

February 2001

Carreyes, Mexico

We left Puerto Vallarta on a glorious day. The sun sparkled on the whitecaps and we hoisted our sails for the first time in months. Carreyes is an overnight sail and we have an uneventful voyage, arriving in Carreyes just before noon the next day. Jessica and I do not feel so hot, a pattern that will repeat itself with regularity over the next six months. Whenever we are still, whether tied up to a dock, on a mooring or on land, for any extended period of time the first day out is difficult as we both get a bit seasick. Luckily it only lasts one day. Sean has never gotten seasick and so he gets to do all the cooking and going below on the first day out anytime we travel.

The half moon harbor is punctuated by a triangular shaped rock and this turns out to be one of the places in Mexico we would consider revisiting. Incredibly tranquil, crystal clear water (the first we have seen) and soft sandy beaches. There is a Club Med across the bay and Jessica disappears there for the day while we go hang out at this hotel on the beach that has a wandering brook kind of pool but the whole thing is a horizon pool on one side. We only spend a few days here though as we are anxious to get going. The one date we must make is to be through the canal by the beginning of May or we won't make it out of the Caribbean before hurricane season sets in.

Tennacatita

I think Carreyes spoiled us. We assumed that Carreyes was but the beginning of a long coast dotted with harbors of crystal clear water, lush landscaping and tranquil shores but we were wrong. Tennacatita is a rather bleak anchorage chock a block full of boats. The murky water offers no invitation for a swim and we decide to dinghy into shore and explore. As we approach the beach we negotiate a very rocky shoal surf line and see an inlet to what appears to be a jungle. It is a jungle and the next day we take the dinghy and join another family on a dinghy ride down this

jungle river which cuts through to the opposite side of the harbor to spend a day at the beach.

This family lives on Sealife, a 45' catamaran with two girls 6 and 9 and a dog – a very big Newfoundland dog named Chloe. Chloe is a perpetually wet, tail wagging 120 pound puppy who never completely dries and so always stinks like the wet dog she is. I cannot imagine what they were thinking...but that happens at home too.

The beach on the other side is dotted with taco stands and families enjoying their weekend and we hang out for a few hours. I notice Cole busy for quite a while at a stump on the beach and when I go to investigate he has a stick and he is playing with a bug – a yellow and brown spotted bug which happens to have a big curved tale and is a 3 inch scorpion.

We return down the river and along the shore and as we head out through the very narrow rocky inlet that leads back to the sea we get hit with an unexpected (unexpected to me anyways) wave and I go flying off the dinghy. It was first of several spills off of the dinghy for me and Cole and Mclain remember each in detail!