



# WAYPOINTS

ON DECK: *Idyll Time's* Great Loop :: Kadey-Krogen Hull Construction :: Northeast Liveaboards :: Krogen 48' AE Debut

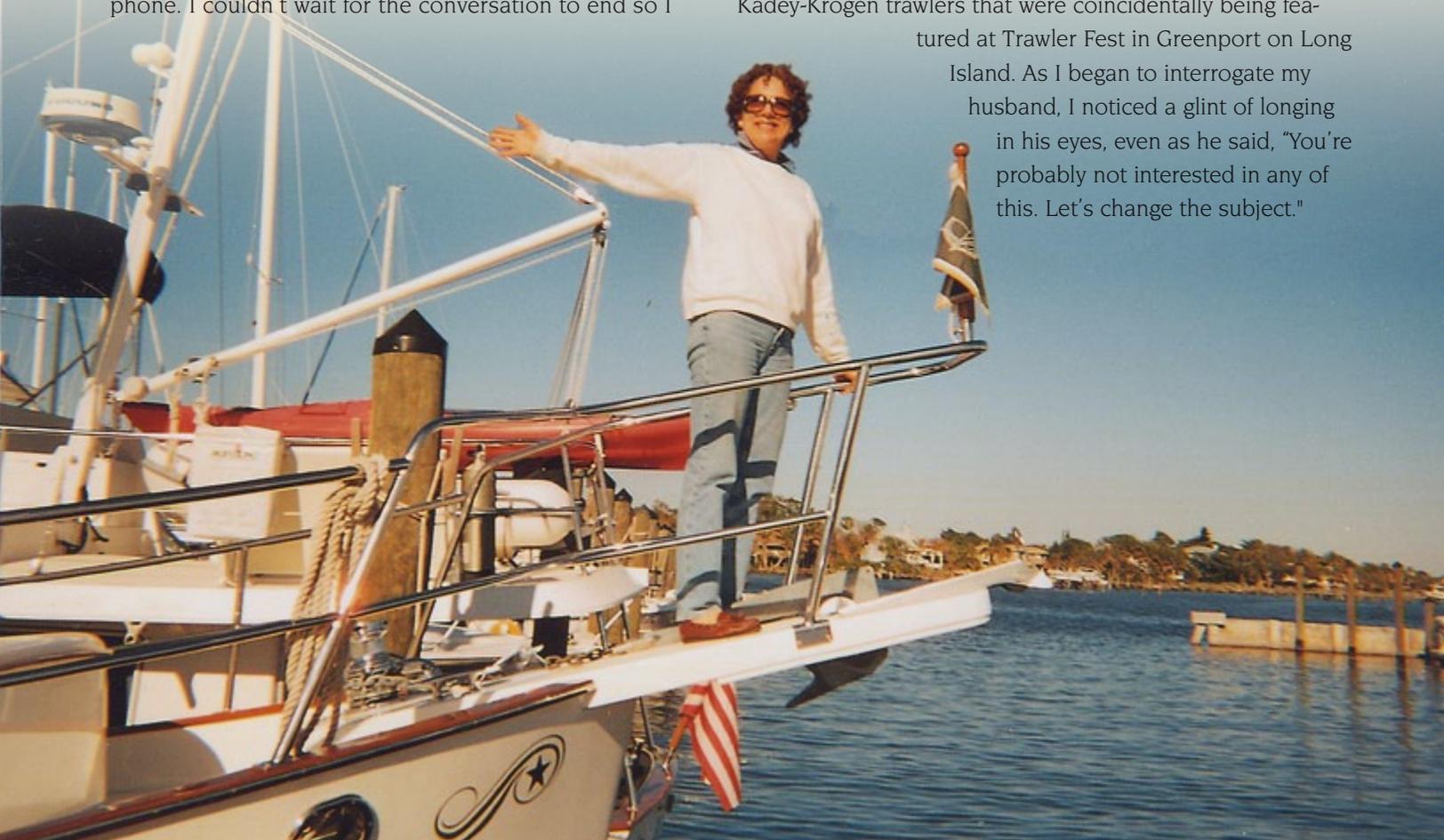
## If Not Now, When? By Bunnie Eccleston

*It wasn't very long ago that Bunnie Eccleston knew next to nothing about boats, especially trawlers, until the day she stepped aboard a Kadey-Krogen and fell in love. She and husband Tom took ownership of Krogen 39' For Us during a season when their daughter was graduating law school and getting married, not to mention that the cranky economy had deterred many people from big purchases. Bunnie and Tom have been so indescribably happy with their Krogen experience that they've commissioned the first new Krogen 48' AE. The adventure continues....*

I can still remember the day in mid-June 2009 that the word "boat" first crept into my vocabulary. It was an ordinary day in what was shaping up to be an extraordinary year. Well, not such an ordinary day since I was actually home, sitting next to my husband Tom on the couch in our den. He was on the phone and I was doing a crossword puzzle when I heard words like "hull, keel, full-displacement etcetera" emanate from his side of the phone. I couldn't wait for the conversation to end so I

could (casually) ask, "Are you talking about a boat?" After a pause, my husband (even more casually) said he was talking to a person from whom we had purchased several ship models. Apparently he and this person had been discussing boats for some time and if I had spent more than ten minutes in my den that month, I would have been privy to some mighty interesting discussions.

As it turns out, they were discussing trawlers, specifically Kadey-Krogen trawlers that were coincidentally being featured at Trawler Fest in Greenport on Long Island. As I began to interrogate my husband, I noticed a glint of longing in his eyes, even as he said, "You're probably not interested in any of this. Let's change the subject."



*“I kept trying to catch my husband’s eye to urge him to pull out the checkbook and buy one on the spot.”*

Anyone who knows me knows that subjects don’t get changed unless I want them changed.

I decided to reassure my husband that he really doesn’t know me after 38 years of marriage by offering to take the day off to go to Trawler Fest with him. ‘Where is a camera when you really need one?’ I thought as I watched his jaw drop. Score one for women!

We headed out to Greenport the following week both as excited as children on Christmas morning. Although Trawler Fest wouldn’t officially open until the next day, Greg Sapp of Kadey-Krogen Yachts invited us to come out anyway to tour a Krogen 44’ and Krogen 48’ North Sea that had just been brought up from Maryland. The minute we arrived, good things started to happen. We found a parking place directly in front of Starbucks, which is right across the street from Mitchell Park Marina where Trawler Fest was being set up. We found our way to Greg and the two Kadey-Krogens.

That’s when the love fest began! As I reverently stepped onto the Krogen 44’, my eyes began to pop as I took in the teak “porch” and weather-tight aft doors. Those eyes nearly fell out as I entered the saloon and saw the woodwork, galley appliances, fabrics and overall beauty of that space. By the time I completed my tour, I was solidly in love.

Greg then invited me to tour the Krogen 48’. Love turned to ecstasy. I kept trying to catch my husband’s eye to urge him to pull out the checkbook and buy one on the spot. I finally was able to whisper to him, “Get me one, now.”

Daughter Christina’s wedding day was soon after her graduation from law school



Tom and Bunnie on the flybridge

By this time, Greg was onto the excitement and realized we were not casual visitors. Once we were able to drag ourselves off the boats and let Greg come up for air, the planning began. The following weeks were filled with a flurry of phone calls and the house was permeated with nautical terms, previously a foreign language to me.

Remember how I mentioned that this was not an ordinary year for us? Well the month before Trawler Fest, our daughter, Christina, graduated from law school. The month after Trawler Fest, she sat for the New York Bar admission exam for two grueling days (for all of us) at the end of July, followed by my husband’s birthday. The next week, the ladies of the family and friends honored her at a bridal shower and she was married at Oheka Castle in a grand ceremony on September 26! Now remember, while all this is going on, my husband and I are trying to get aboard two Krogen 39’s—one in Greenport and one closer by in Cold Spring Harbor. As it turned out, the only day we could see the Krogen 39’ in Cold Spring Harbor was my daughter’s bridal shower, so my husband went alone. That night while I was trying to tell him how pretty the room looked and how delicious the cupcakes were, he kept interrupting to tell me how gorgeous that boat was and how perfect it would be for us as an entry level boat.

Lest I mislead you with our apparent inexperience with boats, my husband is a graduate of SUNY Maritime College and as such, pursued a career as an officer aboard oil tankers plying international waters. How could this little trawler instill such awe and trepidation? Because it would be ours, paid for with very hard earned and wisely invested money, that’s why!

The Cold Spring Harbor trip led to our next adventure. Greg located the owner of a late 2005 Krogen 39’ in North Carolina who was selling his

boat. The next thing I knew, we were flying to North Carolina to meet the owner, the marine surveyor and perhaps the newest addition to our family at Wrightsville Beach. Tom and I boarded a flight to Wilmington, North Carolina, on a sunny Friday in early October. On Saturday morning, we were introduced to the trawler of my husband's dreams (his dreams since I knew zip about boats, let alone boats that looked like fishing boats). After the marine surveyor completed his tasks, we were invited to board. I must admit, I wasn't overwhelmed with love and fuzzy feelings.

Though it was a Kadey-Krogen, the boat's interior was devoid of any personal touches and rather austere. Where were the shells, lamps, plants and other homey touches I envisioned? Luckily, my eye for fine woodwork and cabinetry took over—those of you who know Kadey-Krogens know what I mean. I was completely thrilled with the warm teak surfaces, storage capacity and overall liveability of the boat. Anxious to get underway, I finally noticed the sky, which was alternately sunny and cloudy.

By the time we were actually ready to leave the dock, the clouds won out. As we made our way towards the inlet, I kept looking over my right shoulder and was dismayed to notice that the clouds had disappeared into a solid metallic-colored sky and oh God, were those lightening flashes? When I tried pointing this out to the oblivious men in the pilot-house (yes, we were all in there since it had begun to rain-hello?), they gleefully assured me that these were the most optimal conditions for a sea trial.

Not to be cast in the role of a simpering woman,

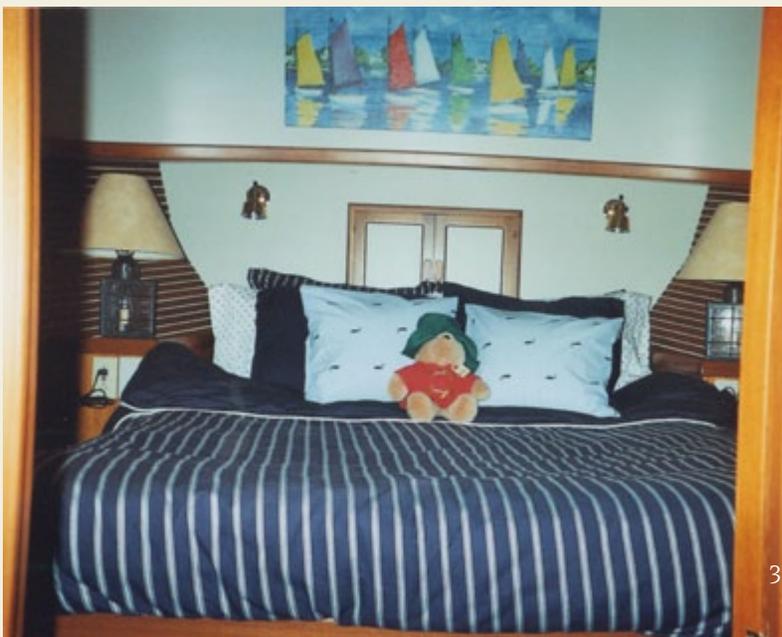


At ease on the aft deck

I bit my tongue and tried not to look at the waves as we entered the ocean. When the waves started to come a bit close to the top of the railing, I poked my husband's ribs (jabbed is more like it) and insisted on knowing how big those waves really were. When he told me he'd tell me later, a cold sweat broke out on my upper lip. Since I know the difference between a hot flash and impending GI distress, I insisted the Dutch doors of the pilothouse be opened—and right this second.

The men seemed to finally notice me and jumped to obey—they sensed a deal breaker. They also decided at that point that the stabilizers could be turned back on, and the waves turned to the off position. The rest of the trial was uneventful and we wound up accepting the boat that day. I boarded the trawler as a neo-

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Check out [Bunnie Eccleston's blog](#)

phyte, and disembarked (see, I already know the right terms) as a veteran of a stormy sea trial. Now the nail biting began.

The next morning as we were poring over an old chart guide as if it were a map of buried treasure, someone at the next table asked if we owned a boat. Our answer surprised us when we said "Yes, almost." That was the beginning of the realization that we had just taken a hugely important step in our lives. Christina's wedding flowers were still fresh when we took this step. When we got home and told our friends that we were going ahead with the purchase, they looked at us as if we had just sprouted a new set of limbs and asked, "Who buys a boat at the end of the year and in this economy???" That was not the last time we heard variations of this question, always asked with disbelief.

Being responsible adults, we sat ourselves down and discussed the pending purchase. Maybe these friends of ours were right. After all, we had just attended our daughter's law school graduation and wedding within four months of each other—both law school education and wedding paid for in full by yours truly. We were entering an entirely new phase of our lives—as in-laws, and hopefully grandparents down the road. So who buys a boat with all this going on? The financial situation in the world was far from encouraging; our investment statements had lots of minus signs on it, yet we were buying what was clearly a luxury item, for use in our part of the country only half the year.

When we asked ourselves why we were doing this, we said, "Før Us," hence the name of our new boat.

The second question we asked ourselves was, "If not now, when?"

I'm here to tell you that ten months later, we are congratulating ourselves for having gone along with what our hearts led us to do. We have enjoyed our darling *Før Us* more than either of us could imagine. She spent the winter at the Harborage Yacht Club in Stuart where the Kadey-Krogen folks took us under their wing. The best craftspeople worked to make her even more beautiful; experts were across the road, ready and willing to help us with our hundreds of questions and requests. Best of all, we took a trip to live aboard her for a week of every month, December through April, when we finally brought her home.

Though Captain Patti Moore was at the helm for the major part of the voyage north, Tom and I were her "crew" for one glorious week on the Intracoastal Waterway from Stuart to Jacksonville. While in Stuart, we met other Krogenites who offered advice, ideas and shared their wonderful adventures. Though we were sad to leave Stuart, we couldn't wait to bring our girl home. On May 2nd, we stood at the end of the dock in our new marina, jumping up and down and snapping pictures as *Før Us* came home. We are now reunited at home in Huntington on Long Island at West Shore Marina where *Før Us* is surrounded by other loving boat owners. We have been able to thoroughly enjoy this past summer, both dockside and on trips along the north shore of Long Island and south shore of Connecticut. We are looking forward to another season of adventure, new friendships and hours of pure joy aboard.

So I say to you, "If not now, when?"

