



How Well Do You Know Italy?

Karen and Lilly have decided to take a tour of Italy. After all, they're tired of staying at home hunched over their computers.

We've sent out quite a few *Reaching Out and Keeping in Touch* messages introducing you to some new spots. And, over the years in our regional events, we've covered 7 regions of Italy describing the landmarks, what each region is known for, as well as giving you samples of the typical foods to taste. So now we're going to find out if you were actually AWAKE during our presentations and if you've absorbed some of the information in the *Reaching Out...* messages.

The clue of where we are is below. If you can tell us where you think we've unpacked our suitcases, email Karen at bobzkarenz@att.net. If you're right and among the first ten people to get it right, we'll mail you a **\$5-off coupon** to use on whatever event we do once we're "back to normal." That's right--you pick which event you want to use the coupon for.

We're going to be gone on our tour for a while so this is just the first of a few *Where Are We* messages you'll see. But there will still be some "normal" *Reaching Out...* emails in between. Put on your thinking caps--we can't wait to hear from you!



HERE'S YOUR CLUE:

We are at one of the most romantic spots in this region. There are lots of caves in the cliffs—the ones people dive off of (no way Karen and I are doing that!). And the beach—one of the most photographed ever with aquamarine water just calling our names—"oh, Karen, oh, Lilly, come and put your toes in the water..." (Yeah, if you can walk on the pebbles to get there!)

We've got plenty of money so tonight we're going to eat at the magical (and—gulp—very expensive) restaurant set into a cliff. Seafood, of course, is the name of the game here since we're right on the Adriatic. After dinner we're going to find the "poetry steps," a little stairway tucked down a small street. Even the streets, walls, and doors all over town boast poetry by a local celebrities.

"Hey, Lilly," Karen shouts from the window where she's standing—the beach and water beautifully framed—"I can hear 'Volare' coming from the bar downstairs. That song is everywhere here!"

Think you know where we are? If so, email Karen at bobzkarenz@att.net with your answer.

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