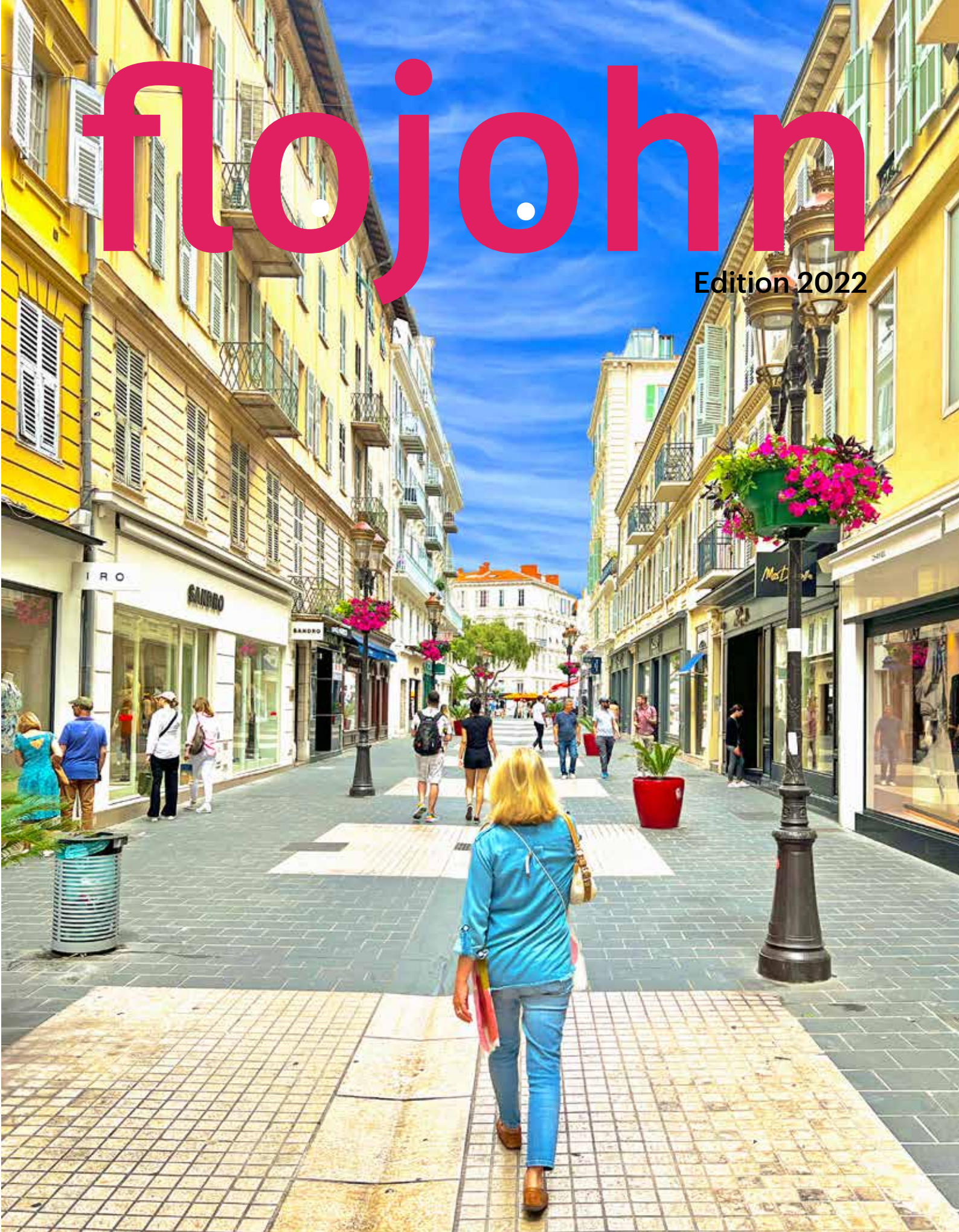


flojohn

Edition 2022



Letter from the Editor

(and production manager, staff writer, photographer, graphic designer, office janitor and ...)

2022 was a “catch-up” year, catching up with trips to Canada, Mexico and France for long overdue visits to see family and friends. As well, some travelled over to Portugal to visit us in Lisbon and “catch up”.

On the Canadian side, it was wonderful to finally get together with my father in Vancouver whom I hadn’t seen in person for more than three years. And then my uncle, sister and niece, and cousin Matt with Christa and Freya visited us for a couple of weeks - making a trip that had been delayed multiple times before because of covid.

2022 was also the year we formally cut ties with Mexico, at least with regards to having a home back in Puerto Vallarta, selling our condo at Villamar where we’d lived for nearly 25 years. That was the last of the real estate we have in Mexico, now there’s just MLSVallarta, our real estate online MLS, which interestingly was the first business I opened in Vallarta back in 1989.

And of course, there was our annual trip Noirmoutier where we traditionally get together with the French-side of the family over the summer months.

This is the fourth issue of Flojohn Magazine. With each one I’ve done the photography, writing and design myself, but I couldn’t have done it to completion without the help of our good friends back in Vallarta, Claudia and Luis Moreno. Claudia worked with us for many years at Vallarta Lifestyles, ensuring our publications went out and arrived back in a timely manner without any errors or glitches. And Luis continues today to ensure MLSVallarta is in top form and always up and running. We were very happy to be able to get together with them when back in Vallarta, see their lovely new home, and especially to be able to thank them for their help in checking over the magazine before it goes to print.



Walking Caparica Beach

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Coco's Beach, Quimixto, Mexico

FlojohnNews

Adios Puerto Vallarta

In March of this year we said goodbye to Vallarta, our home since the late '80s. It was a little emotional as there were a lot of fond memories, and our condo at Villamar is where both Jeff and Alison basically grew up - it was "home". But it was time to move on. Today we are just too infused in our European lives to have room for Vallarta. And there's a little, "been there, done that," it was time to move on and make new discoveries.

So we left with 14 suitcases, plus a few more packed by friends who happened to be heading to France. Fortunately we got through customs and back home without any problems. But prior to that, it had been quite taxing, packing and getting rid of the things we'd compiled over the years. We leave with many good memories, but we'll be back!



Niza Building

While in Vallarta I went by our old office building that we built but never had the opportunity to move into. 2008 came along and changed many things, including our need for such a large office. So we put it up for sale. But that's not the reason for mentioning it here.

After we sold it we decided to buy a place in France, and the proceeds from the sale of the building, or at least some of it, to pay for our new home in Nice. However, it was not until we returned to Vallarta and visited the building that we noticed that they had named it "Edificio Niza" (Nice Building), the same name as the city where we'd traded it for a place in France! Well, it was a good trade. We didn't need such a big place and we were quite happy with our home in Nice. But it was rather serendipitous that what gave us a home in Nice was named after that city!



House Building Starts!

We bought a lot in Lagoa de Albufeira in early 2021 and then spent a year working with an architect to prepare the plans, and in the spring of 2022 we obtained permission to start building. Next step was to find a builder. When we first started working with the architect he'd told us they were all very busy and it was very difficult to get quotations - they already have enough work. But by the fall of 2022, things had changed dramatically and we managed to get quotes from five companies. We decided on one and spent the rest of 2022 working and tweaking the quote and the budget. We had a list of things we wanted to include in the home, but we had to be practical and work within what Lagoa offers - it is not a high-end subdivision and we don't want to be the most expensive home on the block. We plan to start construction in March of 2023.



Azenhas do Mar Beach with its
salwater pool and cliffside homes



Oldies but Goodies....



Above: Florence, Corinne and Sylvie. **Right:** I bought myself a mariachi outfit, the real thing. Why, I have no idea. Perhaps to attract women? **Below:** I bought this very tacky painting at an art auction and then set up a plan where it was "gifted" to someone who would then have to hang it in their house/office for a year, and then at the end, hold a party for everyone and gift it someone else. Who knows where it is now. **Below Left:** Back to when we were married to others! With Roland, Virginie, Corinne and Luis. **Right:** Flo with the girls on a night out at Cafe des Artistes. **Below Right:** Tony visiting us in our early years together at Sylvie's house with her pet deer "Bambie".



France
Stepping Out in Noirmoutier



The old ones (but not at heart)...



Joao, Alison and Maxine



Bertrand, Tony, Maxime, Emeric, Chloe and Sebastian



The young ones...



Above/Above:
 Sailing in Noirmoutier on Muriel & Bertrand's new sailboat
Above:
 Petanque Challenge at Chez Malgo
Left:
 Sandrine, Roxanne and Muriel
Right:
 Bertrand and Tony
Below Left:
 Sebastian, Chloe, Alison and Joao
Below Right:
 Tony and Bertrand



Apero hour at Chez Paddy...



Muriel, Roxanne and Paddy going fishing...



Stepping Out in Vancouver



With cousins and uncles at Matt & Christa's place: Cheri, Matt, Katrina, Ulf, Gordy and Ian.

With Dad, Heather and step-brother Mike



With cousin Matt biking Lynn Creek road



With Dru, Ted, Tina and John on Vancouver Island



Aunt Liz with Freya, Anna and Marli



With Jeff in Kitsilano



With step-brother Jason



With Dad and Cheri on Kitsilano Beach



Sailing with Harvey



Sailing on Miss Lily with Dad



Lucy with Janet on her birthday

Stepping Out in Vallarta



Jeff, Morgan, Flo and I, Alison and Joao



With Joao and Alison in Los Muertos



With Ignacio on Jonathon's boat



With Corinne and Catherine



Lunch with the boys - Paco and Frank



Lunch in Bucerias with Rick and Jaq



Joao and Alison



Jeff, Flo, Morgan, Alison, Joao, Ena and Ena



Jeff, Joao, Alison, ?, Ena, Morgan and Flo



Ena, Flo, ?, Morgan, Ena, Jeff, Alison and Joao



With Christian, Alison, Joao, Alex, Carol, Gonzalo, Om at Marc's Beach

Stepping Out in Portugal



Sailing with Alison and Joao



Prince Rupert Reunion! With Dru, Gordy, Ted, Lauryn, Cheri, Rania and Jeff



Sailing with Alison and Joao



With Andrew, Denise, Donna, and Karl



Above:
Hiking in Nice with Austin and Jill

Right:
With Lucy and Jeanne in
Lisbon and Ericeira



With Cheri and Gordy and Playa Caparica and on the arch of Albandiera Beach in the Algarve



With Christa, Freya, Cheri, Gordy and Matt in Ericeira



With Cheri and Gordy on the Abadia Peninsula



With Cheri, Gordy and Alison in Lisbon



With Cheri and Gordy In Obidos



With Cheri and Gordy in the Algarve



With Cheri and Gordy in the Algarve, walking the Carvoeiro coastal trail

Canada

Saturna Island Sojourn

In between the city of Vancouver and Vancouver island, and situated close to the American border, is a cluster of islands known as the Gulf Islands. One of the smallest is Saturna, and it is where my uncles and aunt own acreage with a small cabin, situated on a overlooking an inlet and the island's ferry terminal.

A week before my flight to Canada I'd caught covid and it wasn't pleasant. By the time it was time to go I was no longer contagious but still felt terrible and up to the night before I was ready to cancel the trip. But, I'd been waiting a three years for this trip, I needed to make it to see family.

Fortunately, upon my arrival my sister Cheri was there to pick me up as I was still quite spaced out. I spent the night at her place and then she took me to the ferry terminal the next day to catch a ferry to Saturna to meet up with my uncle Gordy and then spend four restful days on the property, recuperating.

Other than a long hike each day, either through the 35 acres of property, or at another spot on the island, we just enjoyed the cabin, the property, good food and the wonderful weather that I lucked into. Very therapeutic!



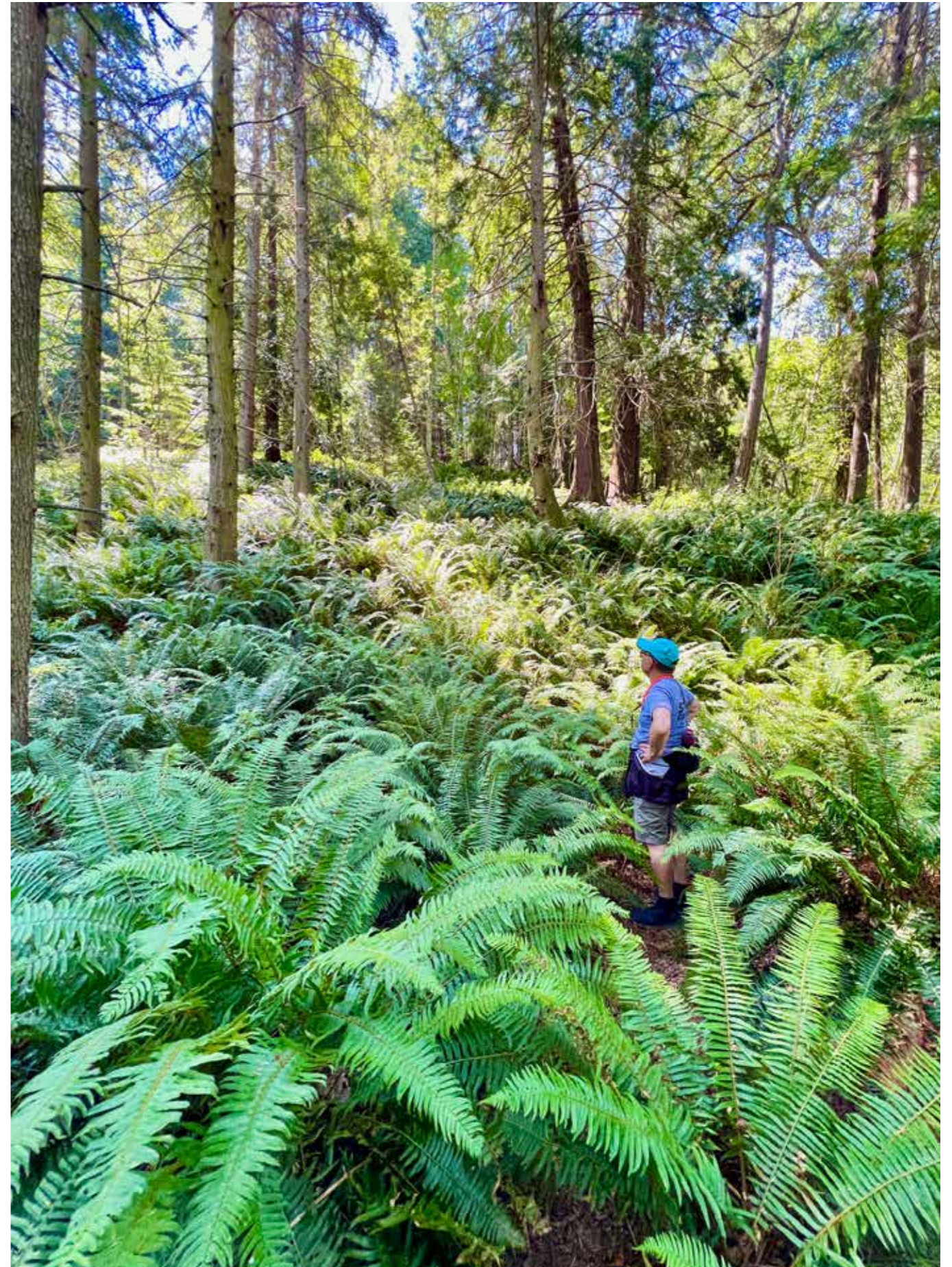
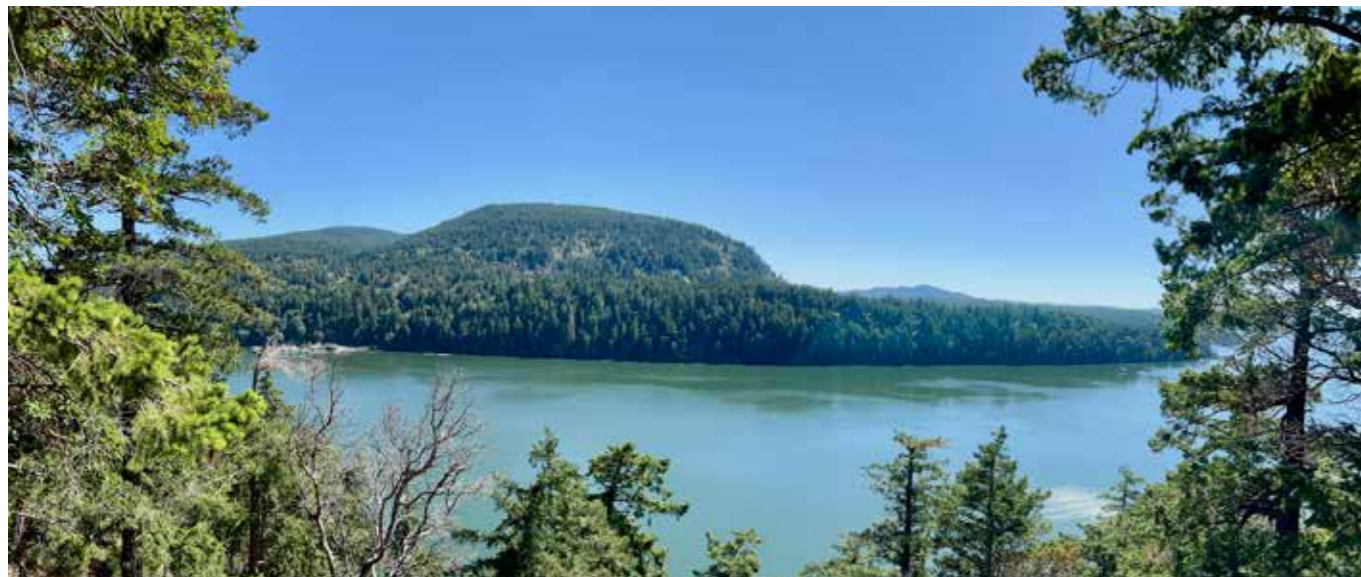


Above:
Cliffside Terrace

Right:
Island Hike

Below:
Cabin View

Next Page and Following:
Walking the Property





Evora Skydiving

When Alison left her job at Stone Capital, as a going away present they gave her a sky diving coupon. Not wanting her to do it alone, I decided to do the jump with her - it had been forty years since I'd last done that back in Canada

The jump was over the Alentejo town of Evora, situated east of Lisbon about an hour away. We decided to make a weekend of it with Flo and Joao joining us (although they chose to keep their feet on the ground).

We enjoyed the jump (exhilarating!), and then exploring Evora, a town with a history dating back to the Romans, and some very good food and wine. We finished off with a bike ride through the countryside before heading back to Lisbon.



Mexico

Lunch at **Coco's Beach**

When living in Vallarta one of our favorite places for a beach day was to take a boat to the southern coast of the bay that Vallarta is situated within – the Bay of Banderas. The coastline is only accessible by boat and therefore it's more remote and less crowded than Vallarta or the north shore. We decided to make the trip one last visit, with Alison and Joao, as who knows when we'll be back this way again.

Back when we had our own boat we usually visited this coast, to places like Quimixto, Las Animas, Majahuitas or Yelapa. Here, surrounded by lush jungle, the seafood is fresh, the drinks are cold and refreshing and the turquoise blue ocean is warm and calm – you feel like you have been marooned on a tropical island.

For a few years our good friend Silvie had a home near Las Animas and we spent many weekends there with her. The kids

were young and at that age, they were in heaven, exploring the coastline and jungle that enveloped us. Silvie's home was like a tree fort, adding even more to the sensation of being lost on some far away island.

Most recently we've been enjoying Coco's Beach near Quimixto. There's just one restaurant with excellent food and drinks, and usually there's just us and a few other lucky people. A perfect place to escape the world for awhile.





*Lunch at
Coco's Beach
with
Alison and Joao*



Paris, France

Luxembourg Gardens

We usually spend a week or two in Paris each summer, which is a perfect time to go as the Parisians are on vacation elsewhere and the tempo of the city slows to a crawl. And rarely is there a trip where we don't visit the Luxembourg Gardens for a stroll and to relax by the reflection pond in front of the Luxembourg Castle.

There's always plenty of activity, from university students studying together over lunch, to young children on a field trip learning about the people portrayed in the many sculptures and statues situated throughout the park.

On weekends children young and old enjoying sailing model sailboats on the pond and the grass areas become picnic scenes, like right out of a Monet painting.

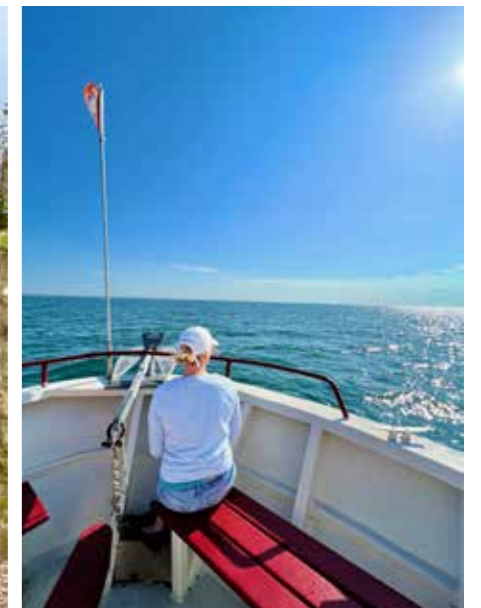
In the mornings people practice tai chi and martial arts, play tennis or enjoy a game of chess. For us it's a great place to escape the hustle and bustle of Paris for a while, in a lovely, calm setting.





Following Flo...

When we travel I often found myself following behind Flo as I frequently stop to take photos. After awhile she gets tired of waiting for me and just continues on. So I started taking photos of her walking in front of me as I try and catch up to her.



Puerto Vallarta

Home from the mid' 80s to 2022

Through the center of Puerto Vallarta the Cuale River meanders and flows, behind are the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountain range dressed in rich green foliage, while in front are golden beaches and the azure blue waters of Banderas Bay – a tropical paradise



Mexico was supposed to be a short stop, simply a vacation, a getaway from the lives we were living in the north. And for us to arrive in Puerto Vallarta, well, it could just have easily have been Cancun or Cabo San Lucas, or anywhere else that's warm and has great beaches. Funny how things work out that way.

Back then, in the mid-'to-late 80s, Vallarta was more a town than the city and service center it is today. There were just a few bars frequented by locals, so it was easy to head into town and meet up with friends. Meeting and getting to know people was not difficult, it really was a small community in many respects.

But we arrived years apart and with other people. Florence in '82, traveling with her good friend Virginie after spending months together exploring California. John in '86 with his then girlfriend Gwen, simply for a two-week vacation away from the cold, wet and dark Canadian winters. A few years later Vallarta had become home for us, although in separate homes and with other partners. We were friends, though, and socialized, but otherwise led separate lives. How we got together, well, that's another story for another telling.

Let's skip forward to 1990 when through a rather tumultuous string of events we

found ourselves together, newly divorced, with two children (from Flo's first marriage), trying to make a go at doing more than just enjoying the incessant party life of Vallarta (Party Vallarty), but rather building a life and a future for ourselves and our children.

And that life would revolve around the small business John had managed to build up over the past few years. It all began with a multiple listing service (MLS) for the local real estate industry, and then on to a community magazine called Vallarta Lifestyles. Flo joined the business and with her help, and an increasingly growing local economy thanks to Puerto Vallarta's fame as a tourist destination and a wonderful place to have a second home, it all prospered.

The MLS at one point would also include Los Cabos in Baja California, and the number of magazines published increased. First there was Yates y Villas - a national travel/tourism real estate magazine distributed throughout Mexico, Costa Vallarta - an over-size real estate/home decor publication, along with a few others that came and went. Yates y Villas led to us establishing the Mexico Boat Show, which hosted international brands and filled Marina Vallarta annually for five days, and ran for five years.

We arrived when Mexico was in the midst a period of transition towards a 21st-century modern society, striving to be part of the "developed" world, and we managed to find a way to ride this wave. There were few magazines in the country at that time, and those that were distributed were really just translated editions of American magazines with little local content included. There were no real estate MLS systems in the country. So we took advantage of that, using the knowledge we had brought with us, but mostly from learning as we went, to build ourselves a nice lifestyle and business.

From Yates y Villas we spun out a section that was about small boutique hotels in Mexico and turned it into its own stand alone business called Mexico Boutique Hotels. From traveling through Mexico to create travel articles for Y&V we came across many unique hotels, mostly owner-operated, and they all were frustrated about the difficulty of marketing the hotel and differentiating themselves from the chain hotels.

So we created MBH and as this was just the start of online bookings on websites such as Travelocity with booking engines, we did the same but just for small hotels that were nearly all under 25 rooms. They were just too small to bother with for the larger online travel sites. We personally

inspected each hotel, stayed over night in each, and if it matched our criteria it was accepted for membership. If it didn't make the grade, we wouldn't, even though we would have liked to receive the regular annual membership fees. But we went for quality over quantity and it paid off.

We began getting noticed and received a lot of media coverage both nationally and internationally. And the bookings started coming in. Many just called in to our call center, told us what they were looking for and our reps would make recommendations. Few of these reps had been to the hotels, but after our return from our scouting trips we would sit down with the staff and describe the hotels we'd accepted, their location, show photos, who they were best suited for, so that afterwards they could talk-the-talk as if they had actually been there.

In the meantime Vallarta Lifestyles was taking off because of a real estate boom starting in the early 2000s which saw our magazine grow to at times over 300 pages, half of that being advertising. Realtors and developers would buy 4, 8 or even 16 pages in an issue. Our dining and art sections were extensive. The home decor section got so big we spun it off into an oversize publication called Costa Vallarta, that at times had over 200 pages. These were fun times. We had a great talented staff and we really enjoyed putting these publications together. We had a process and a style and we continued the mantra, quality over quantity, and it paid off. We were really the only game in town for many years.

We covered all the events, such as art shows, restaurant anniversaries or openings, new real estate project launches and we were invited to them all. We had a couple of photographers to cover the events, but we went as well to many of them and so had a very active social life. It was an interesting time. We'd enter a restaurant, get noticed, and immediately get the best table with extra-special service. For we were writing reviews on all the top, popular places to dine out. We were big fish in a small pond!

MBH was fun for a number of years, but then even we grew tired of always traveling to see the hotels (even though it was a dream job). And then travel sites such as Travelocity and Booking.com refined their business enough so they could now





incorporate the small hotels. The writing was on the wall and we decided to sell out and concentrate on the Vallarta region. Even Y&V was getting to be a little much as we really needed to be in Mexico City where all the action took place, the buying of advertising space and the marketing and publicity. We gave it a go for awhile but just didn't like the traveling. We had kids, a busy life in Vallarta, so we sold it as well.

Living in Puerto Vallarta is like living in a bubble. It is why many choose to live there. The weather is warm, food is good and cheap, and everyone is in the same mindset - to just have a good time. The expression "Life's a beach" personifies it,

as that is what life is like in Vallarta. This expression arose to counteract "Life's a bitch", meaning life is good, or great. And life in Vallarta is, or at least was back then, great. There were few worries and always a party going on somewhere. You don't think about the future at the beach, (that's a bitch), you just bask in the sun with a piña colada, frolic in the waves, and enjoy freshly caught fish from the sea. Can it get any better?

To enjoy the beach and ocean, for a number of years we'd go to the south shore of the bay to a place we called Shangri-la. There were just a few homes on the beach, surrounded by lush jungle. You could only get there by boat so very

few people were around, it was like living on a deserted tropical island. It was heaven for the kids who were quite young at the time, exploring the coast, the jungle and sea. Later we discovered the other side of the bay, Punta de Mita, where a friend of our was building a small condominium complex right next to the beach, (El Anclote), and which was also a great surf spot. So we bought a unit there for weekend getaways. Soon we had jet-skis to ski behind, ATVs to explore the countryside behind us and friends who followed us out there also bought units. After a few years we upgraded to a larger condo even closer to the beach, and then when the luxury development of Punta Mita opened up, we bought a unit inside





its gates. We enjoyed spending four days working hard in Vallarta and then three days playing in Punta de Mita.

Work wasn't hard to find, but then you didn't need much. And while you were busy having a good time, the rest of the world just rolled on without you. Meaning if you then tried to leave Vallarta after many years, you'd find it hard to fit back in back home.

I would say Flo and I got caught up in the party atmosphere for much of our time there. It is why we arrived and stayed. We were partiers back home, and here we could continue to do so, anytime we wanted to. But at some point you have to get serious about your life and realize there's more to life than a beach. It can be a bitch and you have to be prepared

for when it becomes one. And that means having a stable home, good work, and saving money for the future.

And fortunately we did, we got serious, and for that, Vallarta was good to us. While others basked in the sun, we did as well, but while thinking about what we could do to build our future.

How'd the kids come through all this? They lived in this "life's a beach" bubble of no worries, sheltered for the most part from what was going on in the outside world. Their only interaction with it were vacations, but what are they but just another rendition of life at a beach? It was only until they left for private school for a year that they were introduced to that other world, and it wasn't an easy transition for them. But they ended up

embracing it and wanting more of it. Jeff returned to Vallarta to finish high school but right afterwards he was back in Canada for university and never really returned to PV again except for vacations. Alison followed suit but to Europe and rarely looked back. Their memories of Vallarta now are more realistic. Which is, it's a place on an endless vacation. That sounds enticing but there's another side to it that we all would realize at some point was not where we wanted to be or what we wanted to do. We still love to vacation there, but love coming back home to reality as well!

We look back on our time in Vallarta with fond memories and are grateful that it gave us enough to now live a lifestyle outside of Vallarta, in Europe and in Canada, where new adventures lie!



Cote d'Azur

"Home" from 2014 - 2019



There are a number of similarities to Nice and Puerto Vallarta. Both have a river flowing through the middle of them. The coastal mountains are closing leaving little land for development, but plenty on the hillsides behind, where homes have been built. They both are on the ocean, inside of a bay, with a long beach in front that runs all the way out to an international airport. Perhaps that's another reason we chose Nice, reminded us of home!

During Alison's final year of high school a representative from a business school in Nice, France showed up to give a presentation on the merits of their school. Alison hadn't considered going, but a girlfriend insisted, saying as she was French, she should go. So she did and liked what she saw and heard, and decided to attend once she'd graduated. That's how we ended up in Nice - we followed Ali.

The following year we helped her move, get an apartment with a roommate, and then followed up with a few more trips to see how she was doing. And the more we made the trip, the more we liked what we saw. We walked and biked the city, hiked in the hills exploring the hilltop villages, and soon we were thinking about actually moving to Nice. For a number of years we'd be talking about a move to France, we just weren't sure where or when. These trips now had us thinking we should do it sooner rather than later. And then on one trip Flo saw a for sale sign on a balcony for an apartment in the "quartier" we had come to like best - close to a park and the beach, centrally located but in a quiet neighborhood. Long story short, we bought it.

We then started spending a lot more time in Europe, limiting Puerto Vallarta primarily to the winter months. Business was slowing down, we both were getting a little tired of it after 25 years. And then one day someone approached us about selling the business. Long story short, we sold it.

Retiring was sooner than we'd been expecting as John was only 55 and Flo hadn't yet turned 50, so we were a little early. But otherwise the timing was right. We'd already sold Yates y Villas and Mexico Boutique Hotels, and the magazine business was losing ground to the Internet - the writing was on the wall. We couldn't see the publishing business getting better. And then one day my publisher said he knew someone that was interested in our business. Ended up it was a couple of good friends, who were a good fit, and they accepted our number. So we just kept MLSVallarta, our online MLS service, and sold the rest.

The apartment we'd bought was a three-bedroom, but we combined two into one to have a larger master bedroom and opened up the kitchen to the living room. A couple of years later Alison moved in with us - the family was partially back together again.





Nice became a hub for us to explore not just the Cote d'Azur, but also Europe. The Nice airport has more flights coming and going than any other airport in France, outside of Paris. And flights were cheap, very cheap, especially compared to what they are back in Mexico or Canada. We didn't buy a car, just rented one when we needed it, and for getting around town we used our bikes, the bus system or the trains which ran along the coastline, from Italy to Marseille.

Our most frequent visits, however, were to Italy, as it is only about a 1/2-hour away by car or train. We enjoyed going grocery shopping in Ventimiglia, just across the border, which has a very large indoor market with everything. But primarily we went for the fresh vegetables, parmesan cheese, sun-dried tomatoes, olives and truffles. We also visited Tuscany by car, but enjoyed Piedmont in the north even

more so – “Tuscany without the tourists” they like to say in Piedmont. Another favorite area in the north of Italy was the lakes district, making visits to Lugano, Como and Garda.

In Nice we walked and hiked. We did most of the coastal walk from Antibes to Monaco. Once that was accomplished we began hiking up and into the mountains behind. And in the winter we put on our skis and enjoyed the ski hills just over an hour from the city.

We became good friends with Alison's roommate's (Hannah) mother, Jill and she joined us exploring the Nice region when she was in town and not out of town taking care of business. And it was at Jill's invitation that we joined her and partner Austin to celebrate her birthday in Beaulieu in the Spring of this year. They had rented a villa in the hills above the

town and we spent a lovely long weekend with them, returning to our old haunts, hiking in the hills and reminiscing about our time in Nice. A wonderful weekend of good food and wine and exceptional conversation. We enjoyed Nice, but if we had to choose, Portugal is still on the top of our list for places to live.





Above:
The walkway around Cap Ferat, with Beaulieu in the background.

Below:
Cap Ferat with Beaulieu in the foreground.

Right:

It looks like we've just stepped off one of the yachts in the background and that that's our tender tied up to the dock. Maybe I should leave the story just like that! Here we are enjoying perhaps our favorite beach restaurant in the Cote d'Azur region, "Paloma Plage", with Austin and Jill. They had rented a villa in the hills above Beaulieu and had invited to join them for a long weekend to celebrate Jill's birthday. It was our first time back since we sold our home in Nice.



Fort La Revere Bike Ride

During our time in Nice we enjoyed visiting the many villages perched on hilltops up behind the Cote d'Azur. At first, because they were situated so high up they were only accessible to us by car, until, at least, the electric bike came along. This opened up a whole new way of exploring the mountains and villages as we didn't have to worry about distance, steepness or getting tired - as long our batteries still held a charge.



Not only were the villages fun to explore, but getting there on usually low-traffic secondary roads that meandered their way up the mountains and through steep passes, were just as much fun as the villages themselves.

My personal favorite ride was to Fort La Revere Park, which involved nearly 1 1/2 hours of climb, but then provided a very fast, exhilarating 1/2-hour descent. The ride took me behind the coastal towns of Villefranche and Beaulieu, past the village of Eze and La Turbie and out to the point of "La Tete de Chien" which looks out over the principality of Monaco and Italy in the far distance.

Looping back through La Turbie I'd continue to climb up to the Forte La Revere Park.

Here the path turns to gravel while making its way along the edge of the mountain, passing through a couple tunnels, all while overlooking the Mediterranean.

The final destination and the end of the path leads to a solitary park bench that overlooks La Turbie, Monaco and the Italian coastline in the distance. I still miss this ride!





Medieval Villages

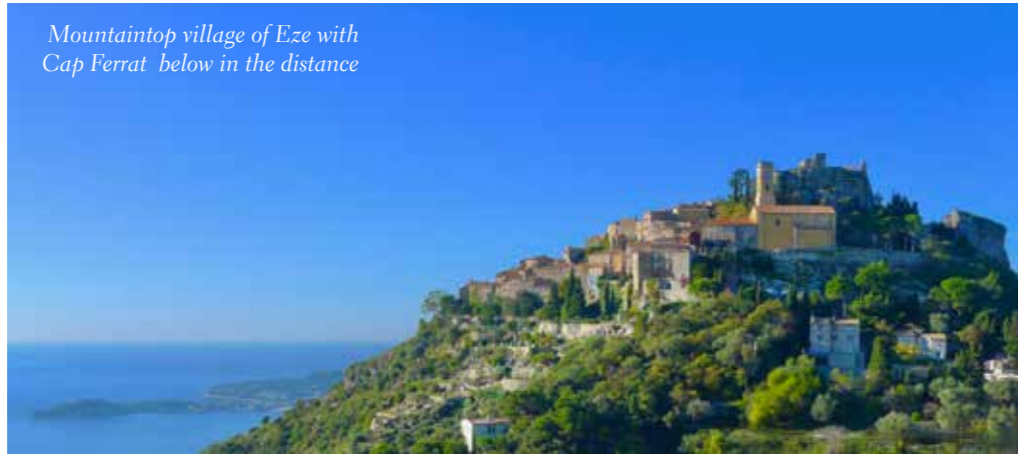


of Cote d'Azur



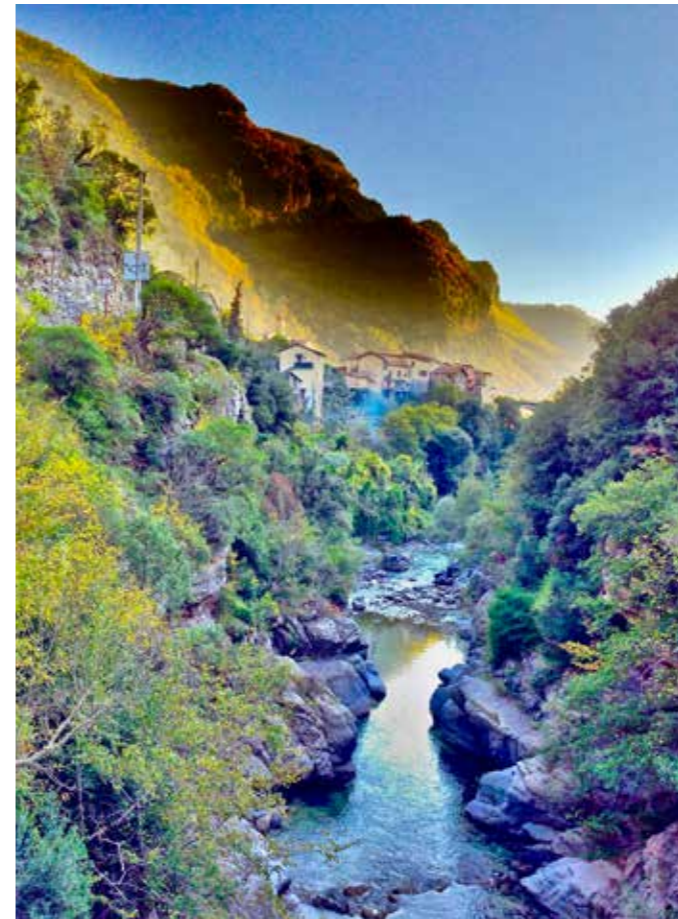


Mountaintop village of Eze with Cap Ferrat below in the distance



To remain safe from marauding coastal pirates, people of the Middle Ages chose to live high in the mountains, preferably on a hilltop, far from the vulnerable coastline. Inside these villages, protected by thick perimeter walls, were homes and shops tightly squeezed together linked by narrow paths and steep stairways.

With the pirates out of the way and the narrow pathways no longer practical, many have left for cities such as Nice, leaving the villages practically vacant or, as some have done, resort to tourism to survive.



Sailing with Jack & Yvonne

Starting back in the early 2000s Jack Cawood began inviting Flo and I on sailing trips he was taking on one of the many boats he's owned over his lifetime, joining up with other friends and family. I think he found out early we were pretty easy to get along with on a boat (doesn't apply to everyone), handy with a line and a sail, and had no set agenda as to where we wanted to go – where the boat went was fine by us. And like Jack, it didn't matter so much where we went, we just really enjoyed being on the water.

Our early trips were in Croatia, exploring the southwestern and central coasts, on Jack's "Busco Viento II", a 54' custom Jeanneau sailboat. Later he moved the boat to the Dominican Republic where we spent three weeks exploring the British Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico.

Jack decided to sell the Jeanneau and purchase a gulet-style motorsailer in Turkey, "Theodora," where we joined up with him and Yvonne for a few trips, exploring the Turkish coastline and a few Greek Islands. And most recently we chartered a catamaran together and sailed the northern shores of Croatia. Thanks for the memories Jack!





Yvonne & Jack (Captain Jack) Cawood







Yvonne and Florence at the beach in the Caribbean



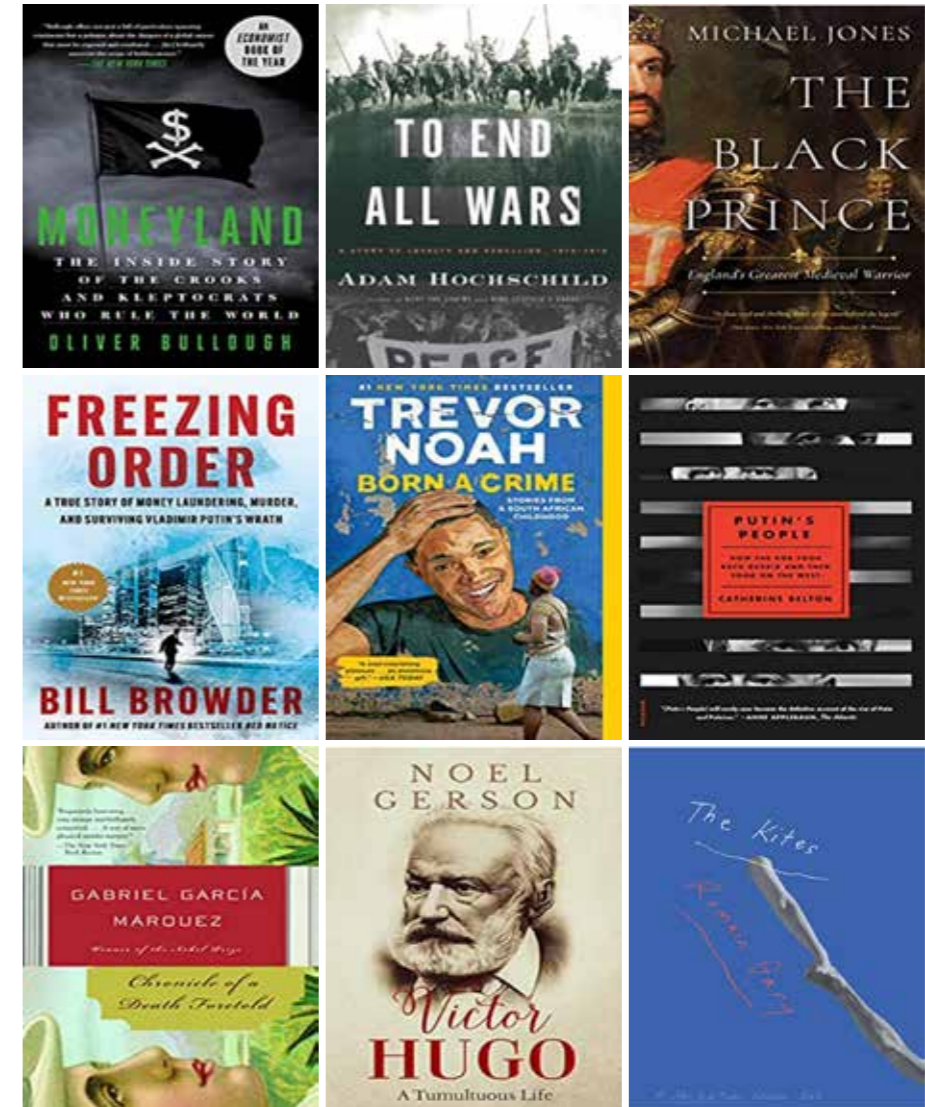






On board Theodora in Turkey

GOOD READS



Moneyland: Unfortunately, this is the way the world works. **To End all Wars** Love Adam's books and this one doesn't disappoint. **The Black Prince:** What a character this prince is - fascinating story. **Freezing Order:** My favorite book of the year - good insight into Putin. **Trevor Noah - Born a Crime:** A fun read, and oh how far this guy has come. **Putin's People:** A little thick, very comprehensive, an insight into Putin's world. **Chronicle of a Death Foretold:** Wonderful story, as always from Marquez. **Victor Hugo:** What a man. Amazing life lived. **The Kites:** My favorite Roman Gary novel, and perhaps my favorite novel overall.

