

# Atlantic Reflections

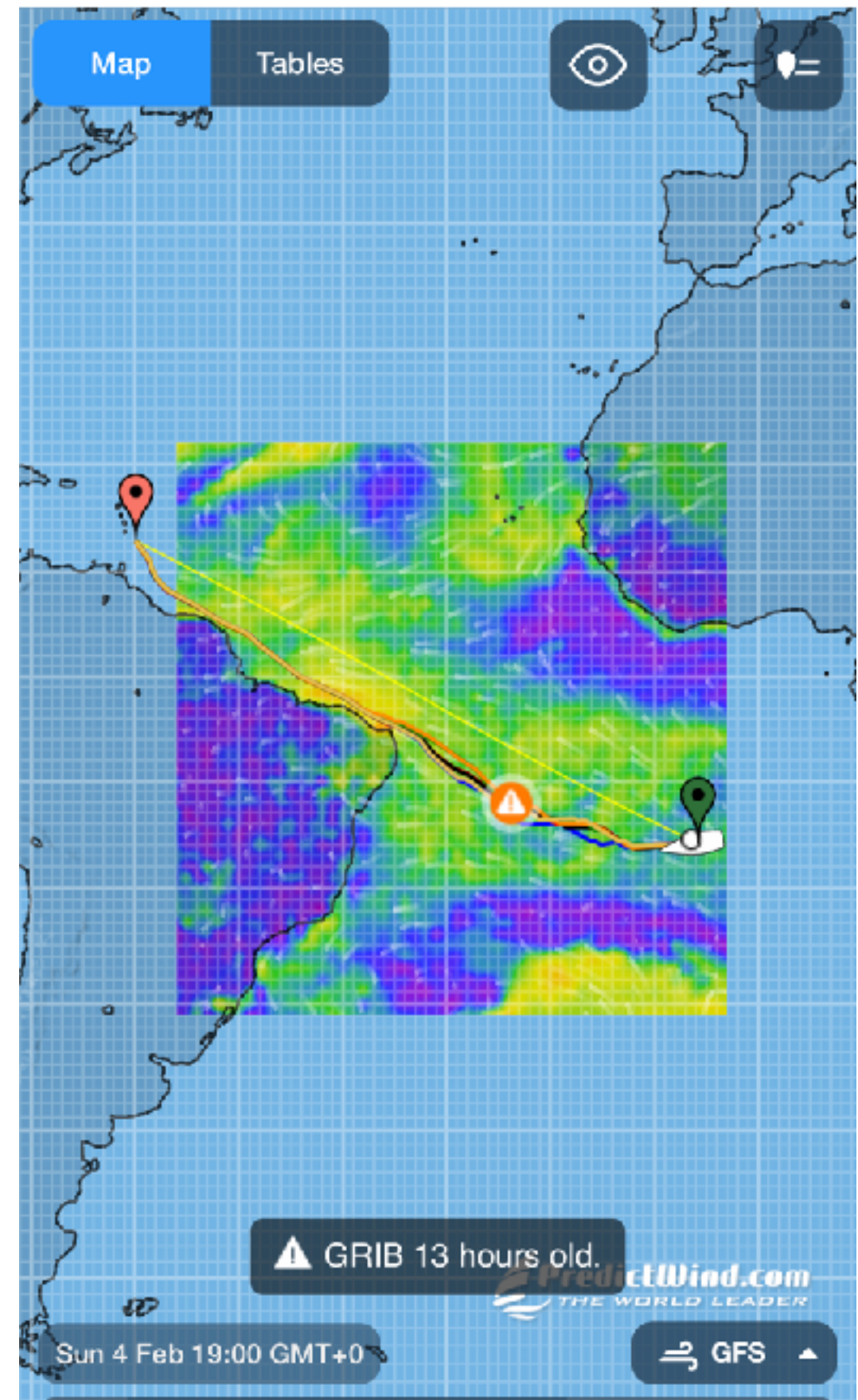


**Part 2. From St Helena to Barbados**

## Towards Barbados!

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This morning we left the anchorage at St Helena for Barbados. It's around 3600 nautical miles, four weeks sailing non-stop over the Southern Atlantic. For the last half we will go closer to the coast of South America to catch the Guyana current. The wind is low, 8-10 knot, almost enough to fill the Genoa on its pole. The speed is thereafter, 3-4 knots. It's ok, we are not in hurry. The sun has just gone down. We turn on the top light, even though we have the feeling we will be very alone out here.











*The first dawn on a long journey, 5 February, 5.51*

## Patience

Every ocean has its challenges. On the Southern Atlantic it's the little or lack of wind. We did 94 nm our first day, 1/38 of the total. At this point of our journey, we trust the pace, the yacht and ourselves. We will have some slow days before the wind picks up a little. Perfect for reading, writing, cooking, relaxing and reflecting. I have started reading a book about

the narratives we are living in. What are they about? We have left the Baltic sailing for Ocean sailing, for example. As whom do we see ourselves in those stories? What new is on the way to emerge? Already this summer we are back in Europe, what then? Questions to reflect on when we pause and take a look. In every moment we can choose what story we want to live in.



*South Atlantic, 6 February, 6.22*

## **Belonging**

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Where will our new belonging be? Now, as ocean sailors without a house on the earth, as my mother points out. Out here we belong, but how will it be when we are back in Europe with all its borders? The whole concept of belonging changed the day we took off for the world. Leaving my city of birth behind. We already have decided to not go back for

living, only to visit. In early days of internet, I remember the discussion about meeting IRL, in real life, versus meeting at internet. The early adaptors though there was no difference. I talk to my mother more often now, then when I lived in Sweden. The only thing I know now, is that I need human connection and support wherever I am on earth. So far, people have received me. Thank you.

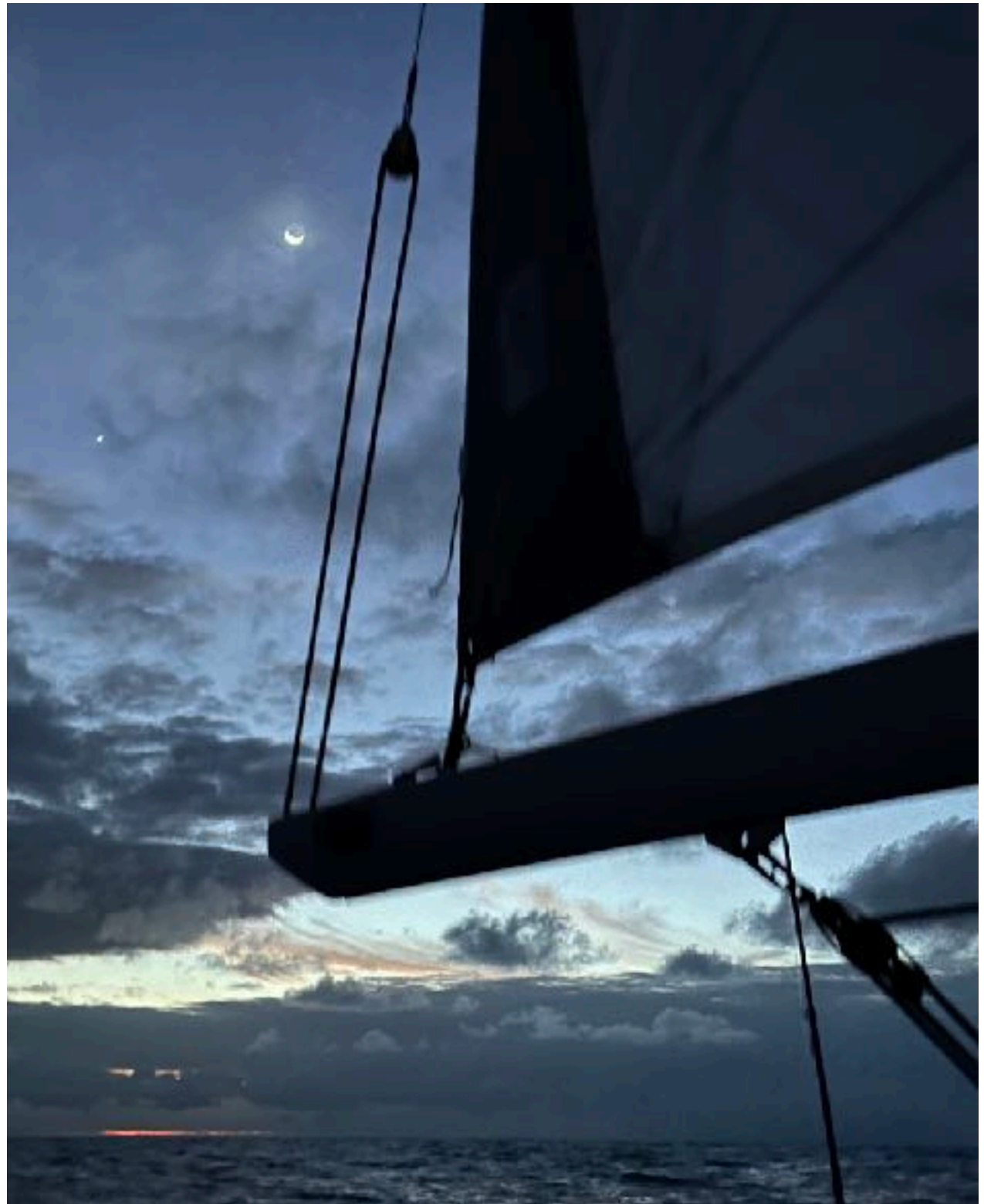


# Shadows

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The moon is visible again. Below her to the left is Venus. I love the nights on board when I need to use my dark sight. It takes a while, I am not using it very often, so I need to search. No electrical light, only the stars and the moon lights up the sky. I turn on our top lantern, even though we still are very alone out here (two cargos so far). I do it for the stars, it's my way to join them.

To see my own shadow also takes time. So much easier to see others. I am more interested to find my own now. I understand it stands for sides I am not owning as my owns yet. I welcome the new, I am curious on the unknown. So far it has been very gratifying and rewarding.



# Tradewinds

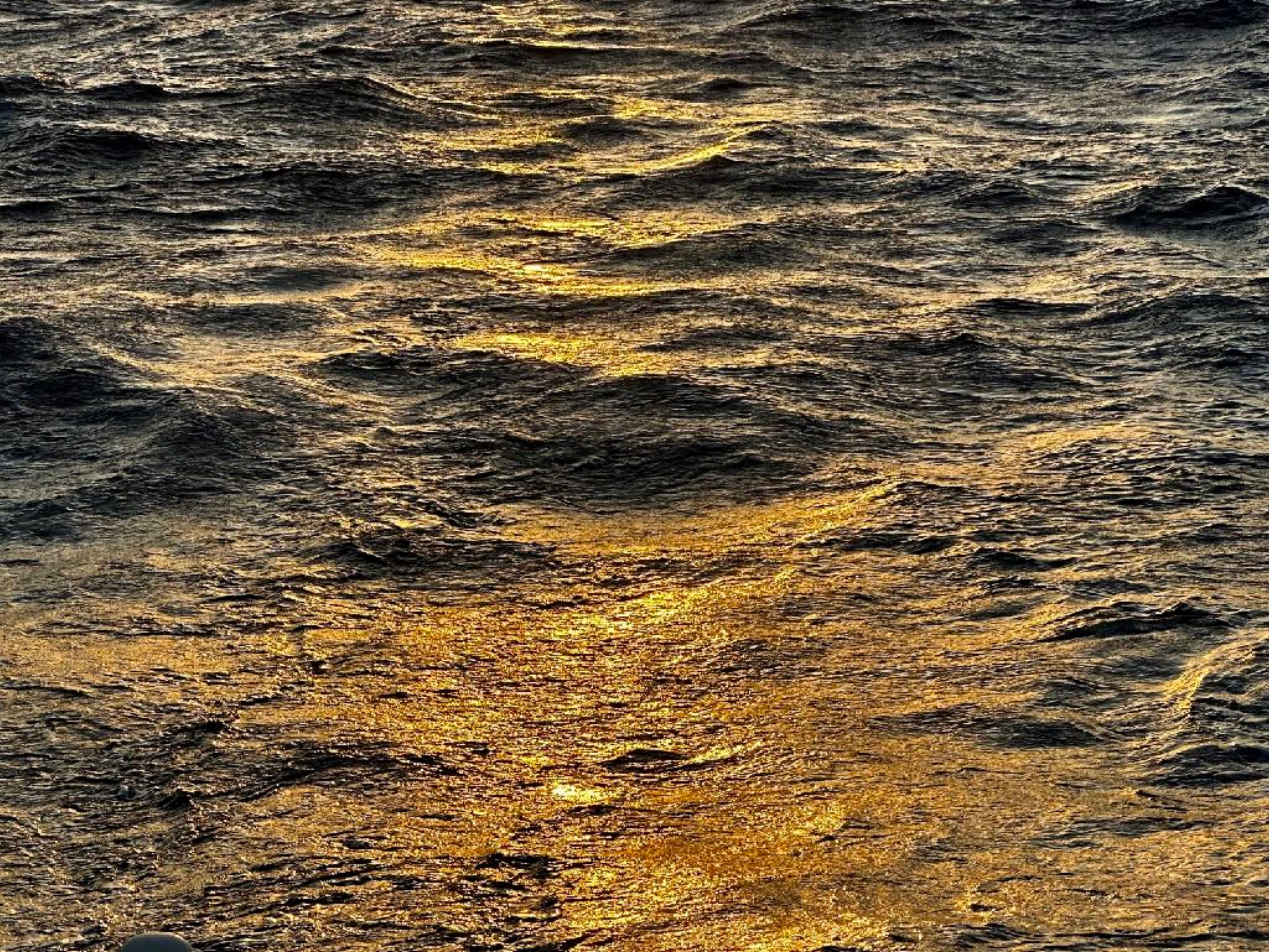
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The wind has picked up to 15 knots. I recognize the feeling from our North Atlantic crossing. The steady downwind sailing, with waves rolling from the back. The white geese are joining us now. We must be careful when we are moving, always keeping on to something.

We only use the Genoa and the Mesian sail. It gives us around 6 knots speed, almost the double from the last couple of days. Those are the winds sailors for many hundreds year has used to cross big waters like this. We are heading in direction to the eastern corner of Brazil, some hundreds nautical miles outside, we will turn more northwest and follow the coast. At the Brazil-corner we are almost halfway.







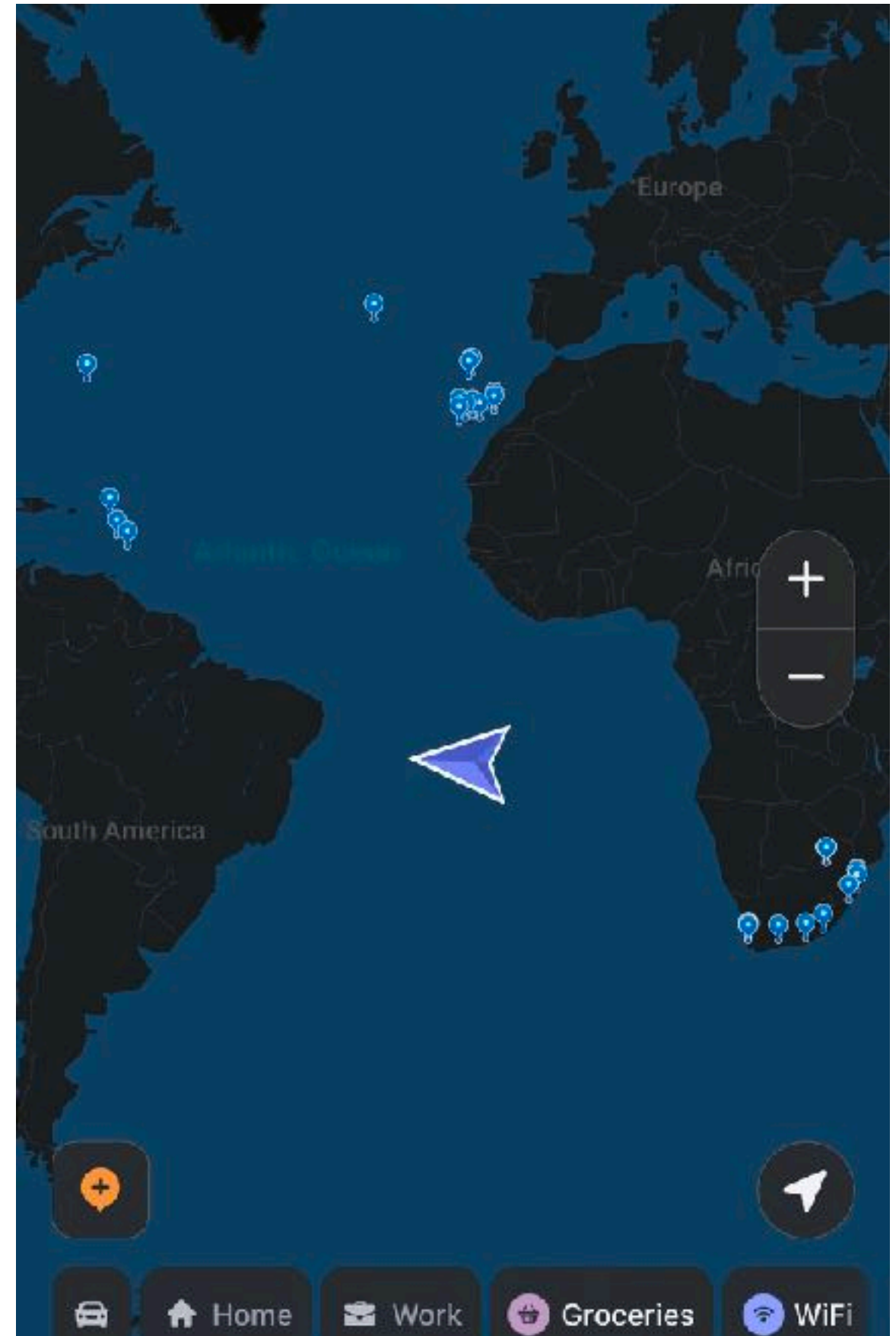


# Atlantic Sailors

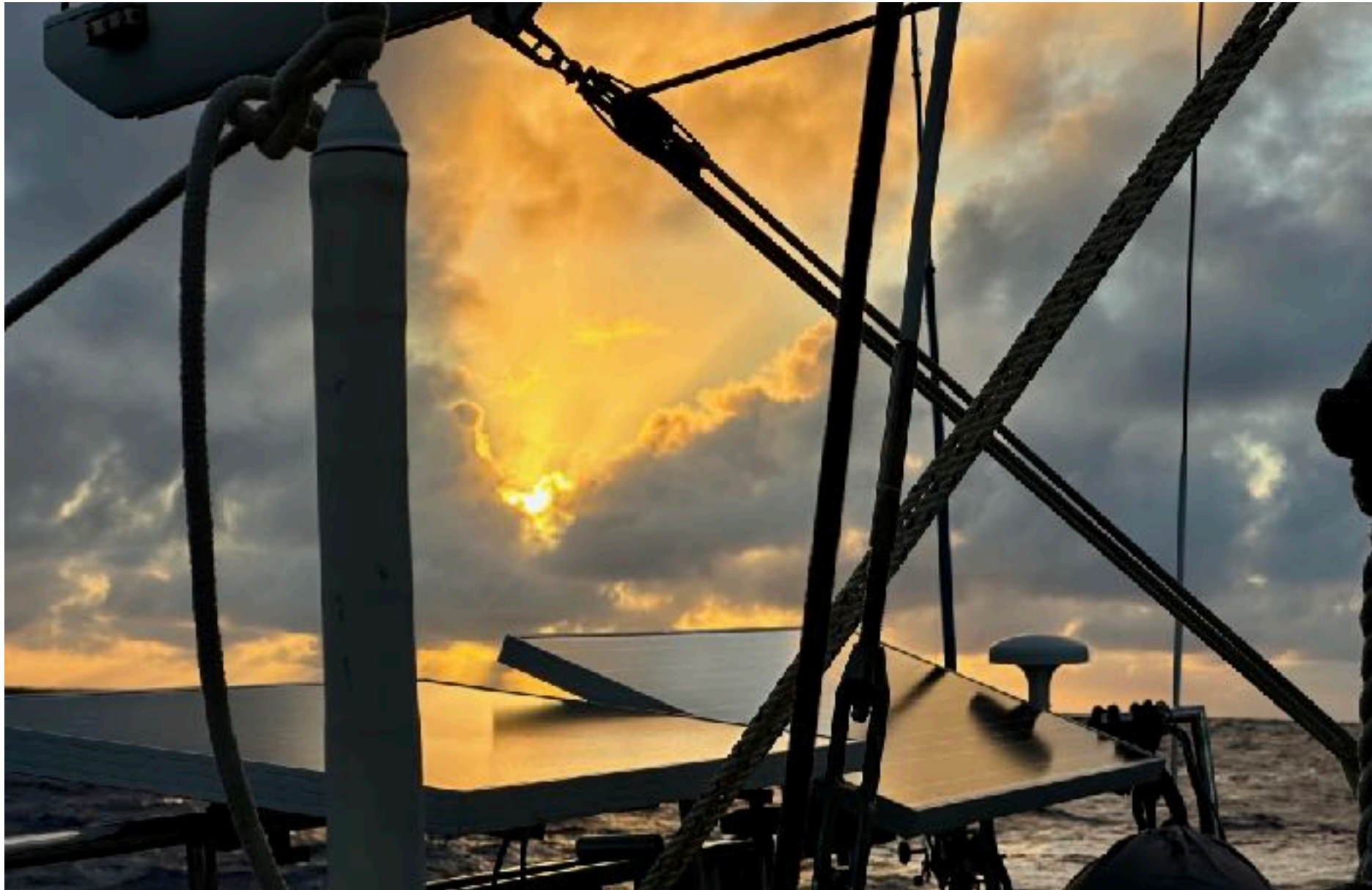
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The blue arrow is Vista, and the blue dots are some of the islands we will visit on our way back to southern Europe. Especially the northern Atlantic is an area with so many options for sailings. When it is cyclone season at one side, you sail over to the other, and vice versa. And when it is cold in the northern parts, you just sail south. When it is blowing from the east you take shelter on the west side, and so on.

We had the same feeling in the southern part of Baltic where Sweden, Denmark and Germany offered many options, no matter where the wind came from – we could always move somewhere, unless the wind was too hard. The Atlantic Ocean is just a much bigger playground.







*The South Atlantic 10 February, 6.19 AM*

## **Mirrors**

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The whole world act as our mirrors. Where do I choose to focus my eyes, thoughts and acts – what do I see, think and do, a day like this in the middle of an ocean? My body also mirrors back, and my husband most of all. The sun above is what it is, my thoughts about it says more about me, then the sun itself. I see a big opening.

I am deep into a big reflection of this, soon five years, journey. We are coming closer to an end of the circumnavigation. I feel it is high time to put words on what I have experienced so far. My best time for writing is during our sailings. It doesn't matter if it goes high waves, it works anyway.



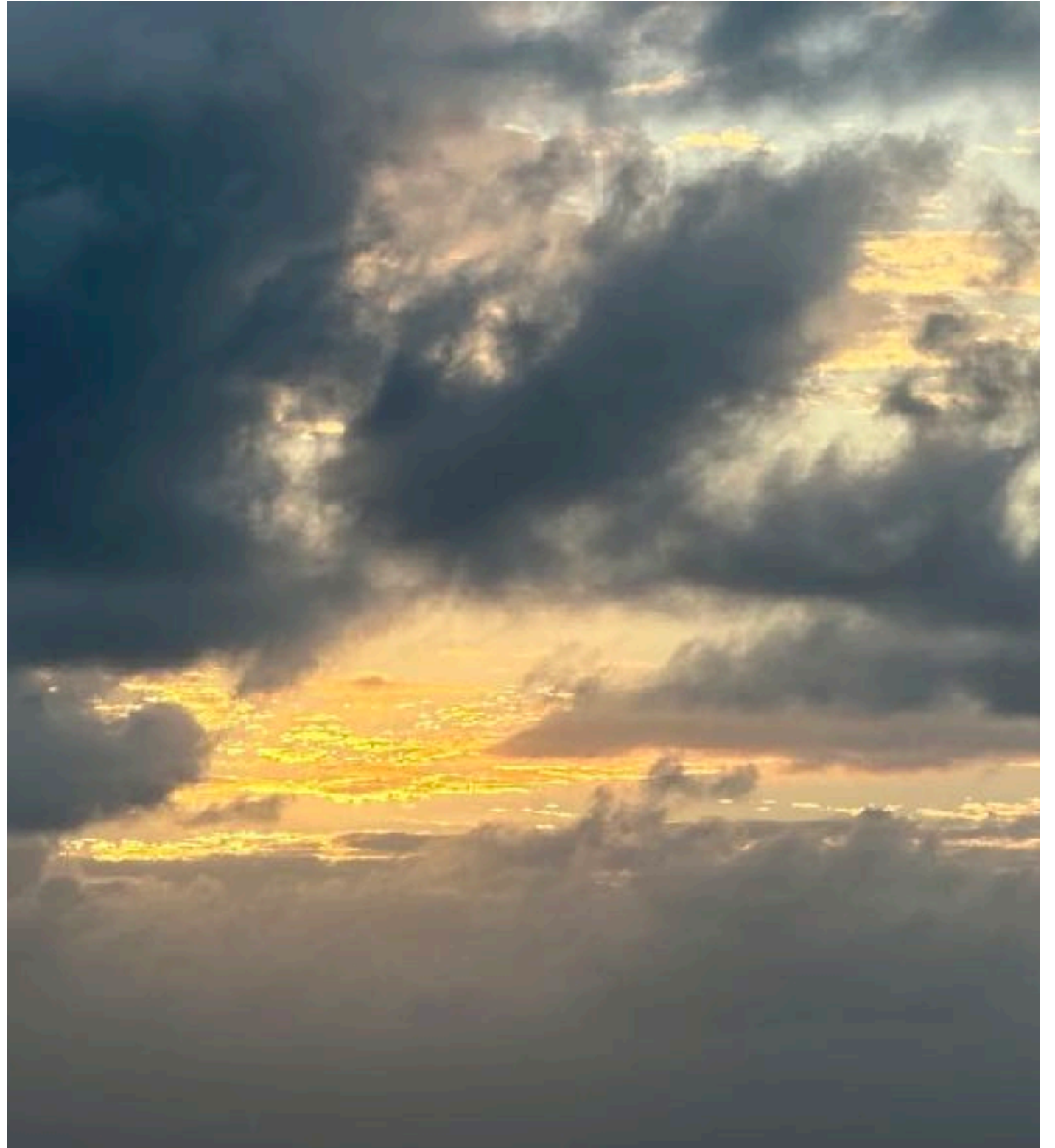




# The Dark and the Light

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We need both. We are both. And all in between.







*South Atlantic, 11 February, 18.14*

## **The Mystic**

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Come and have a look, something is happening, my husband calls on me. What's that rose, he wonders. It's the angels on their way down, I say. Yes, my angels, my dear husband responds content.





## The Bird

I love to sit patiently and wait in the mornings. How will this day start? This morning started with a squall, coming from behind, bringing harder wind and rain for a little while. A bird came and visited us, this far out. Circling around us many times, before flying away.

Soon thereafter the catching cargo *Madam Xian*, called on us and wondered where we were heading, and if we had enough provision and water. That has never happened before. Very kind. They were on the way to Houston with an ETA 26 February. Our ETA is now around 3-4 Mars.









*South Atlantic, 12 February, 19.06*

## **Spaciousness**

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The vastness is amazing. Nowhere else will we have this plenty of space, as in the middle of an ocean. Not even on a mountain. It's a unique experience, something to take care of. I assume this is my first and last circumnavigation in my life. Besides this one, we only have one long passage left from Bermudas to Azores.

Here the rainbow is visible in its magnitude. No-one cuts off the vision of the wholeness. The clouds make it cloudy, that's it. The clouds stretch out, reach high, become wide, heavy or lighter. It's a lot of play going on. The evening shows. I feel very open out here. Time flies.



# Up and Down

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This is our ninth day on the sea. We have at least 20 more to go. I am happy, I love to be out here. It's so rare to be in a space like this.

Even the Existence has its routines, or at least it looks like that. In the outer, the days look quite similar. The weather is stable, winds around 12 knots, sometimes in a squall up to 20. Sun and clouds every day, a little rain. Now and then we meet or get passed by a cargo, 1-2 per day. Yesterday we met the first fishing boat. We haven't seen any other yachts.

Night-time, we take shifts: 20.00-22.30, 22.30-01.30, 01.30-04.30, 4.30-7.00. I start resting, as that is more my rhythm and captain is a bit more of a night-owl. At the last shift the sun goes up – my favorite time on the day. At 7 we run the generator to charge the batteries and to make water. I make coffee, tea and we have a morning talk about the day and what we shall eat for dinner. At the passages we often have desserts as well. Healthy ones, of course.

During the day I mostly write, and at some point, have a nap or listen to a guided meditation. Captain likes to navigate, check the weather, read, play guitar and cook.



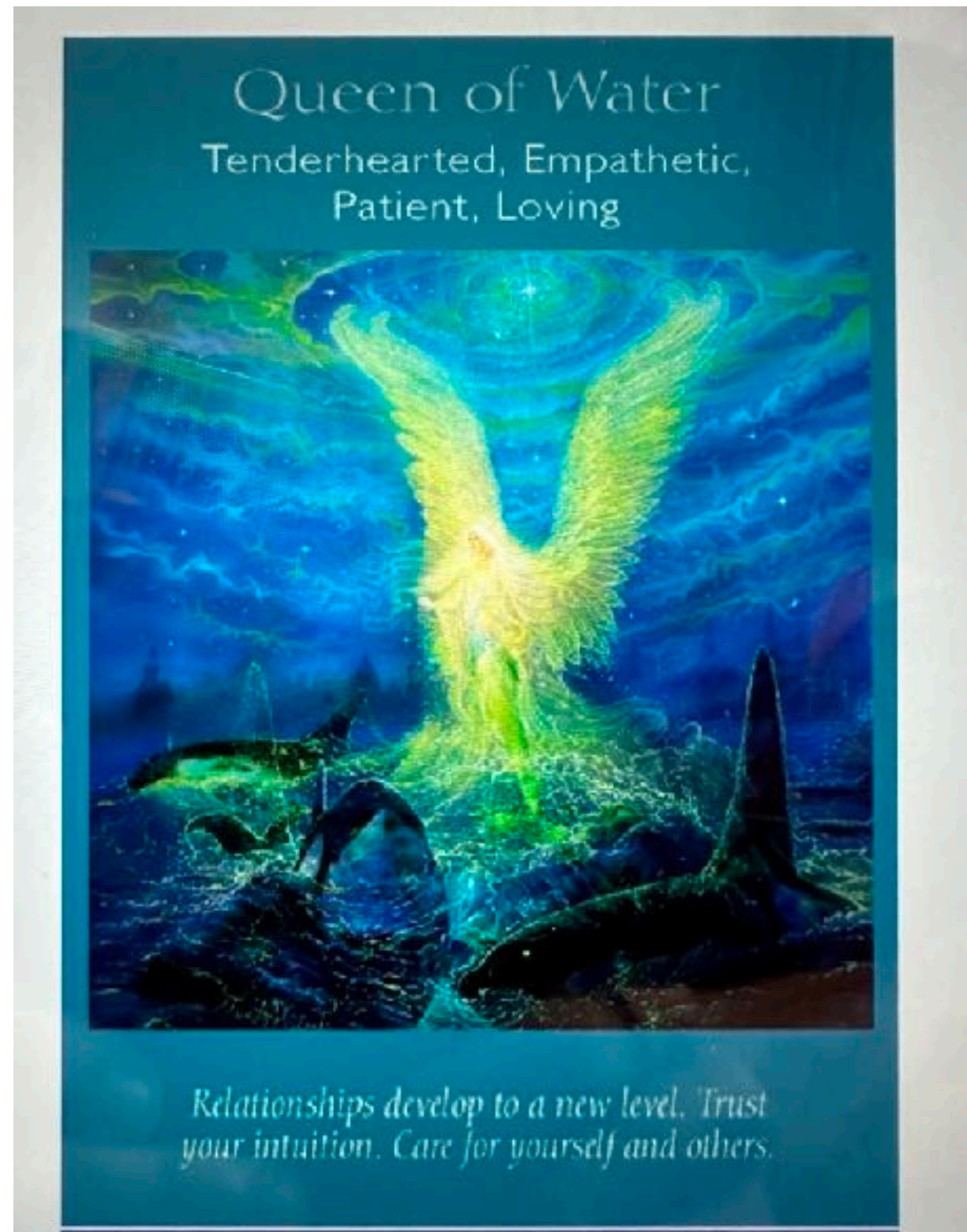
# Archetypes

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We came to talk about the 22 archetypes, represented in the Major Arcana in Tarot decks. A wisdom that has been around since 1420. The archetypes stand for the big life mysteries on our soul-search-journey. I see it as a playful way of looking at where I am in life.

Number 19, the Sun represents our true nature, infinite opportunities and creativity – the areas of our lives where we shine and feel joy. The dawn symbolizes a new beginning. No wonder, I am so drawn to this phenomenon happening every day!

I draw a card for today, and very suitable I got the Queen of Water. This one is from Redleigh Valentine's book: *The Big Book of Angel Tarot*.







*South Atlantic, 15 February, 5.43*

## Beauty

We have a light grey day, today. After this beautiful rose start of the day, it got pale and the Sun didn't make it through the clouds, which is very unusual. What strikes me is that it is always possible to find beauty. It's in the eye of the beholder, one says. Yes, and there is very often a time and a place when something suddenly sticks out. If we look, of course. The sun

rays can, for example, point us in that direction. Like an arrow aiming for a hunt. High lightening something that we maybe not have seen otherwise, because of its plainness. I remember how Alycia, Arthur's daughter, as a young girl once came totally filled with wonder of how beautiful her cat Donna's eyelashes were. As she had seen them for the first time, in a new light. Isn't it like that with a lot in our lives?





## Birds Again!

The whole night we have had two birds riding with us. In the dark, we just heard their deep and loud croak sounds. I thought they were quite big, as the ones around Galapagos – around a half meter high. In the morning, right before the dawn, I managed to catch them on some photos. They were sitting on the solar panels, one on each side. And as you can see the bird is quite small, maybe two decimetres. Next time I came up, in the light they were gone.

There was no sun rise this morning either. It's pale grey today too. That's fine, feels calm. I did some wash up. We don't use much as it is warm, up to 30° daytime.

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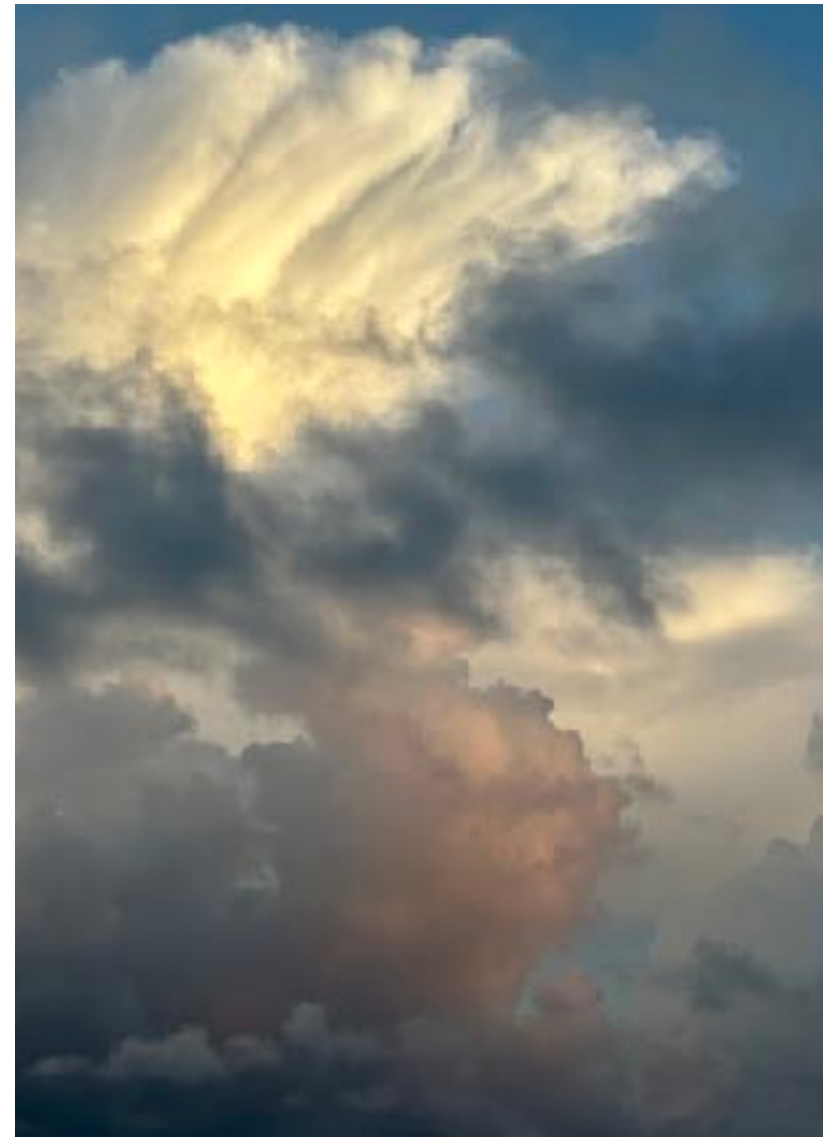


More birds are finding their way to Vista. Like yesterday they are gone when the light comes. Instead, we got joined by small dolphins, and other birds flying above them. Such an honor.









We had an interesting morning (18 Feb) with many clouds all around. A golden one in front of us, even though the Sun rise in East, behind us. Isn't that strange? The pictures only have ten minutes in between them. Change is constant, never ending – a perfect sign of life happening. The moon is half now, on the way to be full. We sailed in her moon gate this night.





*South Atlantic, 18 February, 19.14*

## **The Mystic Cloud**

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Aren't clouds very mystic? For me they evoke so many thoughts and questions, besides the almost compulsive feeling of wanting to jump in/on them. I rather walk on a cloud than on the moon. How can they look so solid, to in the next moments have changed shape totally. Ok, sometimes

they carry rain, but what else are they carrying in that cotton-like material? As they were a smoke-curtain carrying a secret.









*South Atlantic, 19 February, 7.10*

## **What We See and Not**

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We have had another spectacular morning, this time very colorful, with a small piece of a rainbow. After an hour, or hour and half, it's over. It's light grey outside right now. It got me thinking of what more there is to see, that I don't see yet. Imagine a person sleeping past this morning hour, he would

have missed the beautiful mornings. I am alert and stay very present at this time, but what about the rest?

Besides this, the night gave some night surprises in form of squalls – giving us wind we didn't have. Very appreciated.





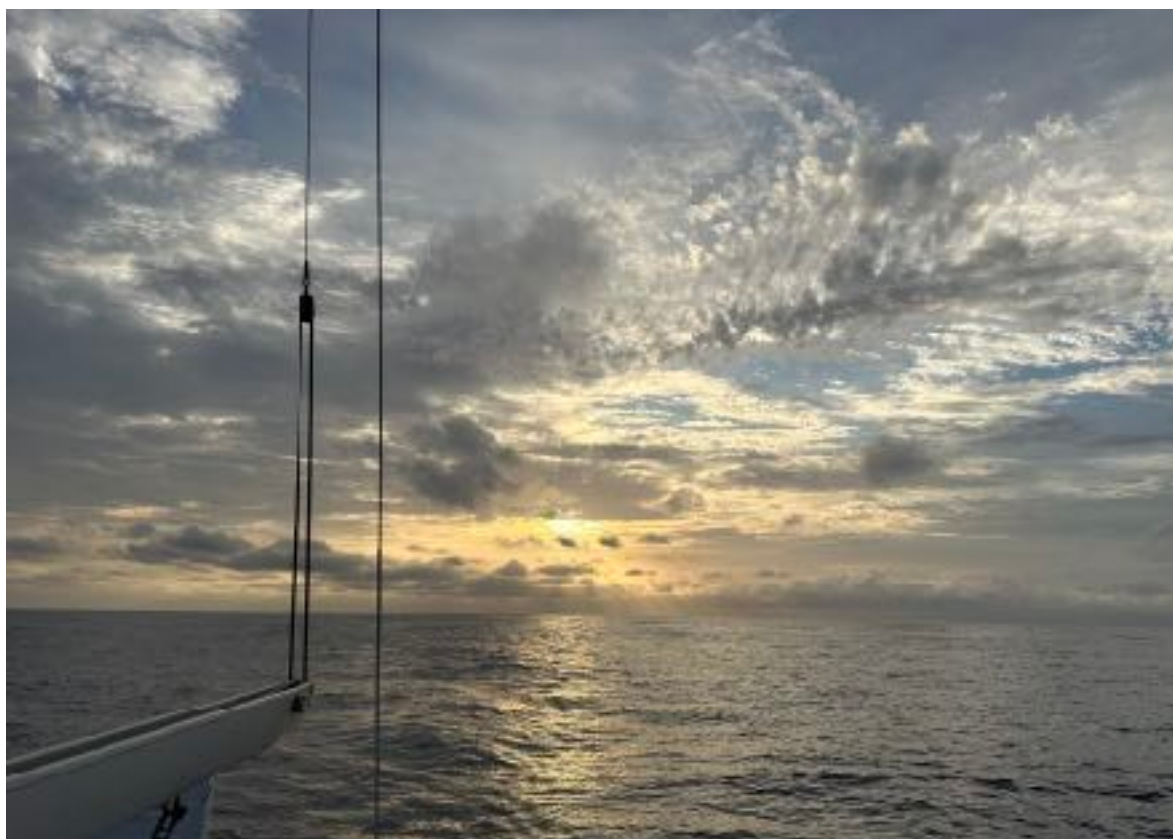
*South Atlantic 20 February, 6.26*

## **Drifting**

Tonight, we had to capitulate and roll in the Genoa. The wind was so low and the little there was, turned in all directions. We have some days with very little wind in front of us. We will see how it develops. For today we celebrate that we are halfway to Barbados. We have recently passed the small island Fernando de Noronha, belonging to Brazil; that means

that the ocean passage is over and what follows is more of a coastal sailing. We have a current going our way, that's always something. And the sun shines strong and bright.





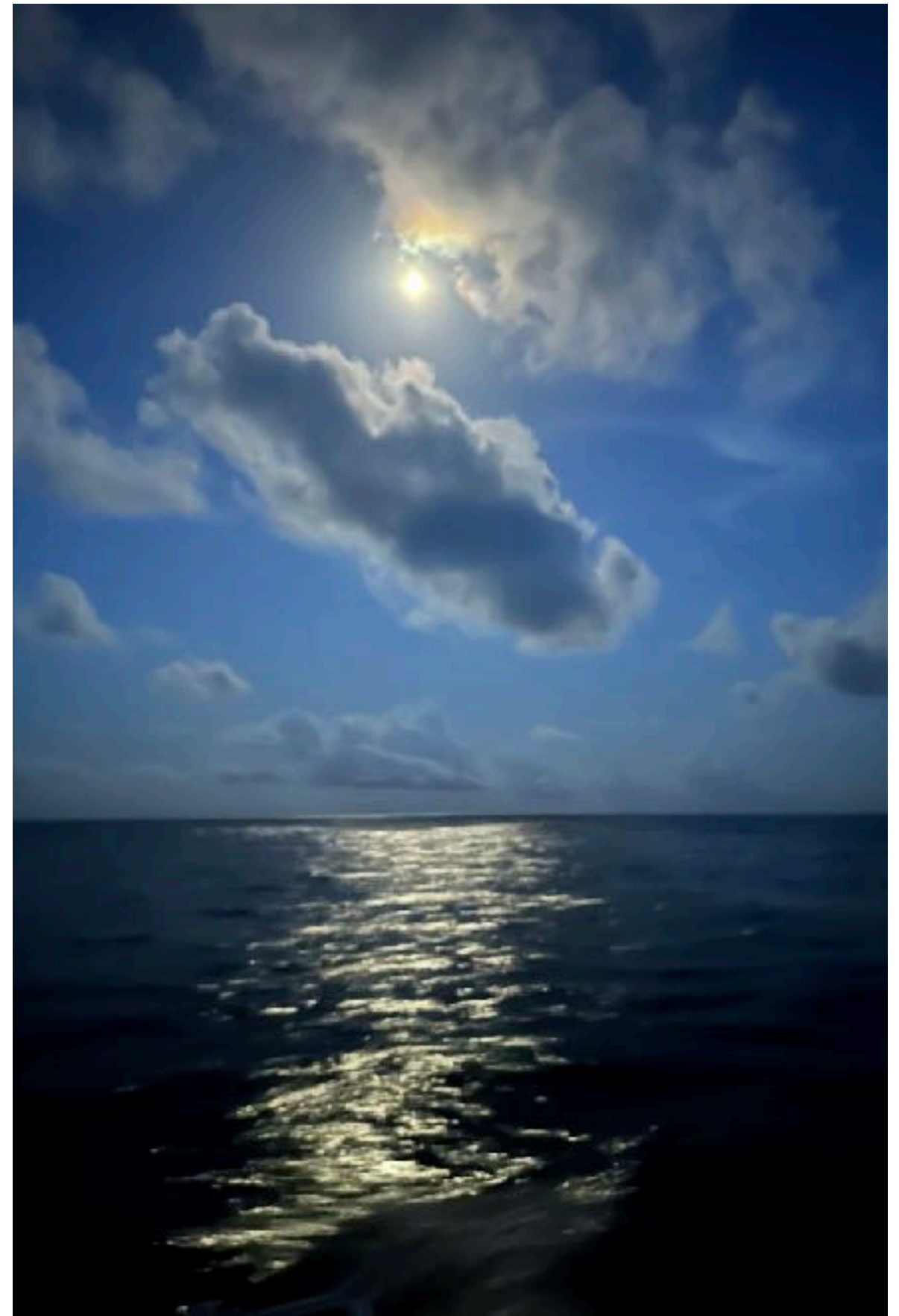
## The Essential

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Some in life is true and eternal – signs of love, joy and happiness. It's my choice what I hold on to. Sometimes I seem to forget. The child knows how to see us, the moment of birth. I love that innocence and openness.

Next page: the Moon, 21 February, 19.04-19.14











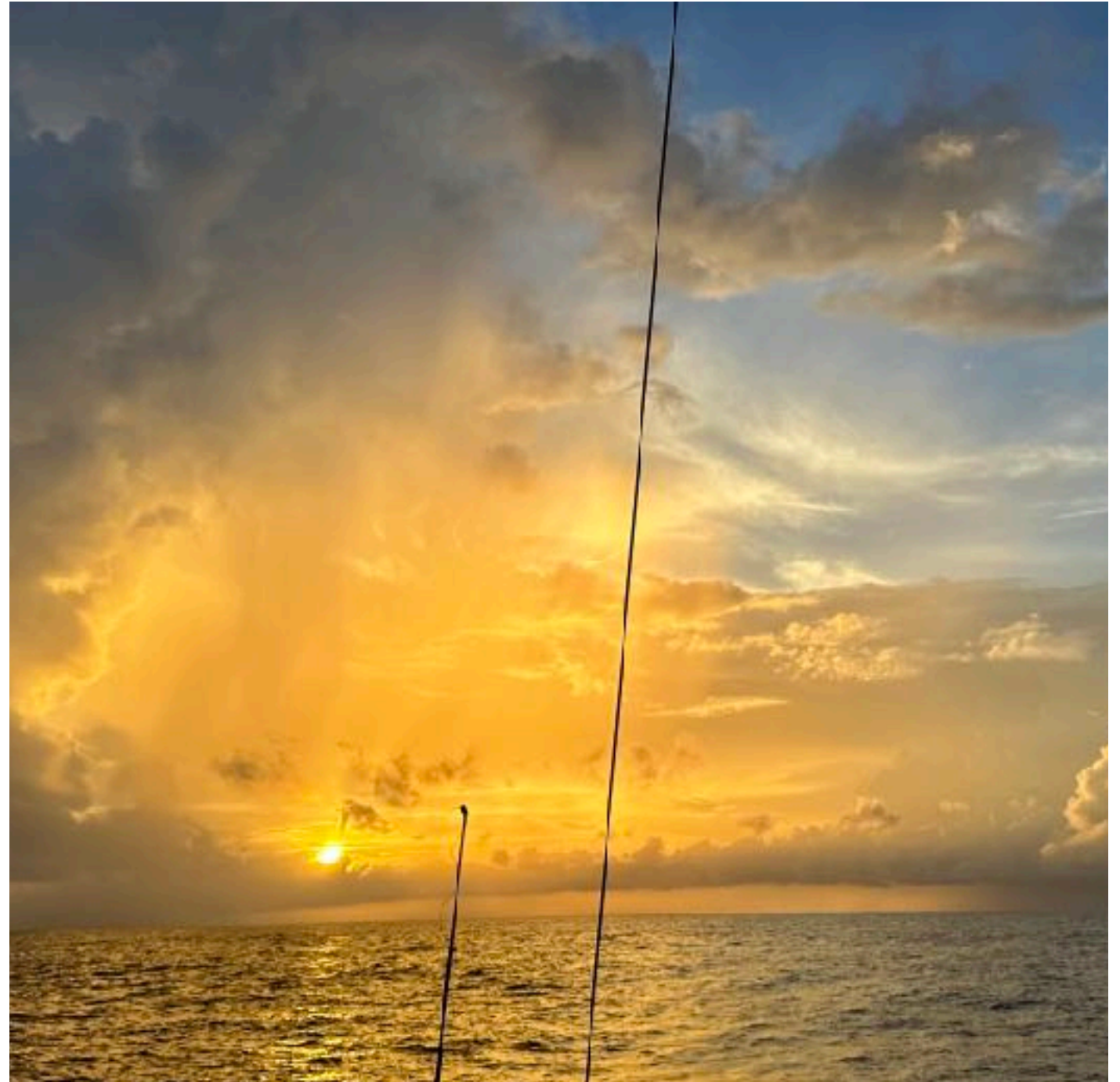
# Changes

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So much is going on at the same time, in the sky, in the world. It changes constantly. We just got a little bit of rain. Nature's way of releasing some pressure, letting go of energy. Thank you, it's hot today.

A small piece of rainbow showed up a minute, to demonstrate the connection between sun rays and raindrops. Thank you, I love connections, it's healing happening.

We have taken down our pole, as we are not expecting any more down-wind sailing before Barbados. The wind is still low, but in some days, it looks like we will get a steady wind to tack against. If it does not change.







*South Atlantic, 23 February, 6.57*

## **Being with What Is**

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No wind is the challenge to face on the South Atlantic. How long can we stand it? Should we motorize, or not? In older times, the sailors had no choice. We can, but only for some days, so there is still a question of using it wisely.

There is a certain energy when it's calm and we are drifting. The ocean is so huge, in a way it's strange that it can be so quiet, in this wilderness. The most important message to myself is that we have time to drift, we are not in hurry. We have plenty of food and water on board. We don't have to arrive at a certain time. The peacefulness is attractive.





*South Atlantic, 24 February, 6.41*

## Orange

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The colour for attention and emotions. We once had a Gennaker in only orange, it was the perfect colour to have in front of us. Look at how we dress – in many western societies black and blue is the dress code. We don't show, we down-tune our colourful sides in how we dress. Same with the emotions – some of them are rarely seen in the public. We

down-grade a woman expressing anger, to a bitch. Or a man showing insecurity, to a jerk. Instead of allowing every emotion. Like the weather they will pass by quickly if we don't mess them up. I would love us all to have access to the full scale of emotions, as they would be notes expressing minor and major – like life itself.





## The Equator

Right at the sunset Saturday 24 February we passed the Equator. Goodbye South Atlantic, and welcome North Atlantic. This is our sea it feels like. At least we have been here once before, passing from Las Palmas, to Cap Verde to Martinique – our virgin tour.

Below is the first sunset on North Atlantic, 25 February, 17.40. We are now in the Tradewinds belt. It shifted at the Equator.











## The Sky Vault

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I've noticed over the years that I take in more of the sky vault, my vision has broadened the more I relax. At the same time, I realize how much more I experience myself, than I first did.

Since we passed the equator and now are in the North Atlantic, we are into the trade winds belt, doing the double distance on a day. Sailing half wind on another sunny day.







*Northern Atlantic, 27 February, 6.36*

## **Tiredness**

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We are both tired today. We couldn't sleep as much as usual, neither off our watch, nor resting on it. The wind increased, lines slammed in the masts, in the high speed Vista now and then bang in the water, and then we had many meetings with two groups of fishing vessels and cargos. Cargos are easy to meet, and they always respond. If I am the slightest insecure, I

call on them to check if they see us. They do, and we wish each other a good watch. From cargos I hear an honor in making the meetings secure. But the fishing vessels - that's another story. They do have the right of way. The problem is to know where they are heading, as they often turn. And they never respond on VHF. It's also hot, and in the high sea we are tacking in, we need to have everything closed. We are constantly sweating. The great is that we make good speed.



## Experts Are Gold Worth

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There are a lot that needs to work on a long journey like this. The sails need to keep up with wind and waves. The generator, water maker, water pumps, warm water heater, toilet pumps are some of the machines we use every day. And then fridges, freezer and gas stove. If any of these breaks, the consequences make life on board more complicated. For several days we didn't know if our water maker worked. I had turned on the wrong button on the panel, and the motor stopped working.

With guidance from Martin at Desalator in Spain, Arthur has searched for the cause. A condensator broke, and we don't have any spares. But there is a trick, Martin shared with Arthur – to bang on it with a shoe – and it worked! Good enough with some hand (shoe) touch until we find a new "conding". It's fantastic to have a dedicated and very skilled man, like Martin, to contact. Who is responding even on weekends, and evenings. Thank you, Martin.







*North Atlantic, 28 February, 6.27*

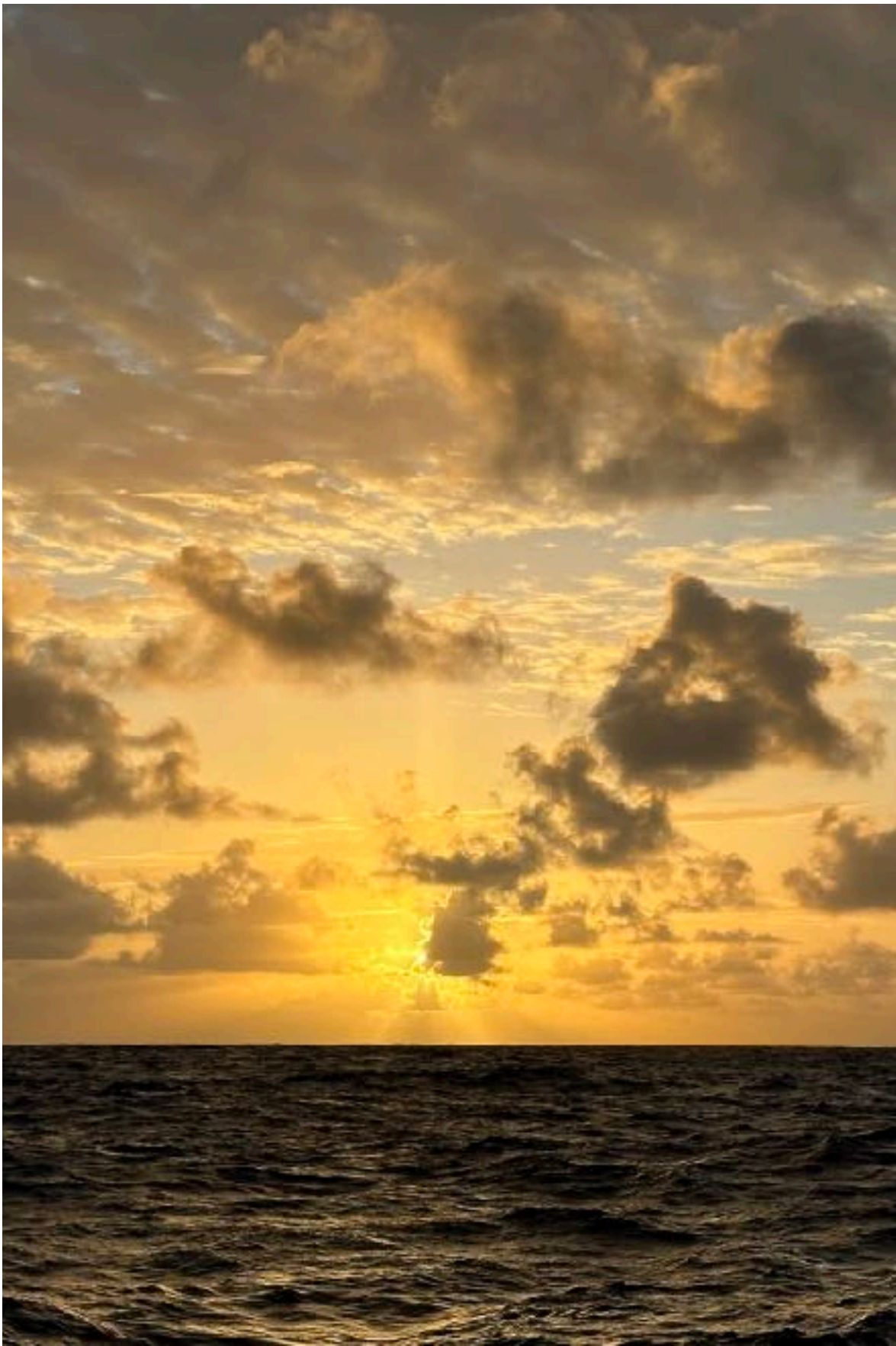
## **Gratefulness**

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Sleep makes wonder.

My energy is back.









*North Atlantic, 1 Mars, 6.10*

## **The Sky**

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Like the clouds pass by, so do my thoughts. Like the sky  
remains there all the time, so do I, the witness.







# Meetings

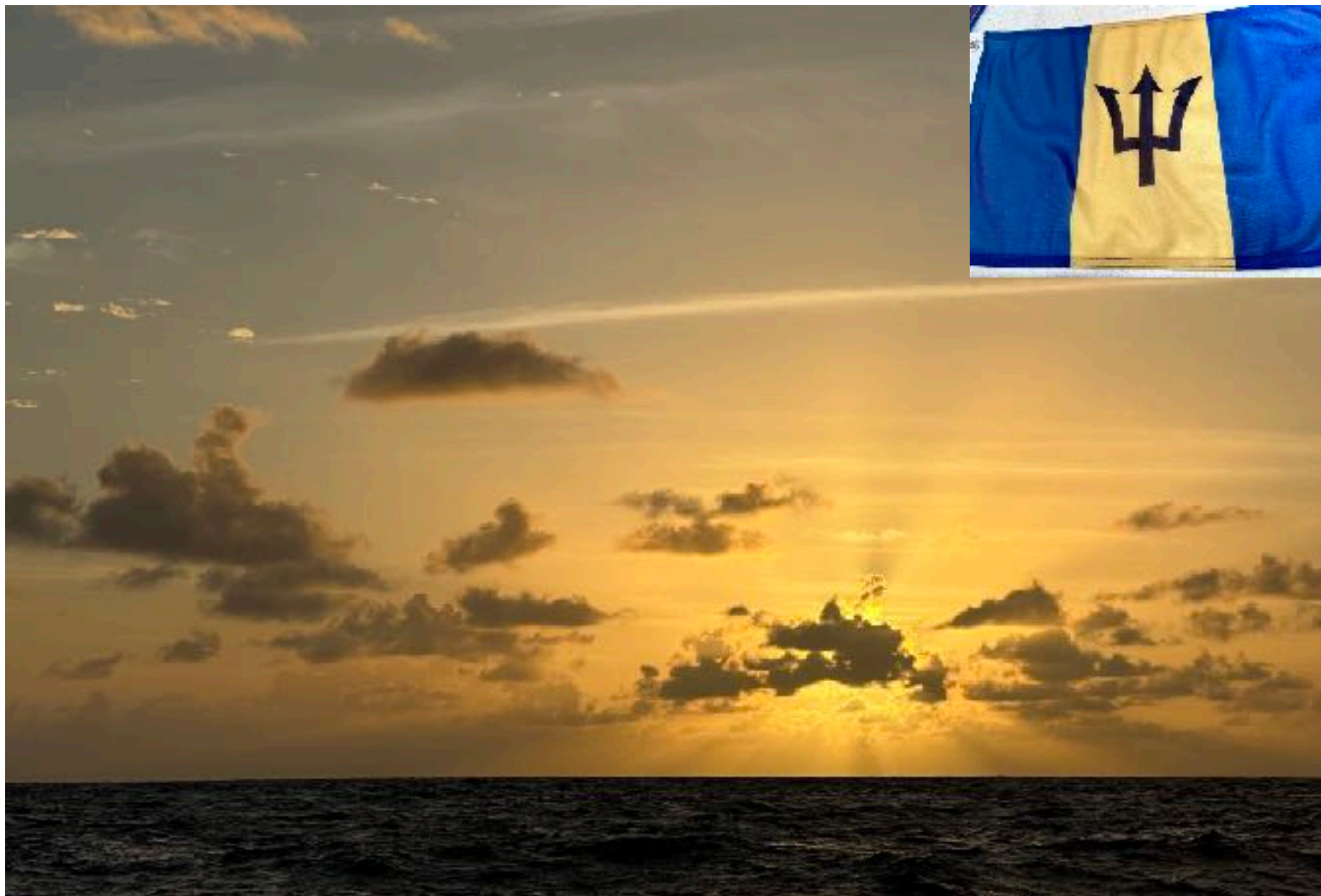
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We meet cargos, many are on the way to Singapore. It starts with seeing them on the plotter, usually one and a half hour or 30 nm away. The plotter indicates the distance between us, in this case it was 1,5 nm, 2 is normal, so I gave him a call on the VHF, just to check that he sees us on the AIS, on his plotter. This cargo, Hua Sheng Hai, on the way to CN TGX, is 751 x 108 ft. That's quite big and even if they make 10 knots, we want distance in between. He doesn't speak English very well, but I get confirmed that we meet Portside to Portside. Then we both know. That's safety. I see him at 6 nm, and when he passes at 2.5 nm it looks like on the picture, taken with tele objective. It looks so far away!

Before I heard many rumors about cargos that runs on autopilot, without someone on the watch out. It has never happened us in five years. They have always responded and been very aware and helpful. And thankfully almost everyone uses AIS, even the fishing boats.







*North Atlantic, 3 February, 5.56*

## **Barbados-time**

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This morning we changed our clocks to Barbados-time, 4 hours after London. Every country east of us are awake before us. I picked up the flag. Gets me thinking of Neptune. We have three, maybe four days more to go. The current is against us again, so we are not going so fast even though the wind is fine. The swell from northeast is pushing us south

also. Tonight, we met the one exception – a big cruising-ship meeting us close with high speed, and without AIS. Arthur was on the watch and first he didn't know what it was. Pirates? One can wonder why an owner wants to go invisible. They will be seen on the radar and on the watch out, but they are not leaving any digital prints on AIS. It's like they run on their own rules, and not keeping the usual wide berth either.



# Witness and Accept

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I am fascinated by the endless variations the sky creates. Every morning, every moment is unique. The rose colour is soothing, feels very kind. Think of the baby-clothes, rose for the girls, blue for the boys – the contrasts – can't exist without each other.







*North Atlantic, 5 February, 6.04*

## **The Last Day**

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Today will be our last day on this passage. At the dawn tomorrow we will make our landfall at Barbados. We have 130 nm left, and with current speed of 5-6 knots we will be very early, so we will slow down. Arthur found a note in his diary written long time ago, that said we should be in Barbados 6th of February. Isn't that magic. When we started

out our ETA was a week shorter, which quickly changed with a slow start and a slow week, when we reached the Brazilian coast.



## Barbados!

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We saw the lights from Barbados from far distance, already last night. We had such a gentle and smooth sailing, only on a two-reefed Genoa. We arrived at dawn but had to wait until Custom-Immigration-Health opened at 7.30, and then they were busy with a big cruising ship, so we had to wait even more. Now we are here, at the anchorage and its 29° in the water. In total we sailed 3794 nm, 31 days – slightly shorter than our Pacific passage that was 4030 nm and took 33 days. Adding on the trip from Cape Town to St Helena, 1733 nm in 13 days, we get a total of 44 days and 5527 nm for the whole Southern Atlantic to Barbados.

