

Part 1...Getting there...Dulles to Zurich to Venice

A Michael Connelly mystery and the airline-supplied headset was not enough distraction to help endure an endless flight from Dulles to Zurich. Two continually screaming children, one mother threatened by the flight crew with arrest in Zurich if she spanked the child again and a disinterested father who just walked to the rear of the plane when the noise got on his nerves.



We couldn't arrive in Zurich fast enough. On the short hop to Marco Polo Airport in Venice, I put the previous 8 hours behind as day broke and the Alps revealed themselves Mountains poking through the clouds! Wow! We're not on the farm anymore...

We slowly began our descent; I could see lakes and towns nestled in the valleys and tried to imagine how they would look in a few short weeks when the snows would surely arrive. ...“The hills are alive...” (sorry...unavoidable...;^)

I catnapped; the changed pitch of the engines and a floating sensation signalled that we were on approach to Marco Polo.

And there it was....

Venice!

The Grand Canal, the Campanile marking the Plaza de San Marco and beyond it, the Bacino (Bay) di San Marco.



One small part of the mission accomplished...Now we had to:

- figure out where we were;
- figure out where we needed to go;
- figure out how to get there;
- find the Ospedale district and from there find our lodging...Piece o' boscotti!