



"The Little Red Sailboat That Changed My Life

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I stopped my car on the bridge overlooking Cherry Creek Reservoir. It was my lunch hour, and once again, I had stopped so I could get out and watch all the ones in their sail boats, playfully enjoying their lives. As usual, tears formed in my eyes.

What would it take to have the freedom to be able to sail on a weekday? And the skill to know how to do it? What was the secret key that these people had that I did not? I worked hard, I was one of the best mortgage loan officers in Denver, I had a beautiful home and yet, something inside of me was aching to live more fully. What would it take for me to give myself permission to do what these people were doing?

I watched a few minutes more, got back into my car and drove home so I could make a quick sandwich, sit out on my patio with my Irish Wolfhound Cromwell and my little dog Starsky, and lament the "something more" that was missing in my life.

That night I attended a seminar on affirmations. I'd signed up for it sometime before and really had no expectations, but after graduating from Silva Mind Control I was getting hooked on the possibility that we could create our own reality with our thoughts. But I was a child in these new concepts and like a sponge, I was just absorbing all that I could.

During that seminar, the instructor referred to Shakti Gwain's book on affirmations and told us story after story about how she had manifested new realities in her life simply by affirming her desires. Did I mention that I was like a child with these concepts? Well, like a child, I simply BELIEVED what she told us and I was so excited!

I didn't drive home – I flew. When I got there, I ran into my house and announced to my two dogs Cromwell and Starsky, "We are going to have a sailboat and we are going to sail it during the week! We are going to be ON that lake and we are going to be one of the ones having fun and freedom and joy!"

Cromwell and Starsky looked down at me from the loft, raised their eyes, probably thinking, "Here we go again – another one of her great ideas!"

I slept like a baby that night and dreamed of the three of us sailing together. Of course Cromwell and Starsky would be there – we were a team.

Just as our instructor had recommended, I wrote out my affirmation for my new sailboat on 3X5 cards and posted one on my refrigerator, one on my bathroom mirror, and kept one in my purse. Every time I read the little cards, I could FEEL that I would have my dream.

The miracles happened pretty fast after that. Less than one week later, my friends Mac and Judy invited me to dinner. We were just beginning to dive into Judy's famous cheesecake when I told them about my affirmation seminar. Then, without thinking, I blurted out: "I am going to have my own sailboat and I am going to sail it all by myself."

Mac gave me a funny look and beckoned for me to get up and follow him to the door that opened into their garage. As he opened the door, I saw this beautiful little red sailboat on a trailer and Mac said, "This is Judy's first sailboat and we just decided tonight that we were going to sell it. We can't think of anyone we'd love to have it more than you."

I stared at the beautiful little boat. She was red and in perfect condition! Her sails were white and red and she was just sitting there – waiting for me!

But what would it cost? When Mac told me I smiled. The amount was almost exactly what I was due in my tax refund. I had goose bumps all over – was this really happening?

Mac was excited. "I will give you lessons, but first you must go have a trailer hitch installed on your car. Once you've done that, call me and we'll set up your lessons."

Mac was smiling with anticipation of the joy he was going to help me experience. Me, I was doing everything I could not to jump up and down and scream with delight! I love cheesecake, but I could barely eat a bite after that. I was too busy going forward in time envisioning myself in my own little sail boat!

The next day I had the trailer hitch installed on my car, called Mac and said, "I'm ready." He chuckled. He might have been remembering his own journeys into the world of sailing. But I was impatient. "So, when can we begin? I'm ready now."

Meanwhile, I was telling my boss that I was making calls on new Realtors to get more business so I could explain my time away from the office. I had no idea that my little sailboat would even help me with that part of my life. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Mac and I met at his house, he hooked up MY sailboat to my car and I followed him to Cherry Creek

Reservoir. Once we arrived, Mac came over to my car. “Now, the first thing you must learn to do well is to back this boat into the water properly.”

We spent a little time doing that, and because I am a pretty good driver, that part was easy. Once I had the boat in the water, I got in, and walked it to the shore. It was only a 14’ sailboat, designed to be sailed by one person easily. Mac and I spent the next hour putting up and taking down the sail and jib. He wanted to be certain I could rig the boat correctly and easily.

Then, JOY OF JOYS, we got in my little boat and started to sail her! I’d never been in a sailboat before, but I could FEEL the wind, and readily learned to trim the sails, to “come about” (a sailing term) with grace, and for the next couple of hours Mac and I just sailed and laughed. Me, I was giggling like a child. I was doing it! I was there. I was on MY boat and I was sailing her!

When it was time, we came back to shore, and Mac once again guided me to back up my car with the trailer down the ramp, get out and put my boat on the trailer, make sure she was well secured, and then drive up into the parking lot.

Mac came up to my driver’s side door. “Well, girl, it looks to me like you’re a quick study. I don’t think you need any more lessons. Just be careful, and if you need help, remember that people who sail usually like to help other sailors – just ask and you’ll get all that you need. And good luck!”

I drove home with my little sail boat in tow, and left the trailer hooked to my car. I was going sailing the next day by myself and I couldn’t wait. Like a kid at Christmas, I got up several times during the night and looked out the window at my little sailboat parked in my driveway. I hugged myself with joy. I tried to sleep, but without much success.

No matter. I had so much joy in me, I did not require sleep.

The next day, early, I put Cromwell, my 125 lb. Irish Wolfhound, and Starsky, my little 8 lb. dog into the car. “We’re going sailing guys! Wait until you experience this!”

I’m sure Cromwell and Starsky had no idea, but they could feel my excitement. Since I’d rescued both of them from the pound more than two years before, they had brought more joy into my life than I could have ever imagined. We’d had a really good life and now I was going to give them back even more joy. From the pound to a sail boat – imagine that.

When we arrived at Cherry Creek Reservoir, I lined up the car and backed the trailer down the ramp. I put on the parking brake, got out, released the little boat from the trailer and walked her over to the shore, pulling her up on the edge.

I got back into the car, drove into the parking lot, let Cromwell and Starsky out, and the three of us ran to the shore where I would set up my little boat to sail. Rigging her was easy, she was really very manageable, and of course my excitement added to my efficiency.

When my little boat was ready, I told Cromwell and Starsky, “You wait here – I’m going to just go out a little bit and turn around and come back and get you.”

As I left the shore, I could swear I heard them thinking, “You’ve got to be kidding right?” I pushed my little boat into the water, jumped in, set the sail and voila! She took off! It was a very breezy day and my boat and I were on a run in seconds.

I looked back to see if Cromwell and Starsky were ok. They were ok alright. They were in the water, swimming toward me. The Irish Wolfhound and the little Toy Dog, side by side, swimming furiously to catch up to me!

Did I mention that Cromwell weighed at least 125 lbs? Try dragging a WET 125lbs. into a 14’ sailboat. Starsky was no problem – even wet he probably weighed 10 lbs.

So, I got them in, and in less than an hour they knew the command “Ready About” – and would change sides of the boat as I did a come about. That must have been a site – a woman and two apparently well trained sailing dogs in a little red sailboat. The Irish Wolfhound and the Toy Dog.

The bigger boats on the water came by to say hello – curious about this woman with two dogs sailing joyfully in the fabulous breezes. We made many friends that day and were even invited to a late afternoon cocktail party on a 35’ Erickson!

What about my job? My little red sailboat filled me with so much joy and so much determination that I COULD do anything, that my mortgage business skyrocketed. Never mind that I was imaging each closed loan as another free afternoon on the water. I exuded so much confidence because I had learned to sail and was doing it – that my clients just FELT my energy and wanted to work with me. So, the joy from my sailing overflowed into my working world.

But wait! It gets better.

Because of my little red sailboat, I met a guy who was out sailing one day. He was on a Hobi Cat 18’ and the winds were very low, so he asked if he could buy me an ice tea at the restaurant on the dock. I said, “sure.,” Predictably, we began to date.

He taught me to sail on his Hobi Cat and we had a great summer. Then, suddenly that winter, Marty, who was a pilot, was transferred to Southern California with his airline. He would call me from his

home across from the beach and taunt me about having coffee on the sand while I was sitting in my home looking out the window at the never ending snow storms.

So, in a bold move, I decided to take Cromwell and Starsky and go to Southern California. I could be a loan officer anywhere, and I was ready for a new adventure.

My exit from Colorado was noteworthy. It was snowing, I left at 5 in the morning, the dogs were with me, and my little sailboat and trailer were hitched to my car. As I was going up Eisenhower Pass, there was a virtual whiteout from the snowstorm. Several Semi's were stranded on the side of the highway and my little car was struggling to make it. Two nice truck drivers got out of their rigs and pushed my car up to the entrance of the tunnel! It was like the Universe was saying, "All that you need will be provided. Trust me."

I arrived in Newport Beach on a Friday, called Marty, and he met me at his friend's house where he'd arranged for me to stay until I found my own place.

Almost immediately, I began sailing with Marty in "A Fleet" in the Pacific Ocean, competing against world class champions! Believe me, the Pacific Ocean is a million miles away from a reservoir in Colorado. I had never experienced riding the edge of a Hobi rail, the ocean's waves rising above our sails, pushing us furiously through the water. I was addicted and we both loved sailing and competing. We entered every competition we could find, and as I said, we were sailing against world class champions! Yikes! Marty and I dated, sailed and continued to fill my memory book with great stuff.

The miracle sail I will always remember.

The weather was perfect. Marty and I sailed out past the jetty at sunset. We had our picnic basket and champagne with us, ready for our romantic sail. About forty five minutes after we passed the jetty the winds died. No worries, they would come back up again. We opened our picnic basket, and began enjoying the fresh fruit, sandwiches, and trail mix goodies we'd brought along.

The winds were still not coming up, but we were alone on the vast Pacific Ocean, the sun had finally set, and a full moon was rising. It doesn't get much better than that. (Or so I thought.)

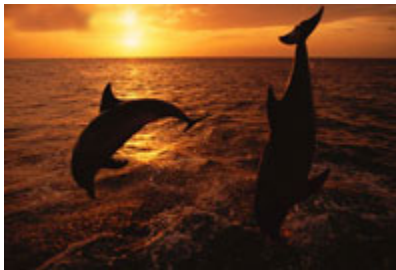
So, we had our own romantic time (I'll leave it to your imagination), and still were unconcerned about the lack of wind. Hobi Cats do not have motors, so we were totally dependent on Mother Nature, but when one hour turned into three, then four, we were finally becoming concerned.

The moon was full, we had finished everything in the picnic basket, the champagne was gone, and all we had left were a few munchies and a couple beers (Marty did not enjoy the finer aspects of champagne – he was a beer guy.) So we just laid there, talking under the full moon, waiting for the wind.

Then I heard a sound under the transom of the Hobi. I looked down, and reflected in the water from the light of the full moon were two dolphins! They swam underneath us, then in front of us, came out of the water in a fabulous leap, and suddenly there were more of them – along the side of our boat!

At the time, it was the “red tide” in the ocean – which is an algae that attaches to the fish and when they jump out of the water, the algae reflects like so many sparkles in the moonlight. The dolphins were swimming by our side, underneath us, and showing off in the moonlight! It took everything I had to not jump into the water with them. Marty had to hold me back.

Right after the dolphins appeared the winds came up. Slowly at first, then vigorously, our Hobi began to move. The dolphins swam alongside us for the next half an hour, jumping and diving, the sparkles coming off of their bodies in the moonlight. I felt as though I had stepped into “Never Never” land. Neither of us spoke the entire time – both of us mesmerized by Mother Nature’s private show.



Almost as if guiding us back, the dolphins stayed with us until we reached the jetty. When we did, they changed course and headed back out to sea. I looked back out at the ocean and said a silent thank you to them for coming to say hello and touch our hearts. The experience was outside of words and still is. Time stopped for us -- we had experienced true magic.

Today I sit at my table, overlooking the water (the intracoastal – not the ocean, yet), and I am in such gratitude for that little red sailboat and how she brought me into that magical world where dreams— even greater ones than I could have imagined, happened.

I am now on yet another “dream journey.” I will transition from mortgage banker to writer. As I do so, I am reminded of my little red sailboat and I know that by telling her story right now she will once again take me into “Never Never” land.

Because I will remember her message – one that has sustained me for all the years since I sailed her that first day: “All things are possible. All things.”

This is for you my little red sailboat. And for all the ones who are ready to live their dreams.

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P.S. Just as before, my little red sailboat took my career to new heights. My sailing experiences proved to me that I was indeed an entrepreneur, and after moving to southern California, I launched three successful financial analysis companies. With blue chip clients in the U.S. and Puerto Rico, I employed more than one hundred contractors, traveled the U.S. and the Caribbean extensively, learned to scuba dive, and so far I have enjoyed more than 200 dives from thirteen different Caribbean islands.

Big secret. During all those wonderful experiences, I was dreaming my “next dream” – the one I am living now. To write and inspire and tell anyone who will listen that you can sail into your greatest life at any time.

Ready to bring your dreams alive?

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