

# MAIN SHEET

## Sailing Singles of South Florida Newsletter



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### CHANGE OF COMMAND

New Year! New Board! Celebrating the Change of Command for our Board of Directors at Lighthouse Point Yacht Club is becoming tradition!

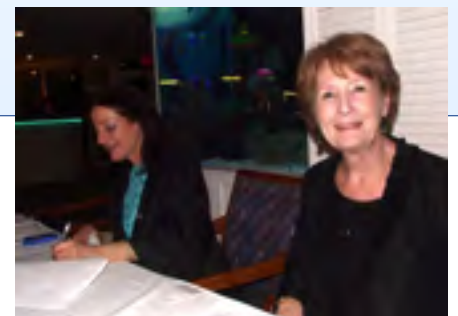
Commodore Debi Hallmark, in her last duty as Commodore, winged it as she thanked her outgoing board, recognized the outstanding SSSF members and welcomed the new board. She invited the "Love of Her Life," Stan Dekiel, to the podium to take over as Commodore for 2014. Thank you to Debi and all of the 2013 Board Members for their dedication and time spent on SSSF duties and events. We all know it is never easy and can add a lot of stress to life. Hope you remember all the good times as you sit back and just enjoy 2014! Thank you, again! [Go to our website to view all the pictures](#)



### Thank You

*Thank you to the COC Committee and all who volunteered their time to make the Change of Command a great success.*

**Volunteers:** Debbie Figueira (Registration), Jean Gordon, Gillian O'Neill (Registration), Janet Pogozelski (Registration), Pam Angel, Cathy Wilkinson, Richard Harper, Holly Griffin, and Tom Crawford, A special thanks to the committee: Debi Hallmark, Lynette Beal, Nikki McSweeney, Stan Dekiel, James Bradford, Max Goldstein, Nancy Widener, and Ethel Facundo



# SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

## Life Blood of SSSF

Without volunteers our club could not continue to function. It is because of the many hours that so many members of our club put in we all can enjoy the events and social functions hosted by SSSF. At the Change of Command as the names of the volunteers were called out it was obvious many of our members are very generous with their time. Most of our members ended up standing! I had planned on taking a picture of all the volunteers and it was clear I would need an extremely wide angle lens and would have to take it from such a distance that we would have needed a bigger venue! CONGRATULATIONS to all of you and a big THANK YOU! Marie Alcazar, Jane Anderson, Pam Angel, Lynette Beal, Steve Bernstein, Robert Bettarel, Charles Biancardi, Ken Bloemker, James Bradford, James Buckmaster, Jeannie Burke, Marialda Cabral, Dot Castell, Dave Caulkett, Susan Cohoat, Jean Deering, Beverly D'Amico, Anna DeRosa, Andy Deering, Stan Dekiel, Annette De Vivo, Kelly Dobbs, Mike Efford, Mary Louise Eldridge, Kathy Eppler, Ethel Facundo, Diana Faure, Debbie Figueira, Angela Glad, Ellen Gibbs, Vince Giudice, Stephen Goddard, Max Goldstein, Debi Hallmark, Richard Harper, Jane Haughian, Bill Hirsch, Mary Ann Hernandez, Peg Hilton, Rich Hustins, Linda Kaeblein, Jan Kerlin, Peggy Lackner, Debbie Ledbetter, Dave LeGrow, Rita Lehto, Ed Lewis, Karen Long, Ferol Ludwig, Denise Lush, Andrea Malow, Nikki McSweeney, Keith Moore, Ken Moreland, Bob Mifsud, Ben Nahabedian, Trish Nahron, Patrick O'Brien, Sherry Makis, Deborah Magraw, Dave Martin, Gillian O'Neill, Sheila O'Neil, Anita Papkov, Terry Patterson, Janet Pogozeleski, Jim Price, Pepper Prigal, Carol Rappaport, Bill Roberts, Carol Saler, Mary Serfaty, Arlene Sprenger, Rudy Sprenger, Eugene Sullivan, Ken Tafts, Claire Thomas, Jane Turner, Fred Van Everdingen, Betty Vicente, Nancy Widener, Cathy Wilkinson, Peter Wilkinson, Shawna Waldauff, Dave Witczak, Renee Wylie. AGAIN, THANK YOU!



Ethel Facundo and Lynette Beal won the honor of being our "Outstanding Volunteers of the Year."



Richard Harper was honored as "Captain of the Year." Bill Roberts, "Outstanding Member of



# SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH FLORIDA

## A Rudderless Life

by Christine Kling



We arrived today at Majuro atoll in the the Marshall Islands in late afternoon. I am sitting here in the corner of a local restaurant in total sensory overload having just downloaded more than a thousand emails and there is over-loud music playing through speakers and a TV behind the bar and I just ate salad with loads of fresh lettuce.

For those who have just randomly found this blog on the Internet, let me digress and tell you how I got here. Back in November, a fellow commented on a blog post I made (via my dog Barney) and he and I started chatting online. It turned out he was on his boat in Fiji and preparing to make a singlehanded passage north to the Marshall Islands. Coincidentally, I'd been writing about how much I yearned to make a long passage again. He offered to give me the chance to do just that and against all the advice of friends, I took him up on his offer. So about a month ago, I hopped on a plane and flew to Fiji to go sailing with this stranger. Crazy, right? Yeah, I know. Friends warned me that he might be an axe murderer and I might end up as shark chum, but as those of you who have been reading this blog for a while know, I believe in serendipity. Sometimes we try to oversteer our lives, and the result is never good for me. So, I decided to just go with it, and I hopped on a plane for Fiji.

On our first sail out to the island of Navadra, the autopilot failed. At first, I thought I should take that as a warning sign. Let's face it, among the things that can most mess up the "fun" factor of sailing is broken gear. But, it turned out this guy had the parts necessary to repair it on hand, and he laughingly referred to his boat as a floating parts department. I liked that, and I decided not to hop on the first plane back out.

So now, it's just over a month later, and I've been on a boat at sea for 3 weeks and my psyche has experienced a seismic shift. There is something so vibrantly exciting about living life along that tightrope that is suspended without a net – and it makes the return to the everyday (even if it is the everyday in a very exotic locale) a little less alluring. Reality TV cannot hold a candle to reality.

So, on this passage from Fiji to Majuro in the Marshall Islands, we covered something like 1800+ miles. I had many hours on long night watches to think and be unplugged and contemplate the universe. The question of what is important in life always rises to the top for me, and I had so much time to put my priorities in order. I love looking at the night sky and thinking about how minuscule I am in regard to the blazing Milky Way. As it turned out, the axe never appeared and Wayne, the captain, and I had lots of time to talk and laugh and think. (Continued on Page 7)



## JANUARY AND FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

Jim McBrayer – 1/3, Trish Nehren – 1/12, Anna Diecembre – 1/14, Rudy Sprenger – 1/17, Mila Kirilova – 1/23, Lenore Stern-Morris – 1/29, Stewart Hill – 1/29, Mary Louise Eldredge - 02/6, Shawna Waldau - 02/13, Edward White - 02/03, Mary Serfaty - 02/08, Carol Rappaport - 02/12, Beverly D'Amico - 02/17, Lynette Beal - 02/27, Jan Kerlin - 02/14, Patricia Greene - 02/27, Lisa Shofner - 02/7.

Join us at our Thursday Night Social at Lauderdale Grill at 6:30 pm on the 30th to celebrate our January Birthdays. February Birthdays will be celebrated on Feb 27th.

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## Message From the Helm

By Commodore Stan Dekeil

Hello to all

The Change of Command ceremony is behind us and a fun event it was. We had 100 attendees, great food and entertainment; a great way to start the New Year.



The board is working hard to plan a fun and eventful year. Preparations for both on and off the water events are in the works. We even have plans for a month long Keys trip with options for crew to attend parts, or all of it.

SSSF membership is growing with renewals and new members signing up at every meeting. Do your part to increase membership. Bring a friend to a meeting. If you haven't already taken care of it, please get your renewals in promptly to avoid losing your continued status.

The next planned event is the Super Bowl party, Sunday February 2nd gratefully held at Jim Buckmaster's home. I'm glad I'm watching from a warm place. Please take time to RSVP so we have an idea of who is attending and what food they are bringing.

Do your part to increase membership. Bring a friend to a meeting.

Stan DeKiel

Commodore, Sailing Singles of South Florida

### Captains Recognized!

The following captains were awarded Free membership and Jacket: Fred Vaneverdingen, Gary Mayes, Steve Berstein, Dick Linehan, Jim McBrayer, Bob Mifsud, Mike Sawzak, Debi Hallmark, Jerry Wasserman, Ken Bloemacher, Kelly Dobbs, Marie Alcazar / Rich Hustins, James Bradford, and Richard Harper. Thank you Captains!

### *Spinnaker Sponsors*

There are now four levels of donation: Platinum: \$100.00, Gold: \$50.00, Silver: \$35.00, Bronze: \$20.00. If you see your donation is up for renewal, please rejoin (and upgrade if you can).

    <b>Platinum – \$100.00</b>    	
<b>Gold – \$50.00</b>	
Rudy and Arlene Sprenger – July 2013	Mollie Meyers – September 2013
<b>Silver – \$35.00</b>	
Sid Royal – March 2013	
<b>Bronze – \$20.00</b>	

To become a Spinnaker Sponsor, donate \$20.00, \$35.00, \$50.00 or \$100.00 to the club which allows the club to provide more activities for its members. **WE NEED MORE SPONSORS. As you can see, a lot of memberships have expired. Please join or rejoin!**

## SAILING

## What Am I? Chopped Liver?

Commentary By Karen Foster

### The Waiting Game

I would rather slam my fingers in a car door, again and again, than be in the “dating game” or should we call it the waiting game. Don’t get me wrong. I love SSSF and I know I couldn’t have lasted long in Florida without SSSF. It’s like family! It’s just, for an old fashion girl like me, (and I’m sure I’m not the only old fashion girl in SSSF) it’s sometimes painful to think that each time an event or function arrives I know I will be heading out the door to the event alone!

I’m sure I’m not the only girl who would sometimes love to be invited to accompany one of the men in our club. After getting to the event alone I can sometimes sit there “Wishing and Hoping,” (They should write a song about this.) that someone will come ask me to dance. Sounds like what I did in high school! As much as I love many of the ladies in the club, I would prefer to have a gentleman come ask me to dance than dance with all the ladies! We are among friends. Most of us won’t bite. Asking us

to dance doesn’t mean you have to bed us or support us. You don’t have to wait until you’ve completed dance lessons. You can just get up there and move to the music. Yeah, it’s okay to fake dancing! That’s the only thing that is okay to fake, though. Have fun!

I am sure there are many of the men in our group who would like to make comments and suggestions to the ladies in our group. I would welcome getting the “male Perspective” to add to an upcoming newsletter. Tell me what we can do to make it easier for you. Fill up our dance cards! It will do wonders for our confidence and it will be easier than getting a tooth extracted. I promise.

Send Comments to  
[newsletterdirssf@sailingsingles.org](mailto:newsletterdirssf@sailingsingles.org)

### Be Styling!

Check Out Our Line Of SSSF Products! We Have An On-Line Store For Our Product Line, Where You Can Purchase Various Items With Our SSSF Logo.

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### Schedule of Events

#### February

**February 2** Riverwalk Sunday Jazz Brunch 11:00–2:00 pm

**February 2** Super Bowl Sunday Hosted by Jim Buckmaster/ Kathleen Eppler 5:30 pm  
 3710 NE 24 Ave. [Map](#)  
 Lighthouse Point, FL 33064

**February 6** General Membership Meeting at Universal Palm s Hotel at 7:30 pm

**February 13** Weekly social. Lauderdale Grille 6:30 pm

**February 20** Weekly social. Lauderdale Grille 6:30 pm.

**February 27** Weekly social.

Lauderdale Grille. Come out and celebrate February birthdays.

### Schedule of Events March

Mark your calendars a Masquerade Ball to celebrate Mardi Gras will be hosted by Carol Rappaport March 1st. Watch for more details. Also, look for a flyer on the Circle Raft Up.

# SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH

As the new year begins it is with great honor that the new Sailing Singles of South Florida Board of Directors take their new positions. We are proud to serve the members of SSSF. WE want to ensure that this is the best year ever. We want your feedback and direction. Please complete and return your surveys. Contact your Board Members with any suggestions. Try to RSVP to functions so that we can better plan for parking and food. Bring guests to our meetings and events so we can increase our membership.



## YOUR 2014 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Commodore	Stan Dekiel	<a href="mailto:commodoresssf@sailingsingles.org">commodoresssf@sailingsingles.org</a>
Vice Commodore	Ken Moreland	<a href="mailto:vicecommodoresssf@sailingsingles.org">vicecommodoresssf@sailingsingles.org</a>
Secretary	Fran Koerner	<a href="mailto:Secretarysssf@sailingsingles.org">Secretarysssf@sailingsingles.org</a>
Treasurer	Nikki McSweeney	<a href="mailto:Treasurerssf@sailingsingles.org">Treasurerssf@sailingsingles.org</a>
Social Director	Denise Lush	<a href="mailto:SocialDirectorsssf@sailingsingles.org">SocialDirectorsssf@sailingsingles.org</a>
Membership Director	Ben Nahabedian	<a href="mailto:Membershipdirsssf@sailingsingles.org">Membershipdirsssf@sailingsingles.org</a>
Sailing Director	Dave Martin	<a href="mailto:Sailingdirsssf@sailingsingles.org">Sailingdirsssf@sailingsingles.org</a>
Newsletter Editor	Karen Foster	<a href="mailto:newsletterdirsssf@sailingsingles.org">newsletterdirsssf@sailingsingles.org</a>
Internet & Social Media Producer	David Caulkett	<a href="mailto:webmasterssf@sailingsingles.org">webmasterssf@sailingsingles.org</a>
Boat Owners Representative	James Bradford	<a href="mailto:boatownersrepsssf@sailingsingles.org">boatownersrepsssf@sailingsingles.org</a>

# SAILING SINGLES OF SOUTH

## A Rudderless Life

(Continued from Page 3)

But when we were 211 miles south of Majuro, I took the helm and tried to steer through a major squall and I discovered that our steering wasn't working. After several attempts to fix it – including filling the hydraulic fluid – we finally decided that Wayne would have to go into the water to see what was going on with the rudder. He donned his snorkel and fins and tied a single rope around his slender waist. You need to know that we were in seas about 10-12 feet high and with the strong trades, the boat was moving at over a knot. I was terrified that the stern that was bouncing up and down like 6 feet into the air and then slamming down onto the water was going to hit him in the head and kill him. I kept repeating to myself silently "Don't make me pull in a body."

It turned out that the rudder shaft had broken and we had a rudder that was still resting in the bottom of the skeg-hung shoe, but it was no longer connected to the steering gear. We were no longer able to steer the boat, and we were sitting on the equator hundreds of miles from the nearest land.

The funny part of this was that we had spent a good part of the early part of the passage complaining about the lousy ability of the RayMarine autopilot to steer the boat. Now, the autopilot was useless, and we had to figure out some way to steer this huge 52-foot steel boat. Wayne climbed out of the water and we talked it through. He came up with the idea of tying ropes around the rudder. The difficult part was that this required him to go back into the water with his mask and snorkel twice more, and do what we came to call "rudder wrangling" as he dove down on this bucking bronco of a boat and managed to get not one but four ropes tied around the rudder – two for each side. He said he felt like Gollum from Lord of the Rings clinging to the rudder as the elevator rose and fell up to 12 feet at a time.

I cannot convey to you the terror I felt at the idea of being left alone aboard this enormously complex piece of machinery. Yes, I'd been slowly learning how to sail

her, but I wasn't in any way ready to do it alone to transport an injured man to a hospital. I was so relieved each time he made it back aboard merely bruised and not beaten.

We tested the new rudder system and made marks with Sharpie pens and we discovered that we were able to balance the rig so that the boat wanted to round up into the wind and the rudder was angled to fight against that pressure and Voila! we had steerage. Balance! Of course, every squall, every wind shift, every overly large wave sent the boat off on another course altogether. We didn't have the ability of a helmsman to counteract these acts of nature. But we were amazed at our ability to balance the boat and make her sail on her own with a lashed rudder for hours. It certainly makes you think differently about your autopilot.

So, last night we hove to off the western end of Majuro and caught some ZZZ's and this morning we made our final attempt to get to the pass into this atoll. And what else? Some sort of thing – bigger than just a squall – some ITCZ (Inter-Tropical Convergence Zone) beast reared his head and blasted us with 40-50 knot winds on the nose as we tried to tack our way up to the pass. I have to admit in all my sailing, I have never been on a boat that *sails* through weather like that. We had already blown out one headsail, and now we were carrying the bullet-proof 90% heavy weather jib and the main with 2 reefs and with spindrift flying off the tops of the breaking waves, heeled over at 35-40 degrees, we kept beating our way to weather and the boat took it. With the rudder lashed we had little to no control. I kept thinking that if she rounds up and goes into irons and tacks over, we will experience a knock down. But it didn't happen. The boat was balanced and she sailed us through every gust and every equally dangerous lull. In these last three weeks, I've grown to love the strength of this boat.

As often happens after a major blow, the sea goes quiet. When we were about 10 miles out, we lost the wind entirely. Up to that point, we had used the opposing forces of wind in sails and rudder to balance the boat. Suddenly, we had to learn how to center the rudder and use

the motor with our jury-rigged rudder set-up. With very little practice, we had to find this new balance in order to get in before the fast approaching night fell. We had arranged for one of Wayne's friends to come out and tow us through the pass, but in the lull following the blow, we decided we didn't need help. We made our own way through the pass into the atoll lagoon. I was at the helm and Wayne was on the stern of the boat tweaking the lines that led to the rudder. It worked amazingly well. In fact, we crossed the rest of the lagoon with one or the other of us going back and pulling on this line or that, and we motored right up to the mooring ball in the lagoon. A friend caught the line I tossed to him, and he threaded it through the mooring pendant. I don't know if there is any way I can convey to you the satisfaction we felt at having done this all on our own – and even more important, we had fun doing it.

So, tonight as I sit in this overload atmosphere of noise and music and loud voices, I keep thinking about how autopilots can be great, but they can also be the antithesis of what I want from life. I've been oversteering my life for quite a long time. I've been trying to force plans and destinations onto my life when in fact, I should have been embracing the randomness of it all. Losing your rudder, breaking the autopilot can sometimes be the best thing that happens to you. It teaches you that you *can* find a natural balance. It's there just waiting to be discovered. If you are brave enough to let go of the autopilot. If you are brave enough to take a risk on a rudderless life, you have no idea what riches or joy you might find. I can attest to the fact that you just might find love. Like I have.

Fair winds!

Christine

[Christine Kling](#), a SSSF Member, is the author of many books that focus on sailing adventures. Her latest book is available on [Amazon](#).

