

MM Email Summer Blue Sheet Edition 1 from Puget Sound

Morgan's Moment...

"YOUR SACRED SPACE"

Someone wrote those words
about our Puget Sound camp.
I know that many people have places
that are "sacred"
for one reason or another.
Hilltops, mountains, wooded places...
rivers, seaside...are all commonly named.
Some call their church a "sacred" place.
A place may become sacred
because of what happens or happened ...
like where you proposed, or married...
or where you scattered someone's ashes.
I propose another "sacred space"...
the "space" I experience in the silences...
just sit and let my mind free-flow...
that is sacred space for me.
One thing I like about sailing...
are times with mind out of gear...
cell phone beepers off...book closed.
When some depth from somewhere
rises to converse with the depth in me...
that is my sacred space.
Do you have a sacred space?
Art Morgan

BOOK CORNER

It's not reading season for me yet. Opening Puget Sound Headquarters for Moment Ministries, Inc., takes a while. Lots to do to make the camp ready for...who knows?

I am three chapters along in one book, however...not a book that immediately grabbed me, but is taking hold.

"Sailing Home — Using the Wisdom of Homer's Odyssey to Navigate Life's Perils and Pitfalls," by Norman Fischer.

It doesn't seem to be as much about sailing as about journey and home. I'm attracted to history or stories that are history in themselves, like the Odyssey. The author adds his personal Zen Buddhist leanings, with other world religions and ideas, as well as Homer's Greek mythology.

I think it has substance. I'll tell you later in the summer.

LOW TIDE



Our sailboat, Say Yay!, rests at its moorage at a minus 3.5 tide. High tide will be at 14.7. That means 18 feet worth of water must flow through the Tacoma Narrows raising the whole South Sound. This change occurs twice a day. I have never comprehended the wonder and immensity of the whole process.

The young buck and doe in this photo have some kind of curiosity which I can't imagine. Coming for theological conversation you think? At high tide the boat is about 200 feet from shore. I have seen them swimming that far out but it is very rare. It's easier to await the tide and walk out.

I always take a small dinghy when I go to the boat. If the tide is out I carry the dinghy. I built it small and light for that very purpose. If the tide is in the dinghy carries me. Fair enough. When my age and condition prevents carrying the dinghy I'll take it a sign that my sailing days are over. I exercise year round to postpone that day.

I am alone most days when I sail. One of the reasons is that it is hard to invite others when wind is so uncertain. There are days when I drift. I go below and read and nap waiting for a breeze to rustle the sails and waken me. Even so I have taken hundreds sailing on that boat. Many have had their first sailboat experience on Say Yay. I try to put everyone on the tiller. It's not as simple as steering a car, but the only way you experience sailing is to feel it with your hand on the tiller.

Those deer are not expecting to be invited aboard. They would much rather be nipping at gardens on shore. I am, however, more than willing to take guests aboard. I once installed a special bar next to the boarding ladder for my aging friend, Hal, who loved to sail as long as he was able to get on board. The "Mitchell bar" remains to assist other sailors.

We bought this boat 23 years ago partly because it is capable of coming close to shore. It has a water ballast, instead of a fixed lead keel, so I can lift the centerboard and rudder to approach the beach. It is easier and safer to load and land people from a solid beach than a rolling dinghy.

Say Yay! has nosed into the Pacific only once out of Newport, Oregon. It has been to the San Juans several times. Most summers we overnight to either Olympia or Gig Harbor. It gives us pleasure to watch it at anchor in front of the cabin every day whether we sail or not. **Say Yay!**