

TRAVEL BRIEFS

TRAVEL PEOPLE

Couple set sail along friendly Baja

Sharon B. Drechsler owns a public relations firm in Scottsdale. She and her husband, Dick, divide their time between Scottsdale and S/Y Last Resort on the Pacific Coast.

By Sharon B. Drechsler
SPECIAL FOR THE REPUBLIC

Together with another couple, my husband and I pilot our 47-plus-foot sailboat, Last Resort, out of the Coral Hotel and Marina in Ensenada, Mexico, beginning a 10-day, 300-mile trek southeast along Mexico's Pacific coastline.

We see barely a soul during the four-day journey following Baja California's deserted, rocky shores until we reach Turtle Bay.

What a great day to arrive in this pueblo of fewer than 1,000 people. This day is *La Día de las Madres* — Mother's Day.

A cheerful, yellow restaurant balances tenuously over the water's edge. Owner Delores greets us with an apology — the restaurant is closed for the holiday. Nevertheless, she sends a relative to buy a case of beer and sets huge slices of sheet cake before us.

We devour butter-rich cake, drink more than our share of Pacifico, dance to

a marimba beat and laugh like family.

On our last evening at anchor in a deserted bay during our return sail, we hail a lone fishing skiff carrying three, yellow-mackintosh-clad fishermen scurrying home from the outer waters. One of them struggles to hold the tossing boat off from our rail, its peeling paint threatening our spotless white fiberglass in the chop.

We lower a bucket over the side into which they deposit a beautiful yellow-



Above: Sharon and Dick Drechsler of Scottsdale aboard their sailboat, the Last Resort. Left: Three Baja fishermen refuse payment for a yellowtail tuna caught less than an hour earlier.

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home for us, giving us part of their livelihood as a gift and left with broad smiles. "*Via con Dios*," we yell as their outboard kicks into gear. We are rewarded with broad grins that go with us all the way back to Ensenada.

tail tuna. Immediately, they push off, refusing payment of any kind. They considerably paddle a few feet from our boat, before starting their motor.

We feel hugely in their debt. They had had a long day, working in the cold in a small, pitching boat. Yet, they altered their course

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