

CAMINO 2026

03/25/2026: Just Say No!

Ahhhhh! I'm back in Spain and coming at you live from Madrid before San and I kick off another Camino adventure during Semana Santa where I promise not to get my claws out. See what I did there? Santa? Claws? And you thought I was done after last year.

I got to DFW yesterday ridiculously early. No ICEmen Cameth that I could see, and I didn't even have to wait in line at the TSA checkpoint. I just walked right up to the TSA Lady, had my face and fingerprints scanned and after a body cavity search, demonstration of the secret society handshake, recitation of the 12 Points of the Scout Law, and giving the correct password ("Swordfish"), I was allowed to sit at the gate for three hours before boarding the plane.



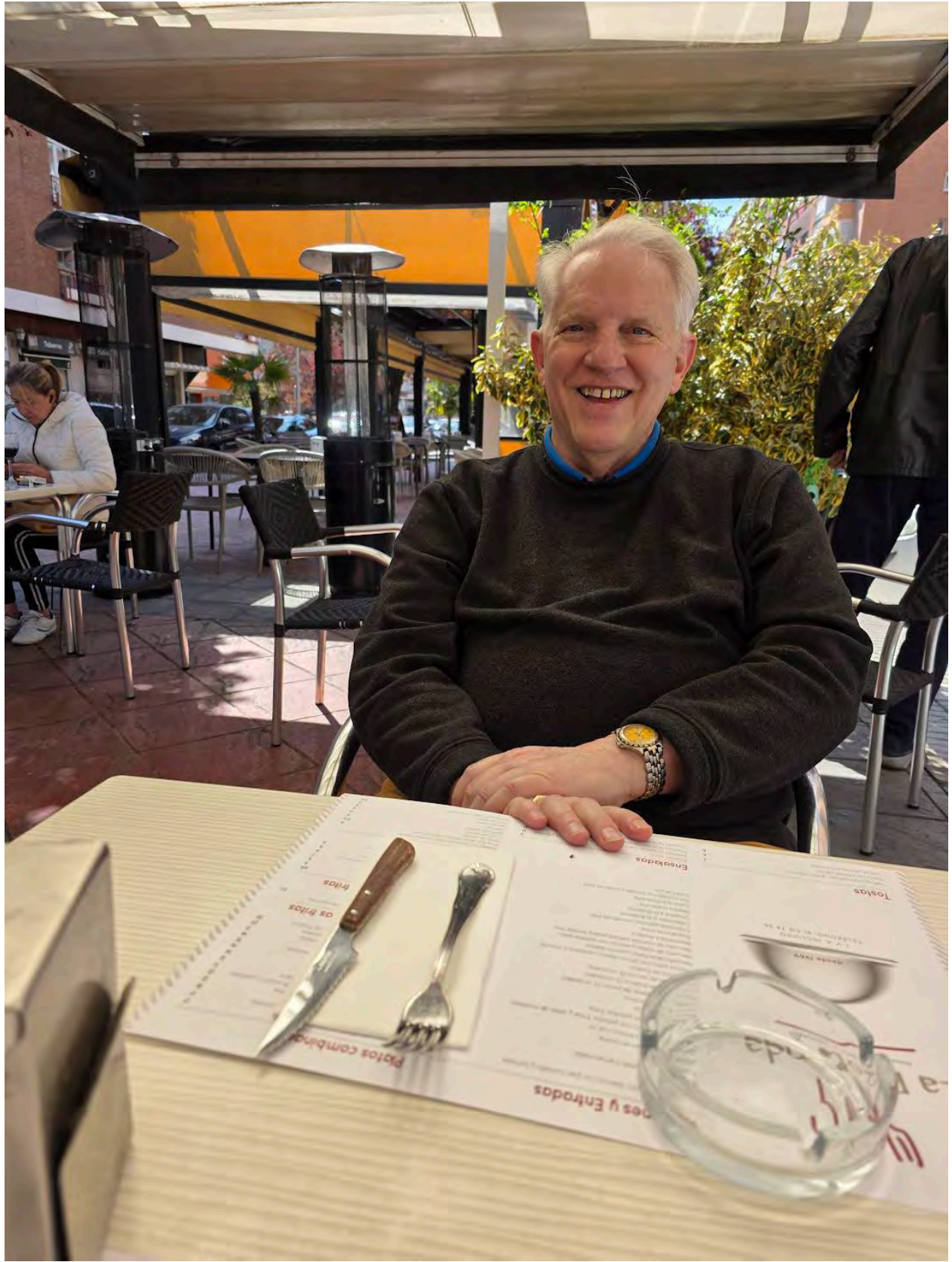
The flight was uneventful and after nine hours of the collective act of faith that is Bernoulli's Principle, we landed safely at Barajas with little turbulence. Frankly, I attribute the smooth flight to the two Sisters of Charity sitting a few rows in front of me. They were truly The Flying Nuns.



The weather is beautiful. Cool morning and evening, warm sun, cloudless. After settling into our rooms, San and I lunched al fresco.



As I sipped my refreshing Coke Zero (a registered trademark of the Coca Cola Company, Atlanta, Georgia; all rights reserved) I felt myself exhale and lighten. It's nice to be back in Spain.



Our sidewalk eatery seemed to be the geriatric meeting spot of the greater Madrid area. Nothing but old people at the tables. San and I were the only youngsters. Uh....

Seriously, it was so nice to see elderly people out and about, laughing, making jokes, enjoying each other's company, sharing a meal, being a part of life instead of warehoused in Heaven's waiting rooms as is so often the case in our own country.

After lunch, we strolled over to a park. Truth to tell, the park is in need of a Springtime spruce up but we did meet several nice dogs, including Rocco the Doberman who came up for a snuggle and a sniff. In fact, dogs were a theme today. Lots of great furry friends at the airport, at the café, on the street, and in the park. Dogs are good.

On the stroll back to our hotel, we passed what I assume is a representative version of a Madrid Dive Bar if the extras from The Iceman Cometh lounging about were any indication. One chap staggering about with his hand deep inside the back of the waistband of his BVDs resonated with the continued sagacity of former First Lady Nancy Reagan by reminding us all to Just Say No to Crack.



Tonight, we vowed to get to bed early so we can be up and at 'em tomorrow bright and early. Yeah, right. It's 11:00 and after a wonderful night spent with our friends Caeser and Juan Manuel, and more wine than I've drunk in a long time and more tapas than I've eaten in a year, we called it a night so we can get up in seven hours. Eeek. No worries, though. We are

Perigrinos and sobriety and fortitude are our middle names. Well, fortitude at least. Time for sleep now as I've been up for a very long time. Tomorrow.... The Escorial and parts unknown.

Sweet dreams to all of you.

03/26/2026: "It's a Little Creepy"

A very interesting day indeed. We were up and at 'em at 7:00 a.m. and cabbied over to the meeting place for our tour to El Escorial and Valle de Cuelgamuros (i.e. The Valley of the Fallen Heroes). We had time to meet a very nice dog named Killa (Pronounced "Kia") while we had coffee at one of the few places in Madrid that seems to be open at 7:30 in the morning.

Our meeting point is in the swanky part of Madrid, near the Senate, the Royal Palace, Plaza Espana and the Parque Montana – a lovely park that is reportedly five times as large as Central Park. I have my doubts about that, but it is a lovely park all the same.

Parque Montana is home to the Temple de Debod, a gift from the People of Egypt in gratitude for Spain's contribution to the building of the Aswan Dam. It's very colorful.



Feeling somewhat quixotic today, I then happened upon a statue of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.



Having walked around enough of the swanky area today to get a feel for the joint, I've decided that I'd like to be the U.S. Ambassador to Spain. Anybody know anybody?

Contrary to my previous misconception, El Escorial is not a palace. Rather it is a community located about 50 km northwest of Madrid, in the foothills of the Sierra de Guardarrama mountains. In fact, Madrid has two ski resorts and the area around El Escorial reminds me of Utah. Who'd have thunk it?



The community of El Escorial only came into being in the 20th century. From the mid 1500s until the 20th century, the smaller and older community is/was known as the Royal Monastery de San Lorenzo de El Escorial and housed the workers who built the El Escorial complex.

San Lorenzo was an early Christian martyr who was grilled alive by the Romans in the 400s. You gotta hand it to the Romans for thinking up really imaginative ways to kill Christians. As a result, one sees many grills in the interior and exterior designs of El Escorial. Notice the grills cut into the stone on either side of the window above the door in the picture, as well as the statue of San Lorenzo holding a grill. Gee, you'd think he'd want to forget. But what the heck.



El Escorial houses the Royal Library, a monastery of 130 monks at its height, the Panteon de Los

Reyes and their associated queens, Infantas, Infantes and various and sundry Hapsburg and Bourbon relations dating from Emperor Charles I through Infante Juan de Borbon y Battenburg who died in the 1990s (he never actually ruled as a king. I know, I know details, details). While El Escorial was an occasional residence of the monarchs, mostly in September and October as it was cooler and had fresher air than funky old Madrid after a hot summer, it has never been an official palace.

The library is most impressive. The frescoes on the ceiling were painted by Pelligrino Tibaldi, who was an apprentice to Michaelangelo and worked on the ceiling at the Sistine Chapel. In the 486t square meters of ceiling, Tibaldi depicted the breadth and scope of human knowledge. My friend Felix Ferris is working on his doctorate in Rhetoric, so I thought he'd get a kick out of Tibaldi's depiction.





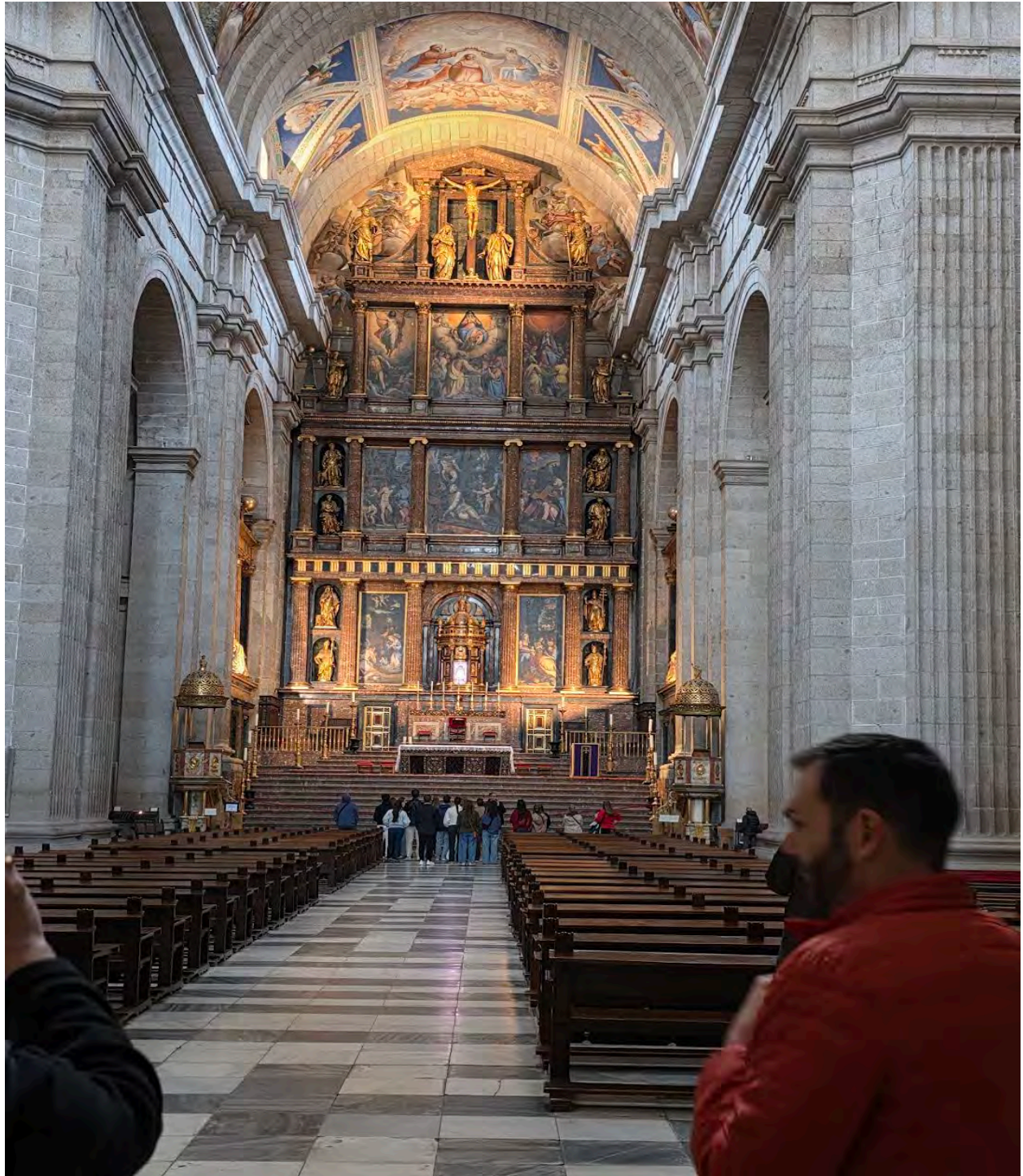
The library houses 15,000 volumes; a lot of which were forbidden by Philip II – he of the Hapsburg jaw. It's good to be king. That way, you can keep all the knowledge to yourself.

The volumes are stored front to back and are painted with gold as gold acts as a preservative of paper. That way, the monks (who still tend the library) can track the degradation of the volumes; the earliest of which date from the 1500s.



Idle musing: doesn't our current President who shan't be named in these pages have a golden bathroom? Maybe he treats his Charmin with gold so he can preserve his poo-poops to track how full of it he is on any given day. But I digress.

There is a basilica inside El Escorial.



When Philip was no longer able to walk due to his gout, he spent the last year of his life attending mass from his bedroom while sitting in a chair. The chair was used to transport him to his final reward.

A romanticized portrait of Philip's traverse to El Escorial is contained in the Museum of Art in Oviedo.

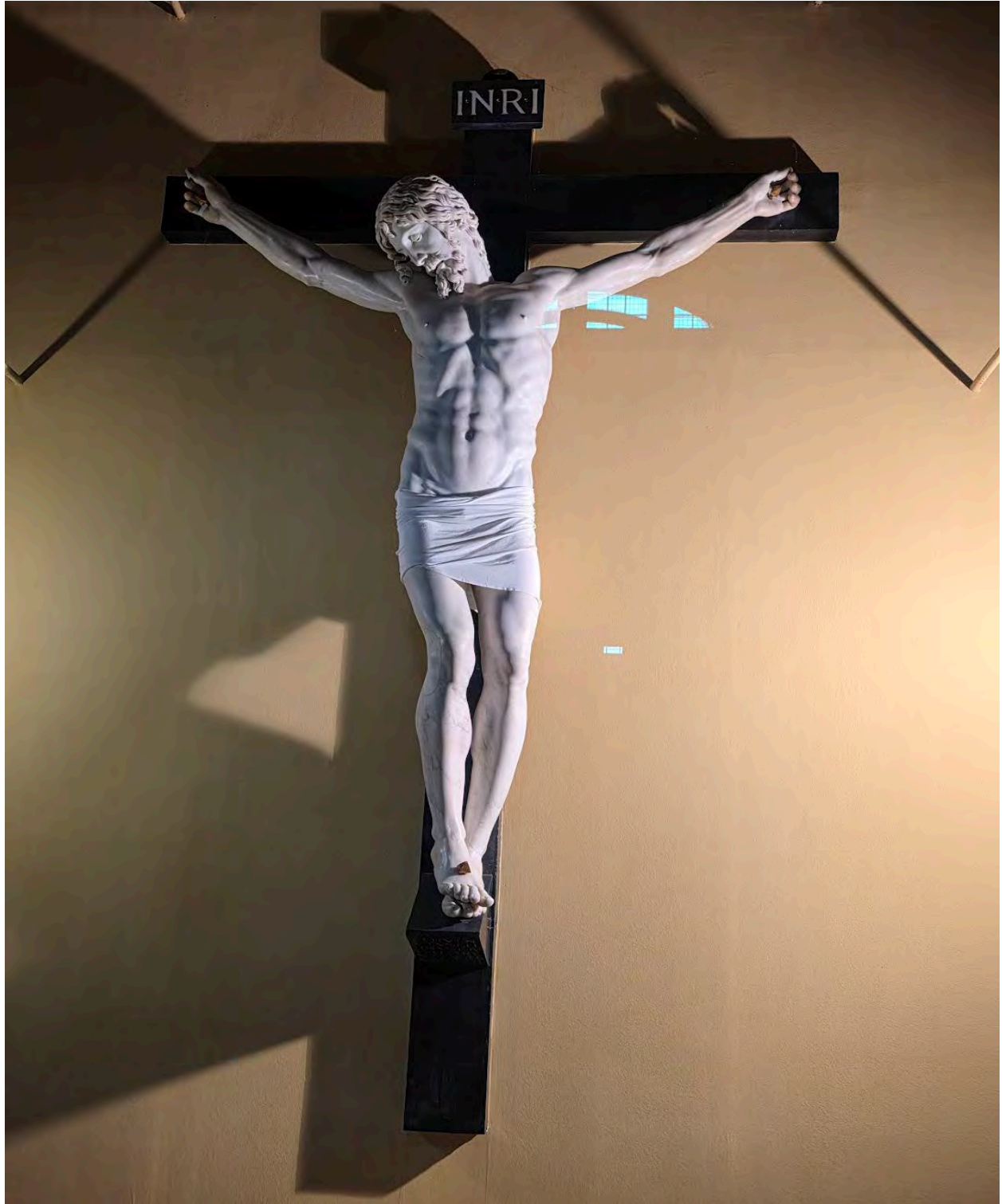


The actual chair appears below.



All I can say is that I hope they cleaned the upholstery after Phil was done with it. I mean, really. Know what I'm sayin'?

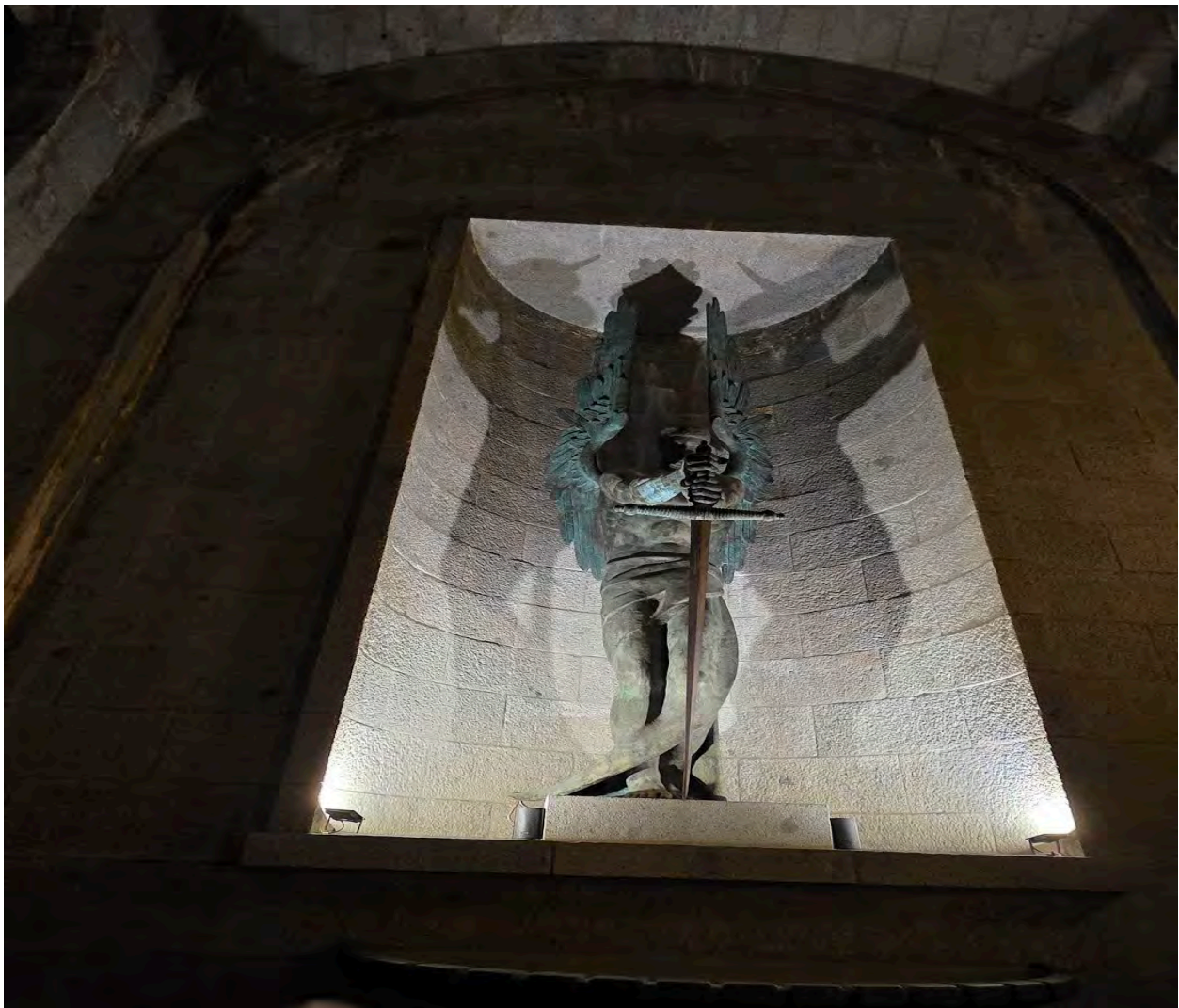
In one of the chapels, there is an amazing life size statue of the crucifixion that was carved by Cellini out of one piece of Carrera marble. Pretty impressive.



In another chapel, there is a portrait of St. James being decapitated. I took it as a good omen since we embark on the Camino on Monday. Note the scallop shell on St. James' hat in the lower left corner of the portrait; the scallop shell being the symbol of the Camino de Santiago de Compostela (The Way of St. James).



Now for the creepy stuff. You've probably heard of Francisco Franco (who is still dead by the way). With the help of Uncle Adolf and Cousin Benny, Frankie, in league with the Church, the government and the monarchy (which was weak at the time), fomented a civil war in Spain after which he became an absolute dictator and ruled Spain with an iron fist for 36 years. His forces slaughtered untold thousands of people – communists, anarchists, unionists, laborers, foreign adventurers (like Hemmingway who was there for a while. If you haven't read *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, you should), poor people, artists, homosexuals (like Lorca who was both an artist and a homosexual and wound up machine gunned into a ditch where his body was left to rot in anonymity). Anywho... Frankie press-ganged a bunch of political prisoners to make a monument to himself and to house the remains of 30,000 (yes, 30,000) fallen "heroes" who died during the civil war. The monument is a basilica consecrated by that great Nazi Pope Pius XII. The basilica is 250 meters long, dark and ominous as something out of Metropolis, and is cavernous enough to hold the Nuremberg rallies.



I expected to see Bert Lahr running down the hall to jump out of a window.



To top it all off, Frankie built a massive cross with the Four Evangelists praying at the Christ's feet.



20,000 tons, 50-meter wing span, 180 meters tall. Now that's a cross.

Frankie and Jose Anotinio Primo de Rivera, founder of the Falangists - who were to Franco as Himmler was to Uncle Adolf or Stephen Miller is as to.... Never mind.

Frankie and Joey were buried in the floor at the foot of the altar while visions of Sugarplums danced in their heads until 2019 when they were disinterred and removed to a cemetery in Madrid. The black tiles on the floor in the picture mark their former resting places.



The Valley of the Fallen Heroes has become a shrine to the biker contingent of Spain. On any given day, one is apt to see some bikers paying homage to a brutal man from a brutal time. We saw about ten today. That was super.



As our guide warned us, the Valley of the Fallen Heroes was a “little creepy.” To say the least.

In order to wash the taste of the Valley of the Fallen Heroes out of our mouths, San and I went to Shambala to see how our lights shine. I have never had a Negroni. It was pretty tasty. Since I don't hookah, we left after one drink, but it was fun seeing Spanish kids bop to the electronica. And the symbology was pretty cool. Don't tell Ken Paxton but the Islamic symbology for the concept of Shambala is the same as that for the Arabic word “light.” We had fun. Then we

braved the wind and the cold and trundled back to our neighborhood for some tapas at our new favorite place Nemesio. All the gang was there. Luis poured us wine. Maria – 24 years at Nemesio and counting – took good care of us with prawns and avocado as well as bacalado negro croquettes, and Martin topped us off with Limoncello. I now have a go-to place in Madrid. Wish I could make it a regular thing.

So now it's cold, I'm pleasantly knackered, and we have to catch a train in the morning, so I'll bid you a good night and sweet dreams. It was a good day. Some of it was weird but for the most part it was a joyous celebration of life. And that's what counts. Talk to you tomorrow.

03/27/2026: Extremely delicate and light in a way that seems not to be of this world.

After an early morning coffee at the Chamartin Train Station where we were involuntarily joined by a Charles Manson look alike screaming at no one in particular, San and I enjoyed a two-hour train ride to the city of Leon. Leon, capital of the autonomous region of Castile and Leon with a population of 120,000 people, sits on an agricultural plain in northwest Spain. The surrounding land is flat, and farming seems to be the dominant activity in the surrounding area. Castile and Leon was one of the four original kingdoms of Spain prior to the Moorish invasion and subsequent Reconquista by Isabella and Ferdinand.

While we wandered about the city, it seemed to me that not many people were out and about.



That may have had something to do with the city's making preparation for Semana Santa.



Of particular note however, we did see a replica of the first automobile in Leon (1907) and some other local items of interest.



We are staying at the Hotel Real Colegiata de San Isidoro which is a lovely hotel occupying the site of the monastery which abuts the Basilica of San Isidoro.



I'm sure you all remember from my Camino blog last year that San Isidoro, the "last ancient scholar" translated the Bible into Spanish. He is interred in the Basilica as is Rey Alfonso X, one of the early kings of Castile and Leon.



ALFONSO V
REY DE LEÓN
999-1028
El 30 de julio de 1017
otorgó Fuero al Reino
y la Ciudad.
En su milenario,
León, 2017



The Basilica requires total silence from its visitors, so it was a contemplative experience sitting in a pew and just being present as the tide of intermingled history and faith enveloped us.

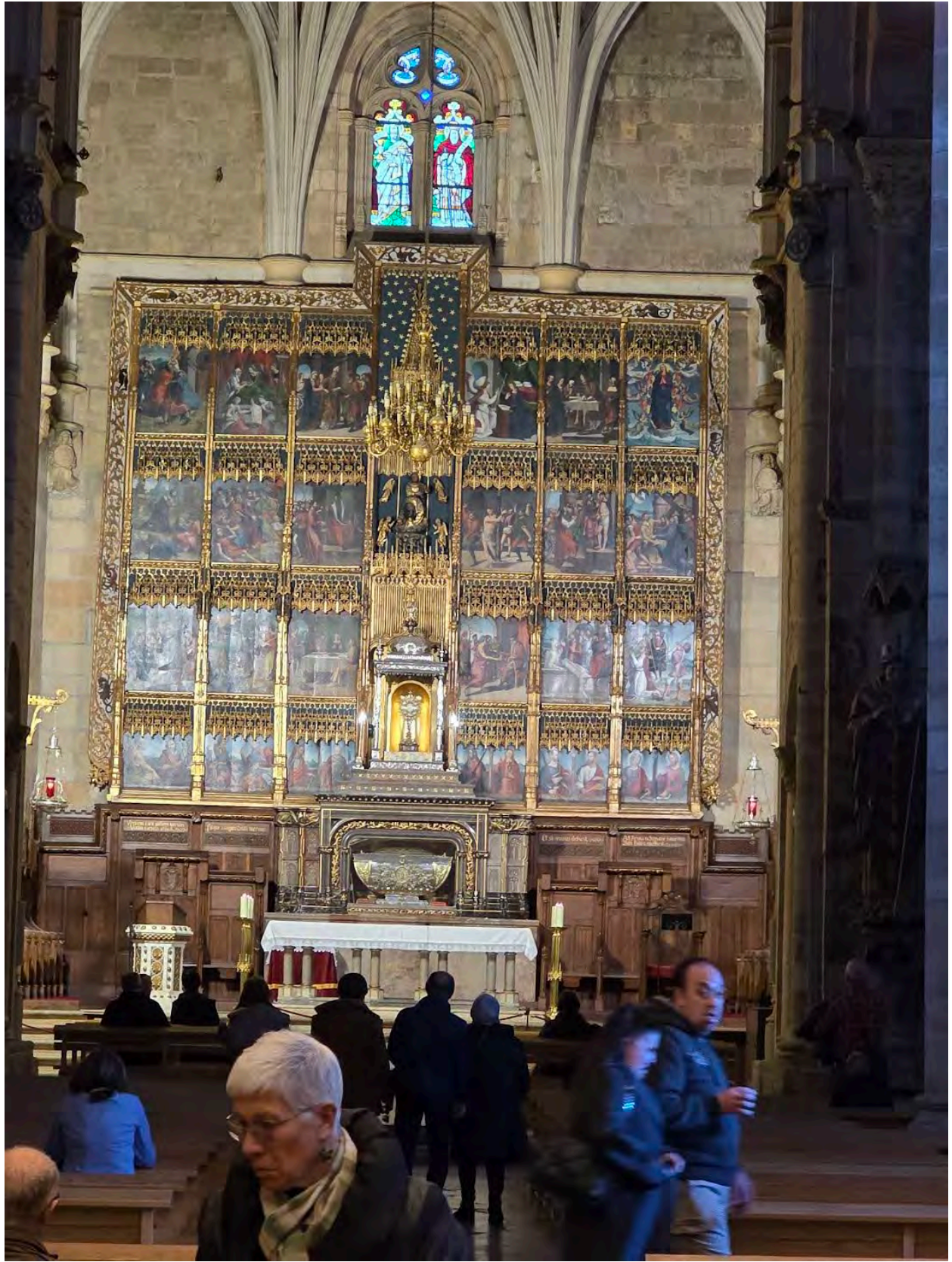


We then had a terrific lunch at Restaurante Rincon Real, literally a hole in the wall near a construction site on one of Leon's anonymous side streets. San always manages to find great places to eat so I just leave our dining spot selections up to him.

And speaking of San, he was blown away by Leon Cathedral, one of the four must see Cathedrals in Spain, and the primary reason I wanted to take a side trip to Leon on our way north.

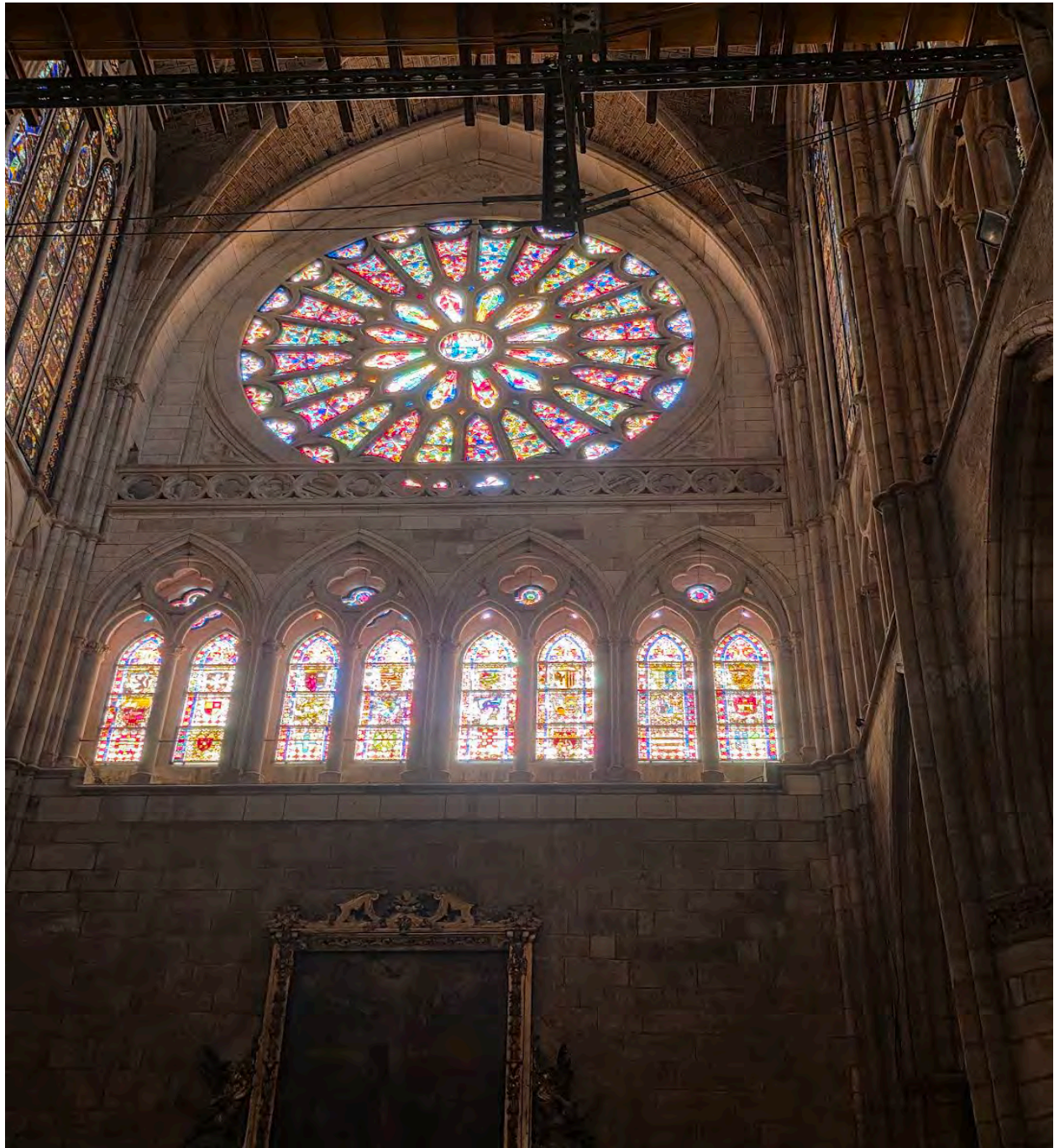




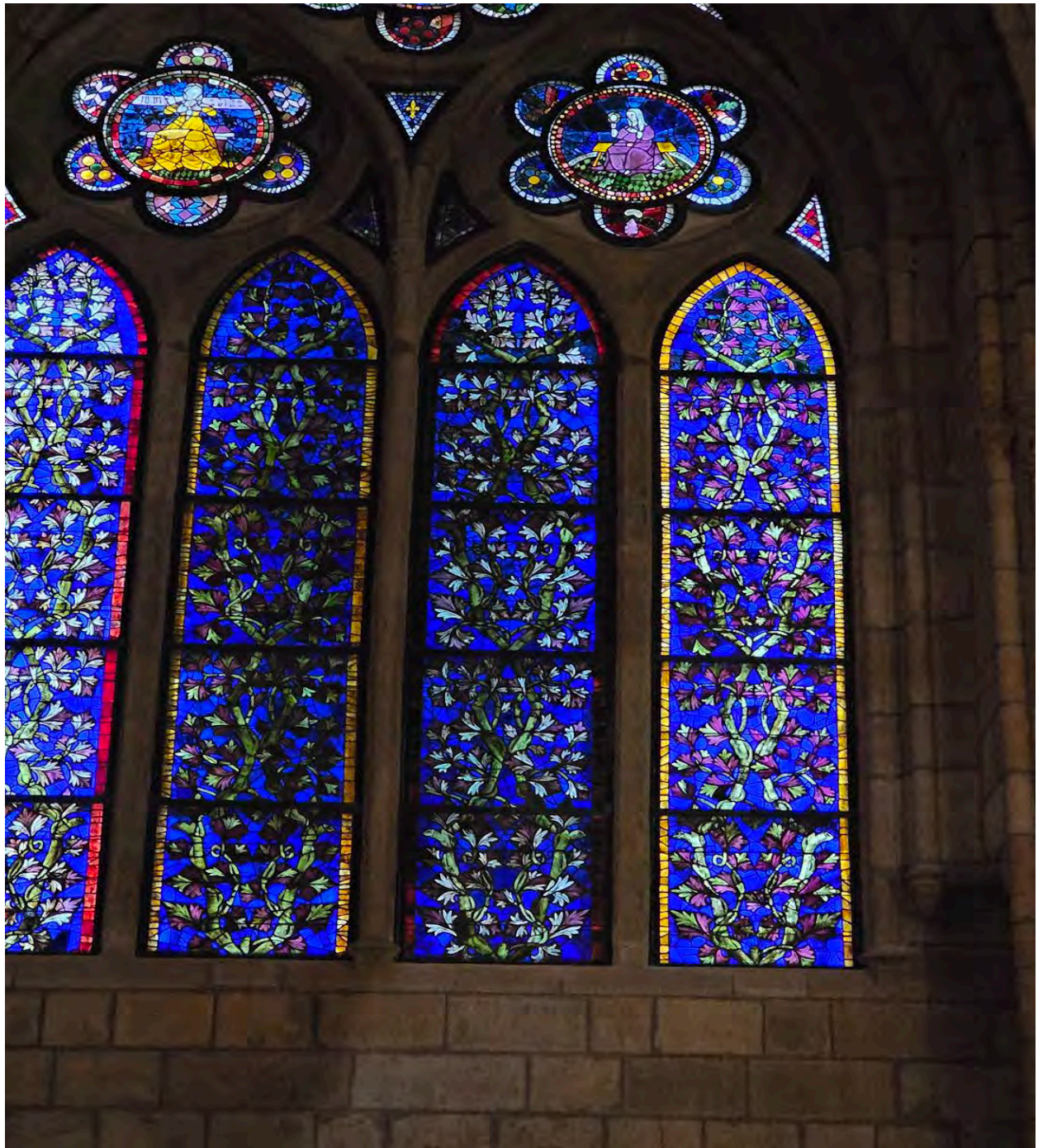


I liked the Cathedral very much – especially its orientation contrasting dark and light with the stained glass windows for which it is known. The altar faces east (another nod to the Islamic influence in Spain which I'm sure you remember me discussing in my 2022 blog) so that the first rays of the morning sun radiate through the rose window and illuminate the faithful sitting in the congregation.

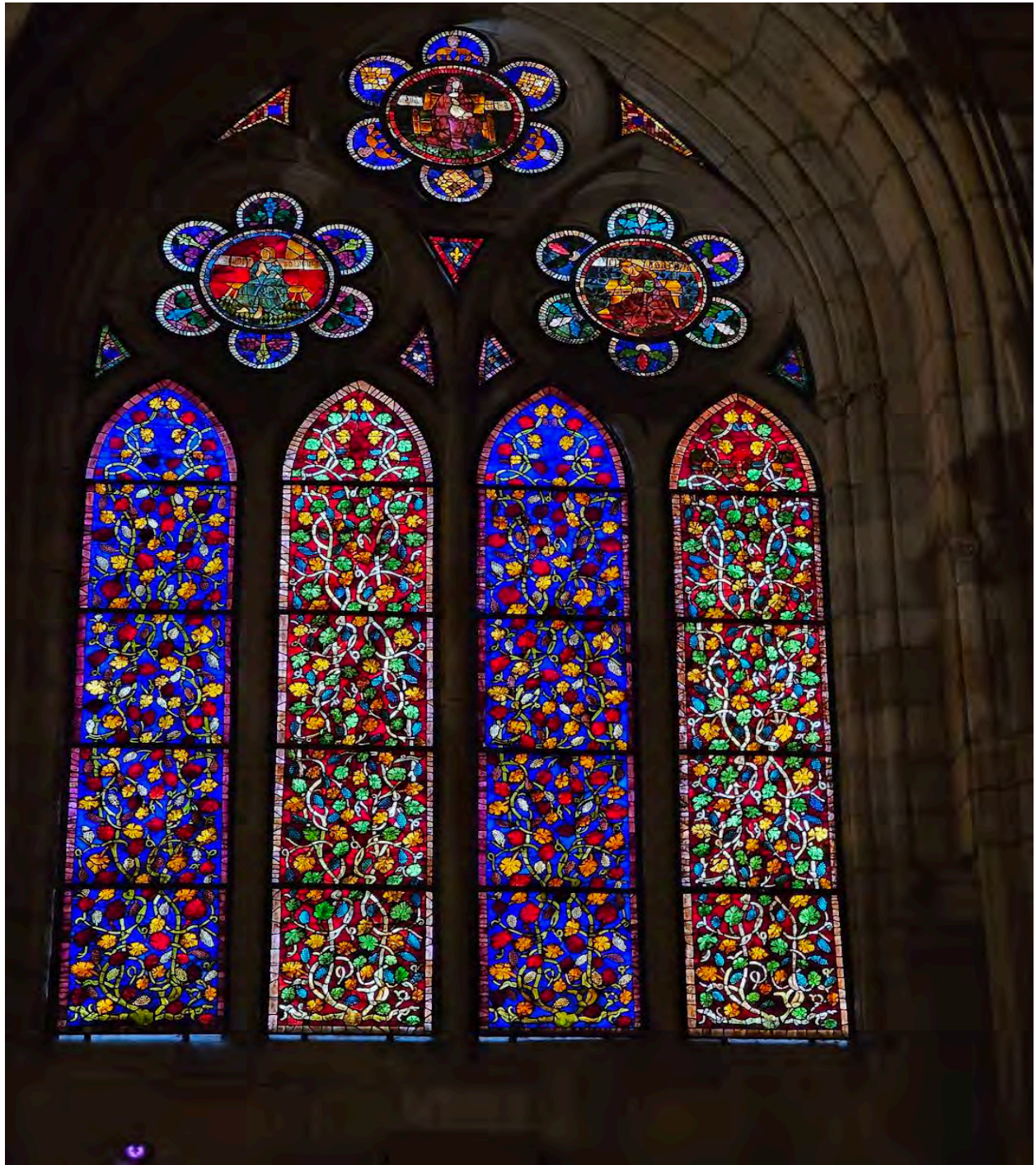
Similarly, the rose window in the west catches the last rays of the day's sun.



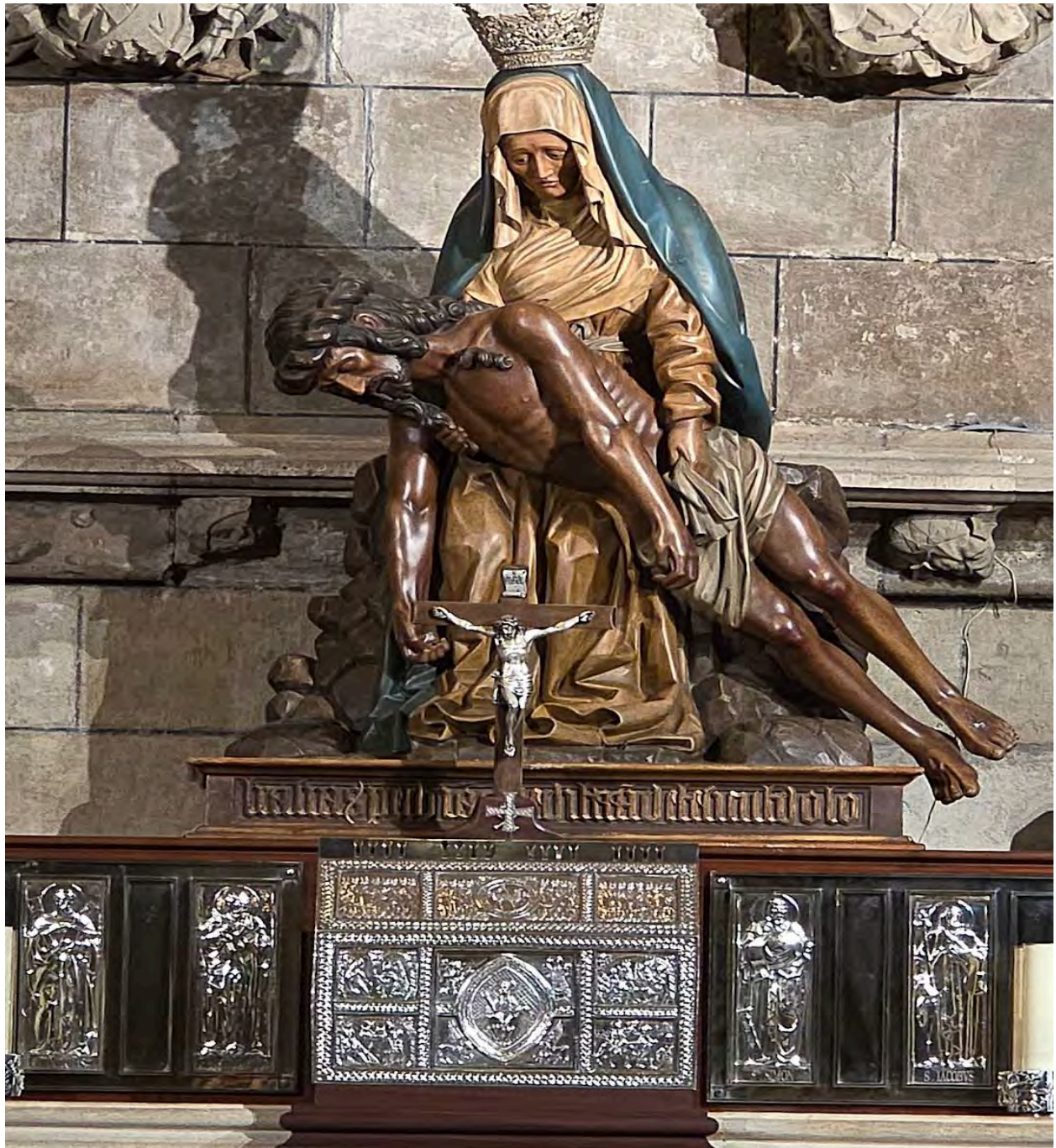
The northern stained glass windows never catch the light. Hence, their deep shades of blue.



The southern windows are in greens and yellows, celebrating the importance of the region's agricultural heritage.



My favorite chapel has the most interesting Pieta I've ever seen. One doesn't often see Jesus in such a position, and I personally found it very powerful as it emphasizes the agony and the sorrow of the crucifixion. At least it did to me.



San described his experience in Leon Cathedral as “ethereal,” defined above.

While I enjoyed the Cathedral, I wasn’t blown away by it. I felt more of a connection to God in the Basilica, which is much simpler with a feeling of timelessness. I felt Leon Cathedral was very much of its time – late medieval tending toward a nascent Renaissance, as evidenced by the Gothic arches and flying buttresses juxtaposed with the motif of light. If you want to get blown away by a Spanish cathedral, go to Seville, which has the most amazing cathedral I’ve ever seen.

Next up was cocktails. Of course. I don’t know where San finds these places, but we went to El Espumoso Leon. I aver that it was one of the weirdest bars I’ve ever been in. Those of you who knew me when know that I got away with a lot of bad behavior when I was young, chiefly because I was tall, ran with an older crowd, stuck to the middle of the pack, and was smart enough to keep my mouth shut when we went into bars when I was 14 years old. Seemed so at El Espumoso. Half the clientele looked like they were 15. The other half was families, with a few outliers of creepy looking guys with little dogs. Really strange. But we weren’t shanghaied, so I guess all was well.

We capped off the day by finding ourselves on the wrong side of the street for the first of Leon’s many Semana Santa parades. While the city seemed deserted, it looked like the entire population comes out at night. Every bar and tapas place was overflowing with people – old and young, families with children, wannabe hipsters, etc. It was really cool. Such a celebration of life in the shadow of a significant death.



During the parade, I expected to see De Niro on the roofs stalking Don Fanucci.



All in all, we had a really terrific day. At one point, San and I compared notes about some of the most exciting things in life. For San, it's the thrill of visiting a place for the first time. With the exception of Santiago de Compostela, every place we will visit for the next two and a half weeks will be new. If today was any indication of things to come, I can't wait.



03/28/2026: Legion = Lion = Leon

Today was a really fun one-day tour of Leon that we conducted for ourselves off an app entitled “Leon Scavenger Hunt.” In two and a half hours we covered the major highlights of Leon at our own pace and got a comprehensive overview of the city before catching our train to Lugo.

While yesterday was about spiritual matters, today was about power. The name “Leon” is Spanish for “lion” as you probably know. And Leon has plenty of lions to be sure. Lions on bridges, lions in sewers, lions at medieval church entrances. Lions! Lions! Lions! Shucks, folks. I’m speechless.









What you may not have known is that the Latin word for lion derives from the word “legio” as in the Roman Legion. So why did a Roman Legion, specifically the VIIth Legion, wind up building Leon? Why do you think? Money, baby. Show. Me. The Money.



The part of Spain to which Leon is the gateway is the mining region. The VIIth protected the mines and the associated roads for getting the silver from the mines to the trading ports for 300 years. But what have the Romans ever done for us?



After the fall of the Roman Empire to the Visigoths, the archaeological record of Leon ceases until the 900s give or take. Why did that occur do you think? Because the Visigoths were destroyers, not builders. They were a bunch of savages who only cared about plunder and left nothing like a legacy. You might not approve of some of the Roman punishment methods – grilling Christians comes immediately to mind - but you can't deny their accomplishments. What about the Aqueducts?



If the only legacy Rome left in Spain was the city of Leon, that would have been good enough. And just what is a Roman Legion? A Legion was comprised of ten “cohortes” of 480 men each with another 480 cavalry. Roughly 5500 men at arms per legion. At its height, the Roman

Empire had about 300,000 men at arms comprising about sixty legions. The man who became the Emperor Trajan (a Spaniard and one of the five Great Emperors as I'm sure you remember from last year's blog) once led the VIIth.

So there you have it. We absolutely loved our time in Leon. And how could we not, what with a twice weekly market that has been in continuous operation since the 900s, a moveable art installation by Yoko that reminds us all to breathe, fly, remember and other important things, a statue to veterinarians who take care of all of our furry friends, fountains from which our feathered friends may drink, and Semana Santa communally built floats.





IMAGINA LA PAZ

yoko ono







Oh yeah, Leon also has more bars per capita than any other town in Spain – 5 bars per each 1000 inhabitants, for a total of approximately 600 bars in a city of 121,000. That explains the kids we saw last night.

Now we are on the train to Lugo. We've been delayed by an hour and a half, so who knows when/if we'll get to Lugo tonight. But when we make it, I'll give you a report. Hope you have a great evening, and I look forward to sharing more adventures with you tomorrow.



03/29/2026: Had to Hoc ad Lugo, Man

I know you've been on pins and needles wondering if we ever made it to Lugo last night. We eventually did with twenty minutes to spare. We got to our hotel just before midnight, dumped our luggage, and headed out to look for something to eat as we had not eaten anything for several hours. We headed toward the Old Town where all the young people apparently go to party on a Saturday night. The joints were jumping and after the proprietor at the place we stopped in decided we were actually going to drink something, changed his tune and decided to let us have some tapas – after originally telling us the kitchen was closed. Stupid Americans. It's all Biden's fault.

Lugo is not a large town – smaller than Leon at 100,000 but more sophisticated and stylish. The Old Town is enclosed within a 2.5 km wall constructed by the Romans in the third century. It's the most extant intact example of a Roman Wall in Spain and is a World Heritage site.

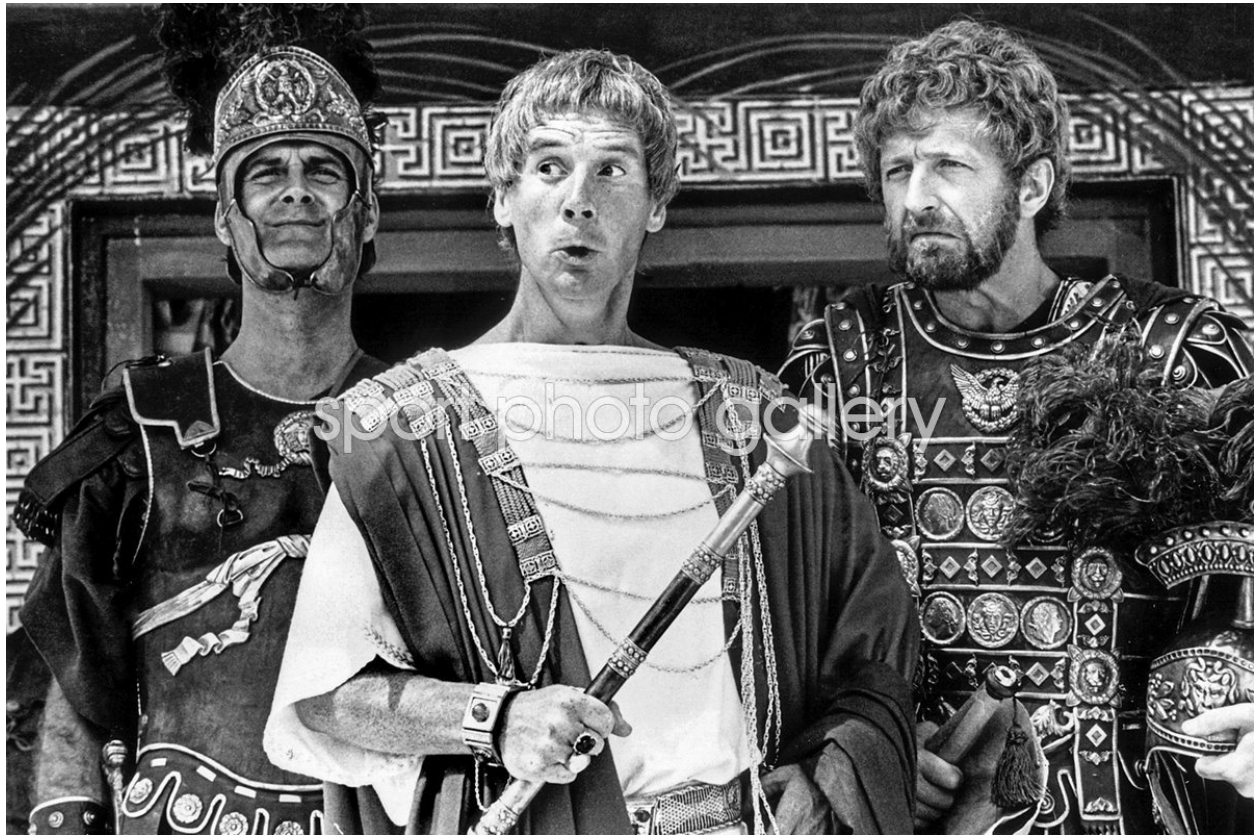




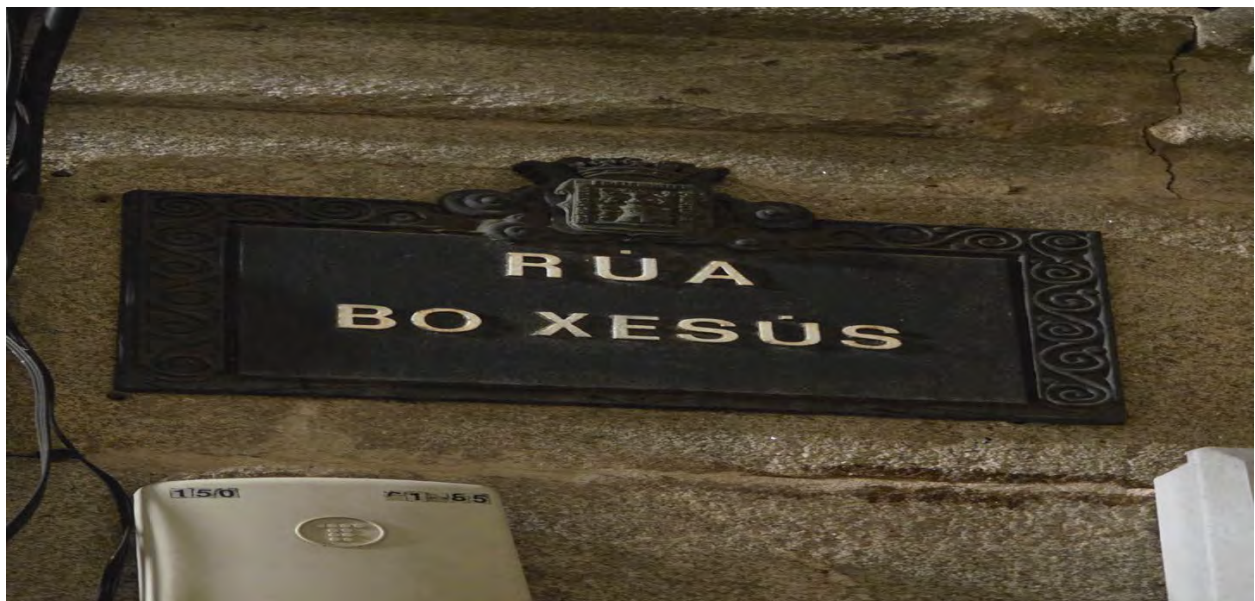
Lugo was founded in ca. 20 B.C./BCE/BVD/PDQ by Paulus Fabius Maximus on behalf of the Emperor Augustus and was originally called Lucus Augusti.



Good thing Paulus didn't name it after his wife Incontinentia Buttocks (it never gets old).



In the early Middle Ages, the name was shortened to Lugo as the local dialect evolved from Latin to Celtiberian. Since Lugo is situated in Galicia, I'm sure you remember from my 2022 blog that Portuguese has crept into the local dialect. "Rua" instead of "Calle," "Praza" instead of "Plaza," "Xacobeo" instead of "Iago," "Xesus" instead of You Know Who.



On Saturday nights, the young people head toward the cathedral to smoke cigarettes and make out.



I'm not sure why the Cathedral is the draw and I couldn't tell if I felt like a swinger or a voyeur as I threaded my way through the 2:00 am streets back to our hotel.

After a few hours' shuteye, San and I went to the Blessing of the Palms in the same square where the young people had been mere hours before.



After being duly spritzed by the Archbishop (in 40 degree weather) I had occasion to reflect upon the hope and joy of the faithful multitude on that long ago day when only one person knew what was coming.



Since it is Palm Sunday, no tours were operating so San and I got a map with some of the key points of interest notated and we bopped around. First stop was the museum. Not a lot of interest except for a replica of a Roman kitchen and a bunch of bikers looking at a mosaic floor. I don't know why a bunch of bikers were in the Lugo Museum, but there you are.

The sculpture garden was a little more interesting. Depending on one's point of view, my favorite sculpture could be interpreted many ways. I know what I think. What do you think?



We then stopped by the Church of St. Froilan, the patron saint of Lugo. We got in just before it closed and couldn't take any pics because they turned the lights out on us. I thought that only happened on Maundy Thursday. Oh well.



And who do you think is the Patroness of Lugo?



First person with the correct answer - without looking it up online – will win a Broyhill Living Room Suite from the Spiegel Catalog. That's Spiegel, Chicago 60609. Deborah Steed?

After taking in a few more of the sites, including a harbinger of spring to withstand the still freezing winds, an intimidating public mailbox, and a lovely fountain in a lovely square, we went to a place that was recommended to us for lunch. Shout out to Matthew Ruffner. You're right, Matthew. The food at Os Cachivaches was superb. Well worth it's Michelin rating.



GALICIA



OTROS DESTINOS
OUTROS DESTINOS



CORREOS
El correo de España
está gestionado por el
Estado y depende del
Ministerio de Sanidad,
Consumo e Igualdad
Social y Trabajo.



First person who can tell me – without looking it up online - if the fountain in the picture is

Moorish or Spanish will win a trinket of my choice from my wanderings. It's an easy answer as I'm sure you all remember my description of the differences between Moorish and Spanish fountains in my 2022 blog.

That was our day. How was yours? I'm all showered and tucked in for a good sleep before we begin the Camino in the morning. I hope the weather holds as the winds are really cold here. Wish us Buen Camino!

03/30/2026: I'd Turn Back if I Were You



We made like cow patties and hit the trail at 9:00 am.

ESTEOESTE

BY Sercotel







The cow reference is apt for as soon as we vacated the Lugo suburbs, it was strictly an RFD minefield of dairy droppings for the next 26 km.



Semper vigilantis is the key lest one winds up with something on one's walking stick that one did not bargain for.



But we are experienced and intrepid Peregrinos who have laughed in the face of death, sneered at doom, and chuckled at catastrophe. We were petrified.



But onward we went. And for our payoff, this is what we got to see:

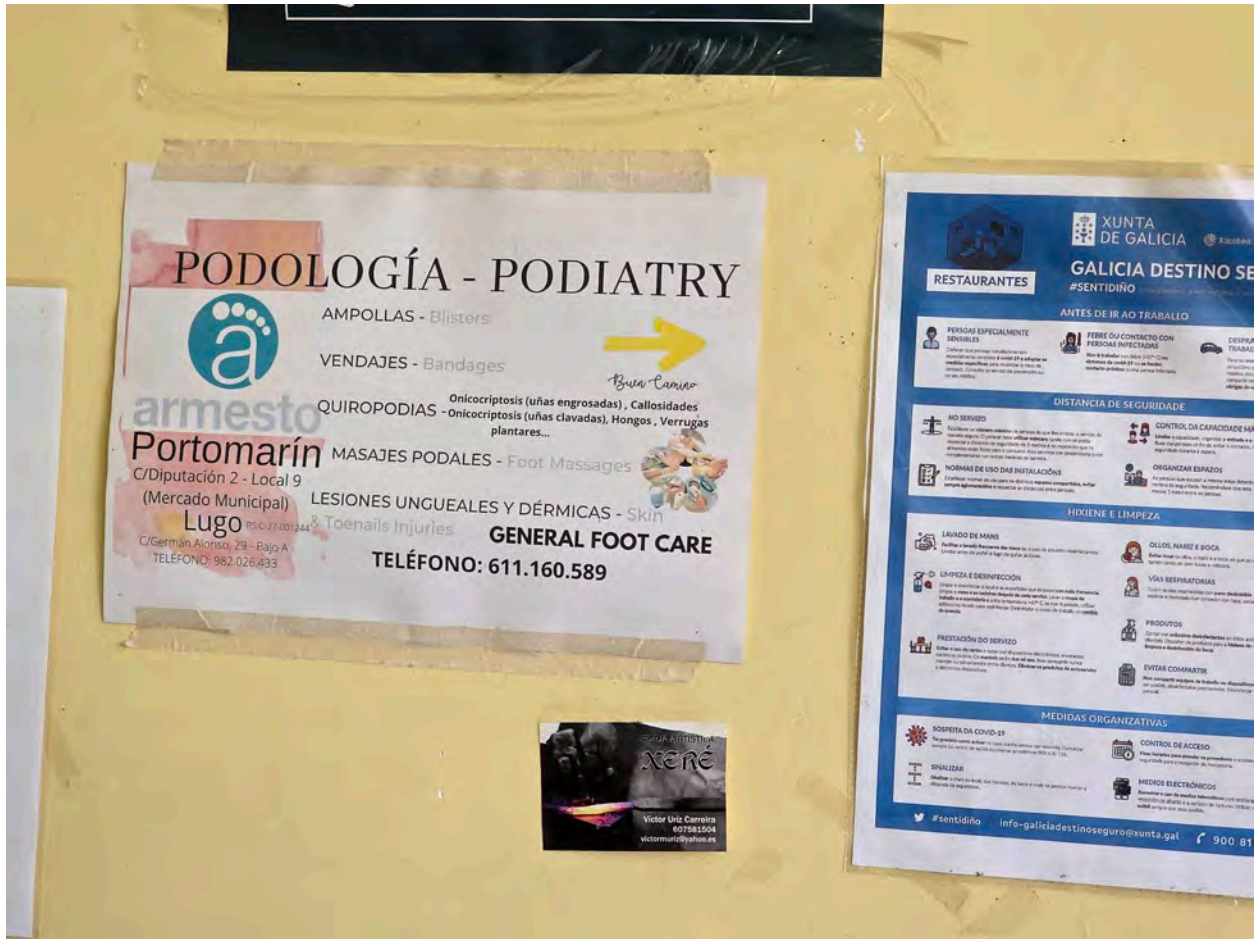


I must warn you that if you strike out for Ponte da Ferreira from Lugo, there is no place to get something to eat for 18 km, save something from a vending machine in O Burgo.

Had I known that I would have gotten a Clark Bar or something. It was not until San Roman at 3:30 pm that we were finally able to have lunch.



I have to hand it to the local podiatrist for his brilliant advertising campaign at the Taberna de San Roman.



PODOLOGÍA - PODIATRY

armesto
Portomarín
 C/Diputación 2 - Local 9
 (Mercado Municipal)
 Lugo
 C/German Alorissa, 29 - Bajo A
 TELÉFONO: 982.026.633

AMPOLLAS - Blisters
 VENDAJES - Bandages
 QUIROPODIAS - Onicriptosis (uñas engrosadas), Callosidades, Onicriptosis (uñas clavadas), Hongos, Verrugas plantares...
 MASAJES PODOALES - Foot Massages
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Buen Camino

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XUNTA DE GALICIA
GALICIA DESTINO SEGURO
 #SENTIDIÑO

RESTAURANTES

ANTES DE IR AO TRABALLO

PERSONAS ESPECIALMENTE SENSIBLES
 Consultar con vuestro médico antes de acudir al trabajo si tenéis síntomas de COVID-19 o si os habéis recuperado recientemente de una infección por COVID-19.

FEBRE OU CONTACTO CON PERSONAS INFECTADAS
 Non ir traballar se tedes febre ou se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

DESPUS DO TRABALLO
 Evitar a reunións, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

DISTANCIA DE SEGURIDADE

NO SERVIDO
 Evitar estar en áreas abertas, se é necesario, se debe manter a distancia de seguridade de 1,5 metros. Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

NORMAS DE USO DAS INSTALACIÓNS
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

CONTROL DA CAPACIDADE MÁXIMA
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

ORGANIZAR ESPAZOS
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

HIXIENE E LIMPEZA

LAVADO DE MANOS
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

LIÑEZA E DESINFECCIÓN
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

PRESTACIÓN DO SERVIZO
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

MEDIDAS ORGANIZATIVAS

RESPOSTA DA COVID-19
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

SEÑALIZAR
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

CONTROL DE ACCESO
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

MEDIOS ELECTRÓNICOS
 Evitar estar en áreas con alta densidade de persoas, especialmente se tedes síntomas de COVID-19 ou se habed estado en contacto con alguén que os tena transmitido a infección.

#sentidiño info-galiciadestinoseguro@xunta.gal 900 81

XERÉ

Victor Uñz Carrera
 607581504
 victormun@yahoo.es

Very near the 12th century chapel at San Roman, there is a mile marker monument of the ancient Roman road over which the Camino Primitivo treads. Those Romans. They were always prepared.



Yikes.

I'm always surprised (although I guess I shouldn't be) by how much the locals get into the Camino. I can't tell you how many gates like this we saw today:



We finally hit Ponte Ferreira at 6:00 pm. It was a long day but, fortunately, there was no rain and no intolerable wind. Although it was brisk, it wasn't cold. Until we hit our Pension. Now it's cold. After our mediocre meal at our mediocre pension, I'm snuggled under two Hudson Bay

blankets, so I don't freeze my tuchus off. I expect I'll sleep warmly as long as I don't have to get up in the night. Yeah, right. Sleep well all and I'll talk to you tomorrow.

03/31/2026: Hey Drake, Give Us a Break

A beautiful day on the road. Twenty km today and we are now closing in on the halfway mark which we should reach tomorrow morning.

The weather today was magical. Lots of sun, in the 60s, windy but not a cold wind, and I was able to walk in just a shirt and T-shirt by the afternoon. We even managed to get something to eat at decent intervals.

If you ever come to Northern Spain, especially to the Galicia region, you should try some Torta Galicana. It's a signature cake of the region and is mighty tasty. Since the popularity of the movie The Way has given rise to more interest in the Camino, I have noticed more and more places calling it "Torta Santiago," but I prefer the old ways in this instance.



We walked over and through some pretty terrific scenery today ranging from forests to hills to highlands reminiscent of Scotland.













Our destination today was Melide. We could see it in the distance from about eleven kilometers out, so it made for a long afternoon's walk toward a shower and dinner.



On the way today, we met our first American on the Camino Primitivo. His name is Drake. Drake is 25 years old. Drake is from Kansas. Drake was bopping along at a dog trot. He greeted us as fellow “bros from the States.” When we met Drake, he said he had already jogged 24 miles since he left Lugo this morning. His goal today is fifty miles and to reach Santiago by 8:00 tomorrow morning. Why Drake wants to jog 100 km in 24 hours is beyond me when there is so much natural beauty to savor. Drake told us he is going to spend Easter in Turkey and reconquer Constantinople. That’s what he said. At that point, we fist bumped Drake and wished him Buen Camino as he jogged off.

And speaking of dogs, we have seen several very nice mascotas on this trip. Curiously, we met three dogs in a row who were all limping because their right hind legs were injured. I don’t think there are wolves in this part of Spain, and I knew our puppy friends belonged to someone, so I wasn’t concerned that they were going to die or anything, but I found it curious.

We also saw a lot of stand-offish cats. All the cats we saw today were busy hunting.

Otherwise, the only Peregrinos we have seen the last two days have all been Spanish. The Primitivo is pretty sparse this time of year and it has been nice just to wander and catch up with San's doings as I haven't seen him for a year.

I've had a shower, checked email, and written to you so now we're off in search of dinner. I'll leave you today with some random images of rural Galicia and close with an admonition that I have always found useful in any situation.









- POR FAVOR, SE AGRADECE QUE
LAS TOALLITAS DE MANOS SE
TIREN A LA PAPELERA

MUCHAS GRACIAS

PLEASE IT IS APPRECIATED IF THE
HAND WIPES ARE THROWN INTO
THE TRASH

THANK YOU SO MUCH

And with that, I bid you a pleasant evening and buenas suenas.

04/01/2026: Smile and Say “Queso”

What a great day we had. My best ever on any of the three Caminos I’ve taken. First, we hit the halfway point at 9:00 a.m.



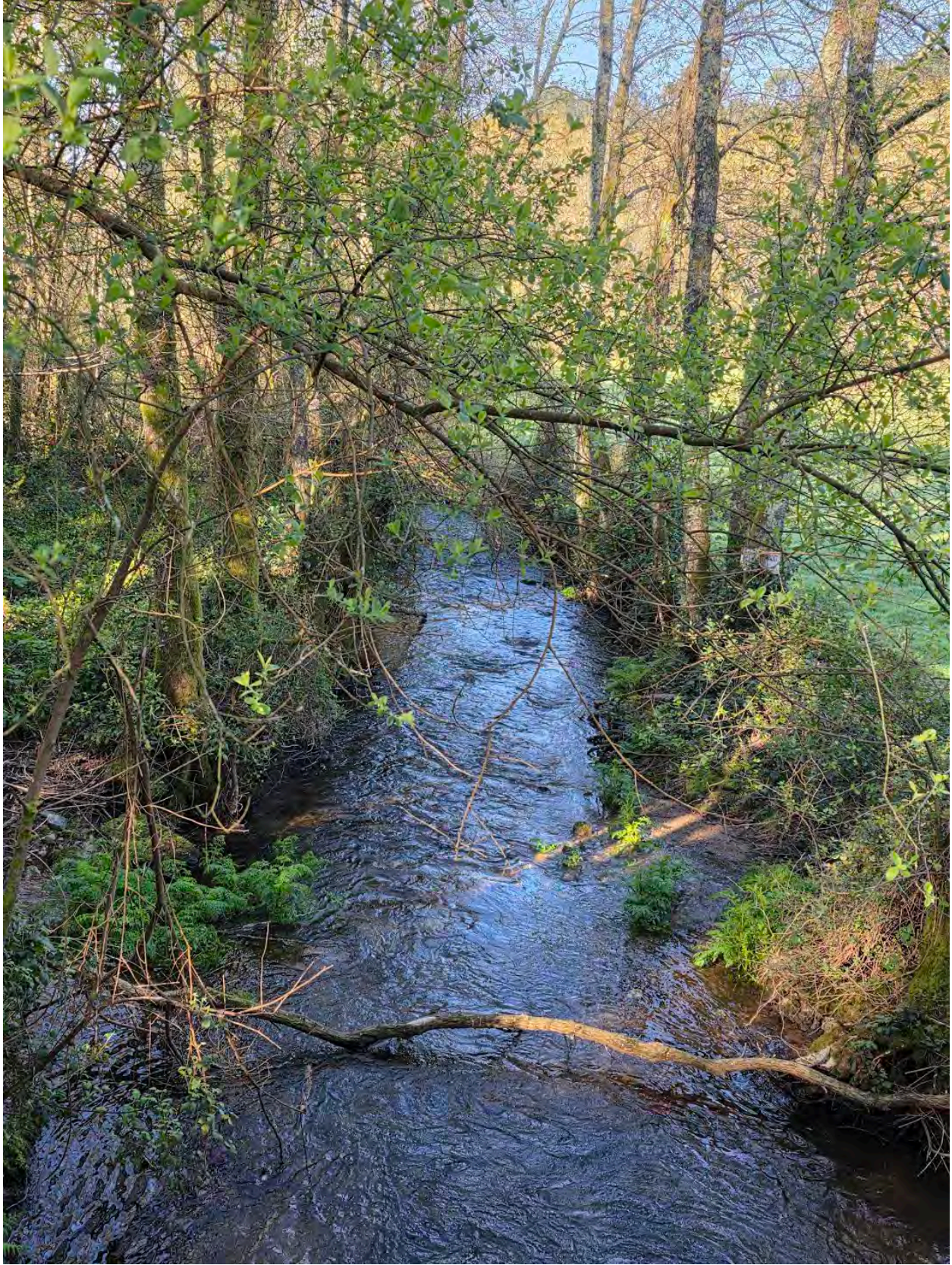
Second, the weather was as close to perfect as one could wish. No wind, warm sun and we removed all of our layers by 9:30 and were able to walk in shirtsleeves to the lovely town of Arzua – the cheese capital of Galicia.



If only we had arrived a month earlier, we could have taken part in the annual cheese festival when 100,000 cheeses are sold – is “cheeses” the plural of cheese? I don’t think I’ve ever used the plural form in a sentence.

Third, the scenery was also close to perfect. Forest glades, gentle streams, and walking the way with our guardian angel.







But what made the day special was meeting our new friends – Ben, Theresa, and Zeorge



Theresa suffered the same injury I had twenty odd years ago when I played Cyrano on wheels. She's a teacher in Chicago and a special spirit. Going it alone on the Camino despite her injury, she's an inspiration.

Ben is completing his junior year abroad in Barcelona. Rather than spending his spring break partying in Greece with beautiful college women, he is walking the Camino Primitivo to get back in touch with his true self. He's from Cincinnati and is a finance major at USC (No, the other one. Go Gamecocks!). I think we're going to read about Ben in the WSJ one day.

And Zeorge. What can I say? The man can drink nine beers in an afternoon, propose marriage to Theresa, regale us with tales of quitting smoking and battling the mother of his child for custody, remind us that there's a reason the Austrians lost WWI, and inform us that Adolf Hitler was German (technically, Uncle Adolf was an Austrian but I think Zeorge was trying to make a point although I'm not sure what it was). A force of nature. He's only the second Hungarian I've ever met so when we hook up with Jr. Ranger Balazs "the HBK" Csaforda on Friday or Saturday, I'll have to remember to ask him if Zeorge is a typical example of a Budapest native.

All in all, it was a perfect day spent with old friends and new that I'll always cherish. In this special week, it's good to remind myself that The Way is very simple. It's about love.



04/02/2026: We're Goin' to the End of the Line

“Well it’s all right walkin’ along in the breeze.”

Another super day on the Camino when we were just walking along, “just glad to be here, happy to be alive.”

A cool breeze, a warm sun, and new and old friends. Nothing in the world is better.



We caught up with Theresa about a quarter of the way in. We figured we'd see her as she's moving slow and her knee was hurting today, so we were happy to walk with her.

“Well it's all right, even if you're old and grey. It's all right, you still got something to say.”

Ben found us at lunch.



I think today was the prettiest terrain we've had so far. Mostly sun dappled forest trails with lots of wildlife – sheep, cows, a really sweet orange cat, chickens galore, and a lot of dogs accompanying their Peregrinos to make sure they're well cared for.

We walked with Ben and Theresa the rest of the afternoon. Ben got off at A Rua, a few km shy of where we are in O Pedrouzo. Theresa is around the corner from us so after getting settled in our respective hotels, we went to the Maundy Thursday mass at St. Eulalia's – A Romanesque church dating from the 19th century and the last worship stop on the way to Santiago de Compostela. It's remarkable for the giant scallop shell at the altar.



It was a long service, but the priest made sure to include all the Peregrinos who stopped to pay homage to what was most likely the worst dinner party in history.



We're only 19 km out of Santiago de Compostela. We should make it by 5:00 tomorrow. Adriana is meeting us and we will all congregate for cocktails before Ben takes off on Saturday

and Theresa takes off on Sunday. Balazs and Anika should be rolling in on Saturday, so while we'll have to say au revoir to our two new friends, it will be great to see some old ones.

We've been lucky with the weather so far. Maybe it will hold for another day but even "if the sun don't shine, it's all right. We're goin' to the end of the line."



04/03/2026: Damn it's Good to Be a Peregrino

Damn it's good to be a Peregrino.
Walkin' for a week on the Camino.
Walkin' all the way to Santiago.
Eatin' cheese that's made in Asiago.

A gangsta Peregrino don't walk in da night.
A gangsta Peregrino always gon' do wut is right.
A gangsta Peregrino wanna eat in da outside.
A gangsta Peregrino ain't be takin' no ride.

A gangsta Peregrino gonna get his book stamp
A gangsta Peregrino look like a old tramp
A gangsta Peregrino always pray in a church
A gangsta Peregrino buy much Camino merch.

Wit apologies to my man Coolio
Tomorrow we be cheerin' for our man, Papa Leo
It be Easter so let's all be makin's some noise
And start walkin' to da beats of da Getto Boys.

Damn it's good to be a Peregrino.

Yeah, we made it.

The day started off cool. But soon warmed up.



When we got to 10 km out, we could feel like maybe we are going to make it all the way in.



It also helped that we started to see signs of encouragement as rural turned to suburban.



We met up with Theresa about lunch time. She made great time today despite having to go backwards downhill.



The Oz moment came with about 5 km to go.



Then, of course, the THE PICTURE that everyone takes.





After breezing through the line to receive our Compostela, we got to our respective hotels. With timing that couldn't have been better, Adriana's train was on time, and we met up within five minutes of each other's arrival.



After a much-needed shower, we trundled back to the Praza Obradoiro and the Bar at the Hotel de Reis Catolicos for a celebratory drink or two and a terrific tapas meal. Ben met up with us and we were complete.

As we were sharing our various tapas dishes it occurred to me that this Camino for me was largely about sharing. Sharing new friendships, sharing our life stories and our hopes, dreams, ambitions, and lessons. Sharing our common bonds of humanity. Not bad for Semana Santa.



Although we had to say farewell to Ben after dinner, I have a feeling our paths will cross again. I certainly hope so.

And for today, the first order of business is laundry, after which I shall no doubt regale you with more of our adventures. Happy Saturday.



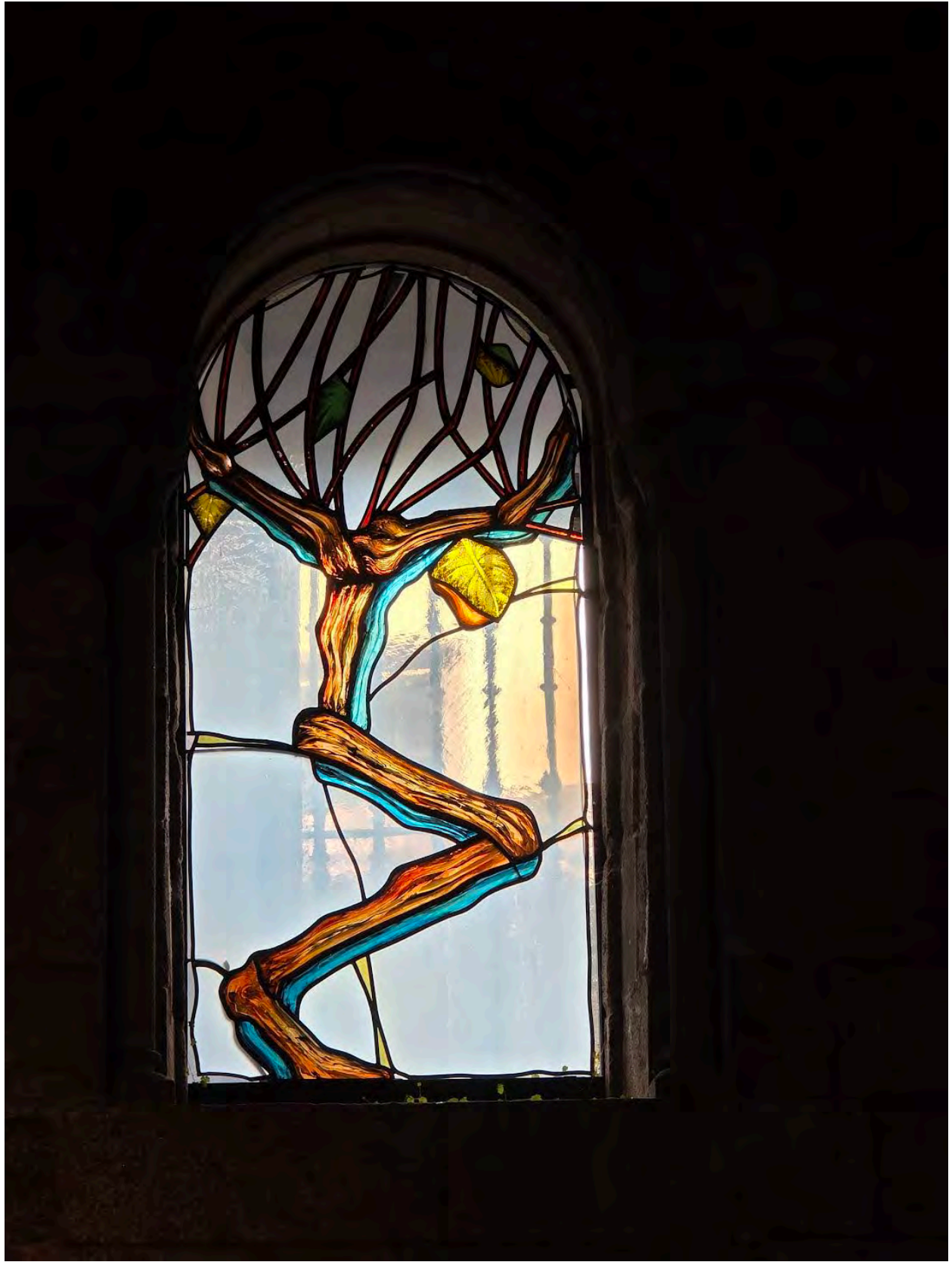
04/06/2026: The Easter Parade

When last we spoke, San and I were headed for the lavanderia. When we arrived, we met Theresa (as kismet dictated) and our new friend Kimberley Friend (yes, that's her real name). Kimberley had just finished the Camino Portugues (the one San and I did last year) and it was fun to compare notes as our clothes went round and round.

After finishing drying our clothes, we all went to the Cathedral where we saw the crypt of St. James - which, after all, is the point of the whole thing – and walked around admiring a structure that was built over one thousand years ago.







Balazs and Alika rolled in on Saturday afternoon and we were all able to toast our various Caminos at the Hotel de Reyes Catolicos.



And of course, the afternoon melted into evening as afternoons often do in Spain with laughter, memories, and stories. While it was sad to say au revoir to Theresa and Kimberly, we somehow knew our paths will cross again and our immediate sorrow will turn into new joy when we reunite.





Easter morning dawned as bright and clear and fresh as Easter should with its promise of new beginnings.



We hurried over to the Plaza to get a good vantage point for the procession.



One has to hand it to the Spanish. When it comes to religious processions, no one does it better.











After being sufficiently moved by the magnitude of the day, we had a leisurely lunch in the sun followed by a siesta before reconvening at our favorite watering hole for the last of our au revoires with Balazs and Alika.



We are now wending our way through the Spanish countryside toward Oviedo, where we shall spend the next couple of days. The weather is magnificent, the scenery is beautiful, and the company is fantastic.

To our friend Ben, we hope you had an uneventful trip back to Barcelona and that going back to class today was not too burdensome.

To our friend Kimberley, safe travels to Scotland and beyond.

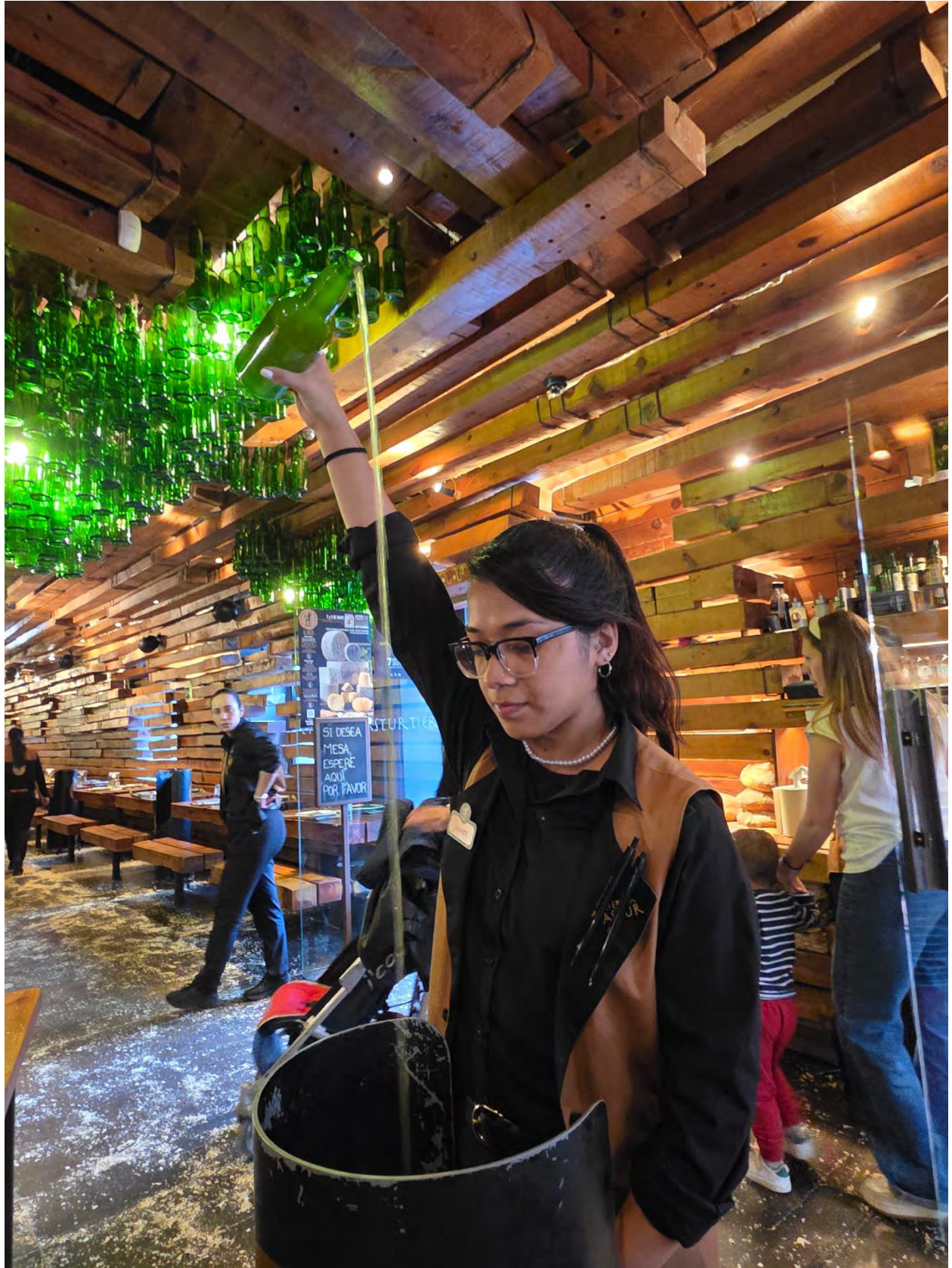
To our friend Theresa, safe travels back to Chicago. You should be very proud of yourself for all you accomplished on your Camino. Your students are lucky to have you as their teacher.

04/07/2026: Sippin' Sidre

For those of you who were members of Scouting USA (fka the Boy Scouts of America), you probably came across the song "Sippin' Cider" during some campout or other function in your dimly remembered youth. Learning this song was a primary form of sonic torture to compel you

to learn how to tie a sheep shank without questioning why it was a good idea to know how to tie a sheep shank since you were unlikely to ever again in your life after the age of 12 need to know how to tie a sheep shank. Fortunately, I was deprogrammed from Sippin' Cider after my final performance thereof at the 1974 Order of the Arrow Annual Dinner at the now defunct Olla Podrida in Dallas. My duet partner, Harry Martyr (not his real name but I'm sure those of you who were there will know who I'm talking about) was not so lucky. He had to play the woman, a vision of loveliness in Mother Hubbard regalia. Poor Harry. He now roams the deserted streets of Ames, Iowa, shaking uncontrollably and periodically shouting at full volume "and all at once, that straw did slip." Nonetheless, Sippin' Cider, like the lyrics to the theme song of the Beverly Hillbillies, will remain in your frontal lobe until the day you die, and thus ready to be summoned up at a moment's notice in any social setting.

Oviedo is the land of Sippin' Sidre. The whole city thrives on Sidre – what you call "cider" and what the rest of Spain calls "Sidra." But nooooo, not Oviedo, by gum. They pour Sidre the old-fashioned way.





- CHIPRONES A LA ZANCA
- COGOTE DE MERLUZA
 - LUBINA AL HORNO
 - CACHORO SUBCAMPEÓN DE ASTURIAS 2017/2019
 - ENTRECOT DE VACA PREMIUM
 - CHULETÓN DE VACA PREMIUM
 - CHULETA DE TERNERA DE CANGAS
 - A DE QUESOS ASTURIANOS

DE ASTURIAS 2022

ANU DE ASTURIAS 2021

SUPERM...
PAVILLO DE ASTUR

Entire restaurants such as Tierra Astur are devoted to Sidre culture.



Calle Gascona (named after the Gascony region of France, home of Cyrano de Bergerac) is dedicated to Sidre.



Whereas other cities decorate their streets with festive Christmas lights, guess what kind of lights are on display in Oviedo?



Oviedo is the capital of Asturias. Asturias is an autonomous region of Spain east of Galicia, where San and I hiked to our latest triumph, and about 30 km south of the Cantabrian Sea.

Asturias is really cool. Its founder was a Visigoth king named Pelagius who put a can of whup ass on the Moors in 718. While the Moors were able to flourish down south for another 700 years, they pretty much gave up the north after tangling with Pelagius.

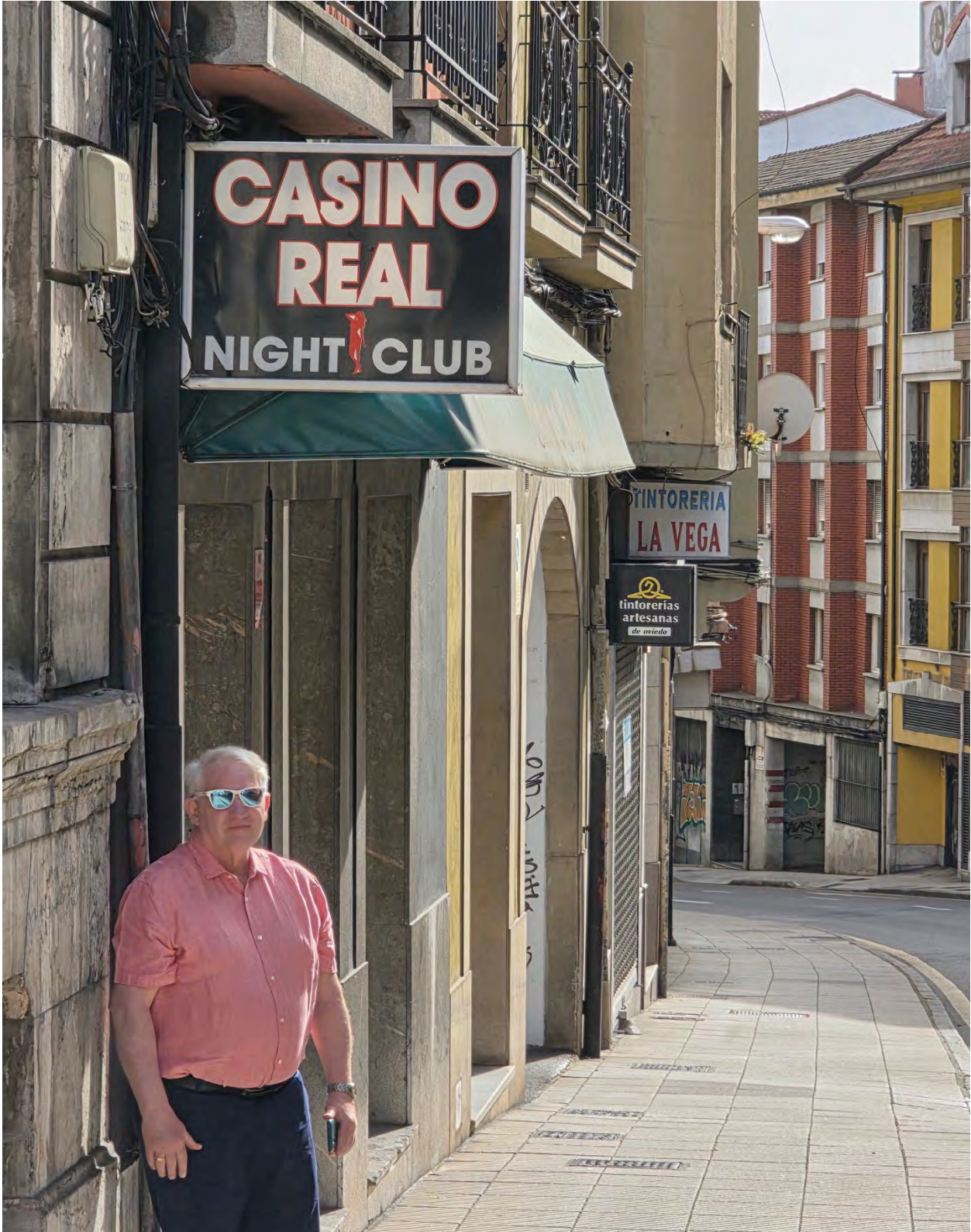
The founder of and first pilgrim to walk the Camino Primitivo – the first and oldest pilgrimage route to Santiago de Compostela – was King Alfonso II, a pivotal early Spanish King who, among other things, established Oviedo as the capital of Asturias and solidified Christianity as the dominant religion in the north of Spain. If you're at all interested in the Spanish monarchy (and who isn't?), you should know about King Alfonso II.



The Camino Primitivo begins in Oviedo at the Cathedral of San Salvador, a minor basilica that is 320 km east of the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela.

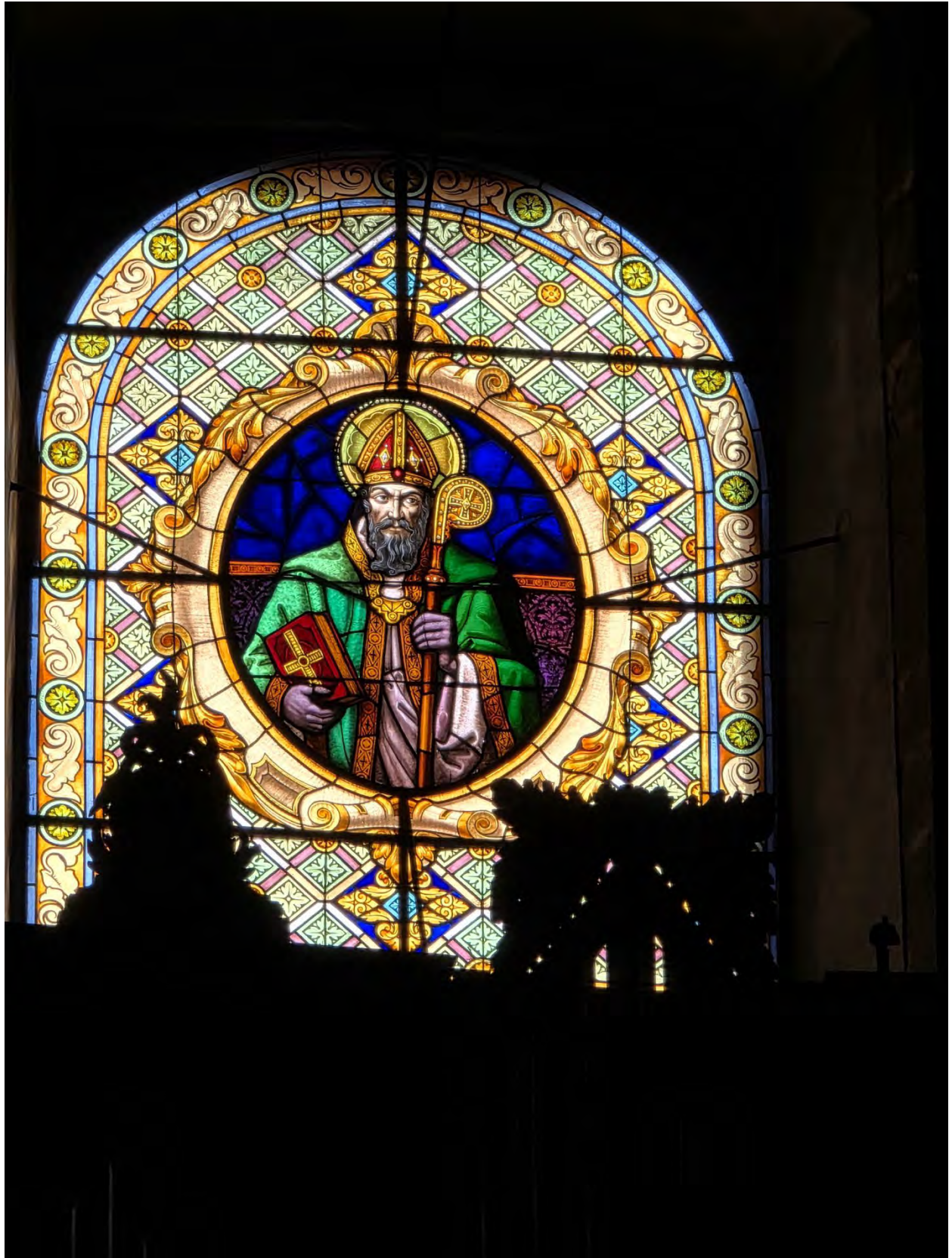


You might recognize San in the Picture. San likes to drink martinis James Bond style. Stirred, not shaken. Fittingly, we found San's go to place in Oviedo.



The other big deal church in Oviedo is the Iglesia San Isidoro. I'm sure you recall from my earlier posts in Leon that San Isidoro was the first to translate the Bible into Spanish. Consequently, there are many churches in Spain that are dedicated to San Isidoro.





There is more to tell you about Oviedo, but I think I'll keep you in suspense until tomorrow. 007 is waiting for us in the lobby of our hotel and he is no doubt ready to sip some sidre as the sun is now over the yardarm. Hasta la vista, babies; or as they say in Oviedo "Es hora de tomar un poco de sidre."

04/08/2026: I Like Big Butts and I Cannot Lie

Unlike Sir Mix-A-Lot, I am not a big fan of big butts. That said, Oviedo has a rather large butt prominently displayed in one of its major thoroughfares.



Each to their own, I suppose.

Oviedo is known for its statues. There are more than one hundred of them, scattered throughout the city.





Even Woody Allen gets into the act, having filmed much of Vicky Cristina Barcelona in Oviedo.



Apparently, it is difficult to keep glasses on Woody's statue as people tend to steal them. Seriously.

In what has to be one of the most lukewarm endorsements of a city ever, Woody declared his admiration for Oviedo as “clean, pleasant, tranquil, and pedestrianized.” Whatever “pedestrianized” means other than “walkable” which Oviedo is not all that. It’s a hilly city and therefore not all that walkable to my way of thinking. But each to their own, I suppose.

I can attest however that Oviedo is clean. In fact, it is known as the cleanest city in Europe, and it takes great pride in keeping things neat and tidy. One really doesn’t see much trash in Oviedo and there are garbage trucks roaming the streets at all hours of the day and night.



Oviedo has a very pleasant park as well. El Parque de San Francisco, which sits right in the middle of town and is an urban oasis amidst the hustle and bustle.



Even little Mafalda likes to hang out in El Parque. I don't know why Mafalda is one of the mascots of Spain since she first appeared in Argentina, but each to their own I suppose. San seems to like her at any rate.



After lunch, we went to Monte Naranco where the first palace and church in Oviedo were situated; both of which dating from the 9th century.





Unfortunately, we couldn't see the interiors of either as for reasons mysterious, the ticket office was closed to civilians.

We did however get a tremendous view of Oviedo.



And atop the Monte Naranco is a statue of Jesus which is pretty impressive even if he only has four toes on each foot.



So that was our day. After a brief siesta, it is now time to sally forth into the evening and see what mischief we can get up to.

Tomorrow will mostly be a travel day as we take the train to Santander. But never fear, I'm bound to check in with you again as I continue to see interesting things. Have a great night.

04/10/2026: Alta Mira, We Can Live in Harmony

Whenever I think of Alta Mira, I can't help but think of Texas' most famous albino brothers Edgar and Johnny Winter and my friend Greg Gross mocking the bridge to Edgar's song entitled "Alta Mira."



Fortunately, Edgar is still with us and today I had the pleasure of Greg's mocking bridge in my ear as we visited Alta Mira. Well, technically, we visited the Alta Mira museum which is supposedly an exact replica of the actual cave. Adriana saw the real deal when she was a teenager and she says the museum is accurate. So good enough for me.



If you are a strict Bible constructionist, you can skip the next part.

The earliest cave drawings in Alta Mira have been dated back 38,000 years by various scientific methods having nothing to do with Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.



I'm not terribly adept at the timeline of the evolution of *homo sapiens*, but 38,000 years ago hominoids were walking upright, had fashioned rudimentary tools, had a varied diet, banded together in small tribes, had utilized fire for cooking and warmth, and were singing about Wild Horses; a song composed by one of their own.





Personally, I think the cave drawings in Alta Mira were drawn in homage to visitors from somewhere far away.



I'm going to buy some new sneakers now, lie down, and wait.....



It all makes sense now. Why didn't I see it before? Heaven's Gate/Heaven's Gate. Duh. No wonder Michael Cimino became a cross-dresser.



And speaking of weirdness, when we were waiting in the Oviedo train station to catch the train to Santander, I happened upon Klan Fashion.



That is so wrong on so many levels. First, I have to ask who would get a tattoo while waiting for a train? Second, what local Oviedoan would get a tattoo in their local train station? Third, the use of the word “Klan” cannot be accidental or coincidental. Nonetheless, a large bald headed multi-inked gentleman wearing lots of chains and leather sat at the ready to give San and Adriana tattoos. They politely declined the gentleman’s offer.



Lastly, we visited Santillana, a medieval town of 4000 souls named after Santa Juliana, a closet Christian whose father turned her over to be tortured once he found out. Let's just say she did not meet with a good end and to celebrate, Santillana has a Torture Museum! Yay! Let's take the kids! Only 3 Euros, How Are Ya!





Finally, I saw these little guys outside the 12th century church.



Be sure and write me down an ass. Anyone know what play that line is from? If you can tell me without looking it up, I'll bring you something weird.

And indeed, the tenor of the whole day has been weird.

We are in the Cantabrian region of Spain, which is actually pretty cool. I like it a lot even if they had to import cows from Holland because they are more prodigious milk producers. So, with that imponderable, I'll leave you with today's final image, which is self-explanatory.



Moo.

04/11/2026: Earth, Wind and Fire

When last we spoke, I let you know that yesterday was a weird day. It ended that way as well, but we had a brief respite as San and I went to the Magdalena Palace before dinner.



The Magdalena Palace was the summer residence of the Spanish monarchy during the first part of the 20th century. Curiously, the sign in front of the Magdalena Palace neglects to mention the period 1935-1975. Gee, I wonder why.

During the Civil War, the Spanish monarchy sided with Franco and the Falangists, so they got to keep the Magdalena while thousands of people with a social conscience were gunned down and dumped into ravines. But I digress.

In the 1990s, the then king and queen donated the Magdalena to the people of Spain. That was a good move. The grounds are beautiful, comprising 27 hectares of gardens, sculptures, walking and bike trails, scenic vistas, playgrounds, picnic areas, historical exhibits, etc. I don't know how the Magdalena compares to Central Park but it's plenty big and a really wonderful addition to the city of Santander.





Escultura de bronce original de la escultora
Diana Contreras en Alvarado, Veracruz,
México, su obra más conocida, creada
entre los años 1960 - 1977, conmemorando
el descubrimiento de América por el
navegante Juan de la Cosa, cartógrafo
español, al cual dedicó su obra.
El año de 1977, conmemorando
el centenario de la independencia de
México, Diana Contreras
creó la obra más conocida
de su vida, la escultura
de la sirena.





The day reverted to weirdness as San and I went to our Santander Swan Song dinner at La Viga.



La Viga came recommended as a great cocktail bar and restaurant on the water. However, it is way out in the boonies, is not situated on the water, does not have cocktails as we generally understand the term, and is next door to a biker bar. The food was so-so, but the company was good so no real complaints. Just a weird ending to a weird day.

Today dawned cool and dreary. By the time we finished breakfast, it was raining. The first day of rain we've had the entire trip, which put a damper on our limited sight seeing time. We wound up spending most of the morning at the Botin Cultural Center viewing some "art" installations. I couldn't decide which installation I liked best - the Martians eating hamburgers or the guy dressed up like a sea lion who was flopping around in the video. Decisions, decisions.

Santander is really cool though. It has a California vibe as it is where the mountains meet the water. Everyone walks and looks fit, there's surfing, and the outdoors features prominently in the life of the city. It suffered a really bad fire in 1941 and, no, I can't blame that one on Franco, who is still dead. Not many people died in the fire, but the city center, including the cathedral, were virtually destroyed. That may explain why the cathedral looks a little sparse on the inside without a lot of the usual iconography one is used to seeing in the cathedrals throughout Spain.

The monument to the fire looks appropriate.



To celebrate the rebuilding of the city center, a sculpture featuring the four elements was erected. Why there are seven figures representing earth, wind, fire and water is beyond me.



Before we had to catch our train, we were able to have lunch at one of the oldest and most venerable restaurants in Santander. It did not disappoint.



BODEGA
DEL RIOJANO

1940

Victor Merino

CERAMIA





It's a good thing that we had a hearty lunch. We are now on our train to Madrid rambling through the misty Cantabrian countryside at the breakneck speed of 50 km per hour as Adriana and San snooze. Apparently, we will miss our connection to Madrid due to track construction in the mountains. Can't blame that one on Franco either. Because he's still dead.

Presumably, we'll get to Madrid sometime tonight so I'm sure all will be well. I'll check in with you guys once more before we have to go back to reality. In the meantime, enjoy your weekend.

04/13/2026: Say Goodbye to Hollywood

Although I'm not a Long Island boy who grew up in the 60s, I've always felt a certain affinity for Billy Joel's music. I'm always amazed at how a song can make one feel as if it was written especially for them. So it is for me with "Say Goodbye to Hollywood." Its poignancy often resonates for me whenever it's time to move on.

We did make it to Madrid about midnight on Saturday where we met up with our new friend Lerry who is traveling with San tomorrow to Zaragoza and on to Barcelona as Adriana and I must return to Dallas and whatever comes next.

We spent yesterday bopping around a cold and dreary Madrid before having one of the best dinners of the entire trip.



Like good Madrilenos, we visited El Oso and touched his tail thus ensuring our return at some point in the future.



Today, we went to the Prado and checked in with some of our favorite paintings – Las Meninas, the Beheading of Saint James, Goya’s The Third of May 1808 – before having lunch at Restaurante Botin; reportedly the oldest continuously operating restaurant in the world.



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300TH ANNIVERSARY



“So many faces in and out of my life, some will last some will just be now and then. Life is a series of hellos and goodbyes, I’m afraid it’s time for goodbye again.”

And so it is time for goodbye. Again.



I know why I did my first Camino.

I know why I did my second Camino.

I thought I knew why I did this Camino. But I don't think I was correct.

I think what this Camino had to teach me was that it's becoming more and more important to me to hold onto the faces that come into my life. To maintain the connections the Way gives me as I muddle on toward an uncertain future.

I have three friends facing cancer. I lost a dear friend last year. I have another friend with serious health issues. I'm okay now, but for how long? Each year that passes is another year closer to the biggest goodbye we all must make.

Will I ever get to do another Camino? I would like to next year, but our country's insanity is ruining the world's economy, and the price of air travel may become cost prohibitive. And yet....

It is all beyond my control. All there is is now and I am so grateful for all the faces in my life. For my dear friend San. For my life love Adriana. For the new faces that have come into my life in the last three weeks – Theresa, Ben, Kimberly, Lerry.

And so, it is time to move on. Thank you to all who followed my peregrinations. If you're reading this, you are precious to me.

I think I'll leave the last word to the Mahatma.



“No hay camino
para la paz,
la paz es
el camino”

Mahatma Gandhi



Universidad de Oviedo