

Lost Lunch
By Bob Newbert
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"You're traveling through another dimension, a dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind; a journey into a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination. That's the signpost up ahead—your next stop, the Twilight Zone."

Inspired by Rod Serling, ABCHH Lost Lunchers screwed up our courage to explore an unnamed, uncharted creek in the secretive "Graveyard of Lost Mariners."

Ever mindful of ghost ships like *Octavious*, *Mary Celeste* and *Ourang Medan*, we passed a mysterious shipwreck in hushed silence to honor the souls of those who never returned. To do otherwise, would curse us to a fate worse than the *Ourang Medan*, whose crew was found dead, frozen in fear with teeth bared staring up at the sun.



EERIE STILLNESS in the Graveyard of Lost Mariners on an unnamed, uncharted creek.

Thankfully, we cleared the ghost ship without incident – I thought– and continued into the unknown as far as we could go. There, we rafted our boats for lunch and more stories from the Twilight Zone about *Eliza Battle*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Governor Parr* and other lost ships of legend.

This being mid-March, with 232 days before Halloween, we quickly dispensed with spooky stuff to enjoy the quiet beauty of the Lowcountry marsh. It was a gorgeous day for a raft – blue skies, sunny, warm, no wind and the delightful company of friends.

We also threaded the needle on tides in that we had enough water get in; raft up for lunch; and get back out. We stayed about an hour before hurriedly breaking the raft apart as the tide shifted and pushed us into the grass with little water under the boat.

All was going to plan until the largest vessel in our fleet could not start his engines. Its batteries died leaving it without power for the motors or radio. The seven people in my boat took a vote on whether to leave him stuck up an uncharted creek with the tide going out; or tow him to safety.

In a narrow 4-3 decision, we voted for the tow. So, making excellent use of our ABC training, we created a “tow bridle” and slowly made our way to the nearest marina for help. The next challenge was docking our much heavier companion while it was under tow. It had no power which means no steering. I had to “time” my swing to the pier just right so our lumbering payload would gently kiss the dock behind us. Somehow it worked.

“All’s well that ends well,” as they say. But the Graveyard of Lost Mariners had the final word. We must not have paid proper respect to the lost sailors of the wrecked ship, because their spirits disabled the largest boat in our fleet as a warning for the future.

Lesson learned. The next time we go into the graveyard, we will dutifully pause; say a short prayer for the souls of the lost...and make sure we have extra batteries!



MARK STONE, CHRIS BRIGHAM and LINDA BANGE enjoying the nameless creek of Lost Lunch.



IRENE LAVIGNE (pink hat) toasts Lost Lunchers while Bob Newbert (white hat) keeps Joe Tucker (blue hat) and our non-member guests in line.



AERIAL VIEW of ABCHH rafters (courtesy of the Goodyear blimp).



1ST LINE OF DEFENSE is the 1st line of the raft (L to R): Capt. Gantenbein, Capt. Newbert and Capt. Brigham.



2nd LINE OF THE RAFT (L to R): Capt. LaPoint, Capt. Berry and Capt. Medvedeff.



3rd LINE (L to R): Capt. Modrowsky, Capt. Iannachinno, Capt. Crews and Capt. Peck.



LOST LUNCH FOOD COURT.



BEAUTIFUL BRIDLE! ABC training pays off!

PHOTO CREDITS: Chris Brigham, Frank Modrowsky and Bob Newbert