

UNDER WAY

*News and notes from the
cruising community*

*Edited by
Elaine Lembo*



NEVILLE HOCKLEY



Raimiti

Sometimes, the trade winds cease to blow, there's not a whisper of wind, and the air is still. The sky is a deep cobalt above, softening to a light powder blue below, and the water in the lagoon seems to hover, suspended without a ripple or a wave to disturb its surface.

When all perceptions of depth and space are distorted, when sea and sky blur gently and perfectly together, the horizon completely disappears.

The Polynesians call this phenomenon raimiti — when the ocean and sky become one.

My wife, Catherine, and I are anchored inside the sheltered lagoon of Fakarava in the Tuamotus, a remote chain of atolls and reef that lie in the very center of the South Pacific Ocean. *Dream Time*, our 1981 Cabo Rico, which has sailed over 24,000 nautical miles since we left New York in 2007, feels at home here and is resting quietly atop a shimmering copy of herself, floating in tropical water so clear and tranquil that patches of coral, tropical fish and black-tip reef sharks 20 feet below her keel seem close enough to touch. Distant surf breaks and cascades silently over the outer reef 5 miles away, creating a dazzling line of white, like a mirage that seems to hover lost within itself, separating sea from sky and just ever so briefly, bringing the horizon back into perspective. Today the world has never seemed more at peace with itself, and we are floating ever so gently, right in the very middle of it.

Neville Hockley

January 2014 | cruisingworld.com 15