

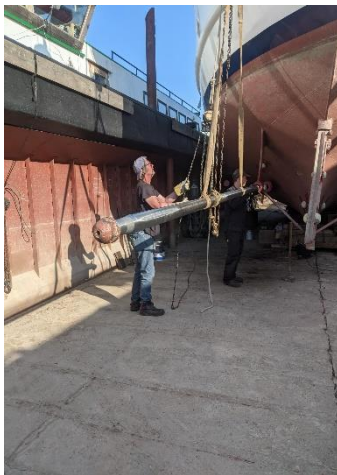


- MONARA NEWS -

current position: Reykjavik Iceland
countries visited: 4
total distance: 1323 NM
total days (at sea): 11

Date 01/08/2021 – Reykjavik

For Monara and her crew, July was supposed to be the epic start of a 2 year journey, but faith decided differently. On July 3rd, after blowing the horn while leaving Antwerp, we sailed down the Schelde River, and just when we arrived at sea, our port propellor shaft snapped off. As a result we spent almost three weeks in the drydock at [Scheepswerf De Klerk](#) in Walsoorden and our bronze shaft was replaced with stainless steel one.



For more details, [click here](#).

July 22nd – Grand Départ 2.0

Under the watchful eyes of some close relatives and friends, we left Walsoorden with a new crew, heading straight for Torshavn in Faroe. The passage from The Netherlands to the Orkneys was uneventful, with beautiful weather, quiet seas and a crew that easily went into our shift system, 4 hours watch, 8 hours off. On the third day, some Minky whales passed half a mile from us, on our port side.



The passage between Shapinsay and Stronsay in the Orkneys did give us a push in the back, with speeds of up to 13 knots on the running tide, through some beautiful scenery. Two days later, in a thick fog, most of Suduroy and Sandoy, the Southern Islands of Faroe, were hidden from us. Some basking sharks did accompany us on our way in.

So far, no dolphins have come across our bow, which is a bit worrying...

Torshavn, capital of Faroe, smallest capital in the world

Late in the evening on July 26th, we entered the harbour of Torshavn, the capital of Faroe, where everybody was preparing for Olav's day, the National day. The harbour was packed with visiting yachts; luckily we were allowed to stay on the bunkering quay, while some other ships were refused.

One day to visit Torshavn, fuel up, get some fresh supplies and to give our drink water tank a shock treatment using Hadex, as our drinking water had a strange taste.

The people we met in Torshavn were extremely relaxed. Customs allowed us to enter and stay without PCR test, provided we were careful.



The standard of living on these islands is very high, people are proud to belong here, young Faroese come back to live here after decades, they have their own university and cherish their culture.

The Torshavn Cathedral is the second oldest church of the Faroe Islands, established in 1788. Painter Niels, a Danish immigrant, finishes the last strokes on the wooden door, prior to the Olav's day festivities. The Faroe government will start it's year in the Cathedral on July 29th.

Tinganes, meaning 'parliament point' in Faroese, was established by the Vikings in 825, when Norwegian immigrants placed their Ting (parliament) on this peninsula.



The houses with sod roofs on the peninsula date from the 16th and 17th century, and are still in use today.

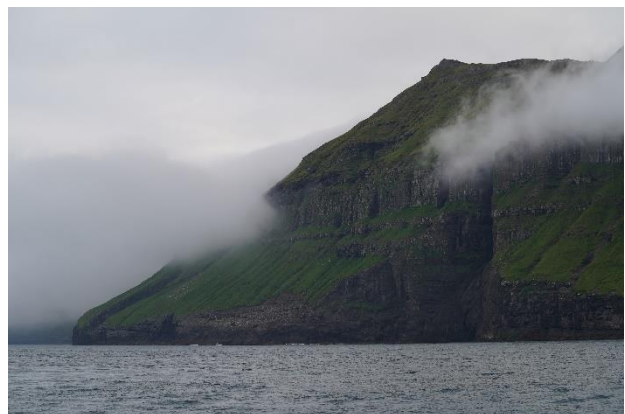
In our opinion, cemeteries are a mirror of a society... We must not run ahead too much, as our journey has just begun, but so far, of all graveyards



we've come across, I wouldn't mind being buried on Torshavn, in the lush grass under the trees.

Mysteriously enough, we couldn't find any fresh fish in the entire city of Torshavn. We will have to catch our cod on our own.

July 28th, early morning, we left Torshavn for Iceland. Waking everybody up at 5 am to enjoy the scenery, we skirted the island to pass the small channel between Streymoy and Vagar. The morning fog lifted on occasions, to show patches of green fields on steep slopes and rough rock formations. Sadly enough, by the time we left the narrow channel, the mist was dense as soup. We will have to return to Faroe to explore some more, meet more of the gentle and friendly inhabitants of these mystical islands and explore the entire archipelago.



Faroe to Iceland

The weather on our Predictwind route app mentioned force 5 cross winds with some 1.5m waves, in reality we had to push our way through force 6, 3m waves, on our beam. The least one can say is that this first night on the cold North Atlantic was stressful and unpleasant. We would have to ride the storm, until sheltered by Iceland. But our new [DMS Magnusmaster](#) stabilisers did prove effective!



A sperm whale crossed our bow at 20 metres distance, quietly plodding along in Northern direction, seemingly unaware of the harsh conditions.



By midday on July 29th, the swell diminished and the wind went from force 5–6 to force 3, finally dying down by the next day.

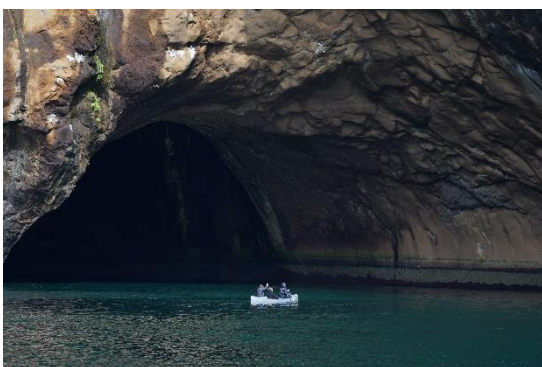
July 30th was a true gift of nature, with a North Atlantic mirror around us, occasionally broken by the broad backs and fins of whales, against a background of glaciers

and high mountain ranges of Southern Iceland.

As an extra treat for the brave crew who crossed these fierce seas, we anchored in Kletsvik bay on Heimaey in Vestmannaeyjar, where a volcanic eruption in 1973 destroyed a part of the town, extending the island. The fresh lava flows are still visible, the main fishing port is one of the most important in Iceland, and is hidden from the elements in a well-protected natural harbour.



We used the canoe to explore the caves and the cliffs that hold large populations of puffins and gulls, tested our drone and let the impressive landscape come over us.



A last push to Reykjavic, where on July 31st we moored off in the marina by 08.00 in the morning, engulfed by a mysterious fog.

A well-deserved stopover at the end of our first month of adventures, and by what we've seen so far, cruising the world with Monara becomes even more promising.

Thank you for the delivery crew who kept up in both boring and tough conditions!
We're proud of you!

August is synonym for Greenland...

