

My wife, two adult daughters, and I cycled the Discover France Tour of Provence. The scenery was spectacular, the food and lodging were beyond our wildest expectations. With eight tires on the road, we experienced only one flat. My wife and daughters were placing bets on whether I could fix the tire without swearing. I fixed the tire in record time without uttering an expletive, besides, in such beautiful scenery, who could even hold a negative thought let alone say a bad word.

Shortly after the flat tire, we entered the picturesque village of Maillane where we happened on a most memorable moment. I wanted to find a bicycle shop in order to purchase a French cycling jersey. After many attempts to communicate with people using an English to French dictionary, my wife met a middle aged woman who didn't speak a word of English, but somehow understood what we were looking for. She got in her car and waved to us to follow her. It felt like the Tour de France, this car ahead of us with hazard lights flashing, and the four of us trying to follow while pedaling at break-neck speed. The chase was on, and we followed the woman for over three miles, and she led us right to a bike shop. Both of my daughters were so overcome with the woman's generosity that they burst into happy tears. The woman was one of many people who helped four wandering cyclists find their way through a wonderful adventure.

-Ron Thomas