

Journal Entry 2

I am attempting to write articles length or style letters that may be useful as articles. This one gives an update. But even since I wrote this I am moving spontaneously on. I have been offered an opportunity to join an Irish sailing team competing in the Classic Regatta in the Mediterranean and can not refuse. My boat has been hauled for repairs and safe keeping by Kinsale Boatyard. I may even have repairs to my steering vane complete when I return in early October. Then I will continue to sail the coast. I look forward to the instruction and skills being a part of a racing crew will grant me. I need them. I had so many questions unanswered at sea. I have been enjoying a Dragon boat, also a classic type regatta, going on all weekend here while I get ready to play my first gig in Kinsale, this evening. All is beyond dreams. Please write and keep in touch. Fairest of winds and love, Donna

I Departed the enchanted nook in the shore of Baltimore Ireland on an overcast Wednesday morn, exactly one week after landfall. Recovery in process, glad to have a friend's company on board for a full day of sailing to Kinsale, about 35 nautical miles east around the coast. With a great anticipation, slight apprehension, but longing to be on the sea again, motor idling cleanly, out of the slip, mainsail already hauled and luffing in a very gentle breeze inside the harbor. I turn off the wind and fill the sail slightly. In a moment I am able to utter just a few words of instruction to Neil, a photographer and friend, who has joined me for his first sail ever, and I am moving about the boat tidying lines, fenders. Falling into a relaxed pace already. Finally, before need to tack, the lines are wound and stowed, fenders on the stern pulpit and ready to haul the jib. The harbor is still yet, only an early ferry rumbling by. The winds just 5 kn, West, SW. To maneuver the inlet, I easily engaged the rumble living aboard, sails gently luff as Inspired Insanity moves toward the open seas once more. A slight hesitation. Just one week before I had been towed past the Beacon, a white cone shaped pinnacle on the coast, into the neck of this harbor, relieved, yet a slightly disappointed sailor. But in the same breathe of the breeze that blew from the shore, its rich smell, came the enchantment of Baltimore Ireland that melted the fears and already memories of the challenge completed, now 3421 nautical miles according to my GPS, 2800nm as the Petrel flies. The scenes from history captured on film, now made real in the smell of the earth. Somehow in those first sightings and scents in the shore breezes, all the trauma melted into the kind hearts of the men of the Lifeboat, the rolling patchworked farmlands, sparse cottages of stone and smooth stucco, primary colors, wooden ferry boats of bright red and green. A small village nooked into the hillside. An energy of healing. A balm in the air that filled my lungs with much needed oxygen afresh as if I had been holding my breath for such a long time in anticipation and could now freely breathe it in. An intoxication, dizzy, exhausted. Finally resting gently against another boat on the marina dock. Onlookers on the dock grabbed the lines and secured Inspired Insanity along side. I sat down in my very cockpit, where I had spent 33 days, the last 25 seemingly endlessly steering and balancing sails, adjusting day and night so she'd steer that east heading. East to Ireland, Donna, I kept saying out loud to myself. Just point her east. My body had only 8 hours of sleep in that last 25 days and they were stolen, waking in a start, the boat having fallen off course, sailing due backwards both times while I slept. But now I could allow my eyes to close without fear of falling asleep, instead tear filled with

relief knowing sleep could come. The Lifeboat, a volunteer organization within the Isle for the rescue at sea, was resettling and preparing to return to her slip until some distressed sailor needed them again. I layed my head on the winch on deck and of course, tears flowed. They flow now, as I write. My body gave into the exhaustion, aching tense muscles. Somehow it already seemed a small price to pay for the opportunity to hear and ulean pipe played in her homeland, Ireland. Music that has so awakened a passion within me that is coming alive in the intensity of sailing a small ship across the huge open north atlantic sea. It all melds together. the music, the sea, release of dynamic energy. Immediately I was welcomed and understood on the shore of Baltimore. That first hot shower, soups and soda bread soaking my body with warmth, relaxing my muscles and spirit. Newspapers and aradio stations caught wind of my arrival having needed the lifeboat rescue. Smiles and endless patience with phone call, use of email to connect to the world all freely given to help me recover. Soon the exchange of music with local musicians began. Wonderful nights on Sherkin Island, a shared night with a father and daughter duet that was so accomplished. A violin so incredible, a my privilege to have her duet with my original music. Not yet would I hear an Ulean Pipe but with time. A week later, after getting a good start toward recovering in the kind hands of Baltimore, I am off to my original port of entry, Kinsale. After a week of glorious weather, somehow I had set sail on a gray day, a drizzling rain breaking at times to a thick hasy sun. But my crew was excited and engaging and the weather could not darken the dya. The wind and point of sail were another story. Somehow that same heading of 84 degrees I had endured for 33 days at sea lights the GPS for our trip. Memories of the difficulties of that broad reach heading flood my vision and I was never so glad to have a second pair of willing hands available to till us along. I was able to enjoy the sail of about 11 hours along the coast, unfortunately behind a shroud of clouds to turn in just past the "head of Kinsale" point in the early evening. already the beautiful pastures of bailed hay and meadow, cottages along steep hillsides, sotne fences lulls me back into the enchantment of Ireland. It was a Wednesday evening. Yacht clubs around the world call out the club boat to set a bouy so boat after boat can rush to the start line to see who will accomplish themselves as fastest sailing crew. aThe crews waved to us on my boat as we drove by, seeing my american flag and possibly correlating it to the articles and stories told of an american yachswoman who was rescued after crossing the Atlantic ocean singlehanded. A feat respected in Ireland where few families hace escaped losing a loved one to the great sea. Where the storms and galses that pound her shores to cliffs create such visions of terror on the sea if she choses to torent. Though the sea had raised her fist to me over and over and over in my crossing, relentlessly it seemed soas I could not rest between, she saved her greater tantrums for another day. There were no "perfect storms" and I am so grateaful for that. No rogue wave to tear my ship beyond her strength. Sonmehow all of this is understood in the kind, smiling eyess of each one who greets me here. They know and express kind respect at the feat of surn\living the challenge. I certainly didn't intend on the trip being nearly so challenging, but I am healing, looking forward to the sessions and chancemeeting in Kinsale and every port I greet. Inspired Insanity. My goal is to be free to seek ;and get tuned into the inspiration within each person and exchange in life that I encounter, somehow amidst the insanity of struggle, pain, and loneliness that seems ineveitable. To enjoy a emotionally and physically healthy life. Somehow Ireland's history and very nature mirrors something in myself I can't help but respond to. Enticed, but driven, I'll search her shores then on to further shores, breathing in Peace. Home. Sail on. Sail on.

