



Carnot Dennis Posey – 3-1-1937 to 8-21-2014

Dennis' namesake, Carnot Dennis Posey, was a Brigadier General for the Army of the South. He has a monument at Gettysburg. His brigade was not called into battle that day.

Dennis' father, Robert K. Posey, an architect, was an engineer in General Patton's Third Army. His job was building bridges behind enemy lines. He was also an elite, "Monuments Man" credited with finding Hitler's fabulous, stolen art cache in the Altaussee mine in Austria. He earned 7 battle stars and participated in the liberation of Auschwitz. He never talked about the war.

These were humble men of character who would shoulder responsibility without fanfare. And, these, too, were qualities that Dennis showed throughout my life with him.

Dennis mother, Alice, gave him his creativity and more intellect. Alice took her young son along to her master's degree classes at Columbia University. Later, she enrolled him in sailing class at Larchmont Yacht Club to get him out of the house. He was captivated by sails and wind, and going faster than the next kid by seconds and inches. At 14, he was teaching sailing to earn money for his first boat. Sharing his love of sailing either through teaching or giving others the opportunity to sail was

a major theme throughout Dennis' life.

Dennis got his love of numbers from his father. At MIT, Dennis said, he majored in sailing and minored in Aeronautical Engineering. As all his roommates flunked out, I'm not so sure how true that was. MIT professors seemed to love to torture the minds of their students. Dennis learned many survival skills there, that served him well throughout life.

Dennis was a man who worked to live. He worked at Pratt and Whitney Aircraft in Engineering, Research, and Strategic Planning. All the while he was campaigning around the country in many one design racing classes, including Thistles, Tornado Catamarans, and development class catamarans. Settling down a bit, he took up local offshore racing and continued Frostbite racing at Manhasset Bay, Long Island and at Essex.

Dennis and I met July 1977 at an Off Soundings Race, after a gale knocked out many of the other competitors. I guess, we were both survivors.

We married the next year on a weekend with **no** races. The final fitting for my wedding gown did not fare so well – it conflicted with a race. Dennis took me aside to explain to me that I had made a commitment to him **and** to the rest of the crew. I chose the race. Throughout his life, Dennis always showed this kind of commitment to me and to others. He had a keen sense of fairness and never held a grudge.

Early on, Dennis started designing our offshore racer Firebrand. He spent a couple of months doing nothing but equations. Then, one day, I watched him trace the outline of a coin on a piece of drafting paper. That was the beginning of her lines. His equations were so accurate and fare, he never needed to draw a full set of lines to get the boat built.

Many of the more significant events of our married life occurred on Firebrand - between people we sailed with, races we sailed, and places we cruised. At this time, offshore racing was a man's game. Dennis always made sure I was accepted and a useful part of the crew. He thought **nothing** of asking me to do **100's** of sail changes as we double-handed the boat to distant races. I did shark watch when he scrubbed the bottom of the boat in the tropics. And, he hauled me up the mast so I could work on our rigging.

In the 80's Dennis bought an Apple computer. This machine and his love of numbers morphed into the first racing and sailing simulators for Macintosh and pc computers. Dennis did much of his software development work "somewhere in paradise", using the wind generator on Firebrand to power his computer. All the computer languages he used were self-taught. Dennis was

always happy to tweak a simulator to assist a handicapped sailor or a specific sailboat class. Our software business kept our cruising kitty flush.

The last 20 years of our life together, we cruised - with many trips to Newfoundland and the Bahamas, Maine and Florida. Over these years we became bound by the trust of putting our lives in each other's hands many times. Together, we survived storms at sea, dismasting in a Gulf Stream storm, a Newfoundland hurricane, near shipwreck, sickness, and incapacitation. Together, we saw great natural beauty and met fascinating people. Together, we experienced things most people don't even know they can dream about.

Dennis and I spent many years wandering. Home for us was always where the two of us were - even at Branford Hospice among the angelic nurses. Dennis was my captain and I would follow him anywhere.