



Donna Lange celebrates the Fourth (2006) in St. Thomas with brothers Jeff and Scott, many friends and music at *'Latitude 18'*, *'Bottoms Up'* and *'Molly Malone's'*

Friends who came to greet her:



Patty Washington is a nurse like me. She fitted out a 36' boat (never having sailed) - which then burned out. She refitted it again. Saw my posters and came over to wish me luck. She is one 'wow' lady, who says that I've inspired her to go on with her dream despite the setback. Almost as magical is the fact that we found ourselves

on the very same flight from St. Thomas to JFK the next day! We were able to get to know each other better and I was able to meet her daughter and brother. Life is a wonder!



Bar hopping mates in St. John who sought my advice on buying a boat.



Tina, Brad and Debbie, each a proprietor of a place I enjoyed playing music for.

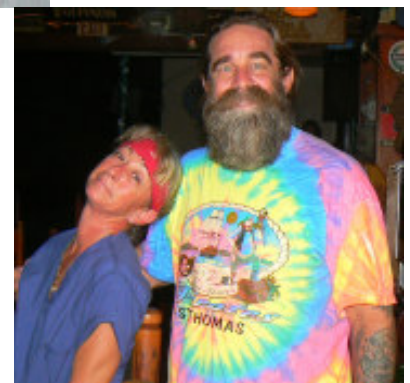


Left is Joe Peterson, a real shipwright, runs a wooden 43', has done woodwork for me. Plays mean percussion at 'Bottoms Up'!

It was great to vacation with my brothers Jeff and Scott. Jeff manages a villa on the island where we were able to stay together. Here Scott and I dance at a Latitude18 gig.



Cheryl, another nurse, who is also my singing coach: "Slow down!" Rick is her bartending buddy -- and they are real 'boaties.' Love them both!



More friends who turned out to hear Donna. .



True Pirates of the Carib! Adam, Kim, Becca and Mark bought a 26' boat together. Also cleaned up big at the races one night.



Jim, Patty and Pat, all great sailors. Jim is always feeding me information and Pat Kosick was one of my first friends on the island back in 2000. They are always ready to give me a hand



Mark and Rebecca just got married this year. True love is such a beautiful thing!



Scott being stared down by an Iguana at Sapphire Beach. The animals don't scare easily.



Scott and I at the ferry.



Tina, friend and proprietor of the 'Bottoms Up' bar. It is actually an old wooden ship that went bottoms up. The bow is set into the ground.

...who had two great jams at "Latitude 18"



Jammin' with Morgan - who is on steel pan. He was my mentor in learning to play the 'pan'. He crafted the pan he is playing. I'm playing a lovely Ibanez guitar Morgan rebuilt. It's a gift when I return from the world cruise.



Jammin' with Phil and his fiddle. He is a great improviser, and a delight to play with. When they back me up the music transcends words.



Morgan singing on the ol' harmonica with Phil on the fiddle. The photographer missed Davis Murray whose gear made the two gigs possible.

"Chris," a great classical Spanish guitarist, soloed one night and jammed at the end of my first Latitude gig. He's seen here on his solo gig.



Phil and his mandolin - of which he is total master! "Lightning Phil" plays both fiddle and mandolin. Phil Robinson and Morgan Rael were in the Michael Bean band "The Tird Whirlers" They urged me to strike out on my own to play.



"The band" takes a breather after a great evening of fun and music. Morgan, yours truly and Phil. Many came by to see these great musicians back me up.

...solo gigs at “Bottoms UP” and also at “Molly Malone’s” Irish Pub



Playing at ‘Bottoms Up’
the pub in the boatyard
where I rebuilt the hull of
my boat in 2000 after
the delamination. They’ve
been with me all the way.



Playing at ‘Molly Malone’s’ Irish Pub. Frank Brittingham
and his family have been great supporters, finding me gig
dates. It’s a true pub, playing music 7 nights a week in
season.

. . .with a little time on the beach mixed in



A day with Scott at Sapphire Beach in St. Thomas.



“And the wind she blows” off Sapphire Beach.

Donna’s Remarks:

From the moment I stepped off the plane in St. Thomas, my body went into Island Time. The warmth and sunshine melted away tensions and aches. I remember now the glory of the Caribbean. Sailing heaven and always 75 degrees. My brother Jeff met me at the airport and we headed off to the Villa he manages. From the property, you get a 360 degree view around the island. Our younger brother Scott arrived the day after me. We settled into late mornings, rest, and great nights of music and pub crawls. Every where I went I caught up with old friends, with stories to tell. This time returning I was seen as a veteran sailor and no longer was there that sense of responsibility that many felt when I left St. Thomas in 2001. After sailing the North Atlantic Circle, many expressed so much concern for me, they felt mostly relief to see me safe and sound. But, this time returning I was welcomed and congratulated. Thanks to Jeff, there were posters all around town publicizing my gigs. A truly fabulous week, both enjoying a first holiday with my brothers, and being home in the Islands. Thanks to all. Thanks millions Ron and Carol, Shaun and Frank Brittingham. . .who managed to duck the camera.