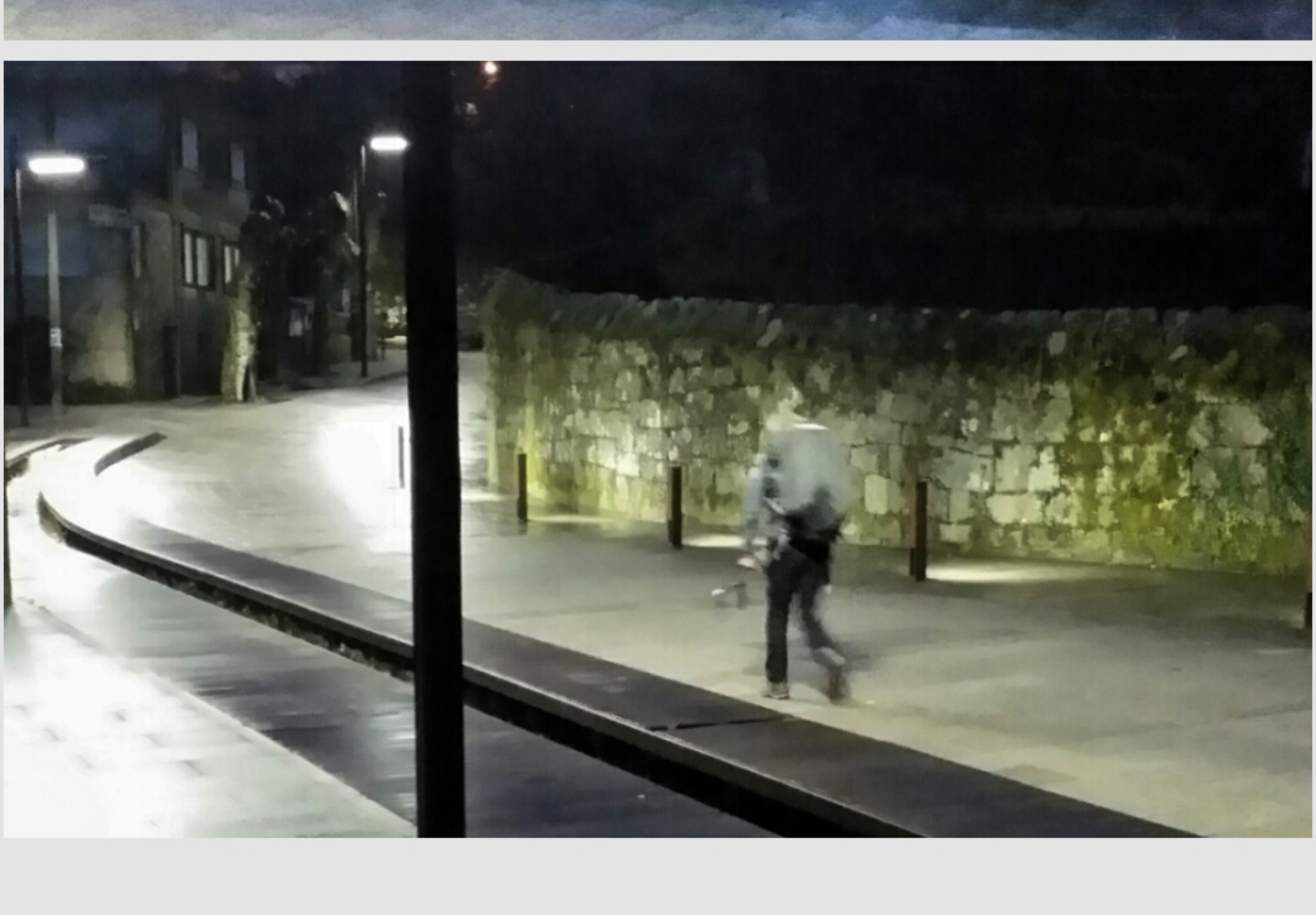
CP Day 22 - Vilanova de A

14 Apr 2016

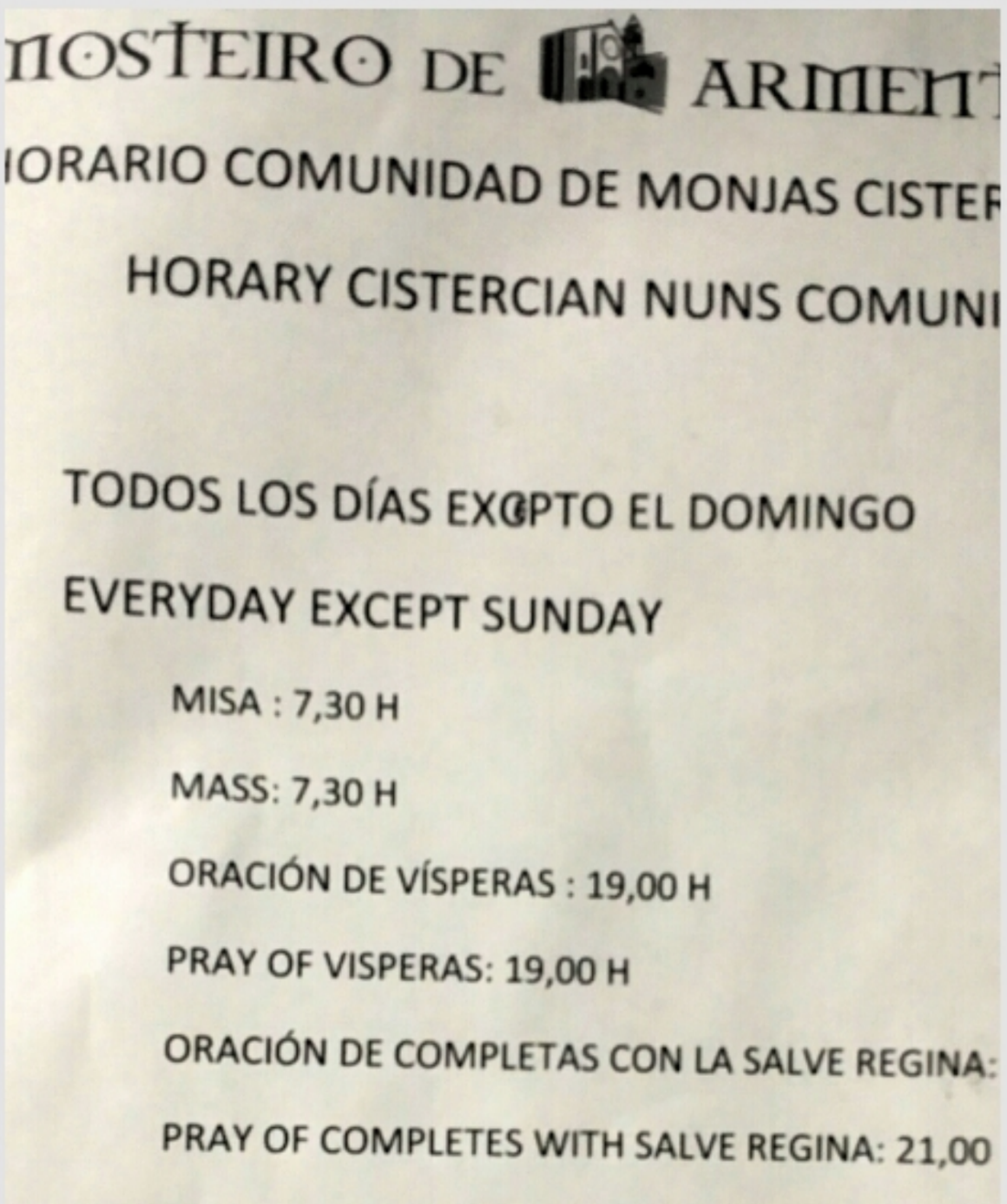


It's 7:15 am on a windy Thu morning up in the mountains at Armenteira....it must be time for Mass!











A very calming start to the day listening to 'Misa' 1st thing in the morning. It was only a very small chapel tucked away at the back of Monastery, with a handful of nuns and a priest, but one of the most memorable moments of our Camino.







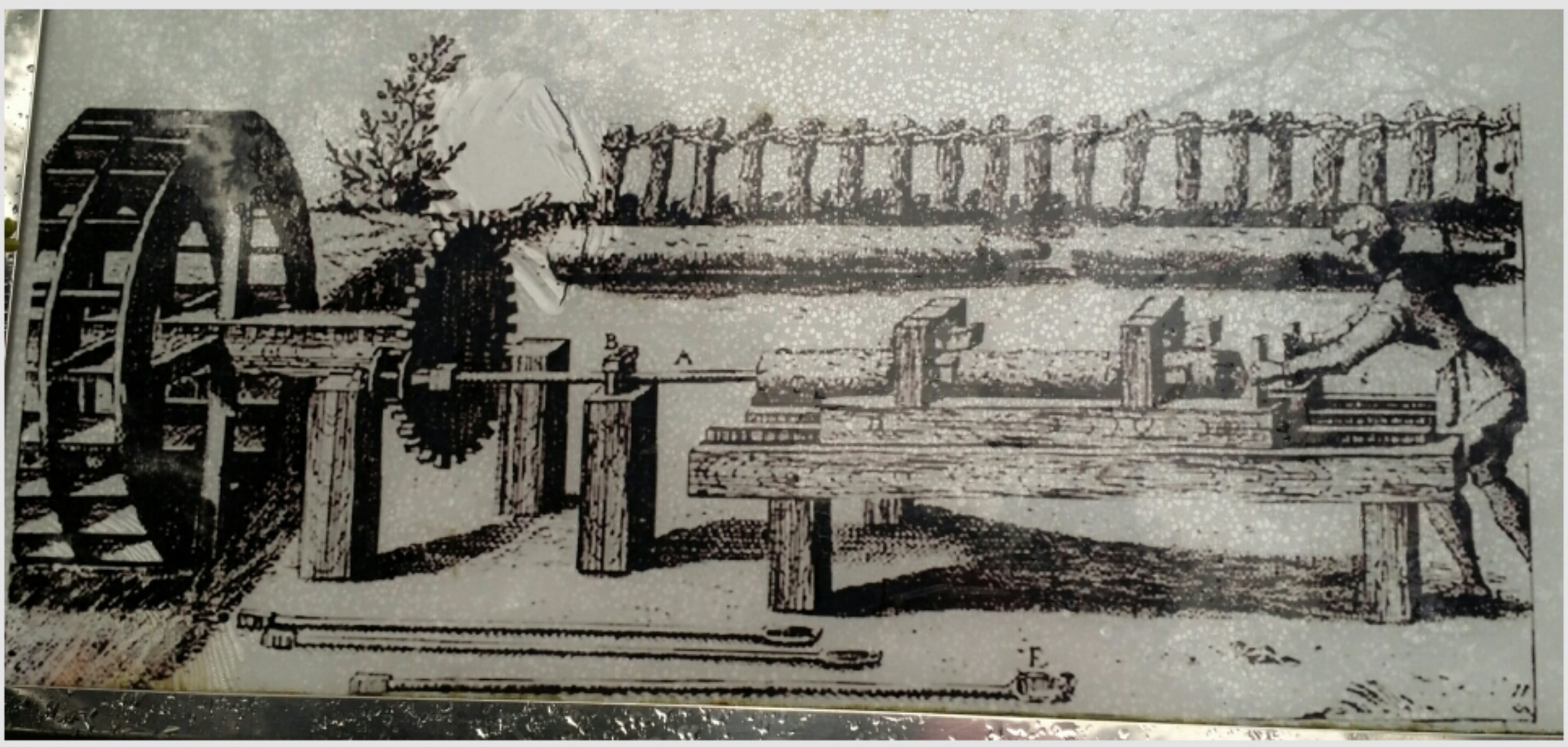
Ok, so today we only had to walk from 1 Albergue in the mountains to another by the sea, with the 1st part beibmng via the evocatively-named 'Route of Stone & Water' - what could possibly go wrong?

About 2 mins after this photo was taken, I slipped on a rock (whilst taking a photo!) and almost fell in the stream, losing a walking pole in the process.





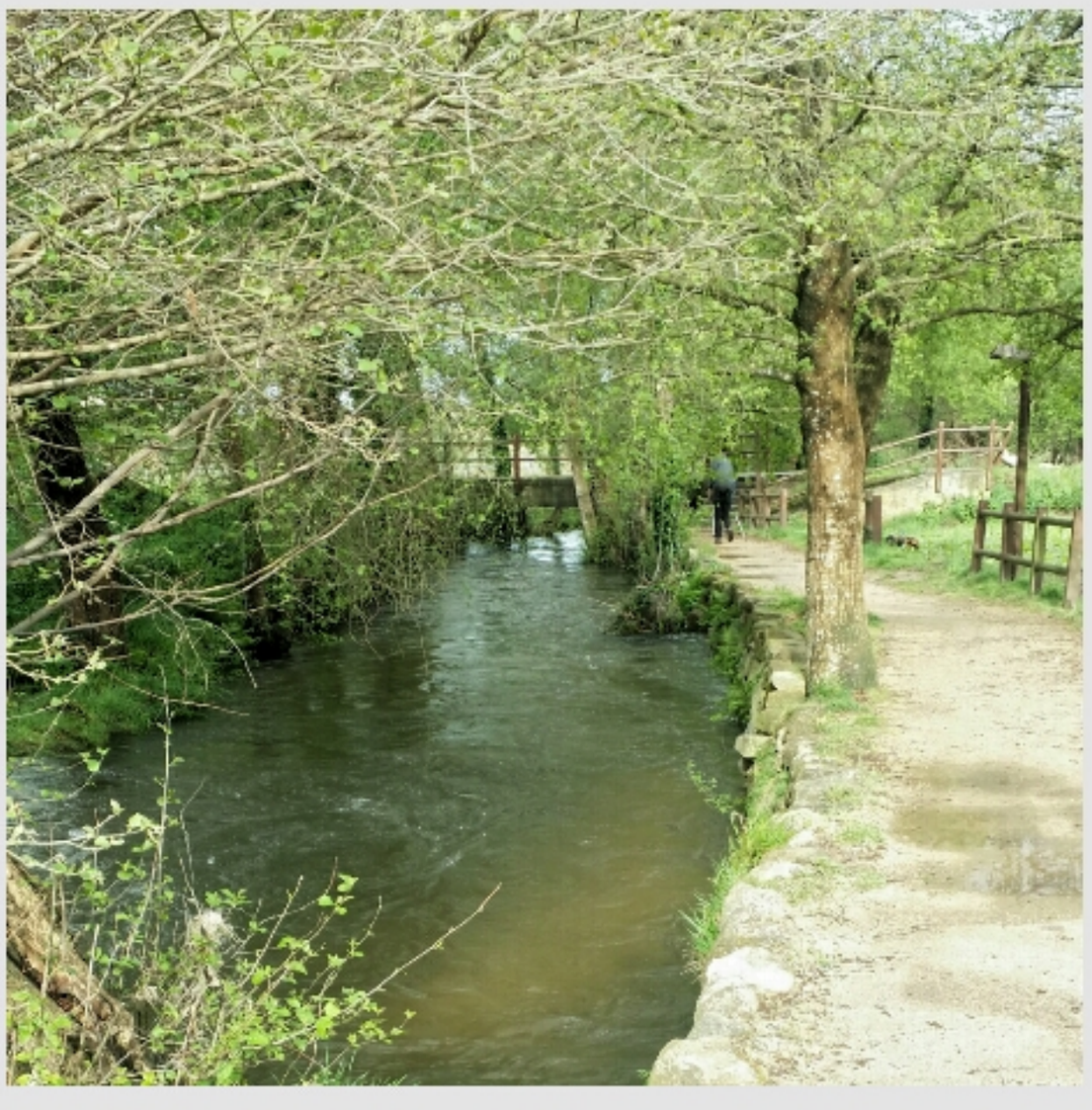




Luckily I managed to recover the pole about 25m downstream and all that was damaged was a water bottle and some male pride, with Jackie's "I told you to be careful" ringing in my ears! Impressive stone acquaducts & water mill structures on the way down though.







The stream widened out & calmed down so the walking became less dangerous! We came to a weird stone village complete with statues - all a bit creepy!





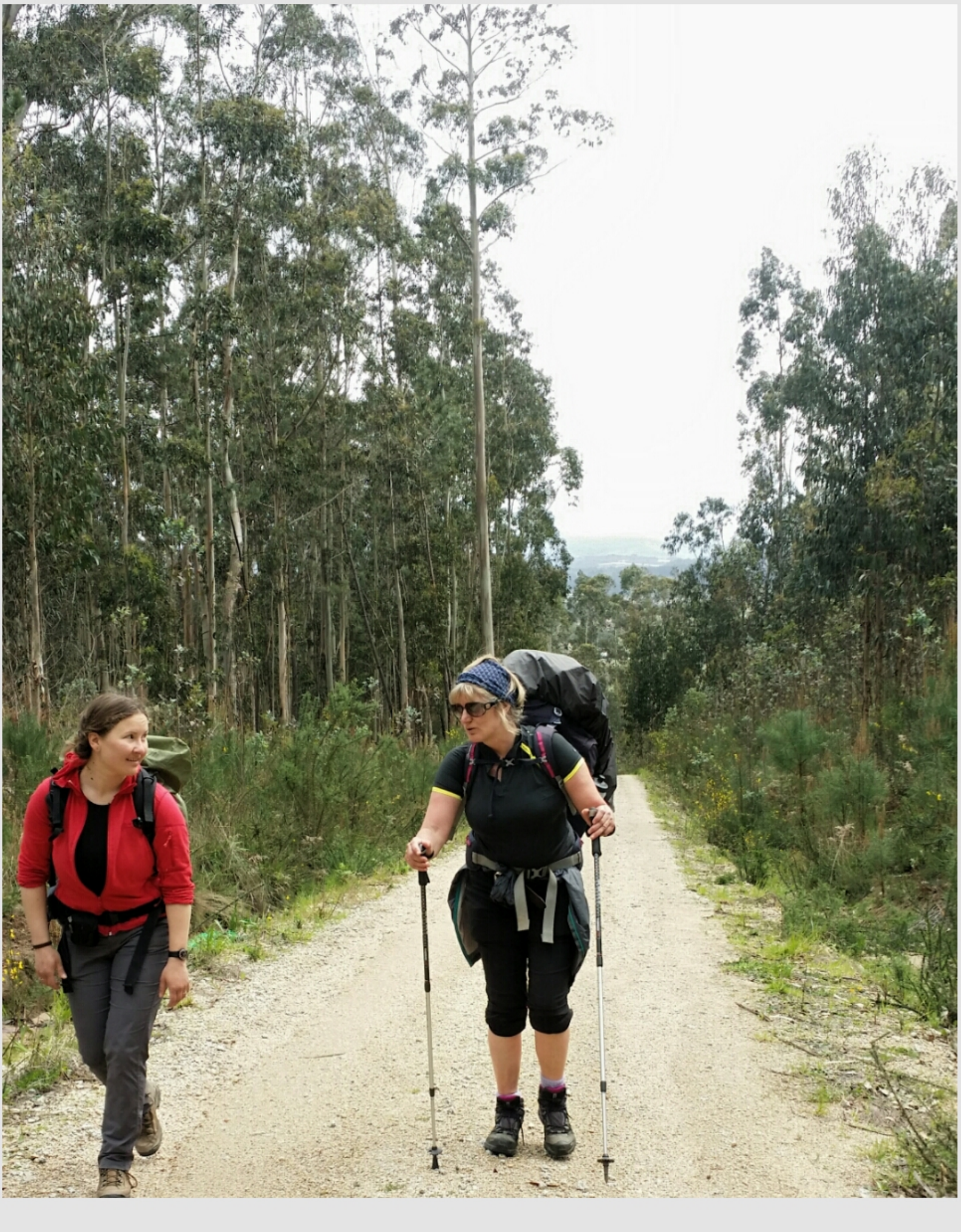


Having missed our 1st coffee stop at 7km (closed) we were gasping for one by 12km.

At least the arrows showed we were still on track as well as some happy little caricatures.

Met up with Stephanie at the coffee stop and walked the rest of the way with her to the coast.





Yellow lemon trees, bright purple wisteria and an increasingly blue(ish) sky - the afternoon was looking up.





The coastal path into Vilanova wasn't the most beautiful in the world, with lots of closed campsites and terraces - probably a lot better in season.









Crossing the bridge into Vilanova de Arousa - still not the quaint seaside town we'd been hoping for but at least there were palm trees and rather weird seafront statues - not quite Anthony Gormley but interesting nonetheless.

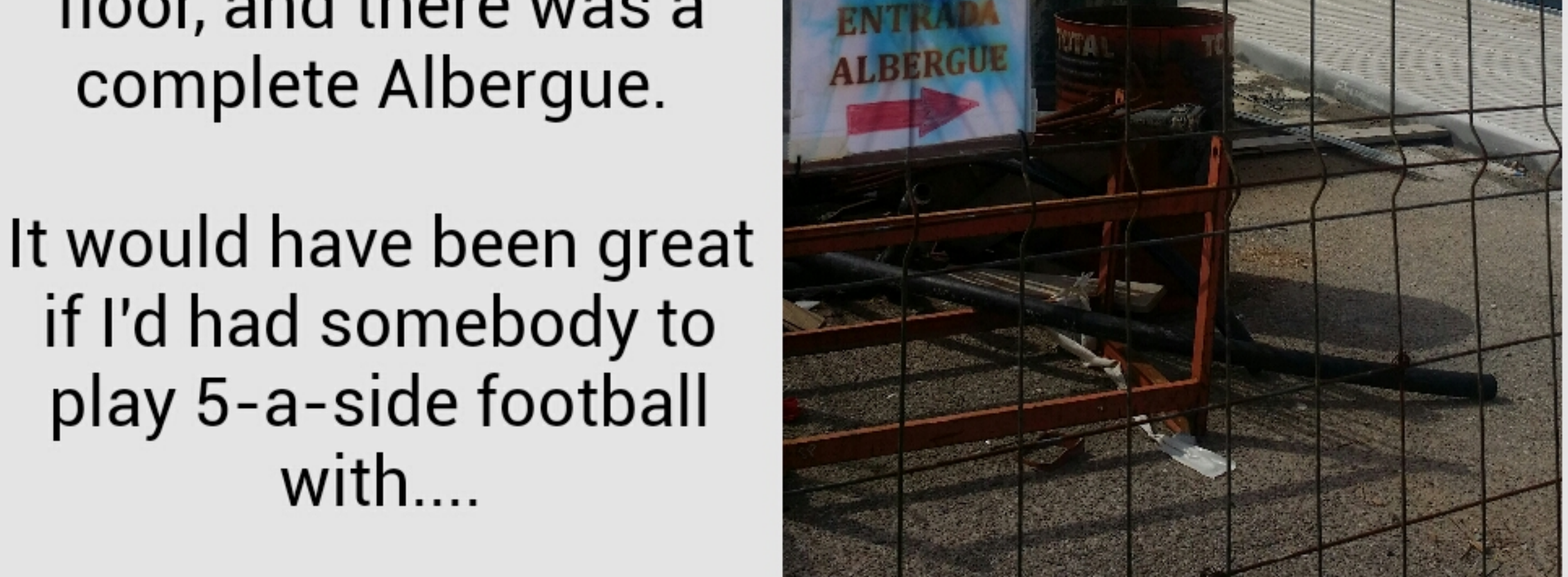


OK, this was weird now - an Albergue within the building site for an indoor municipal sports ground....I kid you not!

We waited in the bar next door until 4pm when, as if by magic, a bloke appeared, opened up a door on the 2nd floor, and there was a complete Albergue.

It would have been great if I'd had somebody to play 5-a-side football with....











The town is famous as being the birthplace of Ramon María del Vale (known as Inclán), a noted Galician writer (not that I'd ever heard of him). Pellegrinos received free entry to the museum, so it seemed rude not to. Quite an interesting face though.

The whole town seemed to themed after him, even the tapas bar, where we were charged to takeaway the tortilla we couldn't finish off....a first!