

It was Sunday lunchtime; a gentle breeze rustling through the leaves, the sun warming the April air (this man, at least, at peace with the world) - then it struck me - how does a 54 year old Scouser, brought up in the back streets of Liverpool end up sipping G+T's in the grounds of a 15th century Chateau? This is surely a place where dreams become reality - all it needs is for Rapunzel to appear at the top of tower + offer to throw down her "golden stair"

Only the soulless could fail to find peace and calm here. Our hosts + their children are a delight to know - kind + helpful in every way.

My only regret is that we were only here for a week not a month!

à Sophie, Damien, Colin, Anouk, Babou,
le chat sans nom, les agneaux, les poulets
à bientôt

Nous reviendrons - Dennis + Sue
Worcester.