

# Sailing into The Eye of The Dolphin

## *The story of the Healing Dolphins*

This is a true story by Bonnie Blue from a sailing adventure she took in the early 90s. The last names have been excluded or changed to protect the privacy of the individuals who were on this trip.

Edited 11/01/08. © Copyright 2025, [www.GoldenHealingDolphins.com](http://www.GoldenHealingDolphins.com) .

### DOLPHIN MAGIC

*Lulled to peace in the arms of silence,  
A hidden song flows like a stream.  
Within the notes I know that I am here,  
I know that I am whole.  
The darkness within is splintered by the starfire jewel.  
The angels of the sea appear to me in sanctuary.  
I call to them for healing, I call to them for peace.  
I feel their emotions, their essence, their joy.  
And beyond the furthest reach I sense their presence.  
A spell is cast.  
The turmoil within is banished, my soul at peace.  
Calmed by a love – so unique, so pure.  
I look into the starfire jewel, the eye of the dolphin.  
Our spirits have joined.*

Diane from “The Dolphin Within”  
by Olivia De Bergerac

### PROLOG

The plane ride home from our January sailing trip to Panama was like a bridge to freedom. I felt like a released hostage. My "Don't Worry Be Happy" T-shirt comforted me when I thought of the harrowing trip we had just experienced. As we got off the plane, a shutter ran thru me when I noticed a man out of the corner of my eye who reminded me of our ship's captain and tormentor.

A lifetime opportunity presented itself to us - or so we thought. An invitation to sail to Panama from New York City to deliver a sailboat on its first leg to Vancouver!

Joe, my husband, had worked for Captain Bob D. at his shipyard for ten years and was recruited to go as crew. I was invited at the last minute (3 days before departure) and could not pass up an “ocean passage”, opportunity which is something I had always dreamed of! The clincher was the fact we would be going through the Panama Canal! I was very excited with anticipation of a fun adventure ahead!

*Captain Bob D.*, an eccentric captain was a world famous boat builder of every style and size (including America's Cup boats), owned and costumed designed this 72-foot sloop, “WAVE DANCER”. He was relocating from New England to Vancouver, and this trip's purpose was to deliver his boat to his new home.

Our vessel “The WAVE DANCER ” is 72 feet of other-worldliness. She is a sailing machine! More like a spaceship or a locomotive than a sailboat. Her mast towers 110 feet off the water and her boom is 37 feet long. Electronics and inventions abound. She contains no cleats and has a retractable centerboard keel that weighs 32,000 pounds (16 tons)! I have never seen so many winches, lines, monitors and electronic switches. The

winches had the circumference of car tires! She is roomy down below with a finished open design; no cabins. The fore and aft sections are unfinished bare aluminum. The sail area is approximately 5500 square feet. The mainsail would easily cover our house! She was Captain Bob D. 's creation and they both suited each other in their "larger-than-life" capacity.

Our captain is a 70-year-old "man of the sea", one of the last true Vikings. He is as strong as a bull, with the physique of a 30-year old boxer. His handsome Nordic face looks like a crusty old sea dog weathered by years of sailing on distant oceans. When he barks out orders, he would make Captain Bligh shiver in his boots!

I am reminded of Jack London's old salt character Wolf Larsen in "*The Sea-Wolf*":

*"My first impression or feel for the man was of his strength. ... It was a strength we are wont to associate with things primitive, with wild animals and the creatures we imagine our tree-dwelling prototypes to have been - a strength savage, ferocious, alive in itself."*

We were short-handed for 72-footer. There were only four crew members onboard, Joe, Brenda, Ben, and myself. I am an artist who has sailed mostly in fair weather with Joe on our 20-footer and on several bareboat vacations. Joe, a nautical engineer, has sailed from Bermuda to Rhode Island twice, and has had racing experience on small boats. Ben, an advertising executive/environmentalist, was our most experienced sailor. He has delivered many boats and has sailed on several ocean passages (i.e. across the Atlantic to Greece). Ben owns a Herreshoff H28. Brenda, our cook and a soap opera star from "One Life To Live," has only sailed once before on a calm day sail to Martha's Vineyard.

*Brenda must have thought we were in for some calm sailing because before we left she asked, "You don't think it will get too rough do you?"*

## LOG BOOK ENTRIES

### **DAY ONE January 7th, 2:30PM (Departure)**

Well this is it! This is really it! New York City harbor is filled with glittering fantasy. The sparkling lights of the Big Apple encircle us and I am consumed with excitement. Our course is heading 130 degrees southeast of New York City - straight for the open ocean.

The lights slowly diminish behind us, and in front lies the vast Atlantic, stoking our dreams and expectations. The Statue of Liberty bids us farewell, as she stands stark against the orange sky. Slowly as the sky darkens into night, the stars light our way led by Orion towering above our masthead, guiding us toward Panama.

### **DAY TWO January 8th**

The weather has deteriorated steadily since we left Manhattan. We have spent the past 33 hours getting accustomed to our duties, each other and the increasing roll of our vessel beneath us.

The boat is rolling and pitching in rapidly increasing intensity as the waves gradually swell like rising loaves of bread killing the autopilot with their wetness.

We are getting used to our daily watches, which are three hours on, and six hours off. I assist Joe on his watches with steering, and navigating. We are getting up at all hours of the night and someone is always sleeping during

the day on his or her off-watch hours. We are tired, wet, dirty, cold, and sick, yet we all still feel excited to be living life to the fullest.

Brenda, Joe and I are freezing and wearing as much clothing as possible to keep warm. We are becoming so battered from being thrown around the boat, that bruises seem to blossom before our eyes on our shrouded skins.

Trying to get her sea legs, Brenda fell down the companionway and I feared she had broken her back. She lay on the floor in pain for a few minutes but gradually was able to move. With relief, we concluded that she had only bruised her tailbone. I, as the designated "ship's doctor", administered Tylenol and sympathy.

### **DAY THREE January 9th**

I awoke to our battle with mountainous 30-40 foot seas as we crossed the Gulf Stream. The WAVE DANCER repeatedly slams down from the top of each wave then rises again like a bucking bronco in slow motion. Buckets of freezing water spill below through improperly sealed hatches. Waves tower over our ship with lightning bolts so close, we can feel the heat on our faces.

*I learn that this is WAVE DANCER 'S maiden voyage from her birthing shipyard and many things had not been tested or completed such as the hatch seals.*

*Oh, calm warm weather, be not far away! I prayed!*

We find ourselves 600 miles east of New York City - too far out for radio contact. No ships are in sight. The crew would prefer to stay closer to land but there is no way to change Captain Bob D. 's course or mind. A hired weatherman (who was told we were leaving from Nantucket) charted this course! A course that has taken us way out to sea and way out of our way! It would be difficult to re-chart a new course, as there is a lacking in manual navigational equipment on board such as charts, triangle, strait edge, navigation tables, dividers, and only one pencil!

*God forbid we lose our electronic navigational devices! Captain Bob D. designated Joe as "navigator," AFTER we left. Had Joe known this beforehand, he would have been more prepared.*

Joe and Ben are constantly up on deck changing or adjusting sails. I mostly help from the cockpit due to orders from Joe. The rough weather is endless. The guys have worked through the night remaining on deck for over 15 hours. Everyone is exhausted. Tonight, I shine a flashlight on the guys up forward during a rough sail change. It is pitch black. I can barely keep my footing to keep the flashlight shinning on them. Waves wash on deck above their knees, filling the cockpit. The boat pitches and rolls then slams down off of each wave, repeatedly knocking us off of our feet. At one point, Ben fell and caught the lifeline with his armpits. Had he fallen overboard we never would have seen him again. The waves are so high that a person would be lost from sight immediately. Also, this sailing machine could never be turned around in time, to save someone. I brought the harnesses up on deck, but Captain Bob D. will not allow the men to wear them despite my pleas. I am fearful for their lives.

Captain Bob D. has become a rogue of the sea, screaming profanities constantly at his crew. He can instill the fear of death in you, with one angry glance. He can give a look that says "I could kill you in one second".

The rougher the weather gets, the wilder and happier he becomes. Captain Bob D. is in his element, commanding his vessel through the turbulent sea. The guys cower in front of this domineering male figure. Like a child seeking approval from an unyielding self-serving parent, they scramble to meet his every request no matter how insane. Every constant sailing maneuver, no matter how small, becomes a psychological game. This is Captain Bob D. 's way. His power casts a spell over the men who have become like hypnotized zombies, afraid to fuel Captain Bob D. 's anger and ever eager to please him.

*It felt like being in a small room with a murderer holding a gun. We all behaved.*

#### **DAY FOUR January 10th**

The waves seem even bigger today. It is like looking up at the face of a water mountain towering over you as you somehow ride up it, then rush down a water rollercoaster on the other side.

The entire boat shudders as we drop off of each crest and slam into the trough. Our 16-ton keel resonates loudly inside the centerboard box, with each slam. The cable holding the keel in place is damaged. I am told if the keel comes loose it would crack the hull. And if it falls out, we will turn turtle instantly (like Mike Plant's fate – a circumnavigator who lost his life this way). Most boats of this size do not have centerboard keels because of the mechanical difficulty of attaching such a heavy weight securely to the bottom of a boat.

*My mind fixates on this 16-ton piece of lead swinging loose down below.*

The crew have become close friends. Things I used to take for granted are now luxuries such as: sleep, food, tea, rest, showers and clean clothes. Below has become an endless slumber party with sleeping bags and foul weather gear thrown about. The varnished mahogany floor is wet and slippery from the water leaking through the hatches. We sleep in the middle of the day and are wide-awake in the middle of the night. Days and nights have become one.

*We are sea creatures now and this boat is our ecosystem.*

### **GETTING TO KNOW THE CREW**

Ben, Brenda, Joe and I joke together, comparing our group to the Gilligan's Island characters. Ben is Little Buddy-Gilligan, Brenda naturally is the movie star, Ginger, I am Mary Anne and Joe is the Professor. We all fit our characters, except for Captain Bob D., who is not congenial enough to be the Skipper.

Brenda, as one would expect of a soap opera star, is beautiful, full of life and has great aspirations. She often unknowingly entertains us with her wealth of interesting facts and comical antics. For example, she is learning Spanish and is often seen with her headphones on, oblivious to our dangerous situation. This irritates Captain Bob D., as he resents her ability to "tune him out". Brenda came up with our code name for Captain Bob D. . "El Pero Negro". She can be counted on to lighten the mood. One time she was given a salt-water shower in her pajamas while standing under a hatch at the wrong time. She somehow manages to cook delectables (which we enjoy when we can eat) in a galley that moves like a roller coaster.

*Existence down below in the WAVE DANCER is like being entombed inside a mechanical bull.*

Brenda manages to make the Captain's favorite sustenance on the gimbaled stove: a pot of gruel (barley, oats, vinegar and oil). One time as Brenda and I cleaned up the galley we put the garbage food scraps in a bowl to toss over board. It consisted of: old tortellini pesto, Raisin Bran in sour milk, carrots and other unknowns. As Brenda went past the Captain in the cockpit to toss the contents overboard, she heard his crusty voice say, "What's that?" "Don't toss that. It is good food and I'll eat it". Throw a little oil and vinegar in there." With amusement, we watch him eat the garbage food scraps with his Viking utensils he had made. His spoon and fork are about 3 inches wide (all hand forged) with large rough wooden handles. His knife is quite large, and is always strapped with an old rope across his chest. He ritually eats out of his large wooden bowl, which he also handmade and uses an oversized mug for his grog. He often wipes his mouth on his filthy sleeve as he eats.

*Only a horned Viking helmet would complete this picture!*

Captain Bob D. sometimes entertained us with yarns. He had one about a large redheaded Viking woman named Frittah who was so tough she frightened the Eskimos away by sharpening a knife on her large bare breasts.

Ben, our first mate, is not only an excellent sailor, but he is bright, and witty. When not scrambling all over the boat performing heroic sailing duties, he entertains us with sailing shanties or environmental concerns, such as the over-development of Florida. Ben has written scripts for Paul Newman about this growing environmental problem.

Joe our navigator and ship's engineer tends to the ship's many electronics, which need constant adjustments. He too, is an excellent sailor. Because Joe has been an employee of Captain Bob D. for years at his shipyard, he developed a shield against being mentally controlled by him. This shield however, is wearing down, as everyone is getting worn out.

I wear several hats, crewing (often steering or working a winch) or as sous-chef in the galley. As the "ship's doctor", I administer to Ben's and Joe's throbbing hands cut by the sandpaper rough sails. Joe cannot sleep at night due to his painful hands. I am quiet, mostly because I am praying for our safety, and I am somewhat in shock. Although I have been trying to learn all that I can about open ocean sailing, I am now having second thoughts as to Joe's and my owning a large sailboat someday.

### **DAY FIVE January 11th**

The boat is still alive with motion. Last night at 3:00AM a squall hit us so hard, it took all hands on deck to get the sails down. It was pitch black. The rain pelted us. Lightning flashed around us and the thunder deafened our ears. The port side railing of the boat was constantly submerged. Joe and Ben were hanging off the boomkin trying to lower the mizzen. (The boom kin is like a bowsprit only it is at the stern of the boat and the mizzen is a small aft sail.) I feared for their lives. The Captain again overruled my pleas for them to use the safety harnesses. Brenda put her hand on my shoulder to comfort me as I helplessly shined my flashlight on the men hanging off of the stern, knowing that any second could so easily be their last.

*Each lightning bolt eerily illuminated Captain Bob D.. He was animated like a wild beast attacking a kill. The rain whipped off of his cracked face and his evil grin flashed through his yellow teeth. His steel blue eyes were wild like a rabid animal. He had truly become a "beast of the sea". We began to refer to him as the "Black Sea-Wolf".*

The Bulletproof Storm Trysail blew out today. Earlier the Kevlar mainsail was torn when a jibe raked it across the raised steel centerboard shaft. *Black Sea-Wolf's* curses split the air like lightening bolts. We can no longer use the main sail and only a jib remains. We do not have the necessary items onboard to repair the torn sails.

*I long for calm water! This mantra repeats over and over in my mind like a broken record.*

### **DAY SIX January 12th**

After not seeing another boat for five days, a tanker appeared on the horizon. I hail them on the VHF radio and a friendly male Greek voice answered. Through him I sent a message home to my father. Brenda and Ben got a good laugh out of my novice use of radio talk; trying to spell my father's name, "Rentsch": R is for Red, E is for Egg etc.. The tanker had the radio license necessary to make a long distance call or to send a telegram. Our Captain never registered so we were unable to send messages ourselves.

This evening I dreamed my father was on board. He was standing in the center of the main cabin looking at me with concerned eyes. He said he was praying for me and the crew and said that we would be OK. He also urged me to have my survival gear ready. (My father is an expert in survival gear. He has invented a survival suit and other items that are used on life rafts.) At my dad's urging, Joe and I brought three survival suits; a survival kit and we insisted that there be an Emergency Position Indicator Beacon (EPIRB) onboard before leaving.

*The EPIRB was purchased just hours before departure and I was comforted knowing it was on board.*

Ben found a children's book on board today titled "*Journey into a Black Hole*". It sounds like our trip! We all had a good laugh. Brenda summed it all up by saying "*I feel like we are in an action adventure movie being played in fast motion.*"

### **DAY SEVEN January 13th**

Much to our displeasure the day revealed that it is STILL blowing like hell outside. The bad weather never seems to end. Everyone's nerves are razor sharp. The wind is howling with gusts clocked at 80 knots! Hurricane force winds! I find myself praying a lot. I have visions of a rogue wave knocking us down. We have been sailing ten knots for the past 18 hours on bare poles! The ocean is filling the cockpit with every wave. Joe can barely control the boat. The crew is frightened. Even Black Sea-Wolf seems concerned, especially because of the damaged keel. Joe had to peel his fingers from the wheel after his watch. Everyone is dog-tired and we do not think we can take much more of this.

*We have become like the Flying Dutchman, destined to sail the black oceans forever.*

Several times while on watch with Joe at night, I find myself sitting on the large winch, protected under the Bimini (awning). I find myself sink into deep sadness whenever I sit there - a lonely feeling on a lonely winch.

If we make it home alive, I will be a changed person. I have come to a crossroad in my life and this trip has made it clear which way I am to turn. If we make it through, I will have much more appreciation for normal day to day living. Knowing that I may die makes me realize that the one thing I am missing in my life is a child. I want to live for this child.

### **DAY EIGHT January 14th**

After another rough night, the morning revealed quieter winds of only 30-40 knots. Unfortunately they are blowing from the South West our direct course to San Salvador. Brenda was able to convince *Black Sea-Wolf* to make a stop in the islands. How she ever talked him into this, we don't know, but we suspect it has much to do with her gender as well as the condition of the boat. Captain Black Sea-Wolf can be a seasoned Casanova with women, but men he makes feel like sons who are never "good enough".

Today we have mutiny on our minds. Our course to San Salvador is dead into the wind. To keep our speed up, the Black Sea-Wolf is steering off course towards North Florida! He is possessed with speed and nothing can convince him to the contrary. He goes for the gusto by putting up as much sail as possible for the fastest and roughest ride possible.

WAVE DANCER is fast. She can easily reach 16 knots. We could have made several long tacks and actually had a relatively calm sail, something we all desperately need. But, no one wants to confront *Black Sea-Wolf* and risk his wrath. So we continue our wild ride. We are so close to land that we are all holding our breaths that our captain will not torment us by sailing by. It is as if he wanted to sail on forever.

I am able to steer the boat often today. Steering is my favorite part of crewing. It is a powerful and exciting feeling, having your hands on the wheel, feeling the strength of the boat beneath you as it dances through the waves.

*It is a relief to know the situation is becoming more controllable. Or so we thought...*

I look behind me at the black twister on the horizon heading strait for us with a marching band of black clouds behind it. "*THERE IS A FUNNEL CLOUD ON THE HORIZON!*" I cry as the guys are quickly jump up on deck to take down what is left of our sails to "hove-to" (stay put to ride out the storm). Thank God *Black Sea-Wolf* is in agreement this time. Desperately the guys try to raise the damaged keel. It will not budge which is frightening. The damaged keel should not be left down to swing freely with the rough weather approaching!

Brenda and I cannot visualize either the keel or ourselves making it this time, so we prepare to abandon ship by packing a survival duffel bag. My Dad taught me to be prepared, to have a plan. He had already stocked our survival bag with the *Captains Guide to Survival in a Life Raft*, a medical kit, fishing lures and line, water containers, space blankets (they act as radar reflectors) etc. Brenda and I add food, flashlight, batteries, tools and water.

*Thank you Dad for teaching me about survival! I lament.*

Brenda comically asks me, "We aren't going to sink right away are we? Do we have time to drink rum Toddies?" The ridiculousness of her question causes us to laugh like giddy children. The boat rolls drastically and I slide across the slimy floor and crash so hard into the wall, I believe my tailbone is broken.

*Brenda and I now have matching bruised butts.*

As the twister hits, the boat lurches and the keel bangs against the hull sounding like a very loud clang heard from the inside of a large bell. My heart pounds. Reality quickly brings us back to the danger at hand.

We try to connect the battery in the EPIRB. It is too hard to open so we throw it in the survival bag as is, hoping if we need it; one of the guys can do it. The three survival suits onboard are packed. If it comes to that, we will have to draw straws as to who will use them. There is a life raft on deck, but Joe said it is lashed down so tightly, that it will take about 15 minutes to cut loose.

With peril at our door step and terror in our hearts, we ride out the storm hove to. The squall rages into the night, but finally passes in the early morning hours. The skies clear to reveal endless stars. It takes my breath away.

## **DAY NINE January 15th**

My exhaustion was calmed with relief, as joy filled my spirit and the day gradually metamorphosed into paradise. We have sailed approximately 1800 miles. The Bahamas are just ahead.

Under blue skies and on azure seas, the crew is celebrating by enjoying a well-deserved day of exhilarating sailing in light 15-knot breezes. The crew worships the Sun, by taking salt-water showers, putting on clean clothes and cleaning up the boat.

*Thank you, God! We made it! Being out here in a sea that is finally calm gives me immense joy. My prayers are answered.*

Captain Black Sea-Wolf seems to hate calm weather and sneers at our joyfulness. The wilder the ocean the happier and wilder *Black Sea-Wolf* becomes. He is in a dark mood sulking and growling down below. He is furious that we changed our course. He will not talk to us and he throws things around in anger. He is about to explode (or implode). He is so angry now that the aluminum hull is melting under his heat. We all remain up on deck to stay clear of the Black Sea-Wolf.

## **THE HEALING DOLPHINS**

Suddenly, Brenda cries "DOLPHINS! A welcoming party of dolphins has appeared, leaping joyously along side of our vessel.

A good friend and solo circumnavigator wrote a song that captures this experience. Here is a passage to help me explain what I was feeling:

*"... When the dolphins appear suddenly in the crests of the waves, three to six leaping in unison. How easily they exist without any thought of time. Never to arrive. Just to stay. No hurry to be anywhere. Just be playful in*

*the crests and troughs. Delighted to be with their friends. Catapulting together. Dancing. Cruising so fast. Shifting starboard to port. Under my bow from my stern. Joy fills my being, for there is love. Love in demonstration. Perfect love. Being in harmony with every essence of their surroundings. Peace floods my soul. I am free from anger and fear. I am quieted. Continuing on. Refreshed. No longer tired. My opportunity to live in the moment at sea does close. Now my task is to live in love and peacefully complete amidst the commotion and dynamics of humanity..."*

Brenda and I are mesmerized watching the dolphins play, and we communicate with them, with our "oohs" and "ahhs" and smiles. They look us in the eye and listen to our voices. On the bow of the boat and watch from above as they play in our bow wake, I can almost touch them as I reach out. A sense of peace and joy comes over me and floods my soul.

*It is a spiritual experience heightened by the storm we left behind.*

I move to the side of the boat where I can be closer. One particular dolphin caught my eye. She was beautiful, wise and seemed all knowing. I looked into her soulful liquid eye and it felt like the world stood still in that moment. Time stopped. It was as if she was scanning my soul and knew me inside and out. She understood my pain, acknowledged my beauty (as one of God's creatures) and with total unconditional love she sent me a message. It was a transference of knowledge and I was transformed in that moment. It was more than that, it was like a rebirth. An epiphany. It happened instantaneously (but seeped into me slowly over time). This experience changed my life forever in a magical way.

I awoke the next day and my thoughts were flooded with images of the dolphins. When I closed my eyes I could see white dolphins playing in my mind's eye. It was a knowing I had inside me. I could understand in the depth of my soul that I was changed in a profound way. I had been living in a depressed state for years. I needed to change to be happier and live a more positive life. And by doing this I would be helping others and our world.

Olivia de Bergerac, a scientist who studies human contact with dolphins, in her book *"The Dolphin Within"* explains the experience I had. She shows that many other people have had this happen to them when they encountered dolphins, and it has changed their life for the better. Here is a passage from her book that describes what I encountered and felt:

*"The power of dolphins as therapists is that they are beyond human, they do not need to talk or ask questions, they just know. They have the power to look in your eye, make contact as a high intelligence and "zap" you with energy before going away. I had a long eye contact with a wild dolphin, which stayed face to face with me. She stayed there looking into my eyes for what seemed like an eternity (time stops when a dolphin looks at you). As she looked at me I had the feeling she understood everything about me. She was acknowledging my pain and my beauty, and I was acknowledging her intelligence and presence."*

When the dolphin looked me in the eye she opened a door to new possibilities and opportunities inside of me. She showed me a way out of a sad place. She gave me the knowledge that I had a choice. I could chose to stay sad and die emotionally, or I could chose to live and grow spiritually and bring her message to the world. The dolphin's message is to live harmoniously with others and within yourself. Make choices that bring you happiness. We are capable of living a peaceful existence if we chose to do so. And to also love and take care of our world, especially the oceans.

John Denver conveys the dolphin's message in his song Calypso:

"To search for the answers to questions unknown.

To be part of a movement.



Part of the Growing.

Part of beginning to understand.

~

Like the Dolphins who guides you.

You bring us beside you.

Light up the darkness and show us the way.

Although we are strangers in your silent world.

To live on the land we must learn from the sea.

To be true as the tide.

Free as the wind swell.

Joyful and loving,

in letting it be.”

## EPILOG

After my experience with the dolphins, I started thinking about them all the time. For a long time afterward when I closed my eyes I would see white dolphins. They have become my angels and I have been doing art about dolphins and mermaids and the sea ever since.

A year later I was visiting the islands where my Mom resided. There I sat on the veranda looking out at sea absentmindedly playing with a piece of clay. My undergraduate degree is in sculpture so with this interest, I had visited an English sculptor earlier that day named Robert Humphreys. He gave me clay from England to try out. As I chatted with my family I looked down and saw I was creating a dolphin. I completed my hand held sculpture and my sister suggested that I cast it. So when I got home to the states I did just that.

Soon afterward, I gave the dolphins to family and friends. People started to come back to me to say that they felt positive energy from the dolphins and that amazing good things were happening to them. People were feeling more confident and more positive. Others felt peaceful from the dolphins or a sense of connection with a loved one who gave them the dolphin. Others who were sick or feeling emotional pain felt better having the dolphin to touch and remind them of the good in life.

## TESTIMONIALS

The dolphin sculptures somehow channel the dolphin's message to live in peace and harmony and spread good energy into the world. Here are a few testimonials from people who have received the dolphins and heard their message:

*“I will always be grateful for my Dolphin! It became a positive symbol of good things to come and truly, I believe, brought good things my way. I always keep it with me”.* Richard Corina.

*“I brought my dolphin with me to visit my family in Kentucky. I have always had a hard time when I go back home. There are many issues in my family. This time the dolphin in my pocket helped me tremendously. It was the best trip home I have ever had. Whenever I felt down, I simply reached in my pocket and touched my dolphin. It gave me the strength I needed to put the bad times behind me and the love ahead of me.”* Susanne Childer.

*“After receiving my dolphin, my grandson would always ask for it. I gave it to him and now he takes it everywhere with him.” Anita Redlich.*

*“My granddaughter wanted my dolphin so I gave it to her. She now uses it as her good luck piece. After my son Paul passed away, I got another dolphin which I carry with me always.” Ruth Brandeis.*

*“I met Bonnie at a time when my father’s health was in decline due to a stroke. Having explained this to her, she showed me her bronze dolphins of which she gave me one to pass on to my dad.*

*I used to share my dolphin stories with my father when I was out to sea. Through my years at sea I have experienced sailing with dolphins many times. The first time was on a research vessel out of Woods Hole with port lights below the water line in the bow. I was able to watch and wonder at the dolphins swimming in the bow wake from below the surface. Since that time many years ago in a variety of oceans whenever the dolphins appear a call to all hands is sung out. The crew watch in awe with a sincere sense of peace that the dolphins bring.*

*I brought the dolphin to my dad when he was in the hospital and placed it in his hand. This brought a smile to his face as he remembered my stories of dolphins. He held the dolphin until the end. Before he was buried, I placed the dolphin in his hand where it is today. Bonnie later gave me another dolphin which, now when I hold it in my hand, I feel a connection with my father.” Captain Tom Bradford.*

The dolphins awakened something deep inside of me to take “right action” in my life, and with this message from the dolphins I have moved forward to a new and more positive life. They remind me to take part in God’s plan in other words to keep “on course”.

The dolphins are crying out for help from humans for our world, for us to live harmoniously with each other and our environment. They especially need us to take care of our oceans. For this reason, I have given revenues from the sale of these dolphins to several organizations that help sea mammals and the oceans. For example, The Dolphin Research Center, The National Marine Life Center, Youth 4 Oceans, Dolphin Care and the Jacques Cousteau Society.

Many people have received these dolphin sculptures when they have needed the dolphins’ energy in someway. I am eternally thankful to the dolphins. These wonderful beings that have helped me, and many people with their wisdom and magic.

I pray that the “Dolphin’s Cause” is perpetuated through these “Healing Dolphins” and that they bring good things to you.

All Good Things,

Bonnie Blue.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO THE WAVE DANCER

The WAVE DANCER ended up in Rum Cay Bahamas. The engine was dead and the WAVE DANCER was stranded.

I found a pilot to fly us home. I did not want to stay another second around Captain *Black Sea-Wolf*. An engineer was flown in with the engine parts to help repair the WAVE DANCER.

The rest of the crew brought WAVE DANCER to Fort Lauderdale, they tried to anchor one night but the anchors designed and built by The *Black Sea-Wolf* did not work well in sand and they dragged three times causing the WAVE DANCER to go aground. By raising the keel they were able to get free.

At one point they were stalked by the Bahamian Coast Guard. *Black Sea-Wolf* got so mad that he tried to ram the Coast Guard vessel. He missed but barraged them with profanities.

**We learned that we had sailed through a Nor'easter which was the worse storm to hit the New Jersey shore since a 1962 hurricane! It caused much damage inland that was worse than a Hurricane, which had recently hit the East Coast.**

I later found out that the WAVE DANCER was not grounded against lightning. I am SO glad I did not know this while onboard!

The WAVE DANCER limped into Fort Lauderdale a week later with a list of repairs that was nine pages long!

Joe and I divorced a year later after 13 years of marriage. Brenda had a beautiful girl child. I am told that this trip was pivotal in her decision to have a child. I never did have a child but, I realize that the child within me needed nurturing as did others around me. It was not Gods plan for me. Doing my art was his plan and I am content to follow this path. I never heard from Ben again, but, I am sure he has continued to fight for the environment, especially the Florida everglades.

Recently, I met Captain Bob D.'s (A.K.A. The Black Sea Wolf) daughter Barbara. She is a beautiful spirit who dances and brings much joy to many people through her dance and her inspiration to others. Bob D. passed away a few years ago and the WAVEDANCER has never sailed again.

A nice old man we met on Rum Cay summed it all up when he said: "**Calm always follows an ill wind.**"