

From Corinth to Prevesa.....

## Autumn - and Full Circle...



October was perhaps the loveliest month of all... warm, tranquil, calm blue skies, free of crowds, long-tour sailors on their way home. Half way “home” to Prevesa, we found one of those gems you hope for, a perfect natural harbour on the tiny island of Trozonia, tucked out of sight but a well-kept secret of many of the cruisers. We arrived in a lashing thunderstorm and stayed for three days. Only accessible by fishing boat or yacht, the locals sailed over each morning to provision for the taverna’s lunch and dinner. We unfolded our chairs to read our papers in the afternoon sunshine (still 25C) or walked around the bay with its stupendous views. Walk up through the tiny village past the dilapidated farm buildings and chicken coops, among the lemon, fig, olive and pomegranate trees, and you’ll find several of the locals building luxury villas. It may be simple because they like that way of life but it’s not poor. A little piece of unexpected paradise.



After an easy run through the Gulf of Corinth, we decided to spend a last few days in Lefkas- which we still find to be one of the loveliest Ionian islands-especially in October. The weather is stable, 25C (water and air) but can deliver spectacular sunsets. We hired a scooter and while it may not be a Honda or BMW the Chief is used to, it did the job...even way way up into the mountains! We walked up the local gorge – deserted (almost) which was beautiful and found...3 km. inland... a landcrab! (a *real* landcrab!). From our cockpit one evening, we enjoyed front view seats of a Big fat Greek Wedding in the tiny chapel across the water. We enjoyed long lunches and I had my last dip in the Med on 13 October.

But even in Greece you can begin to feel that change is in the air and it was time to get Havana back on land and packed away for the Winter. We had been so pleased with the yard in Prevesa that we sailed all the way back to have her there again and because they are simply so welcoming and accomodating that it feels like our home away from home. We had company, too, for we had been busy recommending it to others along the way all summer so when we arrived 2 other Danish couples had just arrived and been hauled out. It made for a very sociable last few days as we all packed up, swapped stories and enjoyed a drink or meal together after a hard day's work. One last surprise remained....

And it happened on our very last night in Prevesa. Eating dinner high up in the cockpit in the dark, looking out over a sea of masts (on land), a sizeable tremor moved like a wave across the boatyard. Havana rocked ever so slightly in her cradle and then it was gone. It was unmistakable and we were left in no doubt at all about what it was. It was not scary but it was eerie. Afterwards we realised that we had registered the yard's dogs barking more than normal before-hand. That was our goodbye. A little joke from the Greek gods.

And so we left by bus for Igoumenitsa – 80 km. up the coast to spend the night before the 23 hr. ferry ride to Venice where we had decided to spend three days before flying home from there. It had been many years since we had visited the city and it seemed like a good alternative to a repeat trip to Athens.

And it was. ....



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**Ciao Venezia!**