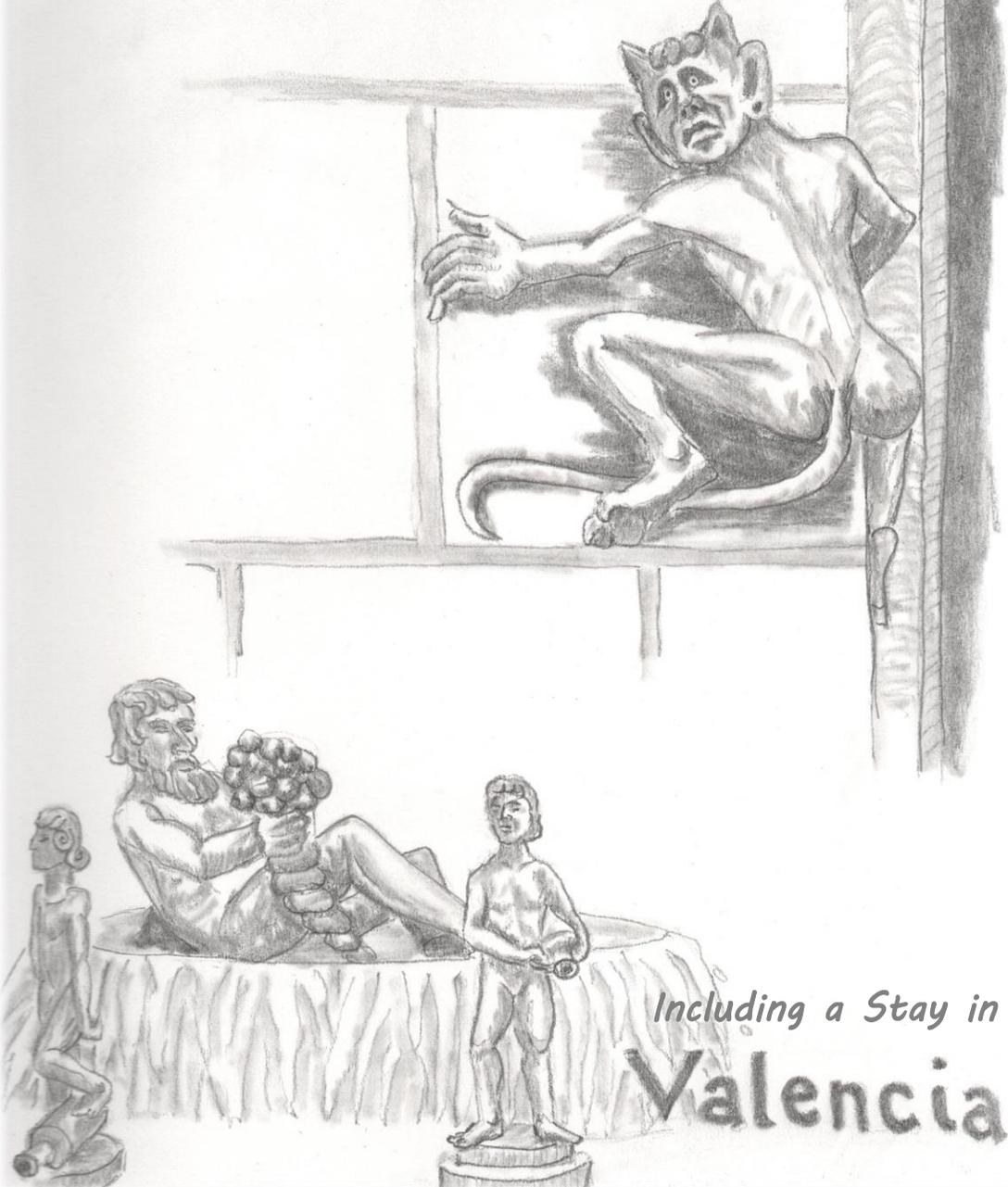


Le Puy en Velay

2017



Including a Stay in
Valencia

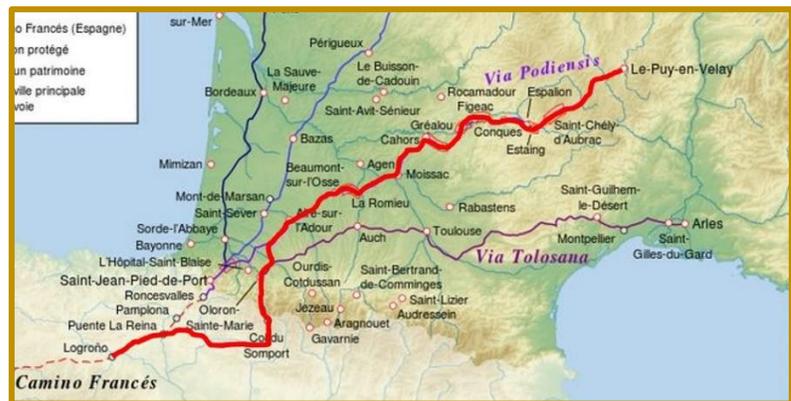
The Camino Frances and the Arizona Trail left their mark on our spirits. When we resumed our city lives, after our sabbatical in 2015/16; we both felt somewhat lost. Slowly that feeling moved to the back of our consciousness, but it never fully left.

We longed to design the next stage of our lives into a well balanced and authentic life by pushing our limits through long-distance walking. Our personal research had led us to discover the concept of conscious aging. It was an effort to resist society's belief that aging is a limiting disease process.

So, at the end of 2016, when Simon expressed his desire to start working 6 months a year, he was thrilled that his employer, Dave, was supportive.

Our plan for the 2017 walking season was a second Camino: combining 'Le Puy en Velay' (Via Podiensis) and 'La Voie de Arles' (Via Tolosana).

The start of this trail was the meeting point of many pilgrimages that came from central Europe. Using the southern Camino would extend the route south and would reconnect with the classic Camino Frances about a quarter of the way into that trail.



We started from Le Puy En Velay. This area was mainly farmland dotted with forests and quite arid. It took us about 5 hours to reach our destination



Le Puy En Velay

for the night at St Privat D'Allier. We took the 'demi pension' which included dinner and breakfast.

At the Gite, we sat in the shade and drank Oranginas and ate our snacks. We were soon joined by other hikers. There were two young couples: Laurent and Stephanie (from France), and Richard



Communal Meals - Saint Privat D'Allier

and Stephanie (from Germany), two fellows: Frederick (from Belgium), Patric (from Vienna), and a young woman with her dog: Lisa (from Austria). These would be our traveling companions for the next two weeks.



Lovely but Harder Landscape

Magdalena) which was built into a volcanic cave. The local priest, Robert, told us that this cave had housed Homo Sapiens who eventually moved up to higher ground and evolved into farmers of today. A religious chevalier found the cave in the 13th century and built the sanctuary in honour of Marie Magdalena.

Breakfast was an informal affair with baguette, butter, jam, and coffee and fruit juice. The terrain became much hillier on this second day. We stopped in a church (Saint Marie



Friendly Encounters

Day 2 ended in Saugue. It was a larger town which offered bars, restaurants, a grocery store, and many hostels. We had reservations in the communal auberge in a private room with a shower. The first two days had been hot, ranging around 40 degrees Celsius. When we arrived in town, we enjoyed sharing a drink with the folks we had met the first night.

Another average day got us to a gite called le Domaine du Sauvage. It was a beautifully renovated 17th century building hosting about 40 walkers. It was in the middle of nowhere but lovely. We had a demi pension here as well. It was very tasty!



Domaine du Sauvage

On Day 7 (Aug 28th), we felt our legs had adjusted to the demands of the trek. Walking at our natural pace and putting in 20



Typical Hearty Meal

km days allowed us to spend time with people and enjoying spectacular places. The walking was blissful and meditative. The weather remained hot in the afternoons reaching 35 to 40 Celsius.



Chatting with the Locals

We were so enamoured with our surroundings and the people we met. On this day, we stopped on our way down a steep hill to chat with an older gentleman. It was a welcomed break but more importantly it was a pleasure to hear him talk about his native area and the changes he'd seen over the years. He was stunned that we, Canadians, would travel all this way to walk in his neighborhood.

Every afternoon we spent time sitting in the local town square participating in the siesta ritual. Since it was too hot to work, the locals (and the hikers) stopped after noon and gathered for a light lunch and a beer in a café by the plaza. In this fashion, we made many new acquaintances. We now knew about 25 or 30 people who were walking the pilgrimage.



The Afternoon Ritual!



Aligot - Prepared with Pride at the Table!

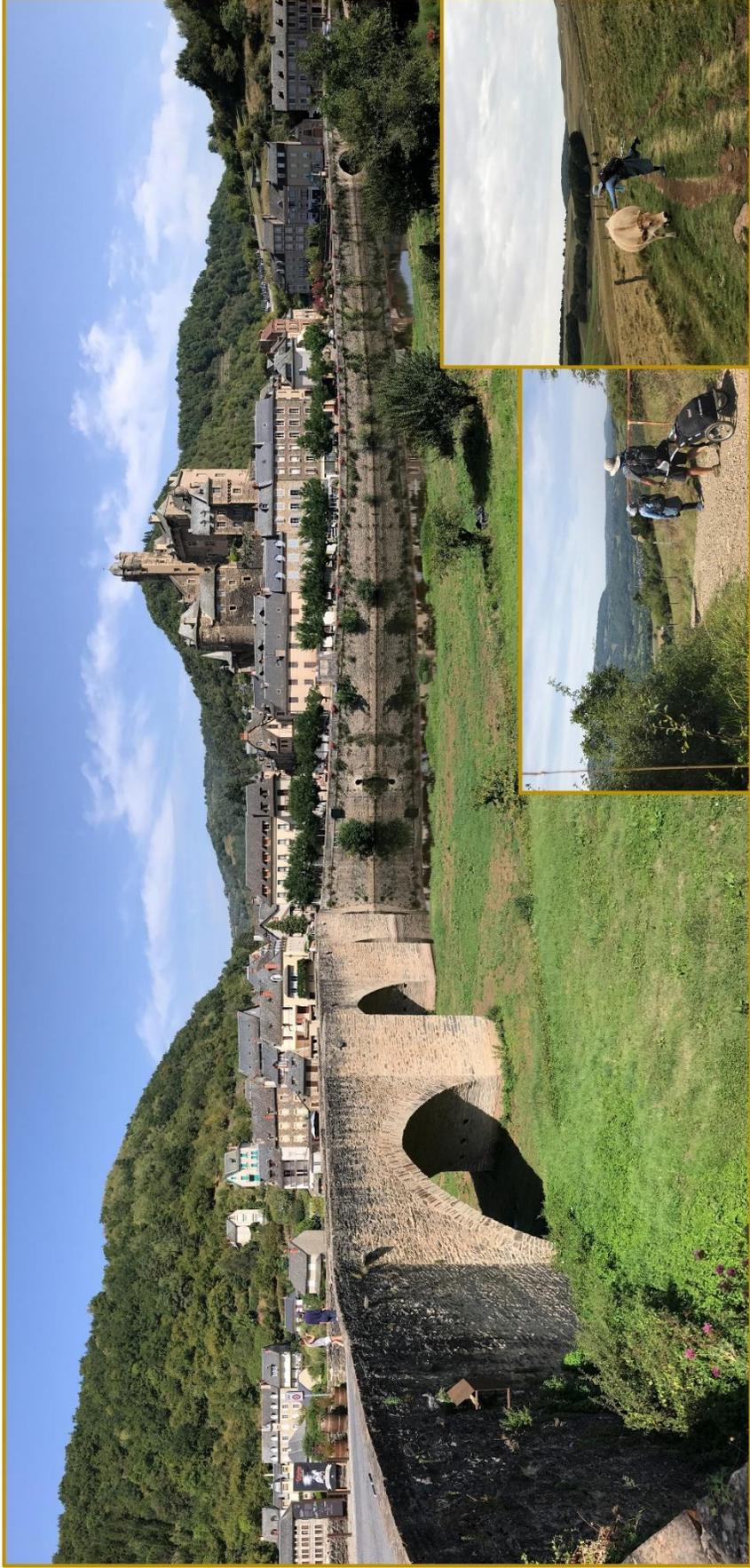
The evening meals were the pinnacle of each day. It was only then that we truly observed how much the French love food. They would ask many questions about each item on their plates. How was it prepared? Where was it grown? The hosts in return were proud to describe in detail their creations to the diners.

We could spend a lot of time describing food, but the highlights so far were: Tripoux (tripe wrapped pork in a veal sauce), Aligot (a mix of potato, 4-day old cheese and garlic), Laguiole cheese (the 4-day old cheese used in the Aligot salted, repressed, and aged to make a tasty cheese), and local ewe sausage.

The French breakfast, petit déjeuner, left a lot to be desired: French bread, butter, jam, a small glass of orange juice and coffee. It was the same everywhere. We yearned for a veggie smoothie or a fruit salad with yogurt. The meals were heavy on the meat and potatoes and fresh veggies seemed an afterthought. In the grocery stores of the smaller villages, we couldn't find more than tomatoes, oranges, or apples, and canned goods.



An Old Medieval Bridge, Beautiful Countryside, and Camino Markers



Village of Estaing and Julie Making Friend

We left St Come d'Olt and the convent of the Ursuline and walked a short day of 19 kms to Estaing. The previous few days had been very windy, and we were warned of some fallen trees along the trail. We checked the maps and found an alternative route along the roads. The countryside was dotted with small hamlets of medieval farms and boreal forests. Very enchanting.

Estaing was a village voted one of the most beautiful in France. It was truly amazing! The castle had been the home of a large influential family, the Estaing's, for centuries. The building had been converted to a museum. Part of this famous family was Giscard D'Estaing who was president of France from 1974-1981.

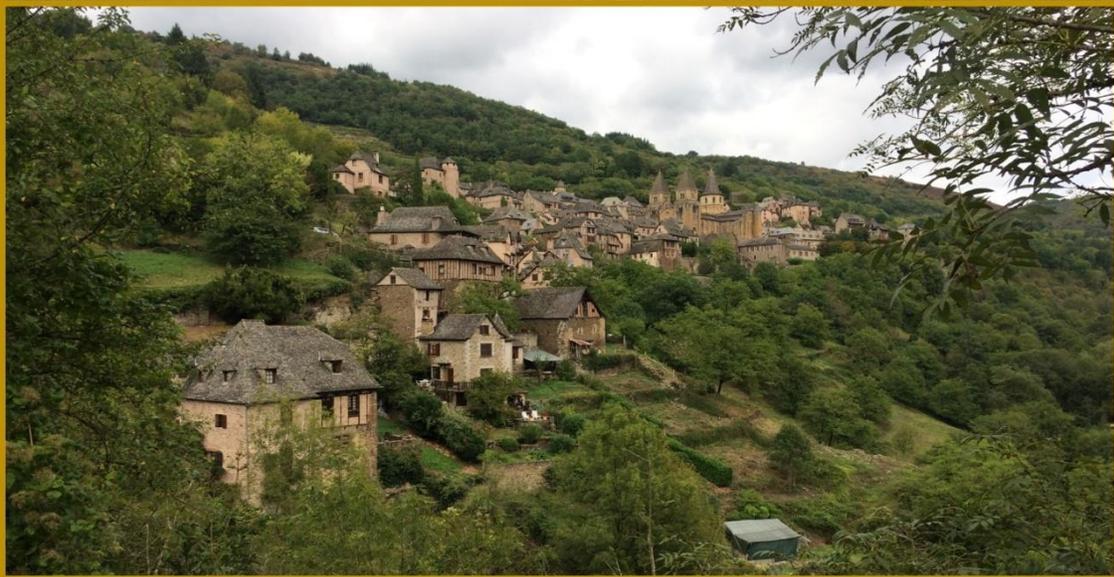
We decided to take a bus to our next destination to rest our legs a bit. We were not alone, on board we met Robert (US), Stephanie and Richard (German), and Constance and Carole (Que). Everyone was experiencing pain or blisters. Our destination was Espeyrac.



Espeyrac and its Castle

Espeyrac was a small town. It had a few very old buildings, a good-looking church, a 'grocery store' (with limited supplies) open just a few hours a day, a hotel/restaurant and a communal gite where we stayed. We met up with a brother and sister from Quebec (Jean-Claude and Louise). We had a lovely dinner with them. What an amazing pair!

We carried on (Aug 31st) to Conque only to discover yet another one of France's best villages.



Conque - Truly Beautiful!

These ratings were by no means given without merit. This one was jaw dropping! It was situated along the cliffs of a deep canyon along the Lot River.



Those on a Two-Week Hiking Vacation Head Home

Many of the people we had befriended to date were ending their trip in Conque. That evening, we had a farewell celebration, another reason for a fine meal. We splurged a bit by staying in a fancy hotel. A good night sleep and we were up early. Too early in fact, the hotel clerk was not in yet and the hotel doors were locked.

When she did get in (some 20 minutes later) we were off.



We climbed out of the deep valley onto a rolling plateau. The weather had cooled, and we were in the clouds most of the morning. We made

good time and arrived in Descazeville by mid-afternoon. It was a modern town, only 180yrs old.



Following Old Roman (& Pelerin) Roads

Figeac was another pretty, historic town. We were now in 'foie gras' country, and pâté was part of every meal. Figeac to Cajarc was the second mid-30km day and it really hit us hard. We arrived on Sunday and aside from a local Brasserie, everything was closed. Luckily for us a little pizza shop opened from 18:00 to 21:00. We ordered 2, one for dinner and one for breakfast/lunch the next day.



Figeac

The following two days, Limogne-en-Quercy to Mas de Vers to Cahors, we followed mostly the old Roman road, the Cami Ferrat. We imagined the ancient pilgrims and the templars using these roads. We saw many Gariottes, shelters used by people 5000 years ago. We almost forgot we were in modern times and were startled when we heard cars in the distance. Of note was the gite Poulaly. A young couple owned and operated the gite and they were very welcoming, and very good cooks.



Amazing History



Cahors and the Valentre Bridge

We took a rest day in Cahors. On a boat cruise, we learned a bit of the history of the river valley (the Lot) and the town of Cahors. It was famous for the renowned Malbec grapes/wines. Its history was rich with tales of Roman conquests and battle-filled medieval times. The cruise started and finished by the Valentré bridge which was built in the 14th century.



Canal over River near Moissac

Sept 12th, we met up with our good friend, Garth, who had spent a few days paragliding in Spain. What a treat it was to spend a few days visiting the area and being chauffeured! The first day, we walked around enjoying the sights in Cahors and drove up to the Domaine des Mathieux where we had reservations. It was a lovely gite with a demi-pension.

We decided to walk to our next destination while Garth did some sightseeing on his own. We stayed in Moissac for two nights. We visited the caves at Pech Merle which were Spectacular. They had been used by people over 29,000 years ago, mainly for painting and rituals. Deep in the caves, these prehistoric people depicted mammoths, horses, buffalos, and other figures.

We decided to walk to our



The Famous Moissac Tympan (UNESCO Site)



Drawing in Pech Merle

We took advantage of a wonderful Sunday market. There were vegetables and fruit galore, various cheeses, sausages, and baked goods. Yum! This town was yet another

deemed 'the most beautiful villages in France'. The Tympan and arches of the Church of St. Pierre took our breath away. It also held a cloister with

remarkable pillars with strange carved motifs. Our last meal together was fabulous. Pâté de foie gras, duck confit, rabbit, and of course cheese for dessert. We parted company with Garth and were once again on the road.

The day walking from Moissac to Auvillar was spectacular with vistas along an ancient canal. We made good time as our legs were fresh from our rest. The gîte communale, at Auvillar, was one of the prettiest we had seen up until then. From Auvillar, we walked 24 kms to Castet Arrouy (red castle), a small hamlet. The rolling terrain was peppered with farmland. We stayed in another



Castet Arrouy (Red Castle)

communal gîte which was an old, converted schoolhouse.

Our path led us through rolling hills, vineyards, and sunflower fields. Our eyes feasted on the bright colours in the fields and our palates enjoyed superb food and full-bodied wines, the Malbec of the Lot Valley. As we crossed into the Armagnac and the Gascogne area in the Gers

Region, the variety of red wines, some surprising whites, and fabulous (light and dark) rosé were too much temptation. We had to try a few!

Castet Arrouy to La Romieux (Sept 12th) was a warm, sunny, and long day.

On this day, we crossed two more of the 'most beautiful villages of France'. Our gîte was an old house which we had all to ourselves. Our host informed us



A deserted Town Square in Castet Arrouy

that she had made reservations for us at the local restaurant.

Dinner at Chez Antoine was quite the affair. We both ordered the Menu Gascogne. As an entrée, we had a lentil salad with demi-cooked foie gras.



La Romieux Town Square with chez Antoine's Outdoor Patio

How to describe the texture... Imagine a lump of soft fat deep fried in Duck fat. It was as disgusting in texture as it was delicious in taste. Second course came, Ris de Veau; we had no idea! Veal in a sweet plum glaze with sweet potato mash. The meat was perfectly cooked, but we could not identify the cut. After the meal

Simon researched what Ris de Veau was. It turned out to be the veal's thymus gland! Had we known we would not have ordered it; but we would have missed out on a local delicacy. Desert was a fancy apple pie. After such a fabulous meal, we slept well.

La Romieux to Condom was a short day. We stayed in the Ancient Carmel, an old cloister. Our room was small but had a double bed in it! The communal meal was hearty, simple food. Squash soup, steak with potatoes and plum pudding for dessert. We shared the meal with mostly French folks doing short walking holidays. They all wanted to hear us talk as they 'loved' our accents. We thought it was them that had accents!

Condom to Lamothe was well above our average of 25 kms –



Helping Each Other during Terrible Weather and Difficult Trail

these longer distances were becoming the norm. The weather was changing, and we were told that if we could see the Pyrenees (which we could) it meant rain (which it did). The rain started as we arrived at our gite. Our hosts, Elena, and Alain were really welcoming. They went out of their way to make our stay comfortable. We were

joined by a few folks we had seen in the last few days. It gave us an occasion to get to know them better. Dinner was soup, lasagna, and chocolate mousse. Our continued focus on food was the norm and we were constantly hungry. That night, we did not sleep well as we shared a room with four other pilgrims, who snored.

Lamothe to Nogaro was long; we were rained on, wind-blown, and muddy at the end of the day. We loved it! It felt energising walking in this inclement weather. As we approached Nogaro we could hear this thundering sound. Who knew this town was famous for car racing: the Paul Armagnac Course?! Our gite was part of the community center and therefore right next to the tracks. We were blessed with the roaring engines from 3pm to 6pm.

We were not sad to leave Nogaro and walk to Aire sur L'Adour. This 'marathon distance' day was to be our last on the Voie Podiensis. It was a long and rainy day. We were



Julie, D'Artagnan, and Les Trois Mousquetaire!



Aire-Sur-L'Adour

muddy, but in good spirits when we found our gite, la Maison des Pelerins, at 3pm. It was a full house with lots of familiar faces. A great opportunity to say goodbye to these fine folks. From here, we took a bus to Lescar, where we joined the Voie de Arle (GR 653) through the Pyrenees before joining the Camino Frances.

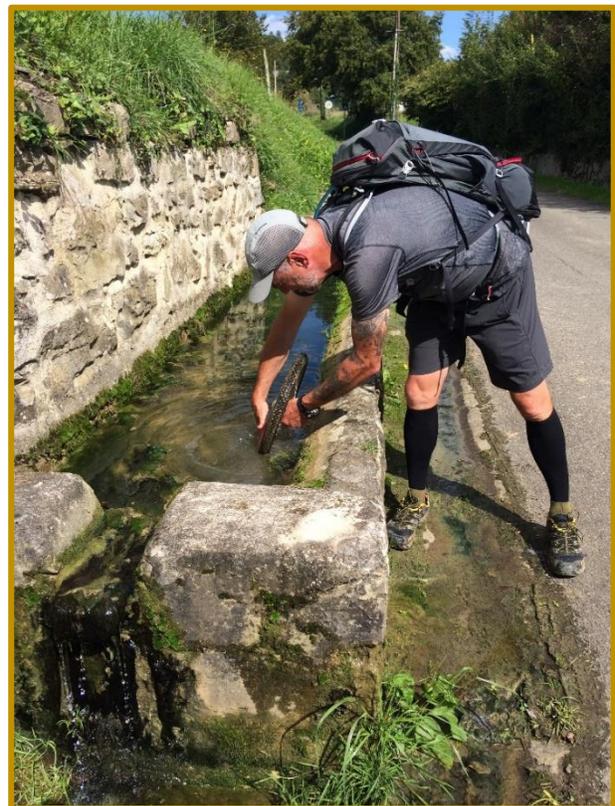


Sheep and Goats Along less travelled GR653

cart, the cover, and our shoes before heading to our host's chambre d'hôte.

Our choice of accommodations in these smaller town was limited. In Estialiesq, we stayed at the Maison Milord. Francoise and Francois were very welcoming hosts. We had the opportunity to exchange some thoughts on our goals for life. They too had left their busy lives in the 'big town' and found this ideal farm for their bed and breakfast. Our diner was served on a deck overlooking the valley and the mountains. Most of the ingredients for our meal were from their garden/farm. We finished our wine watching the sun set. Very romantic.

On Sept 19th, we walked to Estialiesq. The rain clouds had moved on and we enjoyed the cool and sunny afternoon. The walking seemed easy. But the trail was very muddy from the three days of rain. Everything got very dirty. We stopped at the village fountain to clean the wheels of our



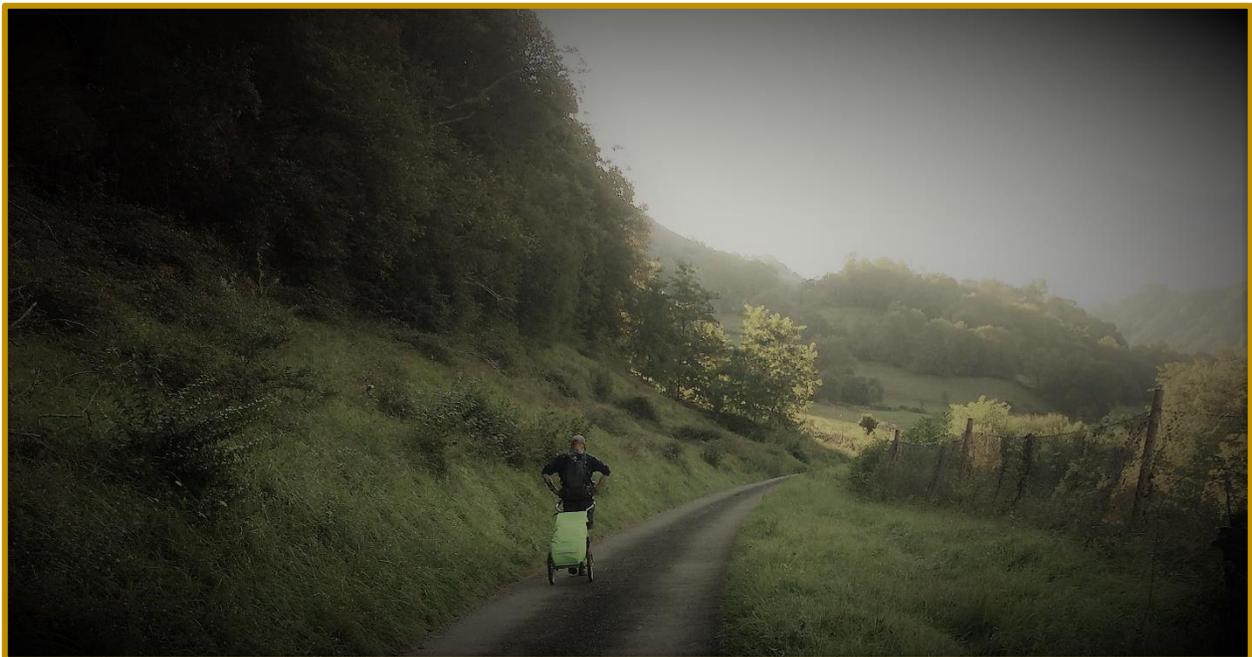
Cleaning the Wheels of the Wheelie Before the Hostels



A Spectacular Hostel in Estialiesq

The Voie d'Arles seemed much less popular. We met no other pilgrims! That said, we were stopped by more people who were interested in our journey. We selected more 'chambres d'hôte' and gites that were over-the-top friendly. We stayed at Le Moulin d'Eysus. Our host was a funny guy, and his spouse, Jacqueline, was talkative. We had our evening meal together. The room was decorated with an array of hats and dolls.

The next morning after a chat and coffee, we were off later than usual. We were walking deeper into the Pyrenees. The trail rolled up and down the



The Voie de Arles is Gorgeous as we Head toward the Pyrénées

ridges of the foothills. It was hard to get Simon to relinquish the Wheelie (cart) as he loved climbing the up-hills.

During the day, our host for that evening called. Are we coming? When? Could we come at 5pm? We arrived in Bedous early. We visited a bit, bought some provisions, had a cool drink at the café and then went to find a spot for an afternoon nap. A bit more waiting brought us to 5pm.

We arrived at the Moulin d'Orcin. It was a beautiful spot along the same



Beautiful Rolling Hills

stream we have been following all day. No one was around. We rang the bell, waited, rang the bell again, we phoned. Nothing. Finally, a woman popped her head out of the window: 'are you waiting for someone?' Yes, we have a reservation... Oh, my husband is away in Spain... He is not here... She finally came down and showed us to our room. She had us sleeping in her children's bedroom. Her home was a mess; dirty, piles of clothes everywhere, dirty dishes in the sink. This was not a good start. There were clean sheets on the bed, and a shower (no shower curtain) and we were assured we would be fed tonight. We felt stuck so we decide to make the best of an uncomfortable situation.

The husband arrived around diner time (7:30). His wife had made a delicious dinner for her family. We



Sometimes All You Need is a Nap!

were invited to dine with all of them and their tenant, Loren. It was an odd evening; they were nice but did not seem to understand their role as our hosts. Every move we made was commented on: are you going to eat all that? Don't you like the cake? They hovered uncomfortably. The price for the privilege of being with them in their home? The same as we paid for a fabulous suite and romantic meal at the Maison Milord (90 euros).

In the morning it was raining, a lot. We couldn't wait to leave our accommodations. We walked to Accous at which point hikers are required to take the bus to the picturesque town of Urdos. The only access is on the National Hwy. Miracles of all miracles, there was a grocery store (open), a restaurant (open) and our host at the communal gite was more than happy to let us in early! It was clean, warm, and the kitchen was well stocked with all sorts of niceties such as tea and coffee. After yesterday, this was so appreciated.



Tough Trail From the Moulin d'Orcin to Accous



The Communal Hostel with a Small Local Market!

We recalled the day we left St Jean Pied de Port two years ago. We had had a hard day crossing the Pyrenees. The col de Somport was just as difficult. It too was long with more elevation than normal. The difference was that

it was mostly on dirt tracks and trails. It was very beautiful but slick with mud. We took turns pulling the cart. Every half hour we switched. We passed old, deserted farms, ancient roads bordered by overgrown hedges.



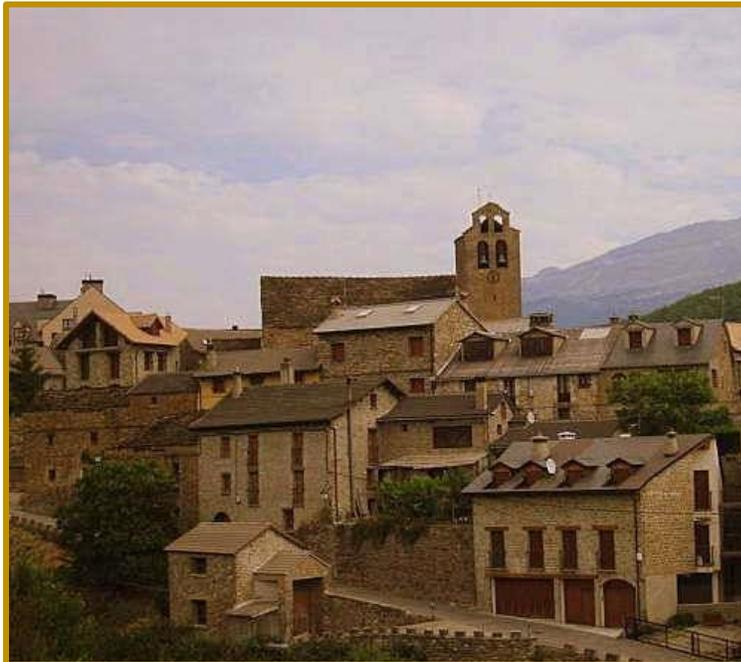
Joining the Camino Frances



Huffing and Puffing on a Difficult Trail

We panted and pulled until we crested onto the col by a ruin of an abandoned refuge. After a good rest and snack, we followed the road toward the Spanish border.

At the border, there was a bar! How European of them! No border patrol, just a bar. We stopped with all the other tourists (all coming by car or bus) and admired the view. The Fanta Limon tasted good. A lady sat next to us and began talking. We didn't understand one word, not a clue. Habla mas despacio, no intiendo! I was finally able to explain what we had done, and what were our plans for the next month.



Canfran Estacion

The descent into Canfran Estacion was uneventful. We walked along the Hwy until we found our albergue, the Pepino Grillo. It was an old house with very uneven stairs. We, of course, were lodged up three flights of stairs in the attic, but the room was clean. Our dinner was cold cuts, cheese, bread, and olives. Breakfast was part of the service at this albergue. We were up and ready by 7:30 and

shared coffee, bread, and jam with two French ladies.

Canfran Estacion to Jaca was a long but spectacular day. We walked through an ancient village that if it were in France, would have been voted one of the prettiest. But being Spanish, it was just another town. There was



It was becoming More of a Camino!

a different mood here in Spain. There were fewer hikers, the path was less traveled and less trendy. This walk was more than just hiking, it invited reflection and meditation.

We arrived in Jaca, a large city with an old fort

and cathedral. We did some visiting, found a grocery store for supplies. We stayed at a communal albergue with a kitchen; we made a jambalaya! Our companions were a German man, three Italians we'd been following since the Col, and two Spanish guys. Two snored. Ah, we remembered why we chose private albergues. Not much sleep was had here!

Jaca to Puente de la Reina de Jaca: 24km, the Way followed parallel to the National Hwy again. We arrived at the hamlet and found that it was just a bit more than a truck stop. There was a restaurant, a hotel, a small grocery store and a gas station. But our hotel room had a bath!

Puerta de la Reina de Jaca to Ruesta was longer than expected. The Camino followed dirt tracks, then a trail through the woods, then it became narrow and rocky. We wanted this day to end. It was getting on in the afternoon and it was hot. Finally, we saw the hermitage that was situated just before Ruesta.

Imagine cresting a hill and seeing an old fortress on a cliff. It was breathtaking! Ruesta used to be, in the 900's, a busy place that offered all services to travelers. Now in ruins, the only buildings that were manned were the two albergues and bar. We asked for a private room and a demi pension. For 51 Euro, we had a lovely room for two and a great three course meal with wine. Our diner companions were 2 Russian ladies doing the Voie de Arles, 2 French men doing some other trail, 3 Spanish men,

our 3 Italians and a cyclist. The conversation was lively, and we thoroughly enjoyed copious amounts of food and drink.



Ruesta - a 10th Century Fortress

Ruesta to Sanguesta was of typical distance but it started early! Everyone got up when the 2 Russian ladies got up. They were banging around, talking loudly to one another at 6am. Not proper etiquette for an albergue! Today's walk was to be mostly downhill, except for one uphill at the start. It took us an hour and a half to climb up that hill, roughly 5km and 400 m elevation gain; Simon loved it!

We were treated to spectacular views when we did reach the top. The rolling hills were peppered with abandoned farmhouses. Our destination for a break was this fantastic village on top of a small hillock. Again, we commented that it would make the top villages if it were in France. To reach it we walked on another Roman road. It was bumpy and very uneven, but it was marvelous to experience this part of local history. The rest of the day was smooth easy flat walking.

Sanguesa to Monreal was a long day that felt typical, over 35km. Julie had been yearning for the feeling of Bliss we had felt during the last Camino and in Arizona. Slowly, since crossing the border it was coming back. The other folks on the trail also commented on the difference since crossing the border. We were all in a comparable age range and possibly the Camino

had attracted us for similar reasons. The Way's purpose had always been about renewal. Prior to it being Christian, it was a pagan tradition. A pilgrim



Sometimes More of an Internal Journey

walked to the end of the world (Finisterre), bathed, and burned their clothing. They would return home cleansed.

During our day from Monreal to Obanos we left the Camino Voie d'Arles and joined the Camino Frances. We saw many new faces. We passed a small chapel near Obanos. We recognized it from our last Camino Frances trek. Our first full day on the Camino Frances and the trail was good to us, but Julie had been feeling some minor pain on the top of her left foot. It only bothered her at night.

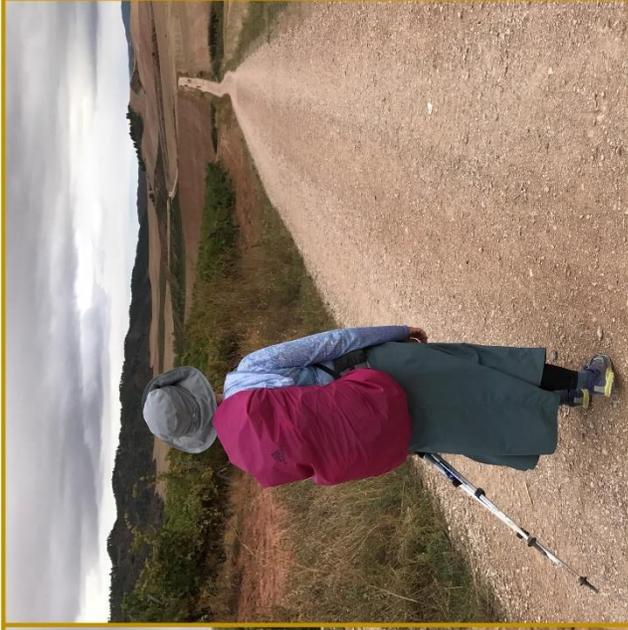
We were in 'the zone' from Villatuerta to Los Arcos. As we approached Los Arcos a thunderbolt exploded in Julie's foot. The pain seared up her shin and all over her foot. We kept the



Now on the Familiar Camino Frances

fast pace and, with adrenaline pumping, managed to get into town. Then she was hobbled. We found our albergue and she went straight to bed and stayed there. It was a terrible night. The trail gods had played a nasty trick.

We decided to bus it from Los Arcos to Logrono. The morning found Julie's foot slightly swollen and painful. At that moment, disappointed, we realised that walking was no longer an option. We found a physio who could see Julie and she spoke French very well. What an amazing coincidence. Her recommendation, rest, ice, and stretch.



Joining the Camino Frances

We had already planned a stop in Logrono. Simon's nephew, Augustin, was competing in a circus competition in Milvignes, Switzerland. The hotels, and travel plans were already in place. How fortunate, Julie could rest and watch the scenery roll by as we drove East through the Northern Pyrenees and central France. It took two days of driving to reverse what had taken us 40 days to walk. How amazing to float so fast on smooth roads? We greeted the young men at the airport, and the four of us drove to Switzerland.



What a Great 3 Days in Milvignes, Switzerland!

Augustin and Santiago were students at the circus school in Quebec City. They were a team that worked on the Chinese mast. They combined supernatural acrobatics on the mast and humour that was all their own. We spent most of Friday and Saturday at the competition. We watched the athletes do their practice runs, the initial selection, and the first gala event. We were thrilled to find out that the boys made it into the final gala on Sunday.

Augustin and Santiago were voted the best team by the organizing committee, and they also finished second with a silver medal in the 18+ open category! They were on a high when we left them to celebrate.

After a few more days visiting the area, we drove back to Logrono. We packed our bags and Simon pulled the cart. We left to resume our trek. With each step, Julie knew this was not going to happen. Less than an hour into the walk we had to admit defeat.

Simon suggested we stay another night in Logrono, and brain-storm what we could do as we had a month before our return trip back home. We decided to find a city where we could rent an apartment and explore life in Spain. Valencia was chosen! It was a large city along the Mediterranean, it

had lots of history, culture, and entertainment. Valencia was founded in 130BC.

Simon booked a studio, with kitchen, near the center of the old sector. The old sector contained a fort, narrow cobblestoned streets, plazas, and buildings. The market was open every day and had stalls offering fresh produce, sea food, and meats. The churches were in good repair and displayed gold embossed bas-reliefs, and trompe l'oeil frescos.



One of the Central Squares in Valencia

We went to the Valencia CF vs Sevilla Football match. It was attended by 50,000 fans. Valencia won, and it was an intense experience as our neighbours kept hugging us after each goal.



Lucky For Us - Valencia Won 4 to 1!

We explored the roman excavations under the parts of the 'old city center'. We walked on glass sidewalks hovering and overlooking remains of buildings, bathhouses, kitchens, amazing tile work, and streets of the original Valencia some 2100 years ago.

By the North Train Station, was the Bullring (third biggest in Spain). There, we saw a film of a famous bullfight and learned a bit about its cultural significance. Wondering through the old sector, we marvelled at the marble plazas and the intricate ceramic work on many buildings.



Valencia's Bullring - Built in 1850 and still in Operation

The Opera Palace was as impressive as the Opera House in Sydney Australia! And lucky for us, we were able to buy tickets for Madame Butterfly. The interior of the opera house was covered in blue ceramics, and the spectacle of the opera was one of the finest quality performances we had ever seen.



An Unforgettable Performance of Madam Butterfly

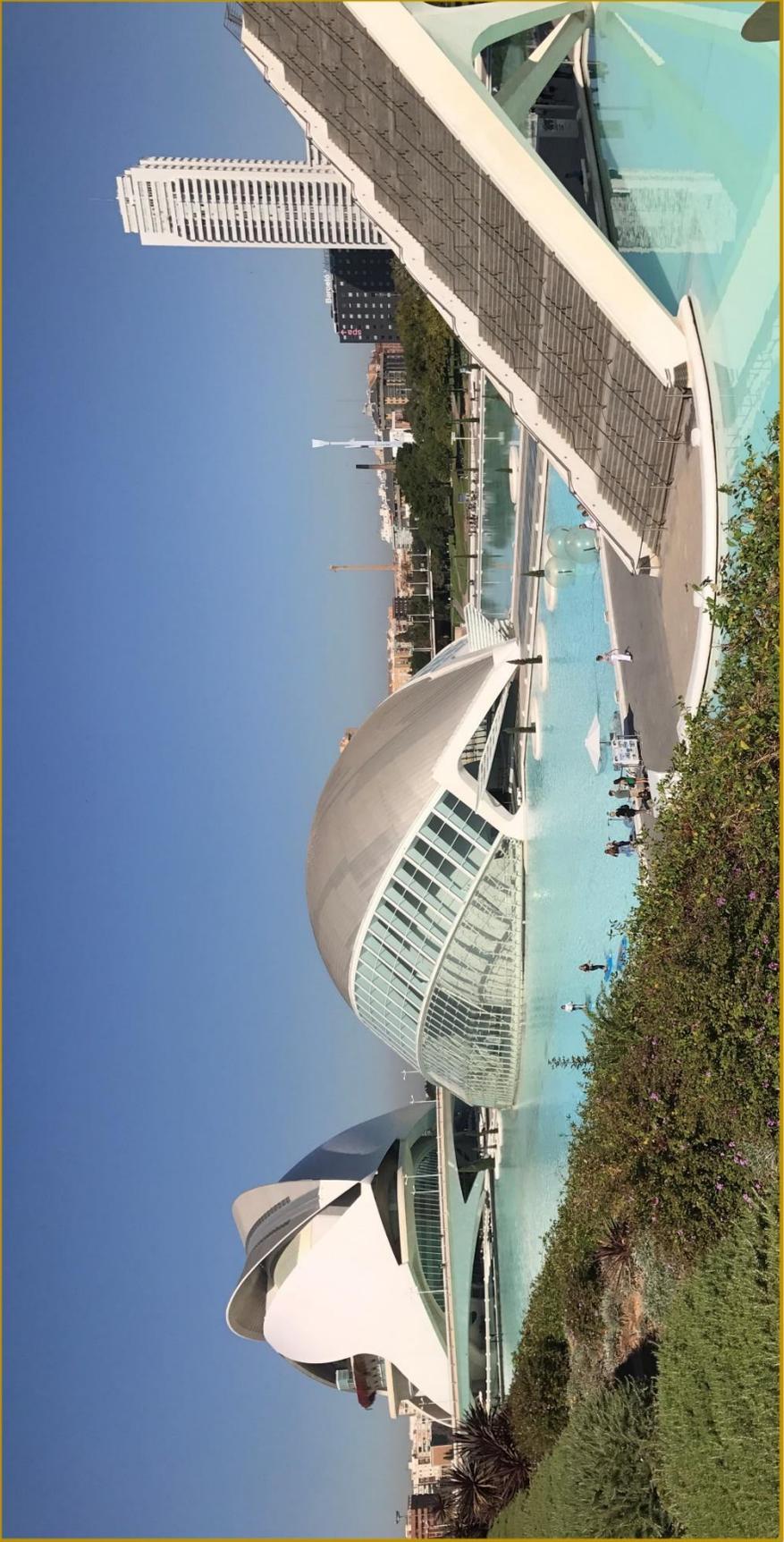
The main boulevards had center green walkways for pedestrians and cyclists (and parrots). The river valley had been converted into a 10km-long athletic park with paths, exercise stations, and playgrounds. The city was

also along the Mediterranean and we enjoyed a few beach days. As well, we watched flamenco dancing and ate many fabulous meals.



The Many Faces of Valencia; Beaches, Parks, History, and Food!

We promised ourselves we would return one day. There was so much to see in this amazing city. But our holiday time came to an end. We returned home via trains and planes. Resuming our city life was a challenge. We soon found ourselves wanting more adventures and less work. The plan for our retirement started to form.



Art, Science, and Culture in Valencia



"ALL TRULY GREAT THOUGHTS ARE CONCEIVED WHILE WALKING"

Friedrich Nietzsche