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**Way back when** in the early 90's, while living and working in Denver, Colorado, we, that is, I decided that a small sailboat would be a great family activity. With the wife with me and the two kids in school, we took a drive by the local boat dealer. We looked at several boats. One was a Lido 14 and the other was a Coronado 15. Well as you might guess we opted for the Coronado, as it was the faster of the two - HEHEHE!

With boat and family behind our 1974 VW Westphalia. Oops the family was in the VW, we headed south for Pueblo Reservoir for a camping/sailing weekend. It was mid-afternoon before we got the boat and family out on the water. The summer sky was darkening to the west and

boats were heading our way for the marina and the docks. We thought that was great. Being totally ignorant of the thunderstorms effect on the water, we sailed along.

Within the next ten minutes our sailing world changed. The wind picked up to around 25-30 mph. We were sailing almost beyond our abilities. But we soon had to bear off to the force of the wind. Concerned with jibe-ing and not comfortable with running off the wind we headed for the opposite shore. We were flying across the water on a starboard beam reach that would any other time be a breath-taking event. But to us - this was a real scare.

As the shore came closer, I realized that we had no way to reduce speed or bear into the wind or bear off. So with no time for a lot of discussion I yelled "Hang On" and I pushed the tiller hard to starboard and the boat dove under, spilling our family into the water. We all had life jackets on and the wife and kids swam the 30 feet to the rocky shoreline. (Which later we were told was plagued with rattlesnakes.)

I stayed with the boat to keep things from floating away. The boat had turned "turtle" and was trying to pound the mast up through the bottom of the hull. My son came back into the water and helped turn the boat on it's side and we lowered the sails. Somehow the forward locker door had come off during the swamping and the inner hull filled with water, so we could not turn it back over in deep water. We were in for a long stay on this lee shore, as no one else was on the water by now.

But someone up above was looking out for us!

From way off by the Marina, around a point of land, came a large powerboat with several people aboard. As they got closer we could see the USCG Auxiliary pennant. When they came upon us, they threw us a line to tow us in. I asked them how they knew we were turned-over? The skipper said they saw our sail disappear suddenly and figured we had capsized in the blow.

Since the boat couldn't be turned over, they agreed to tow us back to the marina - very slowly. When we got back to the marina and tied to the dock, it was easy then to turn the Coronado back upright with a line from the dock. The marina attendant brought out a bilge pump and tried to empty the boat of water. Nothing happened till we put some stopper plugs in the stern drain holes. Then within 45 minutes we had the Coronado back on the trailer.

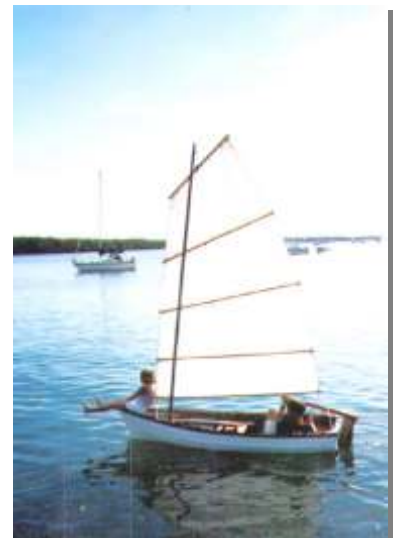
We were thankful for our rescue and that the boat was not damaged. We all agreed that sailing was going to be fun - but as we drove back to our

campsite, my wife said " If we're going to sail - we need a bigger boat." The next few weeks saw us purchase a 1970's Chrysler 22 swing keel, which we sailed for several years in the Colorado, Nebraska, San Diego, Lake Pleasant area's. We even sailed in Lake Dillon Colorado at over 9000 feet elevation. In late July, we even had snow on the boat deck while BBQ'ng chicken.

In early 1994, we sold everything and moved aboard a 41' Morgan Out Island ketch that became our East Coast - Bahamas cruising home for five years.



Koinonia in Hopetown Harbor Abaco Islands



Spirit in Boot Key Harbor Marathon - Fla Keys

Here it is 2005, and we are back to our small but memory laden 10' sailing dinghy from our big boat days. It's a hoot with the 77 sq. ft. junk rig sail and windsurfer mast she flies through the water!

Wayne Smith  
Arizona

"Man may leave boats but boats will never leave the man"