

**Follow along with us as we cruise onboard our  
56' Ocean Yacht.**

# *Somewhere on the Water*

December 9, 2021 – Day 3

Wake up call at 6 a.m.

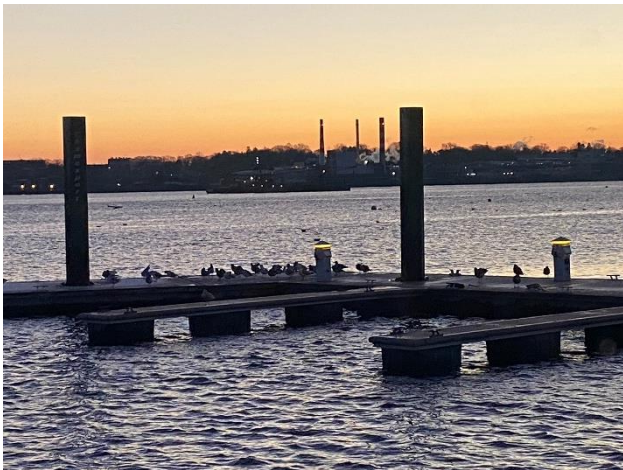
Funny story – it is always easier to look back and laugh at a situation you can't laugh at while you are in the middle of it transpiring.

Last night we had a fun dinner out at a local restaurant next door to the marina called The Waterfront. When the bill came Mark said he forgot his wallet. He followed up with; actually I am not sure where it is, I may have lost it.

I was the last one to go to bed and I looked for his wallet in its usual places and could not find it. I was mildly panicked but it would be way out of character for him to lose anything. I left a note on the counter for him to make sure he had it before we left. I slept very restlessly. I knew it was irrational for me to lose sleep over it but we would be literally dead in the water without it. He has all the money and we would be stuck in CT until we could replace credit cards, and you cannot replace cash.

This morning with a carefree aloof response to my inquiry he knew where it was all along and so didn't everyone else. He changed where he keeps it and the wallet was safe all along. He asked why didn't I just wake him up so I could put my mind to rest, but what good would it have done at 4 a.m.?

We woke to a nice layer of ice and snow on the boat and dock. It was pretty but it creates a hazardous environment to walk around, pull lines, and coil the electric cord.



As slippery the dock was this morning it was much better than the "welcome mat" that the seagulls laid down for us when we arrived. That was some slippery shit, and both Mark and I got some on our coats and he his pants and the lines are covered.

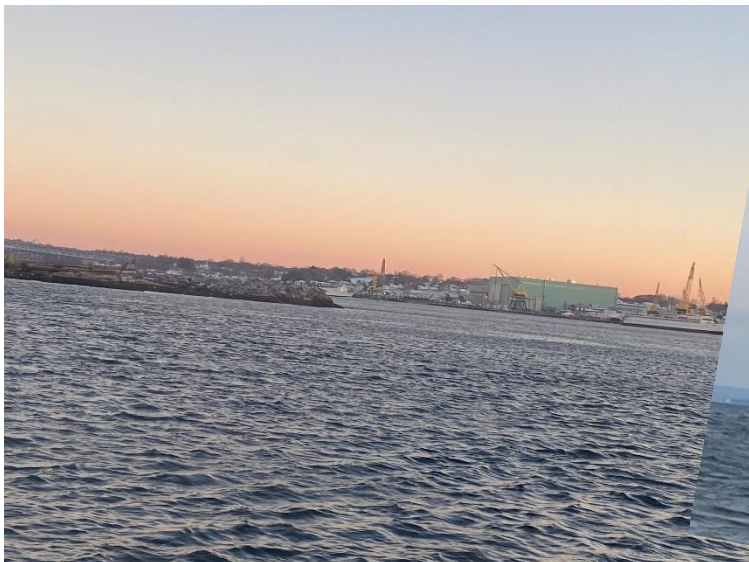


Unlike a car, we had fogged windows and no defrost switch to turn on. Mark had to navigate from the fly bridge in order to see. It was a wee bit chilly up there.

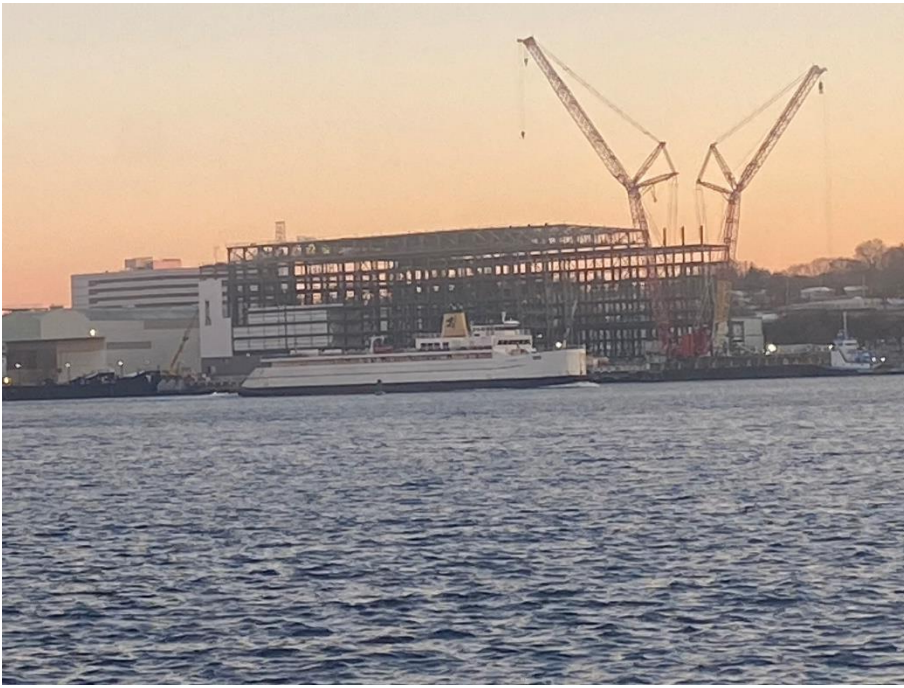
The seas are a bit choppy this morning rather than roly like yesterday.



The river was busy with 2-ferrys and a barge-that combined with a foggy winshield kept us on our toes this morning.



**The lighthouses that I mentioned yesterday that I wanted to get a closer look at...yeah, that didn't happen 😞**



This ferry went to Long Island.

Shortly after coming out of the river, we passed by Seaside Sanatorium.

Originally built as a facility to treat children with tuberculosis, Seaside Santorium has a long history of being a medical treatment facility for the young and old, and mentally ill.

Unfortunately in the 70's it came to light that some patients were being violently

abused by some staff and in the mid 90's patients were turning up dead at a higher rate than normal, so it was closed down.

The *NE Paranormal Video Research Group* investigated this place thinking that its long dark history might be a good target for paranormal investigation. *(I wonder what they found?)*



Currently it is owned by the state of CT and is a state park.  
[Damnedct.com](http://Damnedct.com)



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*As we cruised through the Long Island Sound, we passed the Connecticut River creating what felt like a full-circle moment. Mark used to live in Pittsburgh, NH where the river begins and when we bought Valkyrie it was docked at a marina at the end of the Connecticut River, and now we are encountering the river again as we cruise by on our first adventure on board Mark's dream boat.*

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9 am, we passed the Connecticut River. Long Island is about 5 miles to our left and the wind is blowing about 16 mph with gusts at 25 mph. Seas are ranging from 2' – 5'. 'There are probably a few 8 footers' The captain giggled.

He is in the fly bridge with music going, the sun is bright, and he is a happy.

The sun should keep us warmer today inside the salon, and the fly bridge is like a greenhouse and will most likely be where we all end up today but for now Jordan, Haleigh, Diane, and I are sipping tea in the salon and jamming to Christmas songs watching the world go by.

We are cruising at 8.5 knots and consuming 7.5 gallons of fuel per hour so that is more efficient than yesterday.

**YESTERDAY WE TOOK ON 224 GALLONS OF FUEL @ \$740.**

The coastline of Connecticut between approximately Westbrook and Grove Beach looks rather congested with house upon house upon house. Everyone wants a house by the sea, I guess. But in our opinion, why have a house on the beach when you can have a house on the water.



The bilge pump at the bow of the boat (Haleigh's room) has gone off a few times yesterday and today. That means water is getting in. The bilge pumps job is to pump water out of the boat. If there is water coming into the boat and getting pumped back out that indicates a protentional problem.

Access to this pump is under Haleigh's bed. So once she slid her mattress out of the way Mark was able to stick his head in and check things out.



Diagnosis is that water is coming in through fittings connected to the chain locker overboard drainage system which drains overboard low on the bow. As we hit a wave in the bow water is pushed into leaking fittings into the bilge. Not major. Need to arrange to get materials, until then it's best not to disturb anything.

10:30 we passed by Falkner Island. Falkner Island Light was constructed in 1802 and is the 2<sup>nd</sup> oldest in CT. Falkner Island is subject to a lot of erosion and has been predicted to continue to lose 12" each year until the lighthouse crumbles into the sea around 2026.



11:30 we are passing by New Haven, Ct and the Quinnipiac River. It was here that we saw is the first vessel since the ferry at 7 a.m.



It is pretty overcast, and we are not getting the green house effect from the sun we were hoping to help keep us warm.

*If I go up to the fly bridge like this will he start the generator and turn the heat on?*



Mark continues to drive the boat from the flybridge because we are running into waves up to about 8' and the salt spray on the windshield would mean running the windshield wipers and why bother when he can be comfortable up top.



Got to play several games of rummy this afternoon. There was some maneuvering around a few small islands as you come into Sheffield Island Harbor and eventually into Norwalk Harbor.





Popped a fender. It was old, but West Marine is 5 miles away and we are not walking that! We have one onboard that is not in use right now so again no urgency there.

**TOOK ON ABOUT 58 GALLONS OF DIESEL AND PRICES HERE ARE \$3.99/GALLON. (UNLEADED WAS PRICED AT \$4.39/GALLON).**

We can stay at the fuel dock tonight, like we did last night which makes things a bit easier. One stop, one tie up, one departure in the morning.

Happy to have Wi-Fi for the evening. Dinner in tonight, chicken pot pie and salad.

The boat is salty, needs a bath, but that will have to wait until it is frickn warmer. Highest wave was guessing 8' but Valkyrie handled it like a champ, and not one ornament fell off the tree today but one just happened to fall at the crack of dawn and scared Jordan half to death. Had a few laughs at how we look like drunken sailors when we try to get from one end to the other. Planning your movements in advance is advantageous in choppy waters.

Naps were taken and at 4:30 we are watching what little sunset we can see through our salty windows 😊



Off to NYC tomorrow.