

Happiness is the truth

A holiday in Jersey leaves **Antonia Windsor** feeling renewed and revitalised, thanks to a heady mix of high adventure and deep relaxation

I am really excited about what we're going to see later," says my husband as he cracks open a mussel with his fingers and slurps out the creamy, garlicky contents. "I think it's going to be quite magical."

We are sitting on the terrace of Feast, a restaurant looking out over Jersey's pretty harbour of Gorey, watching the colour fade out of the day and lingering over starters to kill time before our "moonwalk" starts in Grouville Bay.

Jersey has one of the highest tidal differences in the world and when the tide is low a rocky "moonscape" is revealed on the seabed. We have walked it before, in the daytime, kicking up stones and looking for crabs and the elusive ormer sea snail. However, this walk is going to be different. It will be dark and we hope to see the bioluminescence – hundreds of luminous green sea creatures twinkling at our feet.

Usually we have nothing more exciting than the latest box set to look forward to after sundown, so we are both feeling a sense of adventure. "Go easy on the wine," my husband says. "You don't want to fall into a rock pool." It's not really a joke but for some reason the thought of having to walk back to our smart

Bay watch
Clockwise from main picture, bioluminescence, yoga by the sea, coasteering, St Brelade's Bay

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hotel in wet clothes tickles me and we both laugh in a way we haven't done for a long time. And that's the magic of Jersey. We come here every summer and yet each time we discover something different that takes us away from the stresses and strains of everyday life, helping us to find joy in the simple things again. The walk turns out to be just as magical as we had hoped. Out in the dark, with the stars twinkling above

sea, where young people in wetsuits are riding the surf. As I perform sun salutations with the actual sun beating down on my back and the sound of the surf in my ears, I feel that I am somewhere much more exotic than a Channel Island just a 40-minute flight from London. Feeling revitalised, I rejoin the family at St Brelade's Bay, where we are booked on to a speedboat that's going to take us to Goreslands, one of Jersey's best coasteering locations. It's an exhilarating journey bumping along the coast, leaving behind the sunbathers having their lazy day on

the beach, while we head to a hidden rocky part of the shore. Here there are caves to explore, deep pools to jump in and granite slabs to climb. The water is bracing as we jump from what feels like a very high rock, but it expels the final cobwebs from our minds. You can't beat being in the sea for making you live in the moment. Back at the Royal Yacht hotel, my body receives a very different kind of pummeling – on the massage bed at Sirène Spa, where I drift into a blissful half-sleep state carried on the heady scent of local lavender, replaying my new Jersey memories in my head.



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Each summer we discover something different”



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