

## WIND

Or

### *She who must be obeyed*

(Foredraget af Simon på festaftenen på Rantzausminde)

*It is the Will of the wind whether we go  
It is the will of the wind where we go  
It is the will of the wind how fast we go  
And it is the will of the wind if we get there*

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*The wind is the mistress of our emotions  
It can make you cry, make you smile,  
Encourage you and disappoint you,  
Scare you and delight you*

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*If you go out on a windless summers day  
She will frustrate you, bore you and bake you  
She will be where you are going and where you have been  
BUT rarely where you are*

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*If you go out on a windy winters day  
She will educate you as to how much sail to use  
Too little and she will either taunt you or freeze you  
Too much and she will capsize you*

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### REMEMBER

*It is always better to be ashore wishing you were sailing,  
than to be sailing wishing you were ashore.*

Simon McEvoy

## *A Danish Dawn*

*As the sun rises and gathers its strength  
Shadows define and shorten in length  
The distant throb of the day's first ferry  
Accompanied by the sound of the sea, as Gulls make merry  
The brightness now begins to dazzle  
Giving hope that later we will frazzle*

*The camp site all a clutter  
And tent hung towels flutter  
Whilst multi coloured tents pulsate  
Across the sund, sleek grey turbines rotate  
A quiet yacht sails past  
Disturbed by a RIB going fast  
Moored boats rock & roll  
Watched by a Gull, perched on a pole  
Swifts dart through the air  
And Gulls soar without a care.*

Simon McEvoy

# *The Windy Day*

By: Simon McEvoy

*When Mother Nature demonstrates her one of her forces  
Svendborg sound is covered by herds of galloping white horses  
If the wind blows from the Easterly quarter  
Then Rantzausminde will have water  
The waves build and pound the shore  
Moorings and boats start to war*

*Some hang on, and others fail the test  
A dry suited man wades out to his chest  
Dives in and starts to swim  
To fetch the boats and bring them back in*

*A group of men, with rope in hand  
Pull the boats to the safety of land  
The water rises and the jetty goes under  
We watch in awe at natures wonder*

*Rigging howls and tents get bent  
Hours to go before it is spent  
The wind increases through the night  
And no relief with dawns grey light  
A gust now and then shakes my tent dry  
And fight my way out to retighten a guy*

Simon McEvoy