

MM Summer Blue Sheet 6 From Puget Sound

Morgan's Moment...

My cell phone calls got no answer...
only voice mail heard my call
"I'm in trouble...heading for the spit."
The short story is I lost my boathook...
I under-estimated the wind...
over-estimated my strength.
I can't get my boat to its anchor
unless I can reach the mooring buoy...
which requires a boathook.
Wind took me a half mile to a sandy spit...
I was preparing the sailboat
for a soft landing in heavy waves.
A call came on my cell phone...
"We got your voice mail...
we're heading for the spit."
When the boat met the beach
half the neighbors
were there to meet me.
They waded right in – literally...
some in going-to-dinner clothes
four were totally soaked.
Who is my neighbor?
I don't know all their names...
but they came when I was in trouble.
They got my boat back to its buoy...
even saw to my thirst and hunger
and celebrated and feasted me.
When you lose your grip
and need help reconnecting...
a good neighbor is a great boathook.
Art Morgan

MILLENNIAL VOCABULARY

My generation is often behind in current vocabulary. I hear new words I would never use, but which are absolutely clear in meaning.

For instance, that night on the beach one fellow called my situation a "clusterfuck," where a lot of bad things happen at once.

I think he used the word when a rescue boat pulled the sailboat mast into some overhanging wires...which for some reason didn't electrocute us!

DIDN'T JESUS STILL THE WATERS?

This legendary story is listed by some as a "miracle" and proof of divinity. Most bible scholars are doubtful of that understanding. I have seen water rapidly change, sometimes for the good and sometimes not. I can't do it.

THE REST OF THE STORY

I feel sure that everyone standing on that sandy spit on Wednesday evening has told a version of this story several times. I could certainly embellish my version of how a quiet sail turned scary.

A moment of truth here...I violated a basic rule of sailing...*If in doubt, don't.*

I have a number of pilot friends who have quoted that same advice. We get in trouble when not paying attention to our doubts. I could see signs of wind from the north. On another day I would have waited a bit to see what was going to happen. On this day I doubted my doubt.

It was possibly an age thing. I hate not doing something because I'm afraid I'm too old to do what I've always done.

I have sailed in such winds hundreds of time and done well. It's not the sailing but the landing that is hard. Catching the buoy and holding on takes dexterity on the deck and muscles on the boathook. The truth is that I don't have either like I used to.

I'm going to pay more attention to my doubts...and get another boathook.

HOW SUMMER GOES

Packing has started for relocating ourselves back to Oregon. **We've been away from Puget Sound** for a whole day only once all summer...to the wedding of long-time friend (and blue sheet reader) Penny and Christina in Portland... **I visited a good friend and colleague, Don Payne** in Bremerton to catch up on his accumulated wisdom and wit... **Jean entered the iPhone and iPad age** and somehow upgraded my phone to do texting (added automatically to our internet package)... **I was told that young people** rarely listen to voice mail, don't read much e-mail, but almost always respond to texting, so get with it... **We've had some trees cut** mostly on our high bank, bringing a protest to the County from someone which was happily resolved...

Fewest rainy days and most days over 80 this summer than in my ancient memory or local recorded history... **Fewest sailing days**, half as many as usual, about 25... **First summer in ages without a wedding or memorial service** or graduation... **Our 63rd anniversary** is Monday the 15th!... **Grandson, Max and Hannah are coming to pull the boat** on September 23... **Moving out date** is probably September 24... **We have tickets to "Into the Woods" in Ashland** on September 28. We will have seven days in Oregon before several out of state events... **We are registered for the Annual Turner Lectures** in Yakima on October 6 where I reconnect with clergy colleagues ancient and present and try to keep up a bit with contemporary religious thinking...

READING

I'm preparing for "Into the Woods" at Ashland by reading some fairy tales. It's been a while. I've also been re-reading Bruno Bettelheim's *"The Uses of Enchantment – The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales"*. No one can catch all the levels of Bettelheim's Freudian interpretation of what's going on, but he turns entertaining stories into a deeper experience. Those who have explored biblical scholarship may readily see a similarity between stories that carry deep meaning and truth without requiring us to believe it "really happened."

...for the Moment...Art Morgan, September 14, 2014