Helsinki Journal, Entry 39, April 29, 2007

After seeing the Gaudi architecture on our second day in Barcelona, we left on an evening flight to Málaga, arriving at 6:30pm and made it to our condo on the beach a couple of hours later. The condo facility was run by Marriott and so was very posh. We had to laugh, because we traded my mother’s condo at Fairmont near Butte, which is nice, but modestly so. The weather was mediocre. We had only two days lying on the beach in the sun, but it was a nice and restful week.

This shot was taken on the evening of our arrival from our condo’s deck.

At the beach.
After a few days, of lying around, we drove about an hour south along the coast to Gibraltar, which is actually a part of the UK. Having had been a TV junky as a kid, I was interested in seeing this icon of insurance company commercials. Pathetic, I know. It was neat to see though, particularly given the out of control monkey population that lives on the rock. They make their living attacking unsuspecting tourists with bags containing food (us). I can imagine nightmares involving similar scenarios.

The Rock of Gibraltar from the lookout on top.

Alex, who had turned 10 the day before, and a Gibraltar Monkey.

The rest of the week was spent at our condo. Mostly, we sat around, read, drank too much red wine, ate too much salami, cheese, olives and baguette: typically vacation hedonism. The kids loved the many pools, and Jen enjoyed the relative vacation from house work, the use of a dryer, and her first bath in nine months. Late in the week, I became stir crazy enough that I took the car into the mountains and hiked a peak called Torrecilla (1919 meters). It was nice to get up out of the insanely built up Costa del Sol region and take some deep breaths in mountain air. It made me miss Montana.
Torrecilla Mountain.

The kids in the surf on our last night at the condo.

Alex with some jelly-fish he caught, and Jen and I on our deck, where we did a lot of nothing.