

NEWSLETTER # 22

December 2007



MurSea Missions, Inc.

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**May the God who gives endurance and encouragement give you a spirit of unity
among yourselves...Romans 15:5**

Dear Friends,

My hope is that this letter finds you walking in the blessings of the Lord!

It has been several months since our last news letter and we have been making headway on ZEBULUN and on ministry objectives.

On ZEBULUN we made templates of all the frames in the curved chine areas so the plates could be bent to fit their exact locations. The 20 plates with their attendant templates were sent to CDA Metals in Spokane, Washington, to be shaped. Over a period of several months we installed these 20 plates. After hoisting each plate into place with our crane it took quite a bit of force with four chain come-a-longs to pull each plate into position against the frames. Then with aluminum wedges and dogs we were able to align the plate edges for tack welding. Whew!! It was quite a wrestling match but with the Lord all things are possible. With the exception of the keel plates and rudder skeg plates, all major hull plates are now installed and weld up can begin soon. Praise The Lord!

The (4) ½" keel side plates along with (4) ¾" rudder skeg plates, (4) ¾" keel insert plates and the (2) plates for the bow cone, have been prepped and are on the pallet ready for shipment to CDA Metals to be shaped on their BIG press-brake for installation. These plates should be back at the Boat Shed early January.

The port holes have been cut into the sides of the vessel, as you can see in the picture above, and additional preparation has been done on the interior of the vessel for the weld up. Because we need access into the top of the vessel the cabin sides and top plating will be installed later.

A-L Compressed Gasses, a new welding supply company here in the Port of Clarkston, have taken a real interest in the ZEBULUN Project. They are donating a 'state of the art' MILLER welding machine and also loaning us another similar welder which we may use free of charge for the duration of the project. We will take the donated welder onboard ZEBULUN when we set sail for ministry. The welders should be up and running within two weeks. Thank You Lord! And thank you A-L...Co!!

Skilled help from the local paper mill have shown an interest to help in the building of ZEBULUN. They will come in after their day shift at the mill and work several hours in the evening on the weldup of the vessel. Also some have offered to help with the pipefitting, hydraulics, electrical and machining as it is needed!

The Jack Steve family, our long time friends, had lightning strike their sail boat last summer and the boat burned to the water line and sank. They heard that we needed some lead for our keels on ZEBULUN and donated the 2,800# keel in honor of their father Jack. We now have 18,000# of lead on hand and are 1/3 of the way to the 52,600# of lead needed. The lead ballast can be installed in the keel bulbs after the keel side plates are welded in place.

MurSea Missions, Inc. had their annual Board of Directors Meeting, December 8, 2007. A major action of the Board was to approve the proposal to search for a location and establish a Home Base/Training Center for MurSea.

A Boat Delivery

In mid August our friend Tom Weza asked us to help him and his family sail their new boat from the Seattle area to Clarkston, WA. Georgia and I thought it would be a nice break for us. We said, YES!

Tom had been planning for several years to sell their farm and purchase a sailboat to minister in the islands of the Pacific. This summer the house sold and they located a 52' Gulf Star Ketch in the Puget Sound area and after a good report from the boat surveyor they purchased it. August 23 @ 4:30AM a small van rolled up to our door with Tom, Teri and Shelia packed in and ready for the drive to Poulsbo, WA. It took about 20 minutes for us to re-arrange, push and shove to make room for Georgia and me to fit. Our baggage went on the roof.

On arrival in **Poulsbo**, Tom met with the broker and signed the final papers for the transfer of ownership of the boat. Next item was to help Rick, the former owner who lived aboard, move off the boat so we could take possession. In the morning we knocked on the side of the boat to see if we could help him move. A bleary-eyed Rick poked his head up through the main hatch and said he'd be out of the boat by evening. Late that afternoon we arrived in time to help Rick take the remaining items ashore. That evening our friends, Anna and her daughter Alice came to visit us bearing a full-course dinner in their arms. What a blessing! After dinner they wanted to pray for the ministry this vessel will be doing in the islands and our safety as we deliver it to Clarkston...and then Alice prayed "Lord please let them discover everything that is wrong with this vessel before they thrust out to sea"!!! I looked at Tom and he looked back at me with a *raised eyebrow*. I think we both made a silent prayer that the Lord would be MERCIFUL!

The next morning we were up at dawn getting things shipshape and after a bite to eat we cast off the dock lines and headed for the fuel dock to top off our tanks. We then headed out into the main channel of **Puget Sound**. We're on our way! About 6 hours later we were nearing **Port Townsend** and decided to pull in for the night and check the engine to see why it was overheating. We had been motoring all the way because what little wind we had was right on the nose and so we couldn't sail. We pulled into a group of boats at anchor just outside of the marina and anchored for the night. About 2:00am I felt the boat lurch and I got out of my bunk to have a look and saw that we were dragging our anchor. The wind had picked up during the night and was gusting to 35-40 mph and we were drifting rapidly toward an anchored sailboat. I shouted to Tom that the anchor was dragging and got my pants on and ran back to the cockpit. Saying a quick prayer, I fired up the engine. It burst into life! With the steering hard-to-starboard I threw the engine into forward and firewalled the throttle. The vessel we were drifting sideways toward was going to hit us amidships but as the prop took hold the stern of our boat swung away from the sure collision and we rolled around the other boat without colliding or fouling their anchor chain!! We missed them by TEN FEET!! Thank You LORD. We went down wind from the rest of the boats and reset our anchor, this time with more scope, and held anchor watch the rest of the night. We weren't the only boat that night doing anchor drill.

As we checked in at the marina fuel dock for a parking space we saw a familiar boat across the waterway. Dr. Fred and Gale Beiker were there on their 49' Swan "QUINTET". We had bought our mission vessel "AMERICAN FLYER" from them in 1981. They were getting ready to take some friends up to Desolation Sound on the seaward side of Vancouver Island. What fun to visit with them! Checking into the overheating problem we removed the heat-exchanger (same function as a radiator on a car) and cleaned out the tubes and replaced it. The next morning we made a quick stop at the fuel dock to top up our tanks and then headed out and soon rounded the light house point at Port Townsend and on into the **Straights of Juan de Fuca** with **Neah Bay** as our next stop.

Motoring again! No wind! Making good time but before long the engine temperature was rising. We decided to swing into **Port Angeles** and take another look at the cooling system. After limping into the marina we found a spot to tie up at the end of the dock. There were mega yachts all around us. Our little tie-up spot was much too small for them. I called around and got a hold of Mr. Stuart, of Stuart Marine in Seattle, the distributor for the model of engine we had in the boat. He assured me that it wasn't the thermostat but must be a restriction in the manifold. I had also called our friends Lloyd and Sue Wolfslagel who lived near the port and Lloyd said he would bring some more tools down to us in case we needed them. Tom and I dove into the engine room once more (quite a HOT place) with our sweatbands on our heads and tools at the ready and then we attacked the water cooled manifold. After removing the end plate we could see that the elbow was nearly stopped up by a buildup of calcified sea water deposits. While I cleaned this Tom was taking the 24 bolts loose from the cover plate on the top of the manifold. Upon removing the top plate we could see the cause of our heating problem. After 2½ hours of mining the deposits out of the manifold we felt confident that we had accomplished our objective. We put everything back together and started the engine. No leaks! And we had **plenty** of water coming out of the exhaust pipe! We had a nice visit and prayer with Lloyd and he said he and Sue would be praying for our trip down the coast.

In the morning we got an early start and were rounding the point back into the **Straights** when the engine registered **hot AGAIN!** We limped back to the marina and our parking spot was still open and waiting for us. While returning, Tom had gone below and felt the engine and he came back and said he

could keep his hand on it and it wasn't hot!! **The electric temperature gauge was malfunctioning!** We walked uptown to the nearest auto parts store and bought a capillary tube temperature gauge and installed it. Our over-heating problems were solved!

Praise the LORD! Alice's prayer was answered!!

We arrived at **Neah Bay** in the afternoon just after a little rain shower had washed down the docks for us. We walked up to the market to top off our provisions list and borrowed a cart from the market to carry them to the boat. I said to the checkout lady that we wanted to use the cart; she winked at me and said she didn't hear me. The cart was back to the store in 20 minutes.

As we slipped our docking lines and headed out at 2:00am it was foggy and damp, still no appreciable wind, and I was glad that I had entered the way-points for the entrance/exit for Neah Bay. With our course for the day already plotted and entered in the GPS we set forth. In 2½ hours we had cleared **Cape Flattery. Hello, North Pacific Ocean!**

We made a 95 degree swing to the south and were on our course down the **Coast of Washington**, all in the fog and not seeing land! In a couple more hours daylight arrived and once and a while we could see a patch of coastline. We plotted our course to keep us in deeper water so we wouldn't encounter too many crab pots although some were requiring maneuvers to avoid them. The fog was not lifting by noon so we called our daughter Brenda, who had sailed in the South Pacific with us, and asked for prayer for the fog to lift. She said she would and in ½ hour the fog left and didn't return. We landed in **West Port** and spent the night. Our friends, Bob and Donna Gorton and friends came down to visit us and Bob took Tom and me up to the grocery store for more provisions. It was a rather short visit with them as we were quite tired from our 16 Hour passage from **Neah Bay**.

An early start in the morning presented us with a rougher bar crossing than the day before but the boat handled well and soon we were across the bar and into deeper water heading down the coast to **Astoria, Oregon**. It proved to be a slalom course through the crab pots most of the day and our crossing of the **Columbia River Bar** was like crossing a pool table, dead flat. *(Somebody must have been praying for us!)* It was **Labor Day Weekend**, opening day for salmon fishing and the river was packed full of small fishing boats which kept us on the alert but we safely made it to the **Red Lion Marina** at **Astoria**. We took on 101 gallons of fuel (The extra gallon put us into a discount category!) and in the morning headed up the **Columbia River** hoping to overnight at **St. Helens**. Late afternoon we approached St. Helens and noticed the crush of boats trying to find a place to tie up for the night. We all prayed for the Lord to provide us with a place with electrical and water hookups. We pulled into the marina fuel dock and inquired if they had any space for our 52' boat and the attendant said they didn't have any available. I happened to notice an open space on the next dock and inquired about it. She said that it was a private dock but she would check on it. She came back and said we could use that space. Thank You Lord!

On Labor Day Monday we left **St. Helens** and headed up river to **Portland, OR**. We wanted to arrive there in time to do some prep work for removing the main mast. There was one fixed bridge on the **Snake River** that was only 54' above the water and we needed 58' for the main mast to clear. That afternoon we pulled into **Schooner Creek Marina** where they had equipment to pull the mast. Later in the afternoon Doug and Juanita Wilcox stopped to visit and give Tom an update on the grant he had applied for to help Tom's ministry "**Faith Maritime Missions**". Doug also asked about MurSea Missions and would like to have an Executive Summary from us to see if he can help us too. By 11:30 Tuesday

morning the marina crew had the main mast pulled and laid down on the deck ready for our departure. We headed up river to make it through **Bonneville Dam** before night fall. Our first dam to experience was awesome as it came into sight. As we approached the doors they got **bigger** and **bigger** and we got **smaller** and **smaller**. The doors are **HUGE!** And they opened just for us. We had read the instructions and knew we needed to call ahead on the VHF radio 15 minutes before our arrival to let them know we were coming. While entering into the lock we were instructed by the Lock Master, on VHF radio, to tie up with our starboard side to the wall at bay #2. The giant doors were closed as we tied bow and stern lines onto the bollard which is attached to a steel float that is recessed into a vertical slot in the wall and floats up and down on tracks as the water level changes. We notified the Lock Master we were ready and he **turned on the water!** In 15 minutes the water level in the 85' wide by 600' long lock (the length of (2) football fields) raised 65'. As soon as the water settled down they gave us the green light and we headed up river and tied up for the night at **Cascade Locks**.

An early start the next morning brought us to a 'private club marina' at **The Dalles** by 3:00pm. The fee was \$10.00 and water & electric was free. WOW! We needed some provisions and so Tom, Georgia and I headed out to find a market and as we were crossing over the freeway a car stopped and the driver asked if we needed a ride. We instantly said YES, we were after some groceries for our boat but don't know where to go. We piled in and she took us across town to a supermarket and said she would be back in a half hour to pick us up. With a basket full of provisions we headed out the door and there our ride was waiting for us. We had a guided tour as we returned to the marina but our driver declined an invitation to come aboard for a look and said that she needed to get back to work. With our heart-felt thanks she drove off. (Did anyone notice if she had wings??).

The next day we made it through **The Dalles Dam** and the **John Day Dam**.

The following day we went thru **McNary Dam**, our last dam on the **Columbia River** and on into the **Snake River** to **Ice Harbor Dam**. Just a short way up river from Ice Harbor we found a small secluded bay and anchored for the night.

We left before daylight to be able to get through the next two dams before dark. While locking through **Lower Monumental Dam** the Lock Master said that they were not allowing any recreational traffic thru **Little Goose Dam** since they were working on the upper gates! We said we wanted to continue up stream anyway. As we headed up stream we prayed "**Lord help us pass through Little Goose Dam**". By mid afternoon we were within VHF range and ready to check in when Tom said he knew what to say to the Lock Master! I called the Lock Master and checked in asking for an up river lock through. She responded back that they were not passing any recreational traffic because they were repairing the upriver gates. I asked if they were passing commercial traffic. There was a pause and then she said yes. I then informed her that we were on a boat delivery from **Puget Sound** to **Clarkston**. Another pause and then she asked for what company and I said "**Faith Maritime Missions**".

She said "COME ON AHEAD"! What a sweet response.

Thank You LORD!!

That night we parked at **Boyer Park Marina** near **Lower Granite Dam**. In the morning we locked through **Lower Granite Dam**, the last dam on our trip, and by 1:30 in the afternoon, Sunday September 9, we were tied up at the **Port of Wilma** across the river from **Clarkston**.

The end of our journey!

A nineteen day passage that started with prayer, continued with prayer and concluded with prayer, displayed God's faithfulness to us in every occasion! There was not a day of the trip that did not require several specific and timely responses from the Lord...**And He did!**

It was a great trip!

God Bless,

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