

## A story blown by the wind

In fact, it is like this that it happened between Portugal and Brittany. In 2008, I took a sailing boat with "Avant-Premières". Thanks to this experience, I found out that I could use the energy of the wind to move on but it was needed to be a good sailor. It was tough, I moved slowly compared to boats with engines which I was used to. Sometime I was optimistic, it was great, the wind was pushing and the boat was flying on the streams. Unfortunately this did not last long, the wind changed direction, reduced, the sea was not kind to my small nut shell, I was desperate. Luckily I was transporting olive oil that I could use to calm down the waves of the sea when it threatened to gobble up my boat. Despite my ingenuity, the bad weather, the opposite winds, the stormy ocean were too strong for me to handle.

One day, I was proposed to be the captain on a great and magnificent yacht full of good seamen. A luxurious confort, strong engines could bring me where I wanted to go, my team was marvelously trained and was making my job very easy. I was not anymore concerned by the opposite winds, the bad weathers or the heavy seas. We tied up in beautiful islands of dreams, everything was joy and happiness. There was a heated swimming pool on the boat, the restaurant was fabulous. I could go on and on, describing how much beautiful was the life on this vessel of dreams. Unfortunately, each coin has two faces. The powerful engines were using a lot of petrol and, polluting the air and the sea. The propellers killed few fishes on the way. Dreaming islands were hiding heavy poverty of the local inhabitants. The staff of the boat were exploited. The sea which looked beautiful was full of waste which will still be there in few thousands years further, just to remind our children that we were dreaming, what a dream if it looked like a nightmare. And worse I was becoming insensitive to the wind. One day the nice yacht had a small engine problem. Suddenly my right eye could not see, I got a cataract. Irony of the fact because I could finally see what was going on. All this lux was a lure, even a poison which was trying to make me becoming dependant of it. I woke up with the start and decided suddenly to leave the luxurious boat, my gold team and all the illusions that were keeping me in this kind of prison with no walls. And then, nothing, only walking days and days on a "camino", the camino of Santiago. Little by little, smiles came on my face, I was starting to hear again the wind singing. It was great to feel its presence, its beauty, its wildness and freedom, to be secured that it will be there for ever.

During the time I was on the dreamful yacht, I gave my small sailing boat "Avant-Premières" to an unskilled sailor. The wind was still strong, trying to push the boat but the unskilled skipper tried as strong as he could to go against it and, finally the poor boat grounded on a rock just at the same moment when I was leaving my yacht. It was a disaster. I could see only from one eye and winds were going against. Maybe the wind had made so much efforts to push the small boat that it felt betrayed.

So, since June 2010, I took up again my little boat as a self-entrepreneur this time. The boat is called "Koad ar Markiz". I am learning again, slowly, shyly, how to talk to the wind and the sea. Not easy to cross the gulf of Gacogne but still there is olive oil on board. I just depend on the wind to move on. A small blow and I go 1 mile further. There are also opposite winds but all have great power which make me always getting closer and closer to Brittany, the place of my ancestors.

I cannot imagine the life without wind ...and the wind is YOU!

Thanks

I did this inspired email because I just updated my internet site (<http://www.avant-premieres.coop/-Eric-LE-QUERE-.html>) and wanted to inform you about it...in case the wind would not know that there is a small boat which depend on it, only on it's breath!

Kenavo,

Eric Le Quéré