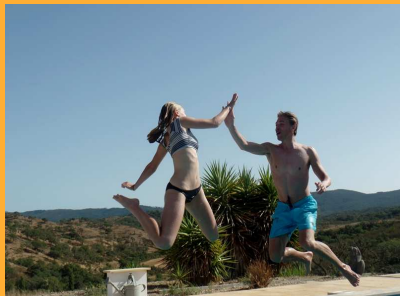


September 13th 2017,  
29° sunny



[www.montedocasaraao.com](http://www.montedocasaraao.com)

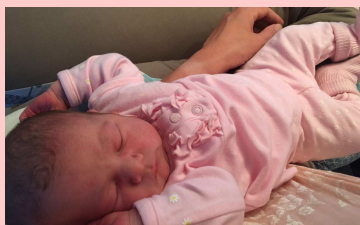
[info@montedocasaraao.com](mailto:info@montedocasaraao.com)

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=4h82mYBohfc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4h82mYBohfc)

### There is another angel among the living

On 1 August, Mexi was born, hale and healthy. She is Bob and Digna's daughter and Cody's baby sister.

Mexi is our first granddaughter. She's the first girl in our very male family (not counting the daughters-in-law).



Wynand and I have three sons and three grandsons. Lies has one son, who hopes to become a father soon. To a son. Everyone tells us that girls are different. Dresses, dolls, bows and braids: I can totally see it. But if she only likes cars, that's fine too. We have plenty of those.

I'm fairly proud to announce that this year, we have again received the Green Key Award. the award distribution took place on Madeira. Unfortunately, we did not manage to receive it personally.



## SUMMER HOLIDAYS 2017

The school holidays are over. So is the bustle at Monte do Casarão. There were lots of young people, young adults, teenagers, adolescents, or however you are to call them. Accompanied by mums and dads. Some of them for the second or third time.



They spent their days surfing, dolphin spotting, doing Pilates, canoeing, enjoying Afrojack and Martin Garrix at the Sudoeste Festival, making boating trips and jeep safaris. Still, the swimming pools is an all-time favourite. It's a good place to meet up, even at the end of the day. Enjoying a swim, reading a book, or just being lazy. Next summer, we'll hang Christmas lights by the pool. People will be able to swim at night. just add music: disco time!

## SARDINHADA

Apparently, I had not quite grasped the idea behind the sardinhada: we won't be the ones throwing a party once the reservoir is full; the contractor, it's Mr Gato who will be treating us. All we need to do is hand in a guest list and supply chairs, plates, glasses, tables, charcoal and the bbq. Mr Gato and his wife will handle the rest.

The sardinhada is to take place on the spot Mr Gato already designated as a picnic site when he constructed the reservoir, under the oak tree



where the brook flows into the reservoir. We shall be eating all afternoon, which is not uncommon hereabouts. You just take your time and since the food is simple and not at all rich, you manage quite a bit of it. Salads, roaster bell peppers, bread, sardines, mackerel, glass of wine and melon for desert. It's as Portuguese as it gets. The live fish Mr Gato had promised are yet to come. Just wait for a full moon on a clear night. Makes them easier to catch, he says.

## CANIL ODEMIRA

If you feel so much at home in the Alentejo, if you come back every summer and winter, if you know the surroundings by heart and have lots of Portuguese friends, it's obvious that you'll start looking further than how you'll spend that particular day. Combine this with a love for dogs, and before long, you'll end up in the Odemira animal shelter. Andre and Maureen, guests since the very beginning, do voluntary work there: walking the dogs, bathing, pampering and massaging them. And – at least as important – they bring all kinds of things from the Netherlands: towels, blankets, toys, leads, baskets, medication, anything that dog lovers in the Netherlands no longer need and which is put to good use in the Odemira animal shelter.



If you think you have some things that might be useful, I'll be happy to introduce you to Andre and Maureen. They own a big van. Even though their four (Portuguese) dogs always come along, there's bound to be some space left.

## VEGGIE PATCH

The vegetable garden is doing remarkably well. the courgettes and the lettuces have all been eaten; bell peppers, onions beans and melons can be harvested this week.

We need to get into it again (at some point, we had a veggie patch in Twente). We were too late for the runner beans and the potatoes, we sowed the wrong species of pumpkin and we sort of went overboard on the number of tomato plants. We have so many tomatoes, in all shapes and sizes, we might as well hire a market stall. Roma, beef tomatoes and - very special to us - descendants of the tomatoes grown by neighbour Maria's grandmother. They actually are special. They're not much to look at, but they taste beautiful (not an unusual combination) and they weigh about 700 grams each.



Wynand deserves full credit for the vegetable garden. I'm not working it and neither are Lies or Bas. We consume and tell him how much we love everything tastes, being fresh and home-grown.

Nel