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Edito

Hear me roar



Man overboard! The year is 1995, I'm seven years old and floating on my back in the swimming pond of a Breton holiday resort. I can see the blue sky, a random pigeon flying overhead, the yellow sail of my Optimist boat and my hysterical sister screaming at the top of her lungs. I'm supposedly drowning, except that I'm not. Rewind to three minutes earlier: the sailing instructor tells us to capsize the miserable little excuse for a boat we're in. This is the last task standing between us being mere mortals and our new, very coveted status of certified-optimist-pirate-sailors. No biggie, except that the longer we stand up in the rickety barge, the more we overthink the possible outcome. It suddenly seems inevitable that we will get stuck underneath the boat and end up in respiratory distress -because, unlike the canoe of Disney's Pocahontas and her best friend Nakooma, our boat will not act as an air bubble and keep us alive during the thirty seconds it will take the very bored French teenage instructor to save us. Moreover, it goes without saying there are piranhas in these unknown dark waters. Seconds seem like hours as we reconsider our next move, tension is building, the furious instructor yells something ugly that rhymes with "tarte tatin" and I, ladies and gentlemen, I faint. Right into the water. Splash. What follows is a cacophony of "man overboard", "tarte tatin", water hammering against my life jacket, and the sound of my own surprised laughter. A roar that grows stronger by the second, overruling my sister's panic and the instructor's anger. A good laugh that to this day is one of our best, deliciously absurd holiday memories. Moral of this story? I'll never be a good pirate-sailor, overthinking is not a good idea and sometimes a bit of humour is all you need to keep your head above water. Better yet, the art of putting things into perspective turns out to be the perfect anchor for anyone courageous enough to leave the shallow waters of their comfort zone. It leads them to new horizons and energy, never mind the occasional storm to weather. That is why this Moments Magazine issue is all about courage, facing fears, breaking boundaries and thinking outside the box. We travel to Ibiza in the midst of winter, camp out in the

freezing cold with our babies, acknowledge the fact that there is some darkness in those very same babies (don't freak out, they're equally cute and magical, peace and unicorn...), surf the wave of disabled young athletes in Africa, follow the tracks of migrating families, admit that being a parent makes us want to yell "tarte tatin" a zillion times a day, head down the new paths only our children can reveal and figure out that, in the end, there is no fun in mapping out the whole damn journey. Who knows what lies just around the riverbend (yep, I have a soft spot for Pocahontas), three cheers for unexpected turns! Don't be put off by my nautical-terms-related enthusiasm: our proverbial cruise of optimists doesn't necessarily come with loud on-board animation. Courage doesn't always roar, sometimes it is the little voice at the end of the day saying you'll try again tomorrow. It's the calm strength of a mother faced with her worst nightmare, as well as the surprising resilience of a child setting foot on unknown territory. It's the steady reassurance my four-year-old daughter leaves me with, seconds before diving head-first into a swirling, giant water slide that would scare four-year-old-me to death: "It's okay Mom, I'm not scared. Just follow my lead!" And off she goes. Splash.

—Isabelle Vander Heyde & Stephanie Fiz



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