

Notes from a Country Walk



A short distance from Longoio is the tiny hamlet of Mobbiano. There is nowhere to park in Mobbiano unless you live there, so it is best to leave your car at the bottom of the hill and walk up.

I walked down from above Longoio, past the little church that sits between the two villages. A little further along the track Mobbiano comes into view. Mobbiano is now a collection of houses. I don't know whether there were ever shops or businesses here.

There are some lovely houses and it must be a peaceful place to live. All you can hear is birds. The gardens are lovely and the views are gorgeous. There are some seriously steep steps and tiny lanes between the levels of the village.

Spring seemed like a perfect excuse to revisit Longoio, one of the tiny villages on the way to San Cassiano. Just after Gombereto, on a bend in the road, is the sign for Longoio. Turn left and follow the narrow road to the car park. From there it is walking only. Friend and fellow blogger Francis showed me his village. His house is at the very top of Longoio, offering fabulous views of the valley below and several other villages. Francis and Alexandra took me for a walk above and behind Longoio.

The path leads to the most amazing forest of old oak trees and dry stone walls. The ancient paths are lined with stones. I would love to know who built them. Clearly a lot of hard work was involved.

Monte di Villa, Pieve di Monte di Villa, Riolo and Granaiola can be seen through the trees. We wandered down to the delightful little chapel, Madonna della Serra. It is very well maintained. There is a curious little statue of Beethoven just inside the window. I wonder why.

On the left of the church is a track leading down to La Villa. On the other side there are great views of Il Rondinaio. We walked back towards Longoio past an old fountain.

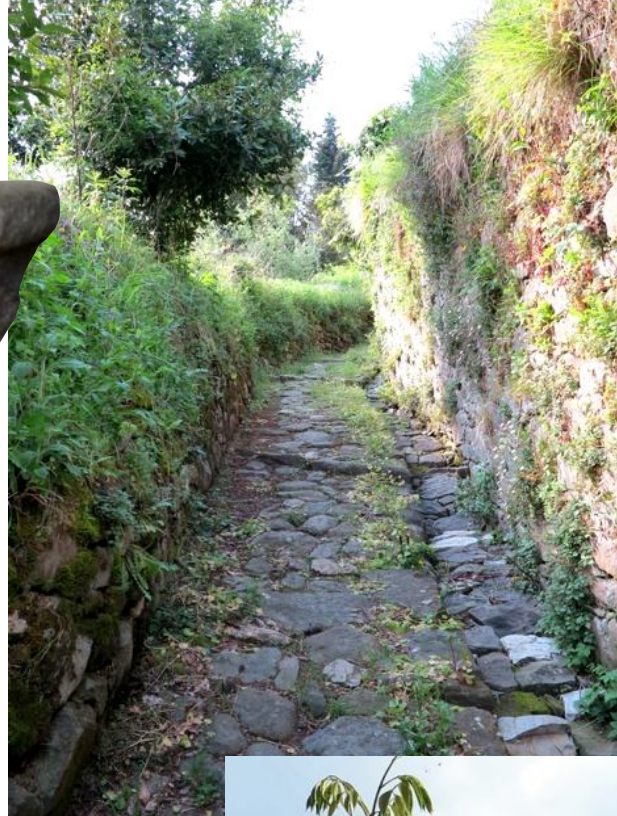
We came upon the wonderful sight of a shepherd with her goats. The beautiful animals looked as though they had just been washed and brushed and were out for a walk to show off their lovely coats.

We passed some huge old stone wheels from a mill, and came to the old path to Longoio. Right now is a perfect time to do this walk. Wisteria is in bloom, fruit trees are in blossom, wildflowers are everywhere... What more could you want?

See Debra Kolkka's blog,
bellabagnidilucca.com



The inscription:
*Gli emigranti ai
caduti per la patria*
(from the emigrants
to those who died
for the country)



Pleasure Notes

*I had closed my eyes
sipping lemon liqueur from Ravello
thinking of this beautiful sensual land
the black earth, the fig and the olive tree.
Echo Paleolithic, Etruscan, Lombard,
Roman conquest, on the Lima river my pen
began to write in triplicate, the stone walls
hum their pleasure notes.
I've no idea how to entertain this joy
that visits me when I close my eyes
and vanish.*

— by Joseph Bottone

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