

You, Me, and Trilogy Make Three
OR
She's the Boat that Got Our Vote
By Phil Correll May 19 to 26, 2021

After searching for months without much success
Finding the right boat was anyone's guess.
The Yachtworld listings that seemed about right
Each carried a cost that was way out of sight!
Any broker we called who later called us back
Said, "Under contract.", and that was a fact.
Sailboat Owners' site listings of big boats and more
Showed us a Pearson 33 that sprang to the fore!

While on the phone with Judy and Allan Stahle*
They described their sailboat that really had it all.
Well kept solely by them for about thirty years
The Pearson 33, Trilogy, really perked up our ears!
With the boat floating in Florida and us in PA
We began to plan our travel that very day.
With our tickets purchased three weeks in advance
We passed those long days with ants in our pants.
Some things are required before buying a boat:
Survey, insurance, and cash on hand each get a vote.

*pronounced "stall"

On the nineteenth of May we were up in the air,
And after two and a half hours Allegiant landed us there.
Rented a car and drove off toward a Comfort Inn nearby,
But we stopped at The Ice House to give the beer a try.
That place had been a favorite spot from our earlier life,
And it beckoned and called to me and my wife.
As we parked the car we were both filled with glee,
But the Toyota Corrola wouldn't give up the key!
Back we drove to Alamo Rental to learn a new trick.
The attendant showed us how with just one more little "click".
After beers in our belly and with good food to eat
We arrived at the hotel becoming aware of the heat.



**Thursday morning when first we got
Trilogy in our sight
Eileen and I both thought she was surely
just right!
Judy showed Eileen the
accommodations below
While Allan taught me much of what I'd
need to know.
Keeping our true excitement safely
hidden under our hat
Is a skill we have never actually been too
good at.
Allan was emotional about saying,
“Goodbye.”
To be really honest we all had a tear in
our eye.**

**Friday at the bank papers were signed and funds exchanged.
Later at DMV our ownership was legally arranged.
Since Trilogy was now ours but still in their yard
Judy and Allan might have found the situation quite hard.
Whatever wide emotions they might have felt
They kept a smile on their faces and didn't let it melt.
We returned to their home and provisioned for our travel.
Hopes were high that our plans would not unravel!
High tide was predicted for eight through twelve the next day.
If that didn't suffice there would be a rock in our way!**

**After going through the systems two times and more
Allan finally thought we could release Trilogy from the shore.
Saturday morning before nine on the predicted rising tide
We cast off from their dock to begin our first ride.
Out the narrow channel we motored following their lead.
We passed all the obstacles that might not let us proceed.**



**As we entered the ICW we were safely on our way
Allan and Judy had started us off on our first adventure day.**

**With wind from the East at fifteen to twenty knots
We had to watch closely for shallow-water spots.**

**All went quite well as we headed toward Venice,
However, wind and tide were often a-gin' us.**

**Once in Sarasota Bay the water was wider,
But when using the ICW one should always stay inside her.**

**Look forward and look back; stay in line with the “green”.
Outside is shallow water if you know what I mean.**

**The long Causeway Bridge was simple to pass under,
But a construction like that does sure make you wonder.**



**Soon Marina Jack's slipped by on our port side.
With building protection to our left we had a better ride.
Between the channel markers, some red and some green,
We traveled on water areas we seldom had seen.
The bridges in town will lift and let boats pass through
As long as you know exactly what you should do.
Use channel nine to call the next bridge ahead,
And always say, “Thank You” to what the bridge tender said.**

**The roadway bridges opened wide when we got very near.
Before we really knew it Venice Inlet was to our rear!
We checked the charts closer as we turned right about.
The really bad news for us was tide and wind going out!
The Crow's Nest Marina had a slip just for us.
That's when we created our very first fuss!
As we neared the marina's fine, wooden dock
Our bow pulpit hit the piling with a pretty hard knock.
Eileen saw the steel guardian bend in and back out.
Trilogy is solid built of that there will never be doubt.**

We were tied up for the night and tried to “lay low”.
Early next morning at slack tide we'd cast off and go.
From Venice Inlet to Burnt Store Marina was Sunday's event.
In the late morning hours power boats zoomed wherever we went.
That travel went fairly smoothly as bridges were timed nearly right,
But some big wakes we encountered would give us a fright!
At Safe Harbor Burnt Store we were to enter slip seventeen,
But I really messed up and ended sideways between!
With Trilogy's bow in one slip and her stern in the next
I was embarrassed and flustered and really quite perplexed!
Putting a spring line amidships plus one bow and one stern
Is a useful boat skill we both need to learn.
Of course this all happened in front of the late-lunch Sunday crown.
My mind could certainly believe they were laughing out loud!
The Dock Boys pulled us right and then called me “Captain”.
I said, “If I really were one that mess wouldn't happen!”
No yelling aboard Trilogy, no one hurt, nothing broke,
I'm already believing it was a cruel April Fool's joke.

Two nights in the same slip and with time to walk about
We gave Trilogy a long rest. She deserved it, no doubt.
Her systems worked just as we expected they would,
And we wore grins on our faces that said, “Yes, life is good!”
A dip in the pool and a chat with some other folks
Gave us time to remember that we were just two old blokes!
A thrill of excitement arrived at the near empty dock.
Linda and Michael came to visit and things started to rock.
Drinks in the cockpit then dinner with dear friends and true
Our conversations covered memories as such chats usually do.
Four friends who reminisced, ate, and laughed for quite long
Only got up when the Bingo caller started his dull song!

What had seemed a trip most daunting for us to achieve
Was now nearly completed, and it would be soon time to leave.
By quarter of nine in Tuesday's bright morning light
We backed out of our slip and made every move right!
Of course you can guess how many people saw us leave that slip
You are right on the money if you guessed the number was “zip”.
With no wind to aid us as we steered our boat North
We were resigned to a long “motor”, and we just sallied forth.
The winds from the East would have been useful it's true,
In open Charlotte Harbor Eileen set the course she wanted to do.

**She had not handled the boat much, so this was a good deal
To refresh her memory of the big sailboat feel.**

**South Gulf Cove has a lock that keeps water deep inside.
The use of its controls is just part of the ride.
A man in an orange vest hung a sign on the approach.
Then he called and motioned us on like any good coach.
We powered through the flow of the open lock gate.
As we made that short traverse we were both feeling great!
Within a quarter mile, surely not the littlest bit more,
There was an older Pearson with its bow pushed to the shore.
The man in the cockpit responded to my offer of help
By saying, “Fresh fuel is coming you impertinent young whelp!”**

**Docking for the evening at the destination we had sought
Gave us time for reflection and some stock-taking thought.
The travel had been eventful with good times and bad,
But for our purchase of Trilogy we were both really glad.
While on the bow I both lingered and puttered
A “crock” watched me closely, but no sound was muttered.
In the morning early we would haul her out high and dry,
And then far too quickly we would need to say, “Goodbye.”
Each with thoughts of new adventures forming in our head
We both snuggled up in our soft V-berth bed.**

**Morning came early with so much to do before eight.
We hauled off the sails and folded them great.
Closed all the hatches, set the maintenance systems right,
Paid off the bill, and hoped for “Uber” in our sight.
The driver named Toyvo had PA and Puerto Rico roots.
We chatted and laughed as he entertained us two coots.
We both were exhausted by the week's hot exercise.
Sleep came just as quickly as we closed our tired eyes.
The flight home on Allegiant gave us time to reflect and digest
That our choice of Trilogy was truly THE BEST!**