

A Glimpse into part of our Roman Holiday [by John Broadhurst.](#)

As we journeyed on the coach,
One of the things that struck me most
Perched high on top of every hill
An Italian village, clear and still
With a church at the highest spot
Often with a dome on the top.
They build them high
Reaching heavenward to the sky.
No one can ever say an Italian's a fool
They build where they will be most cool.

Sunday was an early start
At 8.30 a.m. we did depart
For Montecassino, our very first stop
Again built on an open hilltop
Looking out onto the Roman plain
The German invaders were not so insane
Using it as their Italian base
Which is why the allies bombed the place
Now it is rebuilt in all its splendour
Which only a deep faith could engender.
The Abbey inside is very ornate
Showing no signs of its previous fate
Four times it has had to be built again
The beauty shows their efforts were not in vain.
The museum was a fascinating place
But we were short of time so it was a bit of a race.

Into the coach and off again
Down 500 meters to the humid plain.
The main purpose of the day
Was to see the splendors of ancient Pompeii.
Before we all went inside
We were introduced to our English speaking guide.
Our tour of the Roman remains began
Lead by this most knowledgeable man
Nothing inside is reserved
For the ancient ruins are well preserved,
Covered as they were with volcanic ash
Some figures of stone where they were caught in the dash
To escape the horrors of the day
Which they had thought wouldn't come their way.
But now uncovered for all to see
Much of the original majesty.
Even the villas of the rich Roman men
Have been revealed in their glory once again.
Frescos and murals all over the place,
The Romans were a phenomenal race.

So advanced were they for their time
So sad to see Pompeii cut off in its prime.
We said 'Goodbye' and 'Thank you' to our guide
And many of us slept on the homeward ride.

More wine
Before we dine!

Anaqui was the next day's place
Four of the inhabitants became 'Your Grace'.
No dopes
These Popes.
It was a really beautiful spot
Built once again high on the top,
Looking down onto the Roman plain
A view to relive again and again.

In the afternoon after so much talk
We decided to take a relaxing walk
To the old part of Fiuggi town
It was hot and sticky, better on the way down
To the world famous St Boniface spa
To which people flock from afar
To drink the potent water straight from the spring
Many a thermos flask did bring
To take the rich mineral water away
To drink on another day.
The waters could be taken hot or cold
Taking them was unadvisable, we'd been told
Could lead to people collapsing and falling about
That's why there was an ambulance there, no doubt.

On our day off we set off on our own
On the bus to Anagni and then train to Rome.
We had already seen many of the famous sights
The Coliseum, home of the gladiator fights
The Vatican in all its glory
The Cistine Chapel telling the biblical story
On the wonderful, three D effect painted ceiling
Restored by the Japanese because the paint was peeling
The Pope's balcony overlooking St Peter's Square
It was good to be able to say that we'd been there
And seen what so often we see on T.V.
St Peter's Basilica was the highlight for me
But we now wanted to see some more
Of what else Rome had in store.
The twisted tower showing the history of Rome
The Pantheon with its magnificent dome
And then, how we found it, I cannot explain
But surrounded by buildings, the Trevi Fountain

It really was an incredible sight
If only we'd seen it lit up at night.
Three coins for a wish and then off home
With an ice-cream to ease our journey from Rome.

In the hotel at dinner every night
We were subjected to an awful fright
Edith Atois, from 'Hello, hello'
Well to hear the voice you'd have said it was so.
The hostess sang to us as we had our meal,
A nice idea, but it made one feel
Like laughing out aloud
But being a well behaved holiday crowd
We clapped her in appreciation
Of the kind gesture from the Italian nation!

The hotel in Sorrento looked at first quite new
With tiles everywhere in a shade of light blue.
The idea was to sit by the pool and relax
So much of the time was spent on our backs
Soaking up the lovely hot sun
The main reason why we had come.
Leonardo was our guide for the Isle of Capri
The hair-raising bus ride was too much for me
Packed like sardines into a tiny bus
It seemed a bit churlish to create a fuss
Caesar Augustus Gardens, Anna Capri
Gracie Fields' house we also did see.
Blue and white caves from the small boat trip
Not what we wanted, but impossible to skip.
Another day, the Amalfi Coast, an incredible drive
A miracle that we came back alive
Twisting, turning, cliff hanging coast
The part of our holiday I disliked the most.
Versuvius was Jeanette's choice one day
Sometime it will erupt, or so they say.
Several trips to the shops had to be made
The result of which, when we returned, had to be paid
All in all a wonderful break
The sort that we both wish we could make
On a much more regular basis
Instead of just such an occasional oasis
As our Italian holiday proved to be
With so much to do and so much to see.