the pool and rushed for a sunny spot to warm up a bit. Unfortunately the picture proving that we really went into the freezing pool has failed. Probably Bob, our photographer, had been shivering from cold as well! Corinna tried to warm up by slinging from a liana.



Impressive trees along the "Syndicate Nature Trail". We also visited the privately-owned Milton Falls.

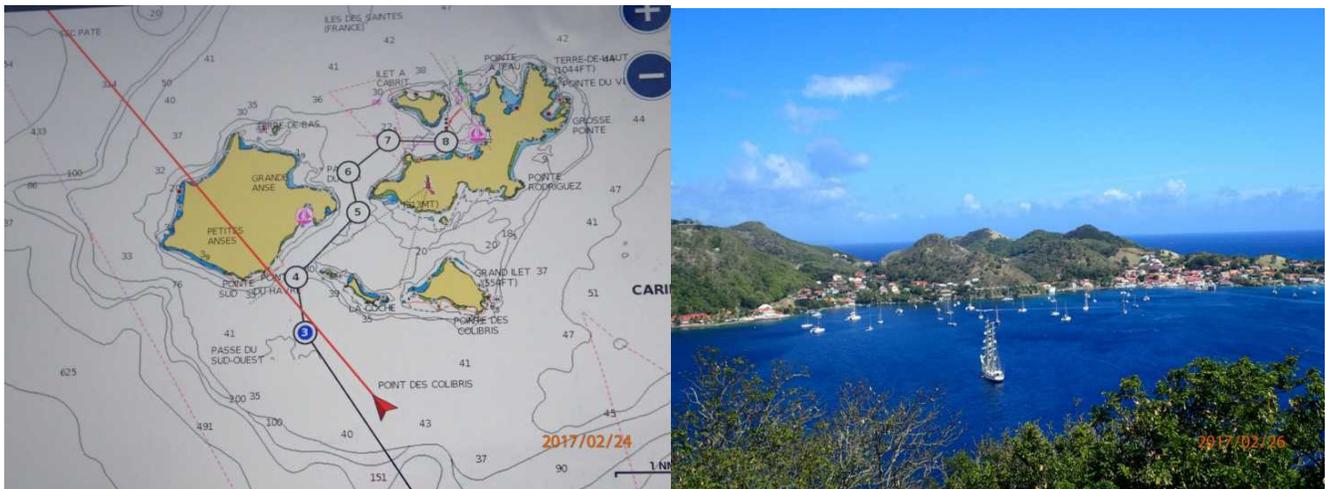


After our ice-cold experience, we found a nice terrace in Calibishie, a lovely village in Dominica's North. It was a wonderful, very relaxing day.

On February 24, we decided to sail further North. Again, it became a beautiful sailing trip, and for the first time since many months we had raised both the main and mizzen sails.

Our first stop was at Les Saintes, a group of small islands South of Guadeloupe, belonging, together with the islands Marie Galante and La Désirade, to Guadeloupe. Together the islands of Les Saintes form a large bay, which offers various anchorages and still has enough space for a couple of large cruise ships.

On arrival, all the moorings at the best anchorage were taken, so we crossed the bay to anchor at the opposite side. We were not very comfortable there, because we would be on a lee shore should the wind pick up from the Northeast. We counted the number of masts (11) we could see on the anchorage we had just left behind, and decided to count again early next morning to see whether maybe someone had made an early start.



*Approaching Les Saintes. The circle numbered 7 is the anchorage behind Ilet a Cabrit; the circle numbered 8 is the wide bay shown in the picture to the right. The bay was a favorite anchorage for old and new 3-4 masted sailing ships, as well as large cruise ships.*

At 8 am in the morning we counted nine masts! Seldom did we hoist the anchor that rapidly, and we sped to the other side. This macho behaviour was maybe not very nice, but it did secure us a spot on a mooring in the lee of the Ilet a Cabrit. The only negative was that we were quite far away from Bourg on Terre-Haut, the only town in the islands, and that to get there we had to cross a large open space with a lot of swell. We soon learned to go across in our dinghy wearing just some swimwear, and taking dry clothes along in a plastic bag!



*Bourg on Terre-Haut is a touristy place, well ordered, with many colourful houses and restaurants.*



*There are quite a number of special shops in Bourg. Striking was a shop called "Blue", where at first sight they only sold blue clothing. Later we found some white stuff in the back as well.*

*The dress dummies in front of the store pictured below make your trip into real "fun shopping".*



*Left: the view on the anchorage from the top of Ilet à Cabrit. Sunny Spray is the boat the farthest away.*

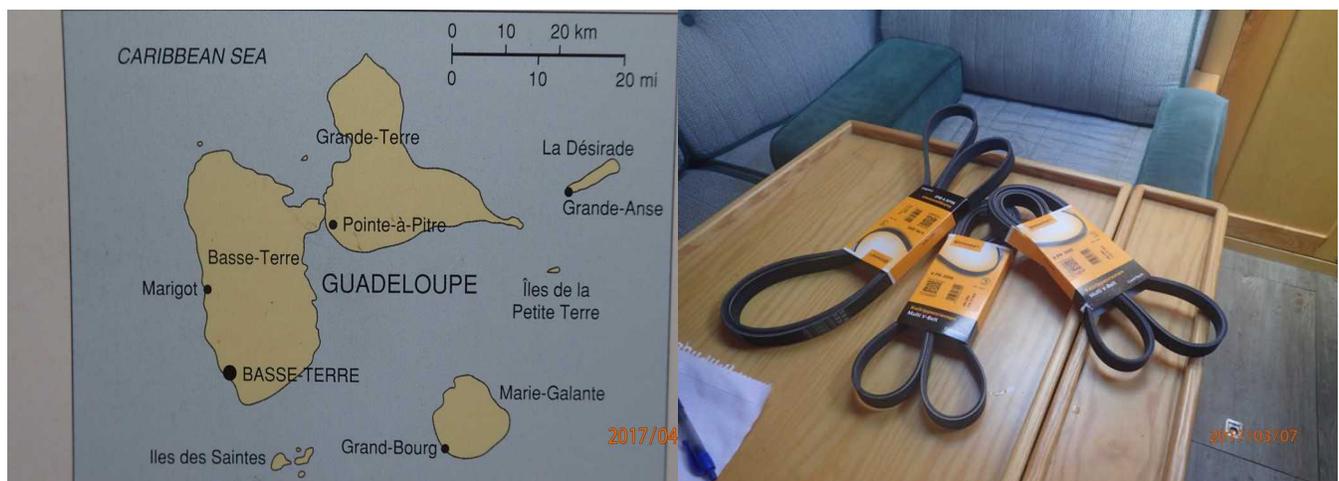
*Right: Ilet à Cabrit turned out to be not that easily accessible. The dock was in disrepair, and getting back to the dinghy demanded some acrobatics.*

All in all, we stayed some ten days in Les Saintes. We walked on both Ilet à Cabrit and on Terre-de-Haut, I used the excellent internet connection in a local bar to download all documents needed for my Spanish tax return, we sent off some documents pertaining to my requests for my future state pension, and we made the last side panels for the wind screen on the aft deck. In between we went snorkeling near the boat and we cleaned the underside of *Sunny Spray*. The days were full, and it was very cosy, the more so since Jim and Corinna of the *Ixion* arrived as well.

*To the left the Ixion, next to us at the anchorage at Ilet à Cabrit. To the right the vegetation on that island: it was dry and uniform, with (of course) the remnants of a Fort Josephine. Fort Napoleon was opposite, on Terre-de-Haut, and was in a much better state, even serving as a museum.*

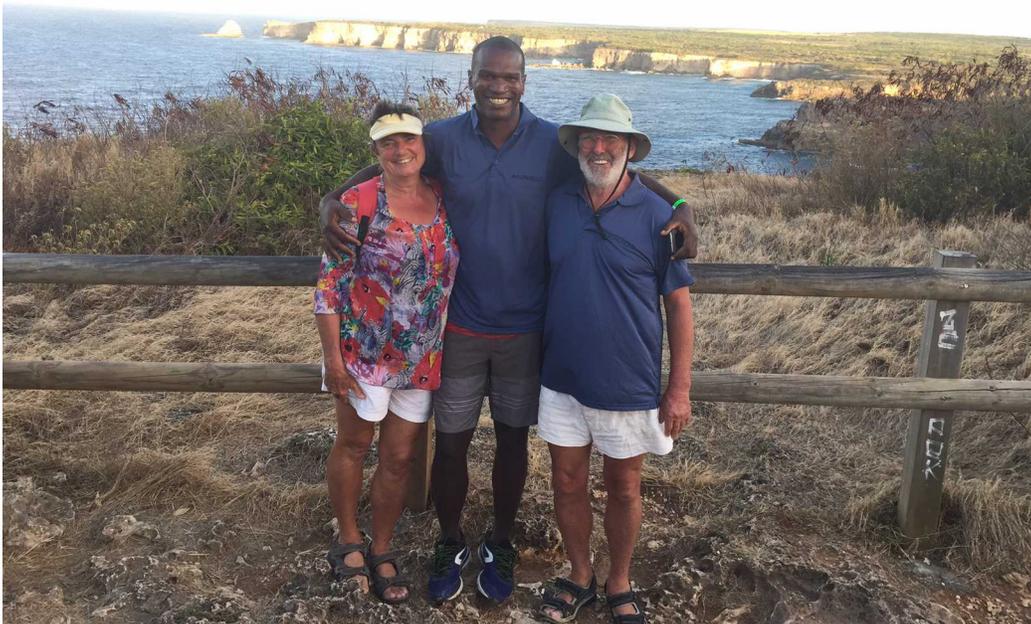


In the meantime, my sister Ineke had bought in The Netherlands 3 original V-belts for our engine and sent them to Point-à-Pitre in Guadeloupe by DHL courier. It was expected that the delivery would take some 4-5 days. Great was our surprise when we found out that the V-belts had already arrived in Point-à-Pitre after only 1 day! Extremely fast, but a bit too fast, because we were still at Les Saintes. Via DHL tracking we could see that the package had been presented to the marina in Point-à-Pitre, but the marina did not accept it because we had not yet arrived. We then asked our friends Carl Chipotel and Bruno Cotellon whether they could go and collect the package, but DHL refused to give it to them, so we had to come and collect it in person. Fortunately, Bruno managed to convince the DHL people not to return the package to The Netherlands but to keep it in depot until our arrival. It was high time to leave.



Unfortunately, the wind, which by now should have been Southeasterly, still came from the Northeast, exactly from the direction where we had to go. High to the wind, with the engine on to give us just that little bit extra power, we managed to motor sail to Point-a-Pitre, which we reached on Sunday March 5. We found a berth in the marina of Point-à-Pitre, and enjoyed the luxury of being on a pontoon for the first time since leaving Surinam (that is, 6 months ago, in September 2016). With electricity, with fresh water, and with a rather flat landscape, so that the bicycles could be taken out of their box. The last time we had cycled was in August 2016, in Saint Laurent de Maroni.

It was great to finally being able to cycle again, and it was great to not having to economise on fresh water. But the greatest thing of all was our reunion with our friends Carl and Bruno, whom we had first met in September 2015 in Arrecife, Lanzarote. Carl was then a participant in the MiniTransat, a race for 6-meter sailing boats from France to Guadeloupe with a stop in Lanzarote on the Canary Islands (see also Episode 6 of *Sunny Spray's Travels*). Bruno was and is Carl's best friend, who came to see him in Lanzarote, so we then got to know him as well.



*Happy smiles all around. Carl with us, Bruno taking the picture.*

Carl and Bruno were overjoyed to see us, and the same was true for us. They did everything they could to help us and to show us some of Guadeloupe. They drove us around to pick up the V-belts at DHL. They arranged for the best mechanic they knew to come to the boat and have a look at the engine and its V-belt problems. They made arrangements to have our diving bottles tested, since we now did not have a valid safety testing certificate, which increasingly gave problems getting the bottles filled with air. They took us out for dinner, and so we got to know the Creole kitchen (very spicy but not hot like the Indonesian dishes the Dutch know so well). We were invited home, drank rum with Canne de Sucre and ate a creole stew. And, best of all, we were invited to a day at the beach, where we would be able to sail in a *Santoise*, a traditional wooden sailing boat that is rigged on site at the beach.



*Bruno celebrating our reunion at the beach with champagne!*

*The beach where we sailed with the Santoise is in the North of the right wing of the Guadeloupean "butterfly". The names given to the two halves of mainland Guadeloupe are very strange indeed. The low, smaller island is called Grande-Terre. The high, volcanic island on the left side of the butterfly is called Basse-Terre. How about that!*

Our sailing day with a *Santoise* brought us to the North of Grande-Terre. There, at the beach, was a gathering of some six boats, each with 6-8 men crew, with matching outfits. Mostly, a *Santoise*'s sails are very colourful, with logos of sponsors. Every two to three weeks the *Santoises* are driven to a beach (each time a different one) to race against each other and to offer a spin in the boat to friends, visitors or even a passer-by. Afterwards, the crews and visitors meet at the beach for some drinks, a picnic or a joint lunch.



A *Santoise* is driven on a trailer to the beach, launched using manpower and rigged on the spot. The mast is of wood, the boom of bamboo, and all the rigging of rope. There is an enormous mainsail, whose point will be

dragged through the water when the angle of heel becomes too much. Of course, that gives a lot of friction, and the boat will automatically lose speed. Smart!

The inside is very bare, and the only feature, apart from some sheet attachments, is two rubber hoses, one on each side, that form loops on the bottom. They serve to put your feet through, so that you can lean out without falling overboard. The boat has a fixed crew of three (the helmsman, a foremast man and a trim master), and is sailed with an extra 3-4 persons helping to provide trim, depending on the strength of the wind. There is also a women's boat, which sails with one extra person.



Getting on board is quite difficult. One stands in the water next to the boat, and you have to try to heave yourself up, get one leg over the side, and then clamber on board, mostly with the help of others who pull you in. Of course, I did not manage this, but the trim master hooked his fingers into each other, making a bowl of his hands, in which I could place my foot. He then lifted his arms and up I went. It is similar to the way children help each other climb over a wall. The end result with me was that I landed like a crashed bird on the inside, head down, bum sticking up in the air and legs rather useless dangling overboard. Fortunately, I did not suffer any physical damage, but the damage to my ego was significant, ha ha!



A *Santoise* sails very well, and reacts lightning fast on every gust of wind. Carl, our helmsman, announced the coming of a gust, so you could prepare yourself for hanging outboard and holding on to a rope for dear life. When I was young I learned to sail in a small open boat, in which you had to hang outboard for trim as well, and the remarkable fact is that after 50 years one still can do it! It is a bit like knowing how to ride a bicycle, once learned you never forget!

Afterwards, the boat was dragged up the beach, unrigged and pushed onto the trailer, again using manual force only (no shortage of helpers, though!). I had made blinis, so I served them with sour cream and salmon. Most of the boys didn't know blinis, but they were eaten with gusto and were gone in two ticks.



In the weeks following our sailing adventure we regularly met up with Bruno, but saw much less of Carl because of his demanding job. We knew from Arrecife that he was a fireman, but only in Point-à-Pitre did we learn he was the "Chef du Centre", a highly responsible job. And just when we were there he was preparing and co-ordinating a large inter-island simulation of a disaster.

Because of the contacts with Carl and Bruno and because of what we had seen with our own eyes, we realized that the islands of the Lesser Antilles are indeed paradisiacal beautiful, but that paradise has a dark side. Whichever island we visited, we would always find signs of long ago or recent disasters.

As of today, there are many still active volcanoes, which may erupt violently; fortunately, nowadays there are sensitive instruments that can give advance warnings of an impending disaster. Apart from volcanism, the region also suffers from severe earthquakes and tsunamis. And if it is not the land that shakes or trembles, there are the yearly hurricanes that visit the islands between June and November. Or there are flash floods with so much rain that they cause inundations or mud slides.

On Martinique, the devastating eruption of Mount Pelée is embedded in the islander's memories. On Dominica, we could still see the destruction caused by a hurricane passing in 2014. The rebuilding process was roughly interrupted when two years later the just repaired roads and bridges were once more destroyed, but now because of flash floods. A fellow bus passenger told us that the country's development was set-back at least 20 years. Haiti still has not recovered from the earthquakes and hurricanes of the past few years. Carl, who was sent with his specialist teams to provide help and find survivors, told us that their work in Haiti was one of the most impressive and memorable experiences in his life so far.



*About ten miles Northwest of Guadeloupe lies Montserrat, an island that was evacuated in 2003 because of an eruption of the Souffriere Hills volcano. Already in 1995 the volcano destroyed the island's capital Plymouth. We passed it on its right hand side; Corinna and Jim passed it on its left side, and managed to take pictures of the lava that had streamed downwards into the sea. It also shows the still active volcano, belching smoke and sulphur.*

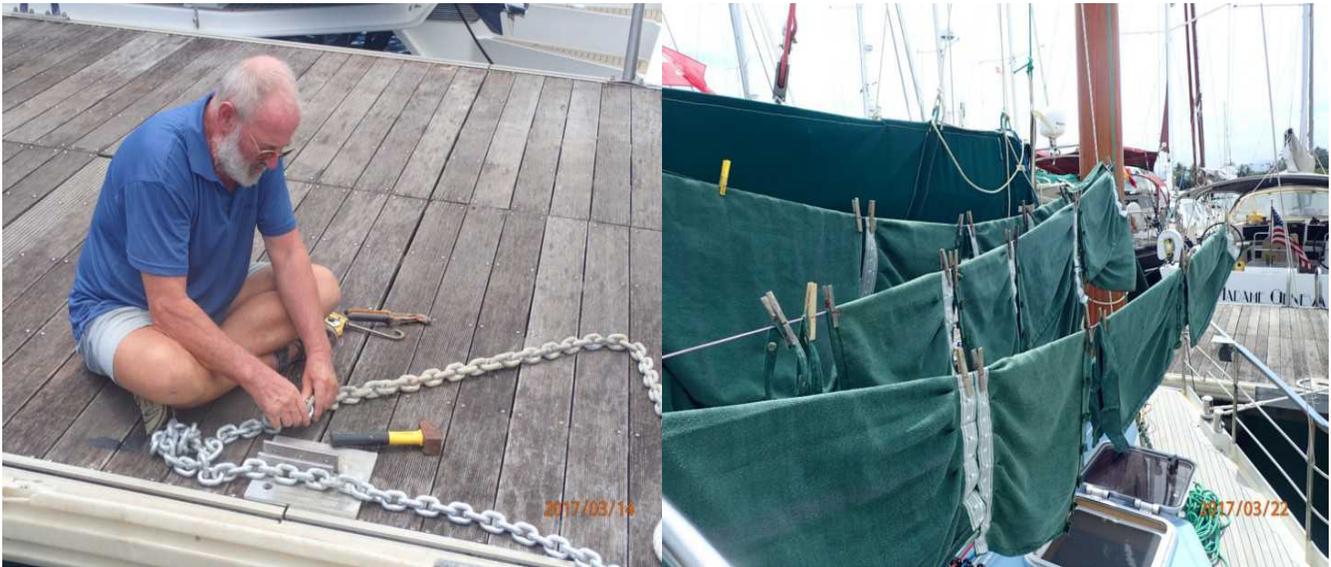
*The North part of the island is still inhabited by descendants of slaves and Irish colonists. It is the only country in the world, besides Ireland, where St. Patrick's Day (March 17) is an official holiday. Like Ireland, it is very green and called the Emerald Isle.*

Not surprisingly there is a lot of effort to educate the population on what to do when a natural disaster strikes. Increasingly, there are special programmes to inform schoolchildren. On Carriacou we saw how the entire side of a school building was painted with pictures of natural disasters and what to do when one strikes. On a beach, North of Point-à-Pitre we saw a large wooden board with similar pictures.

Apart from our sailing adventure in the *Santoise*, our weeks spent in the marina of Point-à-Pitre were not that exciting. We had started various jobs that needed to be done, and every day there was something going on. Or we had to stay on board because of the mechanic, or we had to stay home because the electronics expert could drop by, or we had to wait for so-and-so, or we were informed that the diving bottles could be collected but once there we heard they could only be tested the next week, and so forth. Every day we were busy, but not a single day was entirely for ourselves.

Eventually, the water pump of the seawater cooling of our main engine was fitted out with a new bronze inner chamber, made to measure. Alain, the very knowledgeable mechanic, thinks the worn down inner chamber created too much friction, resulting in the rapid demise of the V-belts. With the new chamber our problems should be over. Time will tell, but after leaving Guadeloupe we (again) heard funny sounds coming from the water pump area. So, something is still not entirely right (sigh....).

The repair of the Ray Marine windmeter was unsuccessful. After a lot of testing and walking up and down, the expert thinks that the problem is in the cable running from the effector in the top of the mast to the instrumentation inside. This cable runs inside the mast and cannot be removed or replaced with the mast up, the mast must come down for this. So, this is a job that will have to wait until we are home.



We did succeed in installing 30-meter extra anchor chain, so that now we have a total of 80 m of heavy duty anchor chain. This means we can now anchor without any problem in deeper water. That is a must, since most anchorages are very full and often the only space available is in deeper water.

Further, various connections in the plumbing arrangements were found to be leaking or worn down, so Bob was/is busy replacing them.

Finally, we took full advantage of water and electricity on the pontoon. Daily I would run the washing machine one or more times, so that in the end all the cushions, pillows, curtains and other textile of *Sunny Spray* are once more pristine clean.

Of course, we made some outings. Mostly by bicycle, but also by bus and later, when we had moved the boat to Basse-Terre, we rented a car.

With the bikes, we visited Point-à-Pitre and surroundings, including the Fort Fleur d'Épée. The town itself is not very interesting, although there are some areas with nice squares, small parks or noteworthy buildings.



*The wooden cathedral in Point-à-Pitre with opposite a small flower market (picture at the right).*

In contrast, very memorable was a visit to the Memorial ACTe, according to a promotional leaflet a "Centre Caraïbéen d'expressions et de mémoire de la traite en de l'esclavage". A very official way of naming a museum, but probably that is a left-over from the subsidy application they submitted to the European Commission (which was successful, the EU has provided a substantial amount of funding). Nevertheless, the title justifies the content. On the one hand, it is a museum providing information about slavery in all its facets, in all countries and at all times; on the other hand, it is a museum of modern art, with a special emphasis on slavery. In every exhibition area, the message is brought across using specially commissioned works of art, inspired by the theme of a particular room.

Some examples: in the room about the 12,5 million black people from Africa who were deported to South America and the West Indies in the slave ships, an artist made hundreds of statues of black people, packed them tight together and made thus a box filled with people, separated by horizontal layers. Of course, we know that the slaves were transported packed together with hardly any space to lie down, but the hundreds of statues looking at you are much more effective to get the message across. Being upright they do not lose their humanity.



Another example was found in beautiful bronze heads, I think six or seven, chained together by the iron collars used at the time.

Most impressive to me was a wooden tree, with branches from which dangled thousands of personal belongings of slaves. A tree depicting we are not dealing with numbers but with real lives. A tree of life.

Equally impressive: they made a special effort to depict that slavery is not something occurring in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. They stressed that it is of all ages, in all cultures. An entire room was dedicated to slavery of now, our own time. Nowadays, the definition of slavery also encompasses child labour, child marriages, submission, sexual slavery and inequality. It was quite shocking to learn that more than 30 million people live in slavery now, and that its economic impact is larger than the annual turn-over of Nike, Google and Microsoft combined.



Also with respect to building and location the memorial is special. It is a boxlike, black structure, erected on the former site of the large sugar factory of Darboussier. This site borders the bay of Point-à-Pitre. Above the black granite is a lattice-work of silver coloured bands, like a gigantic mass of roots dipping into the past.



On March 26, we were finally ready to move to the West coast of Basse-Terre. In order to sail out of the Bay of Point-à-Pitre we had (again!) the wind square on the nose, but once we arrived at the most Southern point of Guadeloupe we could start heading West with a following Southeasterly wind. Once in the Western part, we had a beautiful trip. We spent the night in Anse à la Barque, a bay just south of Pigeon Island and Islets a Goyaves, an area known as a snorkeling and diving paradise. That is because these islands are, for the last 50 years, part of the protected Underwater Reserve Cousteau.

By now we know that if you want to secure an anchorage or a mooring, you have to get there as early as possible. Thus, we left our anchorage just after sunrise and motored the last few miles to Pigeon Island, where we indeed found an empty yellow mooring (yellow moorings (there are 3) are for yachts, white-blue moorings

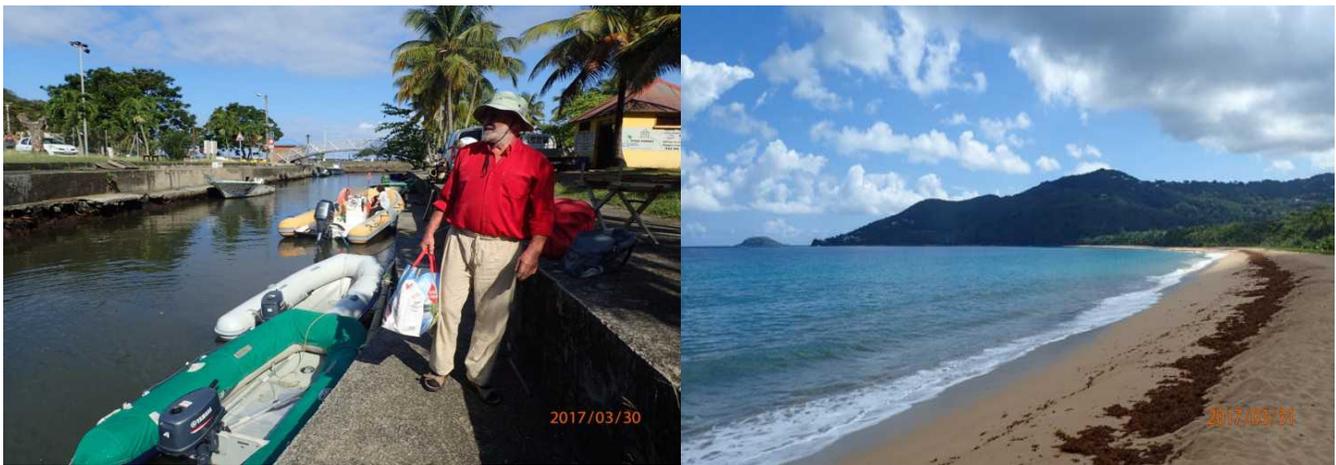
are for diving boats). Surrounded by many people snorkeling and a lot of divers, we spent a couple of hours, enjoying the beautiful stag horn coral formations and the many parrot fish.



*Sunny Spray (the red arrow) at a yellow mooring between Pigeon Island and Ilets a Goyave.*

The remaining time in Guadeloupe we spent at anchor in a comfortable bay in the Northwest, near the village of Deshayes. It is a very small, colourful village, with a cute fishermen's harbour and an anchorage with many, many, yachts.

We cleaned the underside of the boat, did some walks, rented a car and visited waterfalls and the rainforests of the interior, walked to a beautiful white beach and visited a botanical garden that was really worth the effort. And we said goodbye to our friends Bruno and Carl, who came to visit us in Deshayes and brought along the diving bottles we had spent so much time waiting for. Thanks to Bruno and Carl, Guadeloupe had turned into a special experience!



*The small harbour in Deshayes (left) and "the most beautiful beach in Guadeloupe" (enthuse the promotional leaflets).*

*Below some impressions of the botanical garden, which hosted beautiful parrots and parakeets.*



*Helma on a rainforest walk in the interior of Basse-Terre.*

*The swim in the pool beneath a waterfall in Basse-Terre was fun and not arctic at all.*



**Animal of the month: the pelican**

*Since Carriacou we are sharing many an anchorage with pelicans, and each and every time it is amusing to see how they squat on moored boats and defend their territory. They fly with their neck bent in an S-shape, and it seems a wonder they remain airborne. They are especially active at nightfall, being successful in their fishing. They have a bit of a difficulty taking off, then circle around a bit, and then dive with an utterly inelegant splash into the water. More often than not they surface with a fish. Maybe the fish are stunned because of the heavy splash of the attack?*





Lots of love from Helma and Bob, and until the next time!

¡Hasta la próxima!

You can follow our sailing on [www.marinetraffic.com](http://www.marinetraffic.com), ship's name *Sunny Spray*, MMSI: 244780434  
Look for us in the area of Antigua, St. Barths, St. Martin/Sint Maarten, or the British Virgin Islands.