

Trip 2 – Episode #41 – Wine Country!



Most of you who have been following our travels have noted that we seem to raise a glass on a somewhat regular basis.

And so you've probably assumed that our trip to the Sonoma and Napa area would be filled with rapturous reviews of all the vineyards we visited and all the delicious wines we sampled.

It will probably be a shock to you, therefore, when I tell you that we went to not a single vineyard during our time in this famous wine region.

There are two main reasons. One is that, although Jim and I both enjoy wine, neither of us has a particularly astute palate. We can say yes I like that or thanks, but I don't need anymore of that. But appreciating the strawberry bouquet with notes of almonds, hints of cinnamon, sage and earth, and a voluptuous, buttery finish is not something we're good at.

The other reason is that we're driving an RV. To drive from vineyard to vineyard sampling various vintages is not only unwise it's illegal.

However, none of this got in the way of our enjoyment of Sonoma Wine Country. Because it's simply beautiful.

It being late February, there were hints of spring, but the vines were not even green and only some of the trees were sprouting blossoms. But still it was beautiful.

One day we drove to Healdsburg, which has a traditional charm as you enter it.



But what strikes you is the gorgeous park with huge redwoods and palms at the town's heart, around which the rest of the town revolves.



Around the park square, there are all kinds of restaurants, cafes, a theatre and lots of art galleries, museums and shops.







These shots are for my friend Sharon, who would have loved this place!



And I appreciated this shop, as I know all my dog friends will.

Healdsburg was great fun.



The next day, we visited the town of Sonoma, which was lovely in a totally different way, as was the drive to it. There was so much green.







And the roads themselves were a delight to drive.







Then as we drove into Sonoma, we were greeted by a cluster of protesters of the Russian invasion into Ukraine. We were immediately in love with Sonoma.



Sonoma also has a square at the centre of it, but it has a totally different feel.





And again there were lots of shops and restaurants, as well as lovely, intriguing laneways that led us to more.







We did finally stop to eat in Sonoma. And I had a glass of wine. It was local, and white and tasted just fine thank you. Jim was driving.



On our drive back, we passed by vineyard after vineyard, many with names that we were familiar with.

Glen Ellen...



Kenwood...



This one is for our friend Dorcas, and her late great superdog, Kunde.



Santa Rosa...



Some we hadn't heard of, like this one, Ledson Winery, which looked pretty grand...



And then, our tour of wine country completed, we returned to the lovely countryside around Petaluma.



Settled into comfy campsite, I think I drank a local wine with dinner that night. It was probably a rosé. And it was just fine, thanks.



The next day, we began what is essentially our return trip. For the next several weeks, we would be generally heading south and east.