

2008 Midwinters

It may seem odd to say I don't like sailing. Why you ask, do I have a sail boat? Why do I spend precious week-ends pursuing the sport? Why do I spend so much money new sails and expensive watches that don't do anything but count backwards? I must be nuts to travel hither and yonder, pumping hundreds of dollars in my gas tank, just to get me and the boat to another regatta and get home with yet another empty gas tank. There must be something quite cruel hidden in my past that drives me on. Maybe I need to see a shrink. THEN, once in great while I struggle to yet another meaningless regatta and it hits me in the face. Like last February, I was sitting under a thatched roof covering a small bar, overlooking a white sandy beach with my darling wife, having a mojito. A soft warm breeze rustled the coconut palms, the sun was slowly starting to touch the ocean as the sky, clouds, sand and water were turning a golden hue. Time stood still, the whole world was in perfect harmony as my thoughts drifted to tomorrow's activities, sailing and the emotions to come. The butter flies moments before the start, the thrill of punching out with the gun, taking that first tack and finding a clear lane with nothing but bows left and right, not a transom in sight. A great start, wow!!! I don't like sailing, I LOVE IT.

We were in Key Largo, Florida and the weather, sea, wind, race committee and twenty JY crews were enjoying a perfect day, a perfect regatta. It wasn't just great; it was the regatta of a lifetime. If you missed this one, I'm really sorry. But don't fret, run to the bath room, stick your head in the toilet, flush it and ask the "Great Neptune" to forgive your stupid decision not to attend the 2008 Mid-Winters. It's alright that you missed the best regatta ever, with the most gracious hosting yacht club, the greatest food, the most competitive sailors, a perfect race committee and most of all perfect sailing conditions. If you'd like, we can arrange to send you a rubber mallet you can apply abruptly to your forehead twice daily with brut force until you promise to NEVER, as in **NEVER** miss

another Mid-Winter regatta in Key Largo. Of course it most likely could never be perfect again, but I and 19 other JY crews will be there just to see if paradise and the perfect regatta can repeat. As a matter of fact, now that I think about it, I hope you **don't come**; too many of you might ruin the whole thing.

Respectfully submitted,

Jim Holder, JY 3600