



From Avignon to Lyon

Avignon is one of our very favorite spots and we weren't disappointed. The space along the quayside seems to get smaller and smaller, but we just squeeze in for a few days, as the Mistral begins to blow.

We enjoy the fantastic street market, full of crafts and local produce. Another crepe with beurre sale' caramel may have snuck in...It's very hot, but there are plenty of shady squares. Lou is a real trouper. The French love him (oooh, il est beau!) and he turns up the charm. Many visitors in town despite Covid.



Who can resist?!



After Valence, one of the very loveliest spots and most relaxing times we had was at lovely little Roches-de-Condrieu with its extremely picturesque and hospitable marina. The town isn't much to talk about and there aren't any really remarkable restaurants, but the scenery amid the vineyards is wonderful and across the bridge, the banks of the river provide wonderful walks and picnic spots. We stayed for almost a week (as the Mistral blew again!) and we waited for a replacement relay for that bow thruster. It was a blessing in disguise, as it had lasted for years, and needed replacing anyhow. Next stop....Lyon and onwards up the Saone.



Finally, we swap the tranquility of river's small towns for the big city...and the marina that lies right in the heart of the new developments 2-3 km. downstream from the old city. You can walk to the historic centre along the banks of the river that are always full of life, incl. a wonderful craft market, to enjoy their speciality – the Salade Lyonnaise - greens, bacon, poached egg, lashings of olive oil, garlic and crunchy croutons – “hangover food”. Every restaurant is packed on Sundays! The contrast between the old buildings and ultra- modern is still fascinating.



From Lyon northwards, we leave the Rhone with its huge locks and carry on 154 km. up the Saone where the locks become a less intimidating 4-5 m. deep. Sometimes along the way, you are lucky enough to meet the most extraordinary people like the Norwegian policemen who was kayaking (and lived aboard) from Norway all the way down to the Med – many hundred km. to raise money for the relatives for the victims of a 20 year old murder case that happened in his town. Tired but determined.

