

Is it the **sun**, the **rum**, the **intimate setting**, the **nightly music**? We wish the vacation would never end.



M Y S T I C A L ,

M A G I C A L

BELIZE

By Christina Pirello

A As the plane lands smoothly on the tarmac,

we feel the anticipation build, as always. A tender warm breeze caresses our travel-weary bodies as we step onto the open-air ladder to deplane at Belize City International Airport. We smile—only one more leg of the journey. We know what to expect and the sea-scented air reminds us that we have landed in paradise once again. We board a small seaplane for the 15-minute hop to Ambergris Caye, the small island off the mainland that will be our home for the next two weeks. There is nothing like the experience of seeing the Caribbean Sea from the window of a small plane. The term awe-inspiring could have been created to describe the view—water so clear you can see the coral reefs and sea life, truly a wonderland alive with color. We smile again; we love this place.

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