

Those necessary nerves – 24 hours to go

Golden Girl will be surveyed tomorrow and we should know by the end of the day if we are buying her or not.



Will she be our dream girl?

There is something delicious about being on the very cusp of an

adventure. I love the feeling of anticipation; that exquisite cocktail of excitement tinged with fear and the magnetic attraction of the unknown. The fact that this particular step into the unknown has been over two years in the making ratchets up the expectation and as the time left to the finish line diminishes the emotions grow stronger and the waiting gets harder.

I'm not really sure when this journey started. I've always loved canals and often wondered what it would be like to live on a narrow

boat. It may go back ten or twenty years or even longer. The problem with ideas like that is that life gets in the way and we rarely get beyond the dreaming part. It's just too easy to think of a million and one reasons why we can't follow our dreams and convince ourselves that something we would really like to do isn't an option. When we were planning our cycle trip around the coast of Britain we heard it over and over again; "Ooh, I'd love to do something like that but...". The fact that we did actually break the tradition and go and do it

changed us fundamentally and it has given us the ability to get beyond the dreaming and make something a reality.



Cheers – remember this?

That's why we plan to part with what seems like an insane amount of money later this week and buy our boat. I wouldn't say we aren't nervous about it and things will ramp up another notch or two when we put our present home up for sale and commit to life on the water. (I can't even swim!) But that's the whole point I suppose. It must be nice to be really content with the status quo but we are all different and I'm just grateful that Gill and I are similar in that we are always looking for what is beyond the

next horizon.

I have been holding off from writing any more about this whole boat business until the sale has gone through but now that we are so close to the finishing line I have realised how important this period of anticipation is. I have been really guilty over the last twelve months of wishing the time away. Wishing somebody would come and view the house, put in an offer, get their survey done, exchange contracts. Wishing the right boat would come up for viewing at the right price.

Wishing the money would come through so that we could make an offer and finally wishing that the boat survey would happen so that we could complete the purchase. I've become a little obsessed about the next step rather than trying to enjoy the journey. Finally, with just hours to go I'm trying to savour every last morsel of sweet anticipation before reality smacks us in the face and the inevitable "what have we done" moment occurs. I'm a bit more prepared this time though. It happened on the first morning of our big bike ride as I pedalled

along the road out of the village I was suddenly daunted by what we were doing and scared of what we had committed to. The feelings soon passed once the journey for real was underway and now at least I know from experience that those early nerves are just a necessary component of any great adventure.

I'll update the blog at the end of the week or early next week and tell you what it feels like when a dream comes true after two years of anticipation. Or, if she turns out to be a rust bucket destined to sink in the first lock she

encounters, how it feels to have your dream snatched away when it's just inches from your grasp. I suppose it will make a better blog if she turns out to be a rust bucket.



Dream on