

### Journal Entry 3

Now the awesome task of thanking you all for upholding, energizing, practically helping me along this wild journey that has somehow enlisted so many to keep me moving forward around the world. Wow. My children! I am home visiting as I write and have been so honored by my kids. they treat me like gold. Yet I have not always been there for them, traveling around the sea, and having embarked on my own quest that has taken me away from the practical ability to "mother " them. In many ways, they sigh a huge sigh of relief. At 18, who wants a doting mom anyway. Yet I have missed seeing them excel in their sports and have to catch up with their lives by photo. thank god for my daughter who keeps these things together. The awesome support of these three wonderful people, keeps me free to continue as well as financially supports me and hugs me all the way. If I were to start with the basics and foundation, it would be my mom. My dad passed away 10 years ago and she forges on alone, an amazing woman. Imagine having me as a daughter. Receiving phone calls from captains of ships from the north atlantic, telling you, they heard a voice on a radio out at sea and answered to hear a woman alone out there needing to call home to her mom. They were so kind. No problem. they'd call back and let me know they had gotten ahold of her. but that is just the recent charade of my life. my mom has withstood much to love me, and love me she has, always being there for me. thanks, Mom. So, naturally, my brothers and sister are equally supportive. my brothers, Jeff and Scot both financially invest in my dream. To buy my boat, to get my Cd produced. I did none of it without their belief in me and huge investments. They are great email companions, keeping me in touch with their lives and the worlds around them. Great family. The knowledge of the out of doors and only experience on wild water I have, comes from my ex husband's family who still support and share their kindness with me, hugs, and help with sewing sailbags and zippers, real practical help, as well as being there for my kids always. Great family. so if I keep at these thanks at this rate, the letter will be longer than my journal. bear with me as I pick up the pace. Ok. A year ago I was returning from my first sail on Inspired Insanity down to South America to do the next refit. (thanks. not storytelling. ) Thanks to Carl, I had a job and the necessary income to get going again. Music was to be real tough after 9/11. But thanks to Bottoms up, Morgan and I had a venue for our gig. Tickles employed me several times. A gig here and there, azzure, the cantina, Raffles. But every penny went into that old hull of the boat. Mike and Virginia who got me into my boat, my work, the right design, references for the loan. Jose on the paperwork. Lynn and Jack ,my gurus and fans were there every every day with practical advice and sat through every gig smiling and enjoying the music. Budget Marine and Brad, the gang did everything they could to get me discounts and get me through rebuilding that hull. the glass men, Morgan, Mike with materials, Morgan and Jack, both likewise rebuilding their boats in the yard, had the tools and support, their wives, Mandy. then Barb and Pete off "Misty". Barb came to my rescue one night, painting that hull with 6 layers of epoxy barrier coats and bottom paint. I was losing it by then and she was salvation. Scots hands did all he could to get me going. long nights putting those big layers of glass on the hull with just the 2 of us. more resin on us than her. Seacocks in. Phil and Jen provide clean beds and a real shower. Thanks. Peter jumped in and got me going on the deck refit. A steering vane is found for 70\$ and I am off to st john to get it, not knowing how I would get it back by bus and ferry. but lo and behold, who should be dinghying up to the beach in great cruz bay, but rick . a lift to the owner of the vane and then a lovely sail back for me and the vane to St Thomas that afternoon. Phil and I brainstorm a brace for the vane( as well as other rigging dilemmas

)and scot makes it happen. Thanks. Skip the rigger, thanks. Thanks to everyone who sat at that bar in the yard and hugged me, felt sorry for me, advised me, listened to my tunes, let me play along, Ike. Of course Tina and Sylvie, the French queen. Independent Boatyard themselves helped me get out of the yard as well. Then the "shuv off" party, food, tools, clothes, coats. The electronic team, Peter, Jeff, Joey. the ole dinghy engine went to the deep finally. to the dock to finish installing radio and final prep. sails to sew thanks to Evelyn and the loft. a warm blanket. hat for my head. then to a mooring to sit while I put on provisions. Peter to the rescue again. lots of great food..hands to help. next stop, secret harbor for a few, but on the way out of the channel of the lagoon, low tide thwarts my attempts and the transmission shaft spins in the coupler. the lock screws had backed out. keyway lost to the bilge. \_\_\_\_\_

hull bottom, and help with repairs to get the ole boat back sailing with rig and lights. hull check. engine? hunk of shit but not to complain. Just needs more investment. God, I need an engineer. Only kidding. I manage. Jamie and Sean made me feel at home. thanks. Oli and Derek at Bulman, great music, Eric and his session group. Mike and Jimmy at Spaniard, Joy and Shannon. finally off to Crosshaven and go around Ireland. but the seawater pump had another idea. find Aidan, a friend of a new friend. WELL, Ronnie(sailed up from s. Africa with his wife and family at the same time I was crossing.) pulled the pump apart and it was a mess. installed wrong and leaking, wrecked. But only an opportunity, because it was while searching Cork City for the parts to repair it that I met Junior and Terry. My goodness. Just lovely people and then to meet Carmen and Vincent and their family. amazing. They have really looked after me, besides introducing me to meditation practice and a realm of life I am learning is so vital to me. the next step to what the sea gave me as a gift has been realized . While in Crosshaven, Ronnie D. has adopted me as a sister sailor and provided work, laundry, the

his family home as a refuge, a music fan and an advocate getting gigs and meeting great people connected in sailing. Once on the America Admiral cup

friend and help getting prepared to get underway as well as to see me make an impact with my music. Having introduced me to Des McWilliams, I was able

Joe. The rebuild of the steering vane is a huge undertaking and 2 great guys have taken it on. Roddy O'Connor (expert in fiberglass fabrication) and

in Crosshaven musically. Nina, a great hostess. a great town. ronnie's sister Jess and Steve have been wonderful. Peter, and amazing irish, but

great music and support as I get started gigging. His dad, an amazing poet and gent of Ireland. Jennifer, thank you for hostessing us all. More sailing thanks to neat people. opportunity to work. rides to and from Dublin. Musically, I have really been befriended and encouraged by so many. Dara, setting up the radio interview with John. John was a great host and I appreciate so much the interview he did. RTE radio that hosts the show. I've been given opportunity to sing alongside Billy Crosby, his delightful family and jazz band. Pat Crowley and Johnny Mac. At every session, friendly faces and encouragement, instruction. Liam, to help with the whistle. Jim Crawford lessons in blues. Rory has adopted me to get my guitar playing under control. Hank and Ray for believing in a concept and setting me up at Charlies. Ivan, rory, dessy, andy and all who gigged for the first session I did myself at Charlies Pub. thanks Magella and Val. Dessy, the piano man at Whitehouse, and good friend. great songs. Incredible support, lifts to gigs. The bus gets to be a bit troublesome with so much gear. Everyone has been so much help. Ronnie D. convinced me to get a CELL PHONE, and now it is glued to me palm with super glue. Drummers, guitar players, singers, pipers, flutes, violins, even steel pan players. Brendan OBrien. promoters. Noel Welch at the Evening Echo newspaper. so many people have gotten involved or have just been supportive. all of Ireland. Brendan from Donegal, a great few days of rest, meditation, gorgeous scenery. Danielle on her magical flute. Individuals forever. The list is wild. I met a gent the day before I left that works in bottled water. He said when I get ready to leave, call him and he will fill the boat with bottled water. wild stuff every day. Today, my boat sits waiting for me, drying on a dock in Kinsale, watched over by several friends, Ron, Betty, Billy, Butch, with heater aboard, gift of Theresa and Ronnie, Roddy's dehumidifier, plugs and cords from Junior and on

