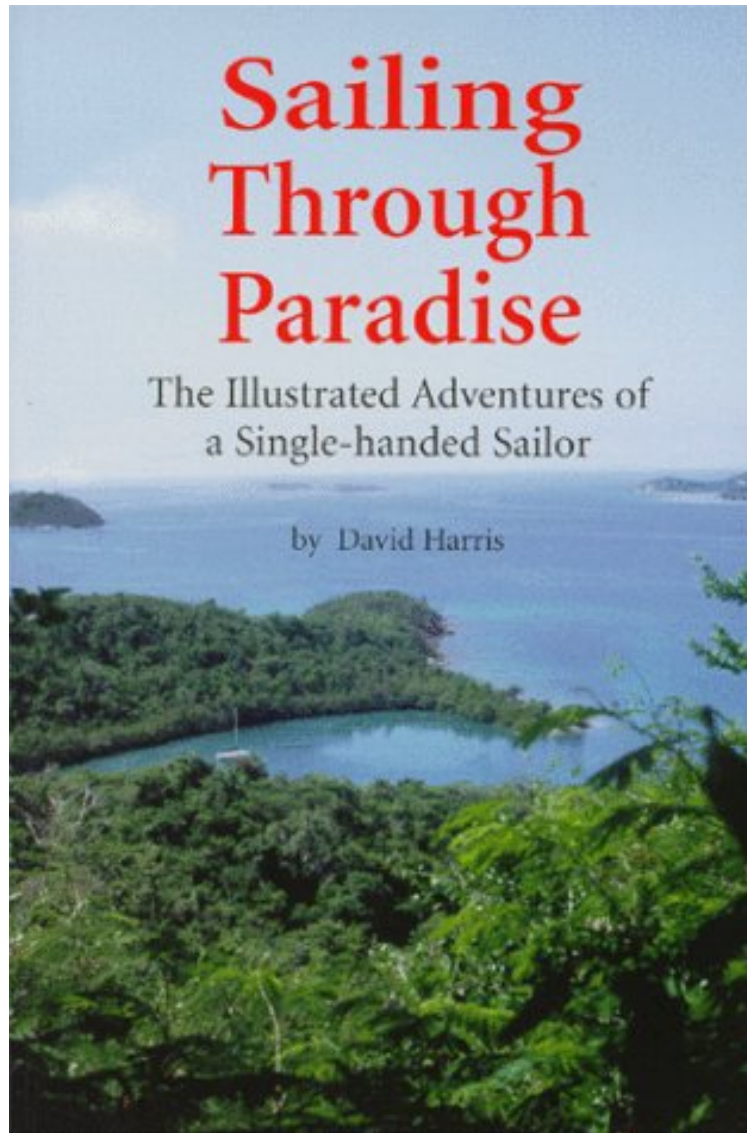


[Free] Sailing Through Paradise: The Illustrated Adventures of a Single-handed Sailor

Sailing Through Paradise: The Illustrated Adventures of a Single-handed Sailor

David Harris

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David Harris : Sailing Through Paradise: The Illustrated Adventures of a Single-handed Sailor before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Sailing Through Paradise: The Illustrated Adventures of a Single-handed Sailor:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. A Leisurely Read With Photos By Sparky A typical short (4-month) cruise from Florida to the Caribbean as told by the sailor and author. An enjoyable book with many photos of island

life but by no means a fast page-turner, and at times, the detailed descriptions were a bit tedious. 9 of 9 people found the following review helpful. a good reference for those contemplating Caribbean Cruising By A Customer If you've read Tristan Jones, Harry Pigeon, Joshua Slocum or Frank Mulville, you may be disappointed in this one. Harris' account has plenty of factual detail that would be useful as a cross-check to other Caribbean cruising guides, such as the Van Sant he mentions. Unfortunately, I got the feeling he was more interested in getting the voyage over than savoring the experiences and people he meets. The sailing purist will wince at the author's persistent reliance on power in anything less favorable than a beam reach. Also, I was surprised that he would knowingly attempt a Gulf Stream crossing with an inadequate reefing system and a defective auto pilot. This is not a book for cruising beginners (like myself) looking for pointers on seamanship. I found the book stylistically monotonous with its persistent use of present tense, active voice and picture captions that are direct quotes from the text. A good, frank editor could have made this account more enjoyable.

Sailing Through Paradise describes a single-handed four-month-long sailing trip from the Florida Keys to the Virgin Islands and back. Illustrated with color photographs taken by the author, the book is a visual treat for the armchair traveler as well as a resource for anyone planning a similar trip. It touches on topics of interest such as planning a route, anchoring techniques, customs and immigration, understanding weather forecasts, and repairs at sea.

From the Author At age 55, having just ended the last of a series of desk-bound jobs, I wanted an adventure. My solo sail through the West Indies filled that need abundantly. I enjoyed the challenges of planning a route and anticipating weather changes so I could travel from anchorage to anchorage in relative comfort and safety. Despite my planning, I experienced some anxious moments. Bad winds and big seas forced me to retreat back to Florida on my first attempt to cross the Gulf Stream. I was chased by storms through the Mona Passage between Puerto Rico and Hispaniola. I sliced my arm in the Acklins and had to find somebody to stitch me up. Being alone was both satisfying and disconcerting. I was the captain of my own fate out there, the ruler of my own little world, making my own decisions about when and where and how to travel. On the other hand, I was keenly aware that I had only myself to rely on. Nobody was around to help if I got into serious trouble. When friends and family ask about my best memories of the trip, I tell them I liked visiting a small, uninhabited island for the first time. The little islands of the Bahamas and the Caribbean are lovely, and visiting them under sail was a delight. About the Author David Harris, an engineer and physicist, grew up in Florida, and has been around boats and the sea all his life. He is a photographer with a particular interest in recording the natural environment of the sea. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. On the journey from Mayaguana to Big Sand Cay: "Drenched again! Out of nowhere a big wave hits us on the beam, sending buckets of water over me, and splashing the sail up to the second reef point. All the instruments and my seat down below are soaked. Back at George Town some cruisers were telling me I needed to put up my dodger (a snap-on canvas-and-clear-plastic windshield) to keep me and the instruments dry in rough seas. My response was that I liked feeling the breeze, and I didn't like the loss in visibility. The dodger would not have kept me dry from this wave, I am thinking. I was hit slightly aft of the beam. Big waves have been breaking around me all day and night. This must have been one that broke in the wrong place. I go in to change my clothes. Around 4 o'clock I pick up a passenger, an exhausted bird. I cannot see it well in the dark. It sits on the lifeline, balancing precariously. At one point it loses its balance, flies off, and shows up on the port bow pulpit, a slightly better choice of perch. As I turn into Turks passage and adjust the main, the bird retreats to the dinghy. At daybreak it busies itself with some preening, fluffs its feathers as if to say, Well, I handled that successfully, didn't I? and flies away. I have precisely the same thought as I sail into morning."