

Vejer de la frontera



The name of the village suggests that the legacy of a boundary line one earlier Moorish kingdom, before the kingdom was extended to the entire El Andaluz. It is located along the coastal road between Tarifa and Europe's oldest city of Cadiz. The landscape is undulating and with miles of sandy beaches. The beauty is disturbed, however, by Europe's largest wind farm. If you go in the month of May, the ground is studded with what we Swedes would call Midsummer Flowers. That it is very windy in this area is appreciated by all windsurfers who like to keep the area around Tarifa.

Even from afar you can see the white village lying on top of a high cliff and is situated on the river Barbate. The road winds its way up around the cliff. The village is divided by a deep ravine that goes halfway into the village. One half consists of an older part of city wall and on the opposite side is a slightly newer part. We are a little unsure of where we should stay as we park right in the newer part of the village. All luggage is packed and we start our walk by asking a bunch of old men sitting in the shade of an old olive tree. Oh yes it is possible to go there but

it's far. A friendly man retrieves his car and drive ahead of us to show the way. We park on the outside of the old city walls and walk in the narrow streets. Many of the old houses have been renovated. We come to a house designated as Rural, i e historic accommodation. In the entrance are greeted by Mary, a typical old Spanish lady in black clothes and white hair. She is 84 years old and does not have many teeth left. She lives in a ground floor room with her only child's family in the floor above. The lady can only Spanish and speaks clear Andalusian dialect. It is curiosity that lured her out so we'll wait for our host to get the keys.



The Castle which was built by the moors must have been impregnable when it falls steeply in all directions. The city wall is well preserved. The white-painted houses are located along narrow alleys. The few ports are open shows a small courtyard full of flowers and an entrance door to the dwelling. There are plenty of small bars and restaurants. The small Spanish homes, where often several generations live, makes you want to meet over a cortado in the neighborhood bar. Out in the streets restaurants set up their tables. On the menu are many dishes with seafood.



We have ordered donkey riding. The animals are owned by a foundation that has as its task to preserve the custom of riding donkey. There are two alternative loops one down the valley and up on top. We choose the latter to be able to enjoy the mile-long views of the countryside. There are eight finely caparisoned donkeys that we may at our disposal. We've brought carrots to bribe the donkeys. However, they are kind and you sit close to the ground. Our two donkey keepers help us up and lead us through the community on the surrounding fields to the neighboring hill. From here you have a magnificent view of the landscape in all directions. Just below us, the three old Spanish windmills which bear small triangular sails when to grind. Reminiscent of the story of Don Quijot. You just stay in the saddle and donkeys have a short rope between each other so that they follow the forward donkey. Straight in your back and go with the donkey's movements and it becomes a pleasant journey. A small adventure for young and old.



In the evening, we walk along the city walls. The entire town has been renovated and the narrow streets have buried electricity, water and drainage facilities. It is clean and tidy. As usual, we pass several churches that seem to have been built in the sixteenth century. A statue of a woman with a headscarf wrapped front face arouses our interest. In the strictly Catholic society five hundred years ago women were forced to wear this dress. During the first and second Republic in the thirties was that tradition back again and the statue will remind you of this time. We arrive at the Plaza de España, which is located just outside the city walls. The Plaza dominated by a tile fountain.



Here is El Jardín del Califa situated. A hotel and a restaurant with lots of Moroccan dishes on the menu, such as tajine, couscous and Pastela. Some of us were wearing our Berber clothing to make the evening extra festive.