

Camino Portugues

This book is about my walking journey between Porto and Santiago de Compostela. It had been four years since my last long walk and ten years since I had last arrived at Santiago on foot.

There are few notes in the book; I thought the reader could just enjoy the journey as it appeared to me. The pleasant, if not exciting, countryside, the meals, breakfast in bars, coffee stops and the changing weather.

All the information you need for the journey is on this page. All you have to do is put one foot infront of the other and follow the yellow arrows.



Date	From	То	Km
03-05-17	LGW / Vilar do Pinheiro	Rates	22
04-05-17	Rates	S Pedro Fins	25
05-05-17	S Pedro Fins	Ponte de Lima	24
06-05-17	Ponte de Lima	Rubiães	18
07-05-17	Rubiães	Tui	22
08-05-17	Tui	Porrino	16
09-05-17	Porrino	Arcade	23
10-05-17	Arcade	Pontevedra	15
11-05-17	Pontevedra	Caldas de Reis	21
12-05-17	Caldas de Reis	Padrón	18
13-05-17	Padrón	A Picaraña	10
14-05-17	A Picaraña	Santiago	16
15-05-17	Santiago (bus)	Portoto meet Joy	

Kit		
Rucksack	1	Outer V thin bag with shoulder strap
Thin trousers	2	Mapsas little as poss
T Shirt	2	Phrase book
Long Sleved Shirt	2	Camino Credentials
Base Layer T Shirts	1	Note / sketch book
Thin Warm tops	1	Pasport
ThinWoolPulover	1	Money
Thin Annorack		E111
Waterproof trousers		Kindleprotected by note book
Trainers (lightweight)		Pens / pencils / waterpen
Thin Socks		I Pod + Earphones
Thick socks	3	Mobile Phone
Pants	3	Camera Charger
Boots	1	Phone / Kindle charger
Baseball Cap	1	Spare Camera Batteries
Towel light weight	1	Toilet Roll
Padded seat (V lightweight)	1	Sink Plug
Lightweight Jacket	1	Spare Glasses
Camera + Wide angle lens	+ 1	Sun Glasses
GPS	1	Small First Aid kit
Sleeping Bag	1	Small packet tissues
Pillow case - silk	1	Sun Screen
		V small head torch
Vascaline		Small scissors
Pills		Earplugs
Antibiotics		v small wistle
Bowell Fixer + & -		Nylon line (Emergancy washing line)
Iboprofine		6 Nappy Pins (hanging washing)
foot cream		Emergancy food bar
Bar of soap		Spare Ear buds for earphones
Tooth Paste		2 thin plastic shopping bagdamp washing
Tooth Brush + tooth pokers		







The route from Porto starts outside the Cathedral. Mine started from Porto Airport as it saved me a day's walking through the grim outskirts of Porto.....

Well to be honest it started three metro stops down the line which was as close to the Camino as I could get. So really this book should be called a journey from Vilar Pinheiro metro stop to Santiago de Compostela.













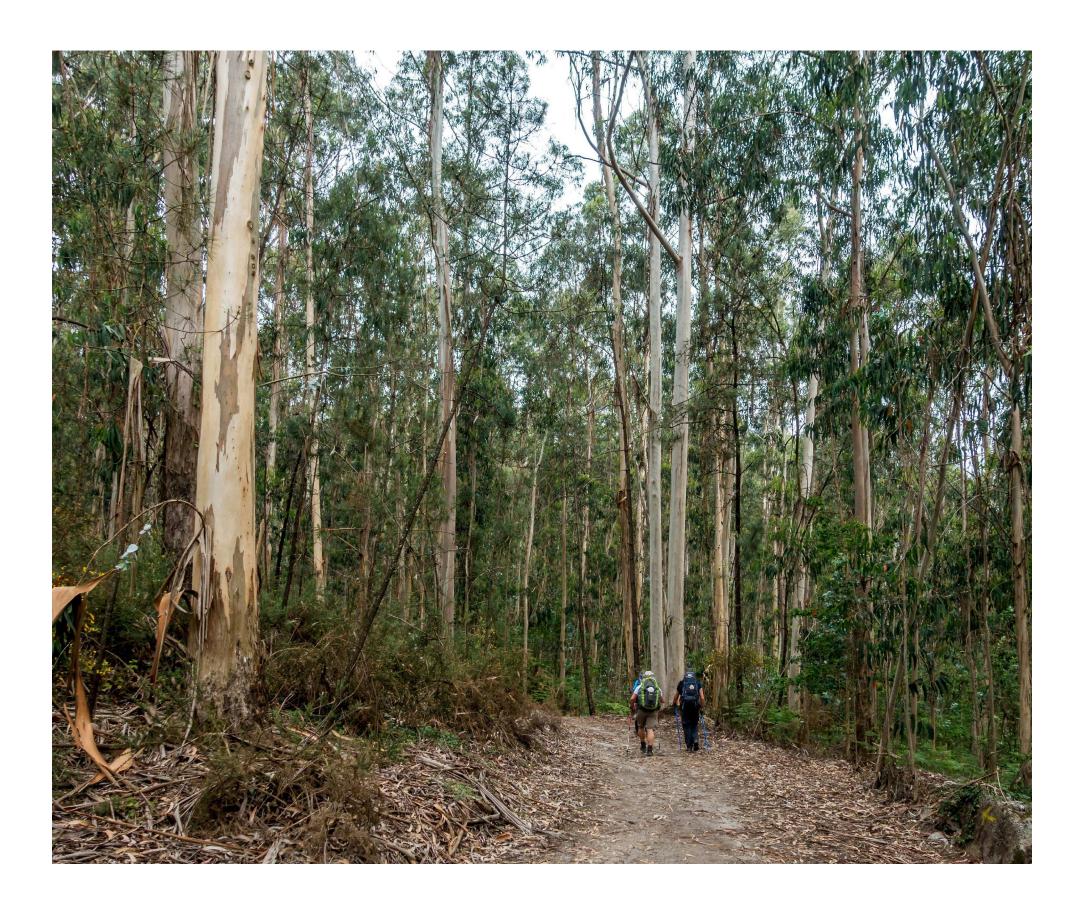
















Legend of the Senhor do Galo's Cross

Barcelos's gallows were outside the town, nearby the ancient road.

One day, a St. James pilgrim entered an inn, locally famous for it landlady's beauty.

The women immediately felt in love with the handsome man, but since he was on a pious journey, he didn't notice the lady's passionate intents.

She plotted then a vengeance, stung for the lad's indifference, and concealed a valuable cup in the pilgrim's luggage.

In the following morning, once the theft was dettected and the sheriff called, the silver cup was found in the man's sac.

Brought before the judge who was preparing to lunch an enormous roasted rooster, the pilgrim swore innocence, but faced with the evidence and according to custom, the judge sentenced the alleged thief to the gallows.

The man suddenly inspired by Divine intervention, said to the judge:

- I am innocent and the proof is that this roasted rooster will sing my innocence.

In the precise instant that the man was hung by the neck, the rooster stood up and sang.

The judge hurried then to the gallows and found the pilgrim hanging by the neck, but the bond was limp, because St. James held the hangman by the feet.





In a place called Santo Domingo de la Calzada in north west Spain, on the Camino from France there is a story 90% the same as this one in Barcelos, Portugal. You would think someone in the Middle Ages could have thought up something original.







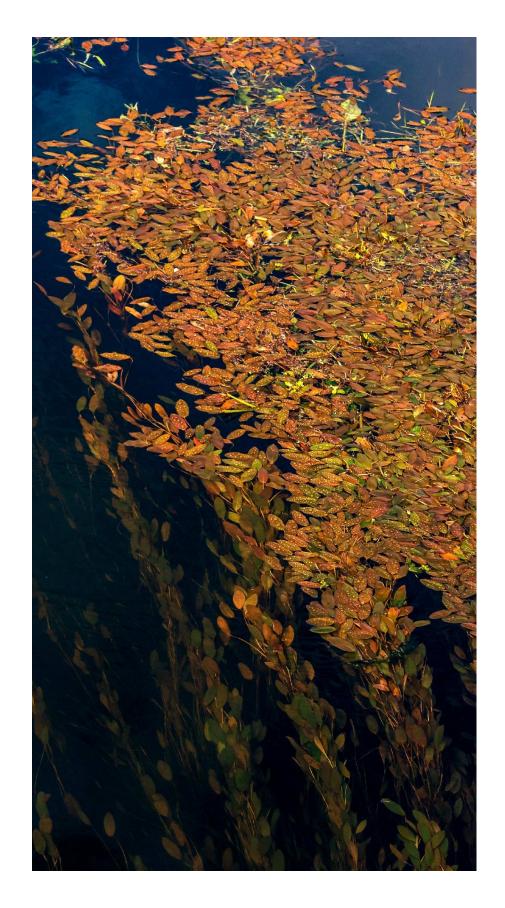


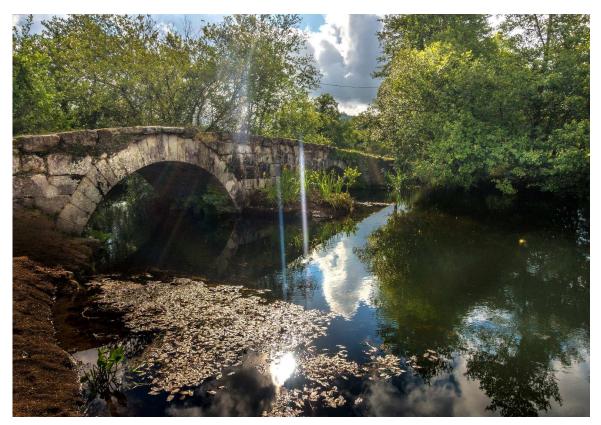










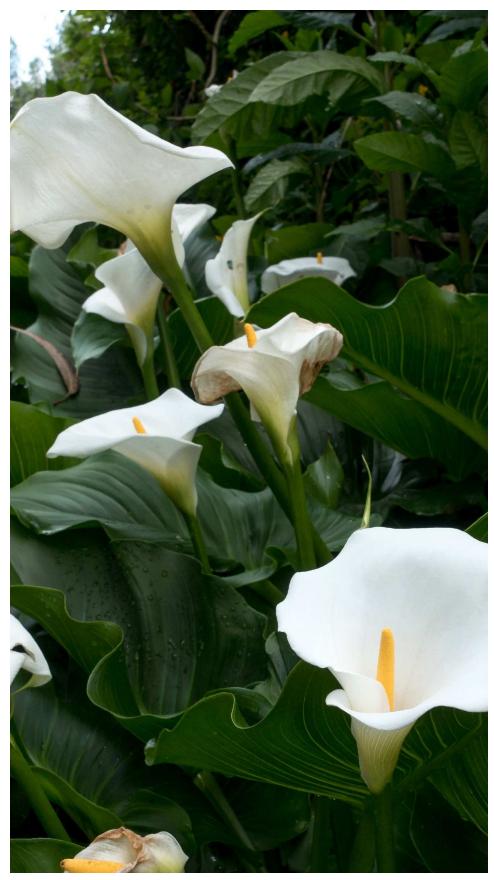










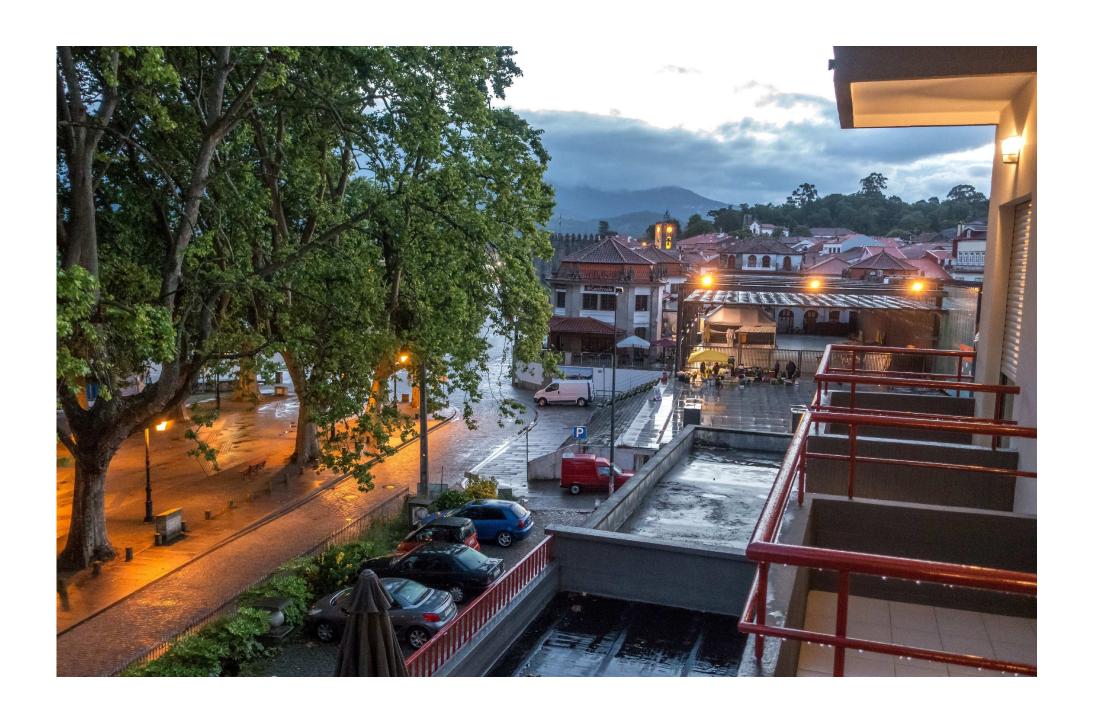






















































































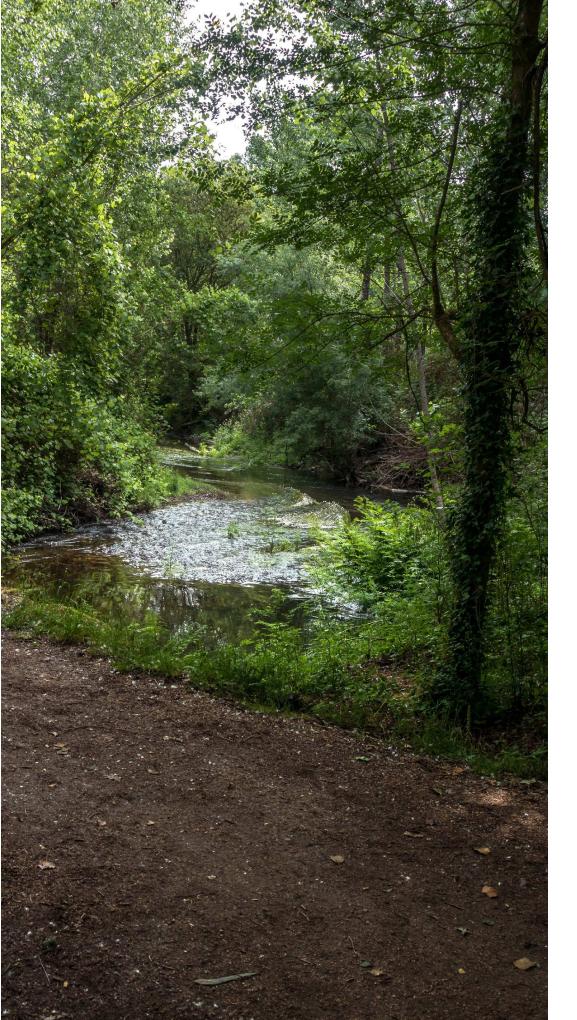






























I stayed at the private Albergue in O Porriño, not only was it a great place, as Albergue's go, but they also owned a restaurant in town which served a two course pilgrim menu for 8 euro, including wine and coffee.

The best meal of my whole trip....that said it was a reasonably low bar.





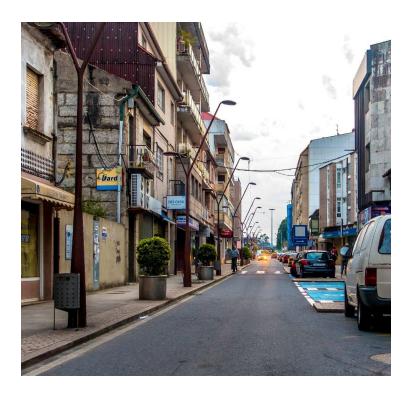
One of my favourite times of the day is breakfast in a bar. Usually for two to three euros you can have coffee, toast and croissant. I then download my paper onto my kindle, read it and watch the world go by. You have packed your rucksack and left your hostel, ready for another day's adventure.

In this bar I was suddenly struck by how the scene reminded me of the Edward Hopper, painting 'Nighthawks' Everyone in their own little world.





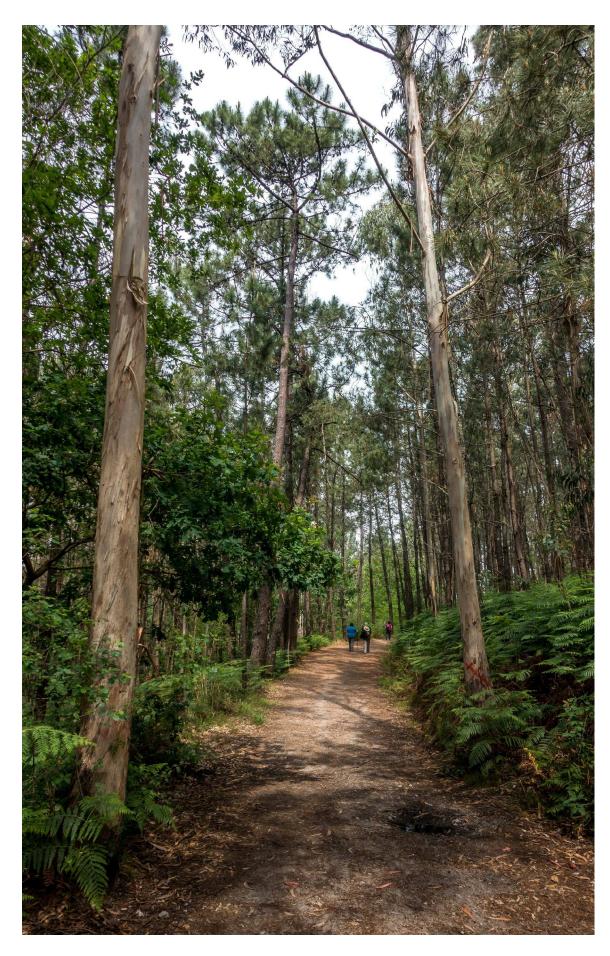




























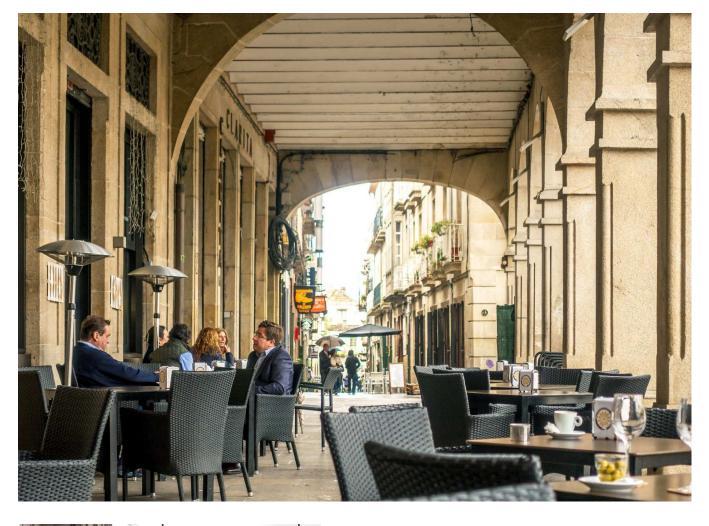












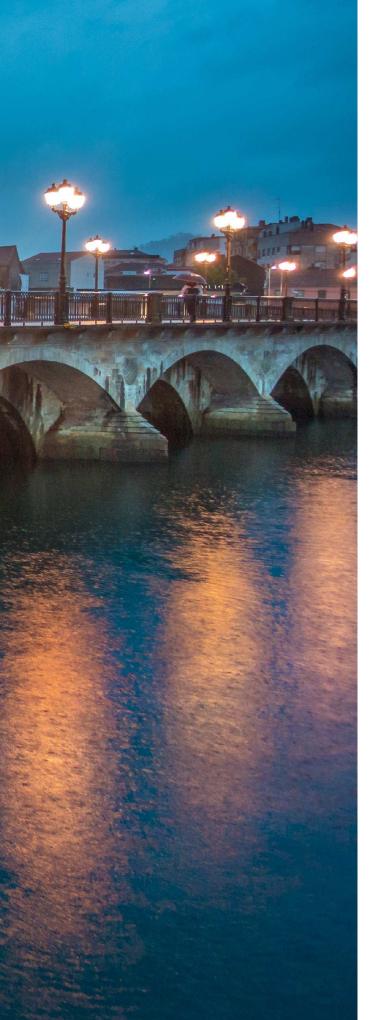












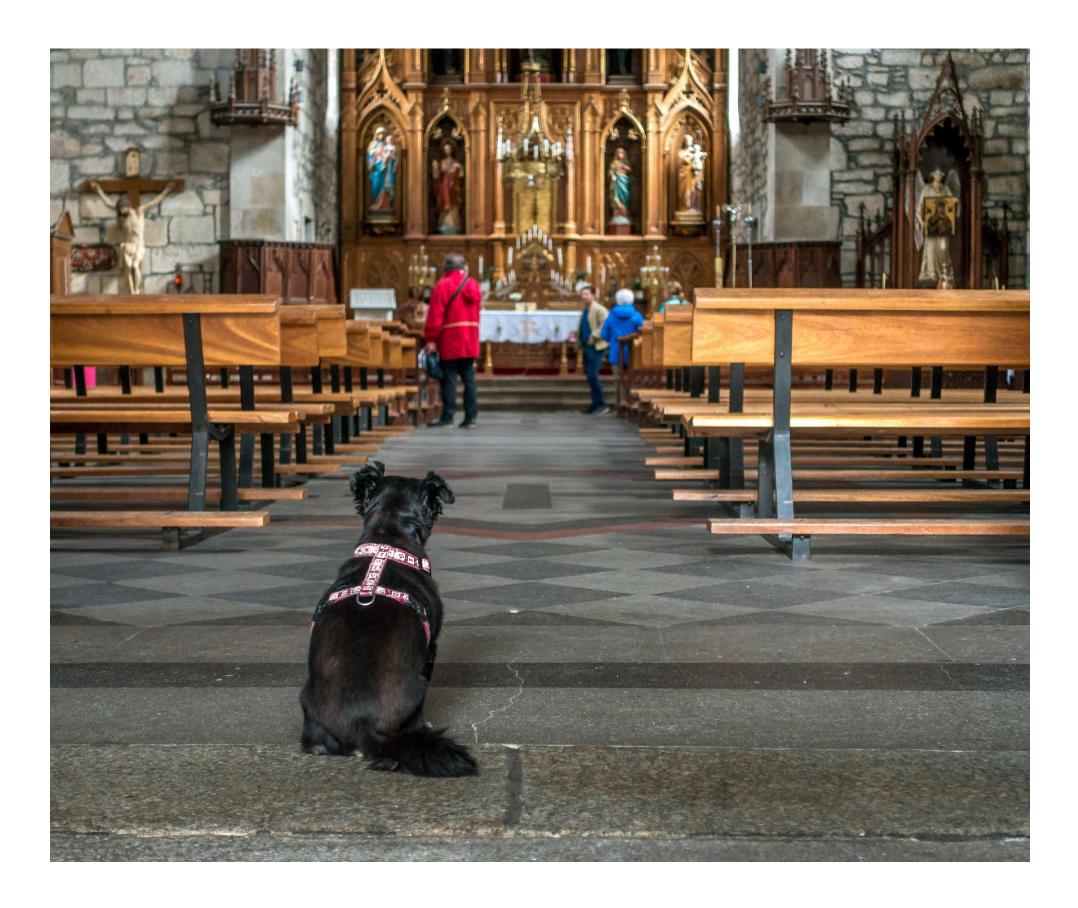




Fatima, in southern Portugal, was celebrating a visit by the Pope to commemorate 100 years since the 'miracle.' The route is mostly the reverse of the Camino to Santiago, but because the signs are on the back of posts you do not see them traveling the other way. So they had created their own blue arrow for their pilgrimage. I only saw a few solo pilgrims taking this lonely journey.













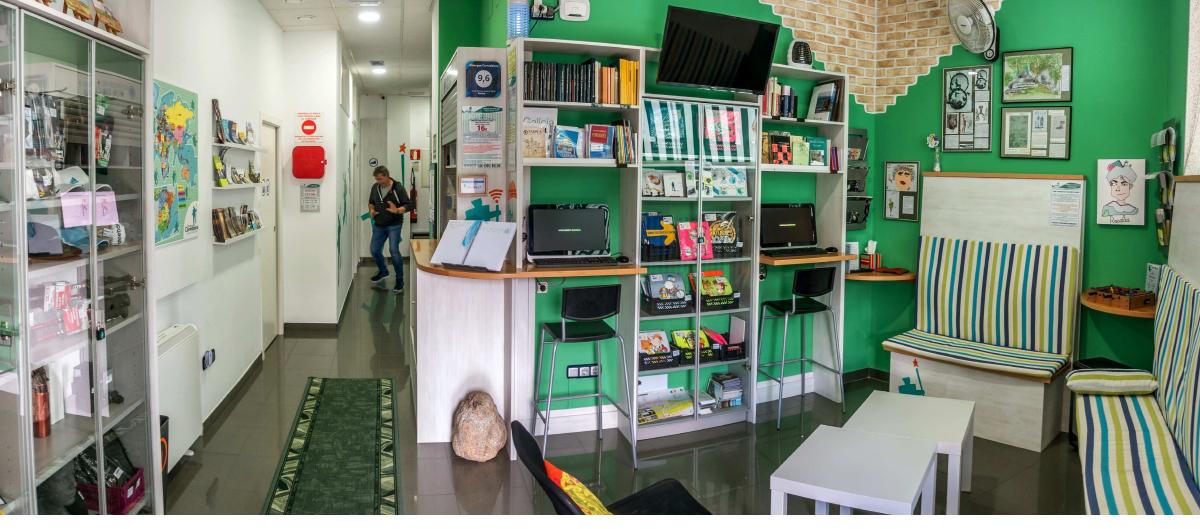


















With the increase of pilgrims, particularly in the last 100km to Santiago (The minimum distance you can travel to receive your Compostela) good purpose built private Albergues are starting to appear. They are still crowded, but at least they have been thought through for amenities and personal space. This one has lockable cupboards with charging points inside, sheets and pillows.























The last leg of the journey into Santiago can be a tiring 27km. This can be divided into two short days, which I chose to do. I am glad to say two delightful Canadians, Sally and Jim, who I had met on the way, did as well. We passed the afternoon in a small roadside bar having a leisurely pilgrim's lunch which conveniently came along with two bottles of wine.















Arriving at Santiago I checked into my hotel and headed for the bar where Rob and I had celebrated our arrival ten years ago by (unwisely for me?) nailing two bottles of cava. This time I stuck to two glasses of alberino, a couple of croissants and a read of that day's Times. Older and wiser perhaps, but less fun. However I met up with Sally and Jim in the evening and we addressed the wine issue.











Santiago de Compostela is a fantastic collection of happy walking pilgrims, bus pilgrims, general tourists and tourist 'tat'. I had tried to collect my 'Compostela' the day I arrived but was shocked at the queues.

So the next morning I left my hotel early acquired my certificate, had another great breakfast and headed to the bus station to drive to Porto to meet up with Joy.

It had been ten years since I last arrived here walking and it had been another good experience.







