

EUROPE 2023

4 months | 6 countries | 8 house swaps | 10 journey legs | 2 grand-boys +1



Ansouis cut short

Last night, there was rainfall, and when we awoke, it was pouring. Today it is notably damp and cooler. While we hope for dry weather until our departure on Monday, we understand that the farmers are desperate for rain. So, we waited spent the morning patiently waiting for conditions to improve. Ominously, the skies on the horizon remained overcast.

We went shopping for groceries and caught up on emails and social media. It's hard to believe that our time in France is coming to an end.

Around noon, we realised that we had to venture out if we were to visit the final destination on our list – Ansouis. This village is renowned for its Renaissance castle, museums, and church. Brochures tantalisingly describe the labyrinthine alleyways of this enchanting village.

Ansouis is just a 20-minute drive from Lauris. We once again followed the narrow, winding back roads recommended by our GPS, Emily. Despite the need for caution at every turn, the drive was quite serene and peaceful, similar to most back roads around here.

Eventually, Ansouis, like all the perched villages in this region, came into view. We parked on the outskirts, Heather grabbed the umbrella, and we ventured forth.

One of the village's attractions is the Extraordinary Museum of Strange Things, a captivating collection of eclectic artefacts and artworks. The museum is dedicated to the collections and works of Georges Mazoyer, a renowned diver in the Mediterranean and worldwide, as well as a respected local artist. Georges established his studio here in 1955 and founded the museum in 1975. Today, his daughter runs the place, warmly welcoming us and proudly showcasing her father's decades-old acquisitions.

The museum featured various rooms and distinct displays, although the art did not particularly resonate with our tastes. Fortunately, due to a local national day celebration, admission was free today – quite interesting indeed.

We then set out to explore the remainder of the village and perhaps visit the privately owned

castle, which, surprisingly, was only open to the public from 3 - 4:30pm.

However, once outside, and at the most inconvenient moment, the heavens opened up once more. Darting from one covered area to another in the narrow alleys quickly became tiring, so we jointly decided to call it a day. It was only 2pm, making it pointless to wait in the rain for the castle to open in an hour.

Heather's small umbrella barely shielded her from the downpour, and when I tried to squeeze under it, I received a deluge down my back. We hastily returned to the car, and I directed us back to Lauris, retracing our steps.

Tomorrow's agenda includes house cleaning, packing, and some relaxation in preparation for our 6-hour train journey to Barcelona on Monday.

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