



Lovely poppies



Roman Arc Municipal at Glanum

Starting out with high hopes in Aix-en-Provence

Another great adventure, but this trip almost ended before it began. The bike arrived with a crushed wheel drop-out, but a bike shop in Aix saved the day and got us rolling. The riding was quite hot, especially when climbing. Susan managed to find campgrounds with swimming pools almost every day. In addition to the tourist sites, our time at the pools became a goal. No problems through our 400 miles except for the tent slashed open while we slept in Carnon-sur-Plage along the coast. Nothing stolen but our innocence. Lots of Roman ruins, bread, cheese and fresh fruit.



Lunch of bread, cheese and fruit



Looking cool, feeling hot



The original spring



Dominick surveying the Roman ruins of Glanum



Cool 2,000 year old sculpture



The main road with underground sewer system at Glanum



One of many lavender fields



Pretty as a picture



Mugging for the camera



Pont du Gard near Avignon from below, middle and above



Cemetery at les Baux-de-Provence



On the ramparts at Aigues-Mortes



Tour de Constance at Aigues-Mortes



Resting in the shade at a crossroad



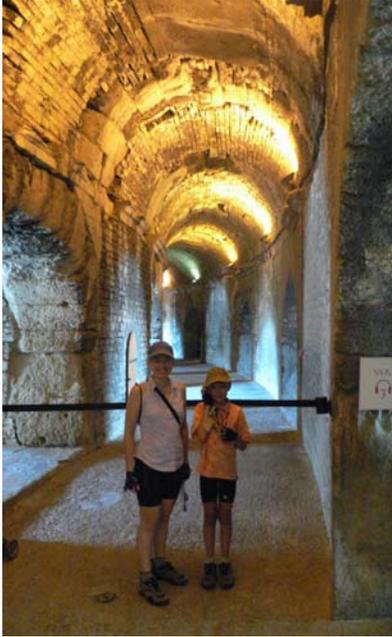
Door at the Abbaye de Montmajour



Stone bridge on the way to Sommières



Shopping for lunch in Sommières



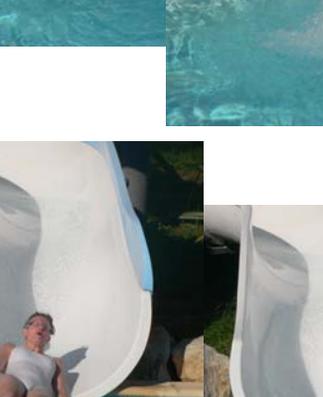
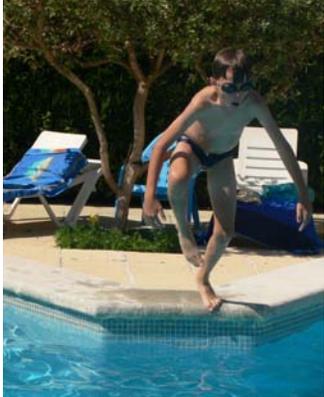
Nîmes coliseum internal passage



The nose bleed seats at the coliseum at Nîmes



Stone cemetery at Montmajour



We almost always found campgrounds with swimming pools. Something to look forward to after such hot riding.





The faithful going to heaven



Sitting in judgment at Église St-Trophime in Arles



The damned going to hell



Another Roman aqueduct ruin



The sunflowers were there just for us



Posing at Cloître St-Trophime



Hypocaust in Roman bath in Arles



Arena in Arles used for bull fighting



Up close with some lavender



Dominick at the tent



The Mediterranean at Stes-Maries-de-la-Mer



Petting the Tarasque monster



Fun with cherries



Fun with cherries



A two-room borie (stone farmer's hut)



By the Rhone River at Tarascon



A map consultation



Note the refined technique of a master ice cream eater