



Dreams of sailing in paradise are As we labored in suspended animation, fashioned from hope and fancy, but waiting for our property to sell, turning those dreams into reality is sailing seemed faraway, perhaps even tedious labor. I know this, because Chip unattainable. To rekindle our hope on and I struggled for five years trying to gray days at the office, Chip would call breathe life into our cruising dreams.

house and business, liquidate our land watch it again. life and sail away, we were blindsided times.

me over to watch online footage of a magical (maybe mythical?) place called And just when we were ready to sell our Warderick Wells. And then we would

by the worst economic disaster of our So today, as we motored into this 3D rendition of a blurry YouTube video, of shocking turquoise water. We had us. One was tame enough to light on an reached the confluence of dreaming outstretched hand as if we were Snow and reality and were about to discover White and the three dwarves. the difference.

we were not just entering a crescent birds flew right into the cockpit beside

Cara Mia hovers in water so clear that As we tied up to a mooring ball, the four we can see individual blades of turtle of us gathered like excited schoolchil- grass growing on the white sand 15 feet dren as a 7-foot nurse shark came right down. Peering over the edge of the boat, up to the boat to greet us, or so it seemed. I can see my reflection on the surface Not to be outdone, tiny, yellow-chested and my shadow on the sand far below.



INTHESTREAM

Forty yards away the uninhabited island islands back. We have invited new friends, curly tailed lizards. The island's limestone for their kiteboards. embrace shields us from the raucous Exuma Sound just beyond.

For our daughter Casey, this Bahamian for the close of day. visit is our gift to her for realizing her own dream, a bachelor's degree in French The sinking sun has tamed the lagoon, turquoise water.

freaked me out."

She is putting words to our common same as the dream, and I was right. experience here: stunned by the grandeur and beauty that surrounds us in this The reality is so much better. remote, unsullied paradise that can only be reached by private boat or plane.

At the close of our first day here, we dinghy to a white beach a few yards off our starboard bow for cocktails with Yannick and Evelyn, French friends we met a few

at the heart of the Exuma Land & Sea two young brothers from Philadelphia, park waits to be explored, a sprawling who spend every spring sailing in search playground for our sealegs and skittering, of waves for their surfboards and wind

> The golden glow of sunset calms our chatter and draws us to the water's edge

completed just one month ago. I watch turning its bright pallette into achingly as she and her boyfriend Remi paddle up soft pastels, and as the last rays disappear, next to our boat in a neon pink kayak, a the mellow peal of a conch horn wafts riotous swath of pink against the vibrant across the glassy water. So what have we got over here?

"A huge ray just swam right under I believed that my old dreams of me!" she says to me. "Actually it kind of sailing were vivid and fanciful, that my imagination was overly rich and detailed. I feared that the reality would not be the

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