

Cole & Mclain

One of the first times we brought the kids on the boat we took our eyes off of Cole for what seemed like just a minute. Next thing you know Cole had the pins out of all 4 fire extinguishers. I didn't even know where all the fire extinguishers were. That illustrated just how intense "watching the kids" had to be, especially underway, to thwart disaster.

I don't really remember any of my dreams but I remember all of my nightmares. The years we lived onboard I had one continuing nightmare, not all the time, just once in a while, but it stayed with me. Cole and Mclain know it as my "black water nightmare". In it we would be somewhere at night, always in a different place. Sometimes walking on a dock going home after dinner, sometimes in the dinghy, sometimes onboard the Quiet Woman, but always in the dark, with no moonlight or any light, and one or both of my children would fall into the black sea and disappear. Forever.

We met a couple who lived my devastating nightmare. We were in Tobago and a boat pulled in. Onboard was a couple with 2 kids aboard, but they had started with 3. They lost their 2 year old overboard on the crossing – each thought the other was watching him and by the time they realized he was missing they didn't know where he went overboard or when he went overboard. There was no way to even know where to look. He would have drowned in minutes.

I had that particular nightmare for years.