

The League of Dusky Captains LoLoHarris22

Riparian entertainments have long been a tradition of the Harris family. From childhood, for me the sea has only shown it's limitless expanse and aquatic opportunity. Mother, in her infinite wisdom, had decided that my twin brother and I should become acquainted with the mysteries of the Atlantic ocean at an early age, before fear was allowed to infect our pristine psyches. Swimming lessons post haste was the order of the day for her two five year olds and at the beach, no less! There at picturesque Tobay beach, my affinity for the brine began.

My parents continued to facilitate my burgeoning affection for the high seas as I matured. In the summer of 1981, Father surprised the family with two weeks on a house boat in the Florida keys. Daddy had masterfully arranged a manse de la Mer complete with the requisite white spiral staircase. In our private lagoon I practiced my butterfly stroke while simultaneously praising Pop's adeptness at procuring prime vacation real estate! Ah yes, that summer by the sea only served to intensify my nautical proclivities. Consecutive cruises to the Bahamas, Puerto Rico, St. Maarten and the private beaches of Labadee, Haiti would follow (My Royal Caribbean Diamond member parental have yet to meet a cruise they didn't like). It seemed that after the accumulation of several salty dalliances my introduction to the swank world of yachting was inevitable.



Oddly enough, a chance encounter with my parents' neighbors, the Wilkersons, would awaken my slumbering penchant for seaside recreation. While ensconced in the throes of polite conversation and the imbibing of a delightfully dirty Grey Goose martini, I had gleaned that our unassuming neighbors were members in good standing of the Breezy Point Yacht club. Breezy Point has the distinction of being the only predominantly African American yachting organization on Long Island. Established in 1967 and located in the harbors of

Amityville, Breezy Point Yacht club has been the harbinger of buoyant bacchanal for over four decades. Our neighbor, Vice Commodore Greg

Wilkerson conveyed that the club's members all share a common passion for boating and the sea. I was elated. I was enchanted. I was slightly perturbed! I could have been yachting all this time! Well, after a smidgen of cajoling from your narrator and another teensy little cocktail off our little group traipsed to the docks.

Upon arrival at the club we were greeted by sounds of levity and the strains of a lively six piece band. Vice Commodore Wilkerson presented my family to club members as his guests and then proceeded to personally introduce us to constituents of note. Among the many polite introductions exchanged, the most pleasurable of the evening was my meeting with Democratic candidate for the New York State Senate 8th District, Carol A. Gordon. She was gracious, warm and articulated her platform of "Empowerment Through Education & Information" eloquently. I foresee many great accolades in this

enterprising and bewitching woman's future.

The mood of the event was causal yet elegant. Dinner was served al fresco and only enhanced by the balmy sea air. Premium spirits flowed along with the feeling of briny fellowship. I danced and laughed heartily with my new acquaintances relishing the euphoria that only our close proximity to the surf could possibly begin to convey. Later, as the evening drew to a close I knew that fate would again beckon me back to this lagoon of leisure in due time.

