Sometimes as a traveler, I feel the way a bird might. I land on a tree branch somewhere (though our accommodations usually have pillows, beds, etc.), quickly absorb data, take a breath, snack, then fly off.

Venice

From Oxford, we drove to Bristol Airport, returned the car, flew to Marco Polo Airport, then jumped onto a water taxi to our casa overlooking the water.

I like to schedule an activity as quickly as I can in a new location—in this case, glass making on Murano, the island famous for handblown glass. The tour was great and the process was super fascinating and impressive. True craftsmanship! One thing: the heat. I never made it out for the run on the Lido I had imagined.

Proud of our three-day boat pass purchase, we sidled onto Vaporetto 4.1, skipped off at F.te Nove C. and walked to Saint Mark's Square along a twisty route involving bridges, narrow calles (alleys), and cobblestone streets, following yellow signs pointing the way. Shops beckoned with displays of molten chocolate, colorful fabrics, and velvet slippers until at last we emerged facing the cathedral's northern side. A right turn and wow. What can one say? Spectacular. That square! Maybe you have a vote for what's so pleasing about it? Also, tell me: what is better than a city without cars? The canals sound their silence everywhere. even with the banging and tooting and roaring of various boats. In Venice, water wins. Water wins especially at night. A deep, allencompassing quiet pervades. I could feel my nervous system resetting along my spine. One night, David and I watched a thunderstorm take over the lagoon our hotel overlooked. We stood watching the intricate flashing dance and cracking light streams sizzle through damp clouds, deep blues and blacks momentarily brightening our darkened room. I'll have to say more about Venice, including a chance encounter with a pomegranate tree, another time! We only recently arrived in a town

with a whole other style of grandeur: Ljubljana,

Slovenia. Time to explore!

2 july 2025