The Great Journey Through Classical Greece

Exclusive Small Group / Historical Adventure in Greece

Designed by The Greek Travel Gurus | hello@greektravelgurus.com | US: +1 507 710 5662 | GR: +30 6970 030138

Overview

Packages arriving in Athens on:
April 07, April 20 and May 4, 2027

- Intimate exclusive groups, up to 6 persons.
- Luxury transportation throughout
- 10 nights boutique hotels, double rooms with breakfast
- 7 Private guided tours of historical sites and museums
- 4 Delicious food, olive oil and wine activities

Beginning at 3,200 euros per person
based on double room occupancy

Additional dates available upon request.
Inclusions and accommodations can be customized upon request.



Day 1

- Arrival in Athens
- Private luxury sedan transportation to your hotel, check in
- Welcome dinner

To arrive in Athens is to walk into a play that began long before one's entrance and will continue, with or without one's applause, long after the curtain has fallen on our own small lives. Other cities boast of modernity, or of medieval quaintness, or of imperial splendor. Athens — in a manner both brazen and rather touching — simply says: "I have been here three thousand years, and if you wish to argue, kindly take it up with Homer, with Pericles, or with the taxi driver at the corner, who will prove equally argumentative."

What astonishes the visitor, and what comforts the Athenian, is this endless layering: a Byzantine chapel squatting beside a kiosk selling lottery tickets; a neoclassical mansion now housing a bank; an Ottoman fountain trickling gently behind a wall splattered with anarchist graffiti. Athens has been conquered, burned, rebuilt, bombed, rebuilt again, and still she rises — a diva refusing to leave the stage, her costume torn, but her voice magnificent. One must begin, of course, with the Acropolis. But not only there. For Athens is not merely a museum of antiquity: it is a living, noisy, pungent, contradictory city. It smells of souvlaki and motorbike exhaust, rings with church bells and car horns, echoes with political slogans and nightclub beats.

If one wishes to understand Athens, one must be prepared to stroll. Not march — too military. Not jog — too American. But stroll. The city reveals itself best at pedestrian pace, through winding streets, sudden vistas, the unexpected opening of a square where children chase pigeons, and the old men in cafés debate passionately about matters of monumental importance: the price of olives, the prime minister's latest folly, the correct method of preparing tzatziki.



It is impossible to ignore the Acropolis. It sits above Athens like a cat on a cushion, supremely unconcerned by the bustling household below. The “Sacred Rock,” they call it, and one understands why. It is not only height — though its cliffs rise nobly — but presence. It dominates the city, day and night, gleaming honey-gold in the sun, glowing mysteriously under floodlights after dark.

The Parthenon, dedicated to Athena Parthenos, was the jewel of Periclean Athens. Built between 447 and 432 BC, it proclaimed, with monumental arrogance, that this was not just any city, but the school of Hellas. The sculptor Phidias filled it with statues so sublime that centuries later, when the Romans carried off copies, they still blushed to admit they were imitations.

The tragedy — and Athens, like all good plays, insists upon tragedy — is that the Parthenon has suffered almost everything a temple can suffer. Earthquakes, explosions, conversions into churches and mosques, the theft of its marbles by Lord Elgin (a Scotsman with a chisel and an eye for souvenirs). Yet even so, its columns stand, battered but proud, their fluting catching the sun like folds of a marble toga.

Beside it lies the Erechtheion, where myth insists that Athena’s olive tree still sprouts, and Poseidon’s salty spring still murmurs. Its Caryatids, those long-suffering maidens,
have been holding up their porch for twenty-five centuries with admirable patience, though one sister resides now in London, looking, I dare say, slightly homesick.

And then the Temple of Athena Nike, a small but exquisite confection, proof that the Athenians could be delicate as well as grand. Here, victory was worshipped — and if ever a people needed a goddess of victory, it was the Athenians, who spent most of their history alternately winning and losing wars with dramatic flair. The Acropolis is not merely a monument. It is a conversation across the centuries — sometimes dignified, sometimes irritable, always eloquent.

Descending from the Acropolis, one arrives at the Agora — the ancient marketplace, the beating heart of Athens. If the Acropolis was the brain and the soul, the Agora was the stomach and the lungs. Here Socrates accosted citizens with his maddening questions, here merchants hawked their wares, here gossip and politics mingled like retsina and resin.

The Temple of Hephaestus still stands almost intact, a model of Doric sobriety, reminding us that while philosophers dreamed lofty dreams, someone had to forge their bronze, shoe their horses, and make their nails.

But for sheer significance, nothing rivals the Pnyx. Imagine it: a rocky hillside, not much to look at, but upon its stone platform stood orators addressing the citizens of Athens. There, in the 5th century BC, men (and only men, alas) first experimented with the radical notion that the people should govern themselves. Imperfect? Certainly. Rowdy? Unquestionably. But the idea was born, and it would prove contagious. Even today, when Athenians gather to protest in Syntagma Square, one feels the ghost of the Pnyx — the eternal right to shout, to argue, to demand, and to decide.

When the Romans came, they did not destroy Athens. They admired it. They built the grand Library of Hadrian, an arch in his honor, and numerous baths — for a Roman, after all, never felt at home without hot water. They added grandeur to grandeur, regarding Athens as a finishing school for young aristocrats, a place to learn rhetoric before returning to the tedious business of empire.

As centuries turned, the Byzantine era transformed Athens again. The city shrank, became provincial, yet never lost its dignity. Little churches sprouted like mushrooms, some still standing in the labyrinthine streets of Plaka, their domes brick-red, their icons glowing faintly in the half-light. Here the Athenian voice changed register — from the declamatory roar of Demosthenes to the hushed chant of priests intoning the liturgy.



Then came the Ottomans. Athens slumbered under their rule for nearly four centuries. The Parthenon, in a twist both comic and tragic, was converted into a powder magazine. One careless Venetian cannonball in 1687 ignited it, blowing much of the temple skyward in a thunderclap that seemed to echo the end of antiquity itself. And yet, Athens endured. When the Greek War of Independence erupted in 1821, the city was a modest town, yet symbolically indispensable. In 1834, Otto of Bavaria was crowned king of the new nation and declared Athens its capital. Imagine it: goats grazing among ruins, neoclassical architects sketching palaces, and a Bavarian court trying, with varying success, to civilize the Athenian chaos.

Athens grew like a teenager, awkwardly, hungrily. Neoclassical mansions lined new boulevards. The Parliament rose at Syntagma Square, where today the evzones — those immaculately shod soldiers with their pompom slippers — guard the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier with a seriousness belied by their costumes.
In 1896, the Panathenaic Stadium hosted the first modern Olympics. Built entirely of marble, it gleamed as if chiseled by the gods themselves. A century later, in 2004, Athens again welcomed the Games, now with more scaffolding, fewer laurel wreaths, and considerably more traffic jams.

If Athens is a theatre, its museums are the archives. The National Archaeological Museum is a cornucopia of Greece's past: golden masks from Mycenae, bronze warriors dredged from the sea, statues that still seem poised to move.
The New Acropolis Museum, opposite the Sacred Rock, is a masterpiece of glass and light. Its crowning gallery displays the Parthenon frieze — or most of it. For several pieces remain in the British Museum, creating a tension across Europe rather like a family quarrel about inheritance.

Plaka is the oldest — a village beneath the Acropolis, where bougainvillea drips from balconies and tavernas offer grilled octopus under fairy lights. It is charming to the point of cliché, but clichés, like olives, are sometimes irresistible.
Monastiraki is a carnival: a flea market where one may purchase anything from Byzantine coins to fake designer handbags. Street musicians play bouzouki, fortune tellers mutter, and the air smells of roasted chestnuts.
Psiri was once the haunt of knife-fighters; now it is the haunt of poets, hipsters, and craft brewers. Street art blossoms here, graffiti layered upon graffiti, a visual democracy as noisy as the ancient assembly.
Exarchia is defiant, anarchic, passionate. Here, cafés are thick with students, murals proclaim slogans, and every wall is a manifesto. To some it is dangerous, to others exhilarating. To all, it is pure Athens.
Kolonaki, by contrast, is elegance incarnate. Boutiques, art galleries, cocktail bars, ladies with immaculate hair and gentlemen with equally immaculate shoes. Here, Athens purrs contentedly, sipping cappuccino and gossiping about politics.

At the Central Market on Athinas Street, fishmongers shout, butchers wield cleavers, the floor glistens with melting ice. Here is the drama of appetite: lamb carcasses swinging, octopus tentacles sprawled, sacks of beans stacked like treasure. The tavernas beckon with moussaka, dolmades, souvlaki. The air is thick with oregano and garlic, the tables with laughter. At every street corner, a koulouri vendor sells sesame bread rings, crunchy on the outside, soft within.
And coffee — ah, coffee! The Greek coffee, thick as philosophy, served in tiny cups, or the frappé, invented accidentally in 1957, a frothy iced concoction now indispensable to Athenian life. If Socrates lived today, he would surely sip a frappé while questioning his companions to death.

Athens is a city of contradictions. It is ancient and modern, sacred and profane, orderly and anarchic. It can exhaust you with its traffic, then enchant you with a sudden view of the Parthenon at dusk. Yet beneath the noise, one feels continuity. The same light that gleamed on marble twenty-five centuries ago gleams still. The same arguments — about politics, justice, the price of olives — echo still. Athens changes, but Athens endures.

Athens is not a city one merely visits. It is a performance, in which one becomes, willy-nilly, a participant. To walk its streets is to rehearse democracy, to endure tragedy, to relish comedy. It is a city that never retires, never abandons its role.
Athens is the eternal stage. The play is long, the plot occasionally confusing, the actors often unruly — but what a performance!



Athens Manor Houses

Nestled in the heart of Athens, Athens Manor Houses offers an unparalleled blend of historical charm and modern luxury, comprising three meticulously restored neoclassical buildings, each dating back to 1897, situated just 25 meters apart. Ideally located between the historic districts of Plaka and Monastiraki, and just a few minutes' walk from Syntagma Square, Athens Manor Houses is perfectly positioned for you to explore the vibrant culture and rich history of Athens

- 2 nights in an Executive Double Room with Balcony. Breakfast and taxes included. Overnight tax paid by occupant on location.



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Day 2

- Private morning tour of Athens
- Afternoon free

Get acquainted with the ancient heart of the city & its most iconic archeological landmarks A perfect choice for avid history buffs, this half-day guided walking tour of Athens will get you acquainted with the ancient heart of the city and its most iconic archeological landmarks. In the company of your state-licensed Insider guide you will retrace historical footsteps and lose yourself in the richness of the age-old Greek civilization. Your day will be dedicated to the exploration of Athens' most impressive sites, such as the Acropolis and the renowned Acropolis Museum.

Step back in time and reflect on the splendor, power and wealth of this capital city, and admire from up-close the unique architectural and artistic masterpieces of timeless Greece.

Inclusions

- 4-hour private guided tour
- Hotel pick-up (walking)
- 2-hour guided tour to the Acropolis
- 2-hour guided tour to the Acropolis Museum
- Private services of a state-licensed guide
- All taxes and Entry fees



Day 3

- Morning departure from Athens
- Stop at Thermopylae, view of monument and lunch
- Arrive in Meteora, check in, afternoon free
- Optional walk to vantage point at monasteries for sunset

There are journeys that take us from one place to another, and then there are journeys that transport us through the very fabric of civilization. This eight-day private exploration of Greece belongs emphatically to the latter. Beginning and ending in Athens, it unfolds in the comfort of a luxurious transportation, the services of private expert and passionate guides, the pleasures of fine food and wine, and the occasional delightful discovery that the past is considerably more entertaining than the present.

Leaving Athens behind, we travel north through landscapes where mountains seem to have been arranged by a particularly ambitious landscape architect. At Thermopylae, we pause where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans made their immortal stand. Here, history is not merely recounted; it lingers in the air, accompanied by the quiet majesty of the surrounding mountains.

Our journey continues to Meteora, where monasteries perch upon immense pillars of rock, suspended between heaven and earth. Their extraordinary architecture and spiritual tranquillity provide a setting that defies both imagination and gravity. Even the most determined atheist may find himself looking upwards with renewed interest.

At Delphi, once considered the centre of the world, we explore the sanctuary of Apollo, its ancient theatre and the remarkable museum. The mountain scenery is magnificent, and one begins to understand why the ancient Greeks believed that the gods had chosen this particular neighbourhood for their earthly affairs.

From Delphi, we descend towards Olympia, birthplace of the Olympic Games. Among the ancient temples and athletic grounds, we discover the origins of a tradition that has united humanity, occasionally divided it, and consistently provided excellent opportunities for international competition.

Our route then leads to Nafplio, one of Greece's most charming seaside towns. Here, neoclassical architecture, Venetian fortifications and narrow streets create an atmosphere of effortless elegance. Private explorations of Mycenae and Epidaurus reveal the grandeur of the ancient world, while the evenings invite us to discover intimate tavernas, exceptional regional wines and the convivial pleasures of Greek hospitality.

Throughout the journey, each destination offers its own culinary treasures, from mountain delicacies and traditional recipes to wines cultivated in landscapes as beautiful as the history they conceal.

This is Greece experienced not as a hurried procession of monuments, but as a private conversation with its past and present. Eight days of extraordinary landscapes, remarkable discoveries, luxurious comfort and memorable evenings, returning to Athens with the agreeable sensation that one has not simply visited Greece, but has come to know it.

7 night / 8 day driving tour of mainland Greece Including:
Private Mercedes V Class / 6 seat Minivan - Expert English Speaking Driver / Guide - All taxes, tolls, fuels - Driver's accommodation - Gratuities not included
Private tours of: Meteora, Delphi, Olympia, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Corinth / entry tickets included. Olive oil tasting and lunch in Delphi. Wine tasting and lunch in Nemea.

Thermopylae — or, as the ancients called it, the “Hot Gates” — a narrow coastal pass where mountains meet the sea in a dramatic embrace. Picture it: a strip of land so constrained that armies, no matter how vast, could only pass single file. The name derives from the hot springs that bubble up from the earth, steam rising in thin columns like the breath of forgotten gods.
One imagines King Leonidas surveying the pass, the sun glinting off bronze armor, the air thick with anticipation, and thinking, as any seasoned commander might,
“Well, this is going to be interesting.”
Thermopylae is not merely a battlefield; it is geography performing theatre. The cliffs rise sharply on one side, the Malian Gulf laps at the other, and the narrowness of the land meant that, for centuries, it became the stage of military strategy, courage, and legend.

To understand Thermopylae is to understand how nature shapes destiny. The pass itself is no more than a few hundred meters wide at its narrowest point, flanked by mountains on one side and the sea on the other. In antiquity, the shoreline was even closer to the cliffs, meaning that a small force could hold back a vastly larger one. Today, modern roads and reclaimed land have altered the view, but the sense of confinement, of a theater where every move matters, remains palpable.

The surrounding mountains — part of the Oeta range — are dramatic, with peaks cloaked in olive groves, pines, and occasional wildflowers that nod as if in solemn respect for the heroes who once stood here. Below, the warm springs steam quietly, a reminder that life continues even where death and valor once intertwined.



Tsikeli Boutique Hotel

An exclusive adults-friendly retreat nestled at the foothills of the majestic, awe-inspiring Meteora, in the enchanting village of Kastraki. Our eco-friendly haven seamlessly blends traditional architecture with modern elegance, while our dedicated team is devoted to ensuring every guest feels at home, surpassing expectations to create unforgettable memories. Choose from a variety of stylish rooms and suites, each possessing unique charm and thoughtfully curated amenities, catering to your individual preferences and desires. Your perfect sanctuary awaits you here.

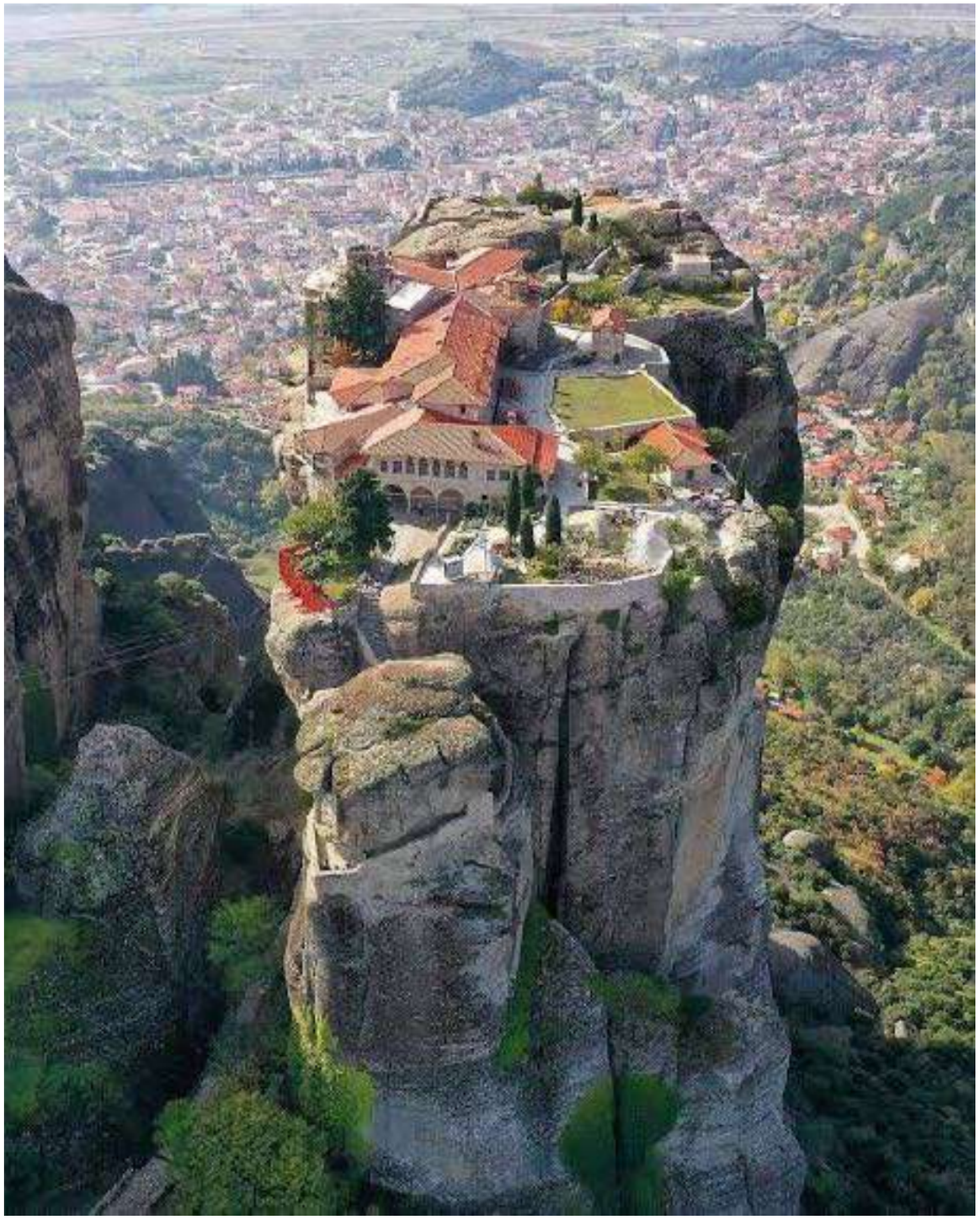
- 1 nights in a Signature Double Room with Meteora View.
  Breakfast and taxes included. Overnight tax paid by occupant on location.



Imagine, if you will, a stage designed by no human hand. The curtain rises, and what do we see? Pillars of rock — not mere cliffs, but vast vertical cathedrals carved by geological whimsy — soaring hundreds of metres above the plain of Thessaly. Atop them, improbably, monasteries cling, balanced with the casual confidence of cats on a garden wall. This, ladies and gentlemen, is Meteora — the “suspended rocks,” the “monasteries in the sky.”
To arrive here is to step into a performance in which geology, history, faith, and a touch of madness play equal parts. And one cannot help but feel that, were Shakespeare himself to stumble upon Meteora, he would immediately rewrite Hamlet to include at least one monk lowering himself by rope down a cliff.

Before monks, before prayer, before even man himself, there was stone. The rocks of Meteora were born some 60 million years ago, when a prehistoric river deposited sediments in what was then a delta. Time, erosion, and tectonic upheavals performed their alchemy, sculpting sandstone towers as though the gods themselves had been playing with clay.
The result is geology as theatre. Each pillar rises straight from the plain, their summits flat and improbably level, as though specifically prepared for a medieval architect to cry, “Why not build a monastery here?”
Standing beneath them, one feels not unlike an ant at the foot of the Colosseum — awestruck, slightly intimidated, and wondering whether it would be terribly rude to take a photograph.

By the 9th century AD, the first human actors entered this stone amphitheatre. They were hermits, solitary men seeking silence, not applause. They carved caves into the rock faces, dwelling like eagles in nests, content with little more than bread, water, and the company of God.
One can imagine them, silhouetted against the dawn, whispering prayers while the plains below bustled with farmers, soldiers, and merchants. For the hermits, Meteora was not remote; it was a ladder to heaven. The rocks themselves became pillars of faith, their silence more eloquent than any sermon.
Over time, these hermitages formed loose communities. They gathered occasionally in chapels carved into the stone, celebrating liturgy together before retreating once again into solitude. Thus, Meteora’s theatrical drama began not with great buildings, but with small, hidden lives.



Day 4

- Private morning tour of Meteora Monasteries
- Travel to Galaxidi, check in, afternoon free

A private tour of the monasteries of Meteora offers a deeply moving experience in one of Greece's most extraordinary landscapes. Rising dramatically from towering sandstone pillars, the monasteries appear suspended between earth and sky, creating a setting that feels both surreal and profoundly spiritual. With a private guide, you explore this UNESCO World Heritage site at a relaxed pace, away from the rush of large groups. As you visit selected monasteries, your guide explains how monks first sought solitude here in the 11th century, eventually building these remarkable structures atop seemingly inaccessible cliffs. You learn about the ingenious systems of ropes, nets, and ladders once used to reach them, as well as the daily rhythms of monastic life that continue to this day. Inside, you discover serene courtyards, chapels adorned with vivid Byzantine frescoes, and libraries preserving centuries-old manuscripts. The private nature of the tour allows time for quiet reflection, photography, and unhurried conversations, while also offering flexibility to tailor the experience to your interests. Along the way, you stop at panoramic viewpoints overlooking the Thessalian plain, capturing unforgettable views of the rock formations glowing in the changing light. More than a sightseeing visit, a private tour of Meteora is a contemplative journey blending history, faith, and breathtaking natural beauty.
Special note: The Meteora monasteries follow a strict but simple dress code, rooted in respect for their active monastic life. It's enforced at the entrances, so it's important to dress appropriately. For women:Skirts below the knee are required - Trousers, shorts, and leggings are not permitted Shoulders must be covered (no sleeveless or strap tops) For men: Long trousers are required - Shorts above the knee are not allowed - Shirts must cover the shoulders (no tank tops) General rules for everyone: No revealing clothing (short skirts, low-cut tops, crop tops) -Comfortable walking shoes are recommended (lots of steps and stone paths). If someone arrives dressed incorrectly, most monasteries provide wrap skirts or shawls at the entrance, but availability isn't guaranteed and styles vary—bringing your own light scarf or wrap is a smart move.

Included: 3 hour private tour of 2 monasteries with certified private guide. Entry tickets included



Ganimede Boutique Hotel

GANIMEDE Hotel is located in a quiet place in the center of Galaxidi, just 5 minutes from its famous picturesque harbor with wonderful colorful neoclassical buildings, traditional shops and crowded beautiful cafes & restaurants. It is a 19th century captain's house with an idyllic courtyard.
In 2003 Costas & Chrisoula Papalexi took over the hotel from the previous owner, Bruno Perrocco, who offered high quality services since 1966.
Chrisoula continued the tradition, offering homemade jams and chutney, based on recipes inherited from Bruno. Over the years she added new smells and tastes. The hotel has gained a great international reputation and Chrisoula has become accustomed to welcoming visitors from all over the world.
She is the hostess you would like to find in every hotel. She takes care of her guests with a smile and she personally deals with the preparation and serving of the award-winning breakfast.

- 2 nights in a Deluxe Double Room.
  Breakfast and taxes included. Overnight tax paid by occupant on location.



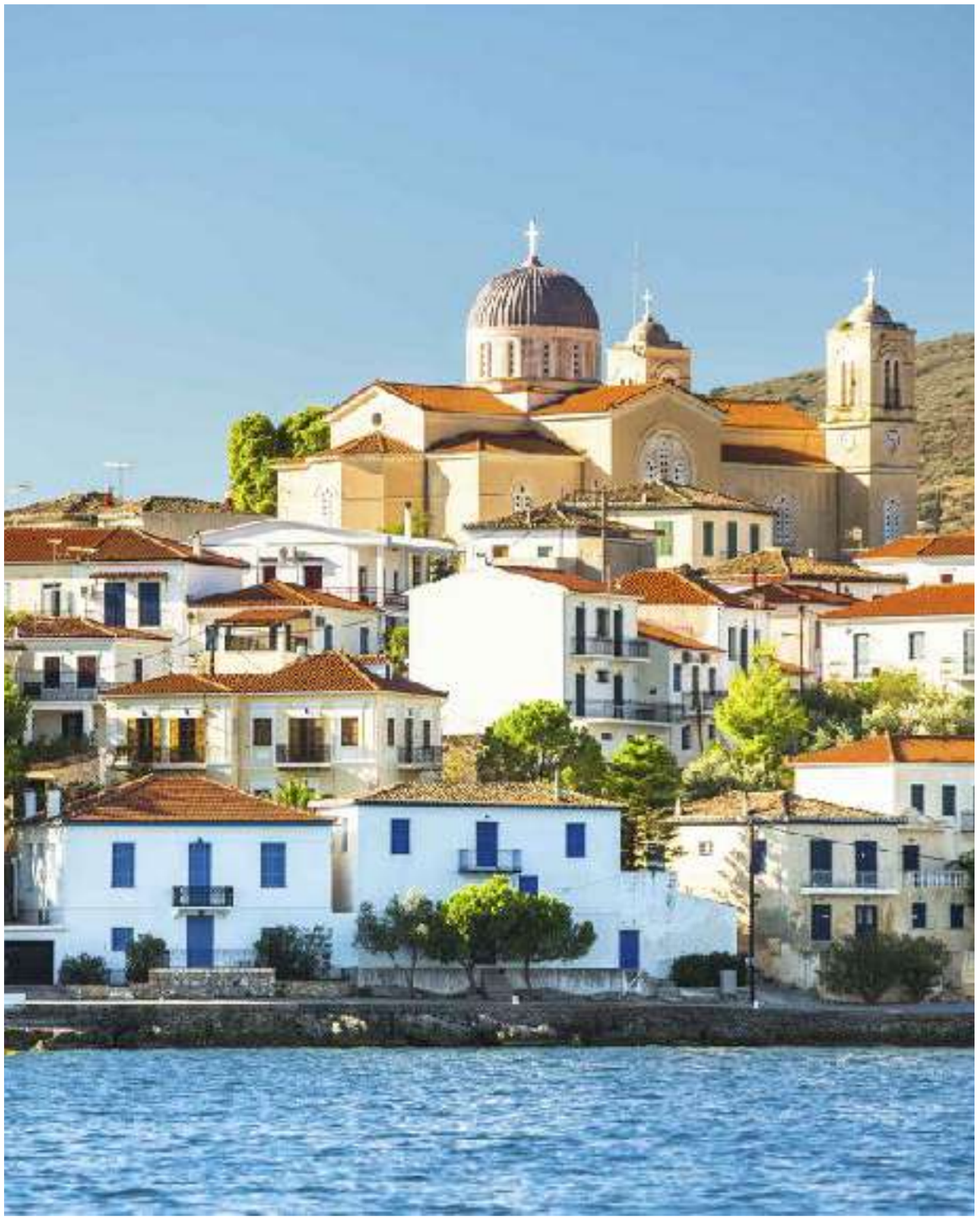
Perched on the northern shore of the Gulf of Corinth, Galaxidi has always known that it is more than just a settlement; it is a stage. The town curves gracefully along the waterfront, where fishing boats rock gently alongside pleasure yachts, and where the scent of freshly grilled sardines mingles with the briny perfume of the sea. Here, the water is not merely a feature of the landscape — it is the lifeblood of the town, the very rhythm to which Galaxidi has danced for centuries.
Galaxidi's history, like its streets, is winding and delightful. The town flourished as a maritime hub, especially during the 18th and 19th centuries, when its shipowners and sailors became renowned throughout the Mediterranean. Wealth and taste followed in their wake, leaving behind a legacy of neoclassical mansions that line the central promenade. Painted in soft pastels, with balconies adorned in delicate wrought iron, these houses could almost whisper tales of daring voyages, hidden treasures, and evenings spent recounting exploits over glasses of local wine.

The harbour itself is a sight to behold, framed by stone quays and shaded cafes where one can sit and watch fishermen sort their nets, boats bob in the afternoon sun, and gulls dive for a careless sardine. There is a theatre in the very way life unfolds here: a slow, gentle choreography that invites both observation and participation.

Walk inland and you encounter cobbled streets and narrow alleys, winding between churches and workshops. The Church of Agios Nikolaos, patron of sailors, stands proudly with its whitewashed walls and bell tower, as though eternally watching over the town and its seafaring souls. Each corner of Galaxidi hints at its rich past: maritime symbols carved into doors, stone inscriptions recalling benefactors, and small museums preserving the memory of shipbuilding, navigation, and the exploits of captains who sailed the seas in wooden vessels that creaked like old bones.

Galaxidi's charm extends beyond architecture. Its local cuisine is a symphony of the sea: octopus roasted on charcoal, fried calamari dusted with lemon, fresh fish caught that very morning, and cheeses from nearby mountain villages. Taverns serve these delights with a conviviality that invites strangers to become friends, if only for the duration of a shared meal and a glass of retsina or local wine.

The town is also surprisingly lively culturally. Maritime festivals celebrate the town's nautical heritage, while the Galaxidi Nautical Museum offers an intimate glimpse into the lives of sailors, shipbuilders, and captains who once dominated these waters. One imagines young boys learning their first knots by the quayside, dreaming of adventures that might rival those chronicled in Homeric epics.



Day 5

- Private morning tour of Delphi
- Traditional lunch and olive oil tasting
- Afternoon free

A private tour of Delphi and its museum is an intimate journey into one of the most powerful places of the ancient world. With your guide moving at your pace, you wander along the Sacred Way, where city-states once displayed their treasuries in a show of wealth, faith, and rivalry. As you climb toward the Temple of Apollo, the guide brings the ruins to life—explaining the rituals of the Oracle, the meaning behind the cryptic prophecies, and why Delphi was believed to be the center of the world. Time is taken to pause, ask questions, and absorb the dramatic landscape, with Mount Parnassus rising above and the valley of olive groves stretching below.

Inside the Delphi Archaeological Museum, the story deepens. Sculptures, inscriptions, and offerings are explored in context rather than as isolated objects. The Charioteer of Delphi becomes more than a masterpiece; it becomes a moment frozen in history, tied to victory, devotion, and identity. A private tour allows for quiet reflection, detailed explanations, and personal connections—transforming Delphi from a famous site into a vivid, human experience.

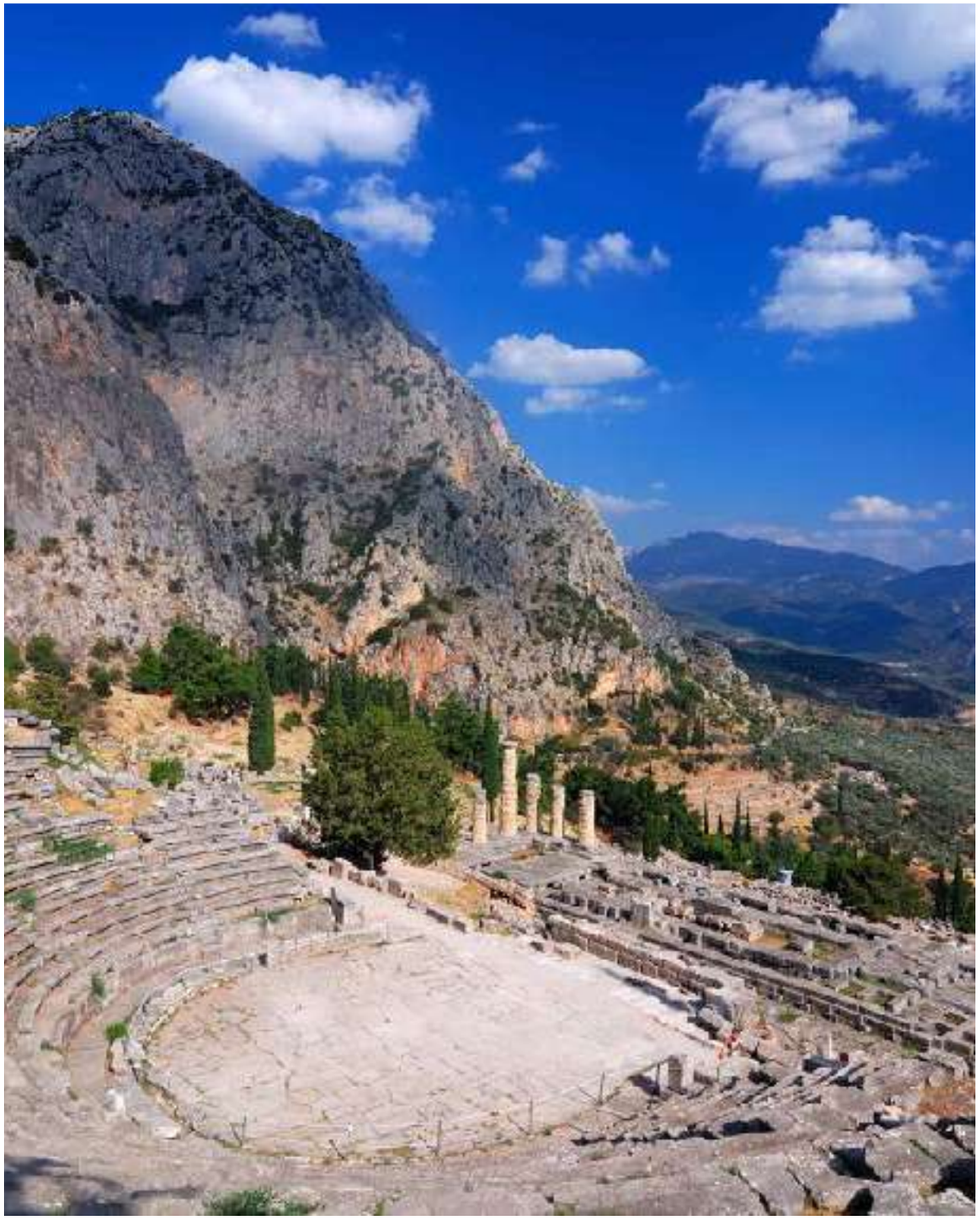
Included: 2 hour private tour with Certified guide. Entry tickets included



There are few places in the world where history and legend intertwine with such audacious intimacy. Perched dramatically on the slopes of Mount Parnassus, above the sparkling Gulf of Corinth, Delphi is not merely a town; it is a stage on which gods, mortals, and the occasional philosopher have performed for centuries. As one approaches, the Pleistos River winds below like a silver ribbon, the peaks rise above like sentinels, and one cannot help but feel that one has crossed an invisible threshold — a threshold beyond which mere mortals must tread carefully, lest they disturb the echoes of Apollo himself. From the moment you enter the site, it is clear why the ancients called Delphi the "omphalos", the navel of the world. Legend has it that Zeus released two eagles from opposite ends of the earth, and they met here, marking this sacred point as the center of the cosmos. One can almost imagine those eagles, wings outstretched, circling over a landscape that has inspired awe, fear, and contemplation for millennia.

The majesty of Delphi begins with its geography. The site clings to terraces cut into Mount Parnassus, with the valley stretching below, dotted with olive groves and cedar forests. The mountains themselves are dramatic — rugged, snow-capped in winter, and alive with myths of nymphs and satyrs. Ancient Greeks believed these slopes were the haunt of divine beings, and it is easy to understand why: the rocks form natural amphitheatres, the rivers murmur like oracles, and the light itself seems to perform a slow, deliberate dance, illuminating temple, theatre, and treasuries in turn. The road to Delphi, once treacherous, is now navigable, but even today, one feels a thrill upon ascending the switchbacks. Every bend reveals another vista: the sanctuary of Athena Pronaia nestled below, the circular stone Tholos, and glimpses of the surrounding valleys that seem to stretch toward eternity. One approaches not merely as a visitor, but as a pilgrim to a holy theatre where the lines between myth and reality blur.

The heart of Delphi is, of course, the Sanctuary of Apollo. Here, in the 6th century BC and for many centuries thereafter, the Pythia, the oracle, delivered cryptic messages to kings, generals, and citizens who sought the god's guidance. She sat upon a tripod over a fissure in the earth, inhaling vapors that have long since vanished into legend, and uttered words that could shape the destiny of empires.
To walk along the Sacred Way — the main path leading to the temple — is to tread in the footsteps of philosophers, soldiers, and supplicants. Along the way, one encounters the treasuries of city-states: Siphnos, Athens, and Sicyon, each erected to display wealth, piety, and architectural ambition. The Treasury of the Athenians, with its Doric elegance, is particularly notable; it is a microcosm of the classical Greek love for proportion, detail, and the interplay between human artistry and divine inspiration.
At the summit, the Temple of Apollo stands, or rather, once stood in full grandeur. Its Doric columns, now largely fallen, still convey the majesty of the god's sanctuary. Imagine the Pythia seated there, the flicker of torchlight dancing on the walls, her words interpreted and transcribed by priests. Kings consulted her. Cities begged for guidance. And travelers — much like ourselves — marveled at the spectacle.



For thousands of years, the olive tree has been an enduring symbol of Greek life, and the fertile landscapes surrounding Delphi have played an important role in this ancient tradition. Nestled on the slopes of Mount Parnassus, overlooking the Gulf of Corinth, the region enjoys a Mediterranean climate ideally suited to olive cultivation. The nearby Amfissa olive grove, one of Greece's most celebrated olive-growing landscapes, has a history stretching back to antiquity.

Olive oil was more than a culinary staple in ancient Greece. It was a source of wealth, a sacred offering to the gods, a medicine, and an essential part of daily life. The olive groves of the Delphi region supplied communities with precious oil, connecting agriculture with the spiritual and cultural traditions surrounding the sanctuary of Apollo.

Today, local producers continue this heritage, harvesting olives to create fragrant, golden-green extra virgin olive oil, prized for its distinctive flavor and quality.

Beyond its cultural importance, olive oil is a cornerstone of the Mediterranean diet and is associated with numerous health benefits. Extra virgin olive oil is rich in monounsaturated fats, particularly oleic acid, which can help improve cholesterol levels when used in place of saturated fats. It also contains antioxidants and polyphenols that help protect cells from oxidative stress and inflammation. Regular consumption, as part of a balanced Mediterranean diet, is associated with a lower risk of cardiovascular disease and may contribute to long-term health and longevity.

Thus, the olive groves of Delphi offer more than a taste of Greece's agricultural heritage: they embody a tradition in which nature, nourishment, and culture have been intertwined for millennia.

Come visit the "mer des oliviers" testing area in Delphi, on the 4th km Delphi – Chrisso road (see the map below). Try our olive oil, olives and tapenade. Taste the extra virgin olive oil from olive trees over 1000 years old in the sacred valley of Delphi. Experience the view of the Delphi landscape with original tastes from our area.

Included: 1 hour private olive oil presentation and degustation, traditional greek lunch, set menu.



Day 6

- Morning departure from Galaxidi
- Stop at Nafpactos for exploration
- Mid day private tour of Olympia
- Check in at hotel in Katakolo, afternoon free

Perched delicately on the northern shore of the Gulf of Corinth, Nafpaktos — or Lepanto, as the Venetians and scholars of yore would insist on calling it — is a town that seems to have been designed by someone with an exquisite sense of theatre. The town itself curves around the harbour like a crescent moon, its Venetian castle standing sentinel on the hill above, as though daring the waves to rise too high.

The castle is not mere decoration; it is the heart of Nafpaktos' history. Originally constructed by the Byzantines and later reinforced by the Venetians, it has watched over the town through centuries of sieges, rebellions, and maritime adventures. Climb its ramparts and you feel the same thrill that 16th-century defenders must have felt, gazing down upon the sparkling gulf, knowing that it was here, in 1571, that history itself paused to draw breath. For it was near these waters that the famous Battle of Lepanto unfolded — a clash of empires between the Christian Holy League and the Ottoman navy. One can almost hear the clash of oars and the roar of cannon fire, and imagine the tension on the castle walls as each side struggled for mastery of the seas.

Yet Nafpaktos is not only martial grandeur. Wander down from the castle, and you will find yourself in a town that has learned to be charming rather than imposing. The harbour is lined with cafes and tavernas where fishermen still bring in their catch: sardines glinting in the sun, octopus drying on ropes like forgotten laundry, and the occasional lobster flaunting its scarlet pride. One can sit for hours, sipping ouzo, watching ferries drift across the water, while seagulls stage minor rebellions overhead.
The old town is a labyrinth of narrow streets, cobbled and fragrant with bougainvillea, where shutters are painted in cheerful blues and reds, and cats parade with the serene confidence of sovereigns. Each corner offers a glimpse into a past life — a Venetian fountain here, an Ottoman bathhouse there — and each doorway seems to beckon: "Step inside, and you might just hear a story worth telling."



Orizontes View Hotel

Built on the highest point of the hill in scenic Katakolo Ilia, the hotel looks like it was created to offer you an unparalleled view of the blue of the sky and the turquoise of the Ionian Sea.
Wherever you are in the hotel, whatever room you choose, the look relaxes and travels, within a few seconds, from the bay of Kyparissia to Zakynthos. On this natural canvas of blue, the colors of the hotel look like painting touches, which came in very carefully and in perfect harmony with the surrounding natural surroundings.
Orizontes View Hotel is an ideal place to escape, as you will discover a range of natural and cultural attractions around. The scenic Katakolo is just a few meters away, while the famous ancient Olympia is a 20-minute drive away.
Here you will discover, besides the natural beauties, the natural nobility of the people of this place. Impeccable professionalism combines with warm hospitality. High-quality services and amenities, with the personal care of the hotel's guests.

- 1 nights in a Sea View Double Room.
  Breakfast and taxes included. Overnight tax paid by occupant on location.



A private tour of Ancient Olympia with an expert local guide is far more than a visit to an archaeological site—it is a journey into the birthplace of the Olympic Games. As you walk among the temples, training grounds, and ancient stadium, your guide brings the ruins vividly to life with stories of athletes, philosophers, kings, and sacred traditions that shaped Western civilization. Discover hidden details often overlooked by larger groups, gain fascinating historical and mythological insights, and enjoy the freedom to explore at your own pace. The experience is personal, immersive, and deeply enriching, leaving Ancient Olympia feeling remarkably alive.

Included: 2 hour private tour with Certified guide. Entry tickets not included

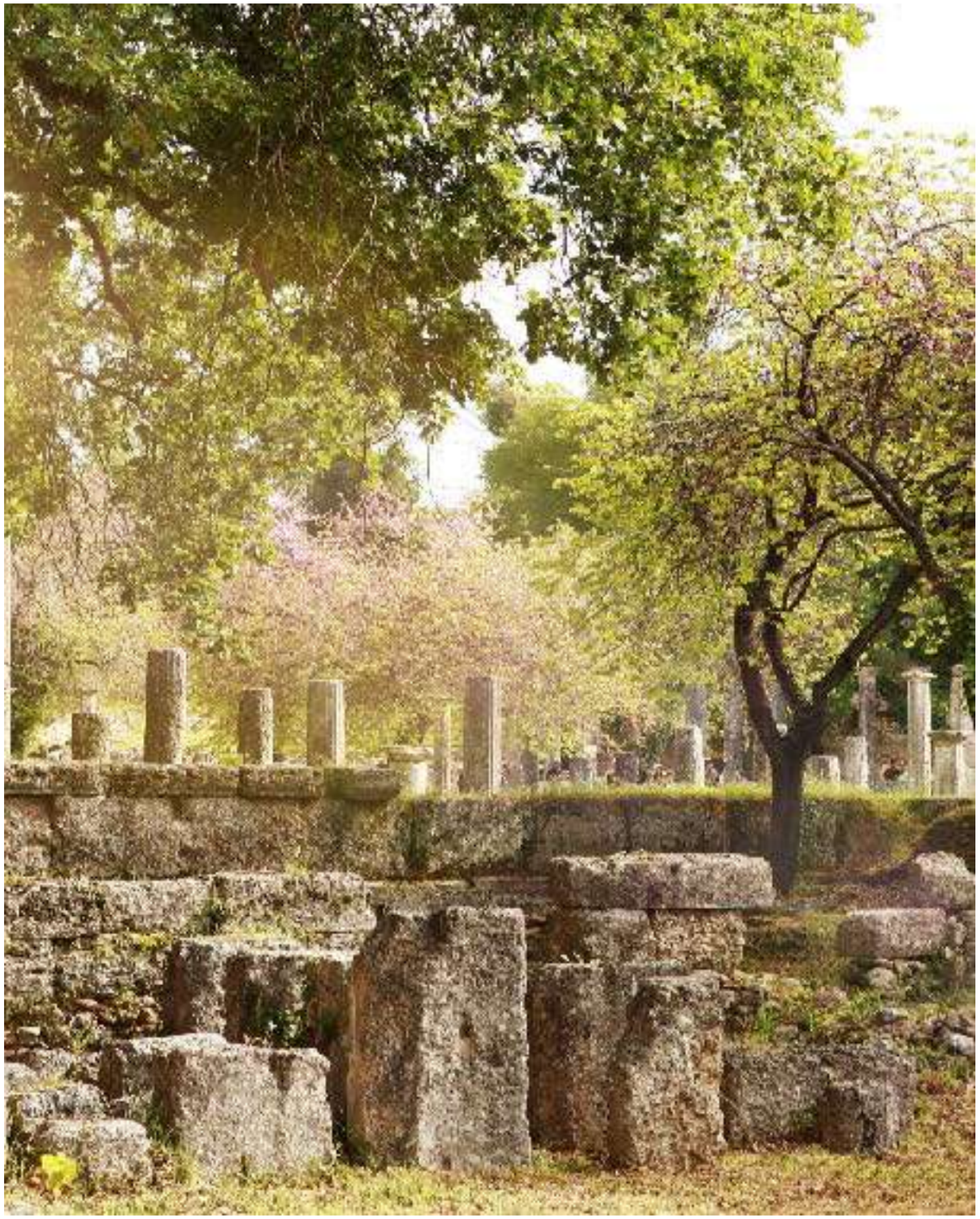


The first impression of Olympia is one of tranquillity. The valley of the Alpheios and Kladeos rivers wraps around the site, shaded by plane trees, wildflowers, and olive groves. The modern visitor may find it difficult to believe that this quiet, almost pastoral corner of the Peloponnese once reverberated with the roar of thousands of spectators, the clash of athletes, and the solemn intonations of priests invoking Zeus. Yet this juxtaposition — the peaceful landscape and its tumultuous history — is precisely the magic of Olympia.

Long before it became synonymous with athletics, Olympia was a sacred sanctuary. Archaeological evidence suggests cult activity here from as early as the 10th century BC, and by the 8th century BC, Olympia had become a pan-Hellenic centre, devoted above all to Zeus, the father of the gods.
The site contained a sacred grove, the Altis, where ancient Greeks believed Zeus resided in spirit. This grove was not only filled with trees but also with shrines, temples, and altars. One can almost imagine the murmur of prayers, the smell of burnt offerings rising to the heavens, and the tension of athletes preparing to compete not only before their fellow men but before the gods themselves.

Dominating the sanctuary was the Temple of Zeus, built in the 5th century BC. It was one of the largest Doric temples in Greece and held within it a masterpiece of ancient art: the statue of Zeus by Phidias, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. This colossal figure, made of ivory and gold, depicted the king of the gods seated on a throne, exuding an air of calm yet irresistible authority. Ancient writers claimed that simply gazing upon it made mortals feel both humbled and exalted, as though they had encountered divinity itself. Sadly, the statue has long been lost, though the workshop of Phidias has been uncovered nearby, giving us tantalising glimpses into the artistry and devotion required to create such a wonder.

Step a little beyond the Altis and you come to the stadium, a simple but powerful structure. No marble seats, no grandiose architecture — merely banks of earth forming natural tiers for up to 45,000 spectators. The starting line, marked by stone slabs, still bears witness to the ancient contests of running: the stadion (200 meters), the diaulos (double race), and the long-distance dolichos.
Here the athlete's body was celebrated as the noblest expression of human excellence. Victors received no gold or silver but a crown of wild olive leaves — humble in substance but immeasurable in prestige. Fame, honour, and the possibility of being immortalised in statues or poetry were reward enough.



On the western coast of the Peloponnese, where the land leans lazily toward the Ionian Sea, lies the little town of Katakolo. To many modern visitors it appears suddenly, from the deck of a cruise ship: a cluster of whitewashed houses, a modest harbour, tavernas with their chairs spilling onto the promenade. Yet, like so much in Greece, beneath this calm surface lies a rich weave of myth, history, and survival. Katakolo is not simply a port. It is a doorway to Olympia, the sacred sanctuary of Zeus where the Olympic Games were born. But it is also a stage in its own right, with a past that stretches from Homeric allusion to Venetian fortresses and the smoke of nineteenth-century revolutions.

The geography of Katakolo is dramatic in its understatement. The town nestles between the Ionian Sea and the pine-covered hills of Ilia, with vineyards and olive groves rolling gently inland. Its harbour is naturally protected, a gift to sailors and fishermen since antiquity. The climate is Mediterranean at its most indulgent: hot, dry summers softened by sea breezes, and mild winters scented with citrus. One could almost imagine the gods themselves, peering down from Olympus, taking Katakolo as a convenient place to rest their weary sandals after meddling in mortal affairs. Though today's Katakolo feels modern and compact, the area was known to the ancients. Homer himself, in the Iliad, refers to the Cape of Ichthys — the very promontory near Katakolo. Here the ships of the Achaeans set sail toward Troy. Whether or not those ships ever truly gathered here is immaterial; the claim itself is enough to drape the shoreline in myth.



Nearby stood the ancient port of Pheia, described by Pausanias. Submerged now beneath the waves, it was once a key maritime station for Olympia, linking the inland sanctuary to the sea. Earthquakes and the slow but relentless sea claimed it, leaving only traces visible beneath the Ionian shallows. In Katakolo, therefore, one walks not only among fishermen and shopkeepers but also upon ground where myth, memory, and the sea itself have conspired to erase and reveal in equal measure.

Like every good Greek town, Katakolo boasts its fortress. On the hill above the town stands the ruins of Pontikokastro, also known as Beauvoir during Frankish times. Built by the Franks in the early 13th century after the Fourth Crusade, it was part of the Principality of Achaea. Later, the Venetians and the Ottomans took turns in occupying it, each leaving their fingerprints of stone and mortar.

Day 7

- Morning departure from Katakolo
- Stop at mountain village in Arcadia, lunch
- Check in at hotel in Nafplio, afternoon free



Nafplio, you must understand, is no ordinary city. It has the enviable position of a stage where everyone wished to perform. From Argive heroes to Venetian engineers, from Ottoman pashas to Greek revolutionaries, all came here to strut, to conquer, and — more often than not — to leave rather abruptly. But unlike so many towns where history lies buried under dust, Nafplio keeps its past alive in stones, streets, and, dare I say, a few restless spirits.

The mythic father of Nafplio, they say, was Nafplios, son of Poseidon himself. His son Palamedes, a clever fellow, was said to have invented dice, weights and measures, and even the alphabet — though the Athenians would sniff at such claims. At Troy, poor Palamedes was undone by Odysseus' cunning and met an untimely end, which, if you listen carefully, still lingers in the stones of Palamidi Fortress (map). They whisper that his restless spirit roams the bastions at night, dice clattering faintly in the wind.
When Byzantium weakened, Franks, Venetians, and Ottomans took turns. Each left marks: Venetian bastions, Ottoman mosques, Frankish towers. A city built, rebuilt, and patched like an actor's costume.

Built by Venetians in the early 1700s, captured by Greek revolutionaries in 1822. It later became a prison, and here Greece's great general Theodoros Kolokotronis was once confined. The bastion Miltiades still bears his name. Locals insist his ghost paces there still, muttering strategies for battles long past, a spectral commander who refuses to resign.

That picturesque little islet fortress in the harbour, built in 1473. Tourists admire it at sunset, unaware that fishermen claim to see lights flicker there on stormy nights. Some say it is the ghost of the Venetian commander Antonio Gambello, inspecting his battlements. Others insist it is the shades of prisoners once held within, still rattling their chains.

The oldest citadel, occupied in turn by Byzantines, Franks, and Ottomans. For centuries it also served as a prison, and those old stones, worn by centuries of despair, are said to groan in the night. Lovers who walk its walls speak of sudden chills — and locals will murmur, half-joking, "the old prisoners are watching."





When Nafplio became the first capital of modern Greece, it was full of optimism, printing presses, and parliamentary debates. But also, tragedy. In 1831, Ioannis Kapodistrias, the first Governor of Greece, was assassinated outside the Church of Agios Spyridon (map). To this day, the bullet hole in the church wall remains. They say that on the anniversary, the echo of gunfire can be heard again, and some claim a cloaked figure drifts through Syntagma Square at dawn — Kapodistrias himself, silently reproaching the nation he tried to build.

They say there are 999 steps from the town up to the fortress. Nobody has quite managed to count them without distraction. A thousand, it is whispered, would be hubris, perfection reserved for the gods. So the Venetians stopped at 999, leaving the final step for eternity.

Fishermen speak of a woman in white who appears on the rocks by Bourtzi during storms. Some call her the "Bride of the Sea," a Venetian noblewoman who drowned when her ship capsized. She is said to beckon to sailors; those who follow her call never return.

Once an Ottoman mosque, later home of the first Greek parliament. Guides will tell you of political debates. But locals will add: after hours, footsteps echo in its halls, though no one is inside. The voices of fiery deputies, some say, are still rehearsing speeches to a vanished assembly.
Syntagma Square
The very heart of Nafplio, surrounded by Venetian arsenals and Ottoman mosques. A cheerful place by day, filled with cafes and children. But the old stones of the square, they say, sometimes whisper in Turkish, Venetian, even Latin. It is as though the square refuses to forget its many masters.

Today's Romantic Nafplio
And yet — it would be unfair to give you only its ghosts. For today Nafplio is alive with bougainvillea blossoms, neoclassical houses painted in ochre and pink, tavernas offering seafood and retsina. Tourists climb Palamidi's steps, sail past Bourtzi, and stroll the narrow alleys, hand in hand. Ghosts may murmur, but they do not frighten; they are part of the music of the town.

To visit Nafplio is to walk in a place where myth shakes hands with politics, where romance embraces tragedy, where stone and shadow share the same narrow streets. One leaves feeling that Nafplio is not merely a city but a living play, performed endlessly with new actors, but always on the same exquisite stage.

Perivoli Country Retreat

Surrounded by orange groves and olive trees, Perivoli Country Hotel & Retreat is nestled in the hilly village of Pyrgiotika, just 8 km from the romantic coastal city of Nafplio. Take the opportunity for spontaneous escapes to the impressive sights of this Venetian port town, discover the beautiful beaches in Argolis and get ready for exciting cycling and hiking trips as well as many other leisure activities for couples and families with children.
Your outdoor adventures are followed by relaxing evenings in spacious and fully equipped rooms with elegant décor, a fireplace and all the amenities you are looking for.
Try our traditional breakfast with handmade delicacies from local growers as well as the delicious dishes of our Farm-to-Table Restaurant. Cool off in the pool, enjoy a luxurious massage and sip your coffee or drink on the patio with panoramic views of the plain and the village. The possibilities are endless – as will be the memories of your stay with us!



- 3 nights in an Upper level Double Room.
  Breakfast and taxes included. Overnight tax paid by occupant on location.

Day 8

- Morning private tour Mycenae
- Mid day wine tasting and traditional lunch
- Afternoon free

A private tour of Ancient Mycenae is an immersive journey into the world of Bronze Age Greece, where myth, archaeology, and epic history come vividly to life. Arriving at the citadel, you explore the massive Cyclopean walls, their sheer scale hinting at the power and ambition of the Mycenaean kings. Passing through the iconic Lion Gate, your guide introduces the legends of Agamemnon and the Trojan War, weaving myth seamlessly with archaeological evidence.
With the flexibility of a private tour, you move at your own pace, pausing to admire panoramic views over the Argive plain and to examine details often missed in larger groups. You visit the royal palace complex, where your guide explains daily life, governance, and ritual in one of Europe's earliest advanced civilizations.
Descending into the Treasury of Atreus, the monumental tholos tomb, you stand beneath its soaring corbelled dome and learn about ancient engineering feats that remained unmatched for centuries.
The experience continues at the Mycenae Archaeological Museum, where finely crafted goldwork, weapons, and pottery deepen your understanding of the site. Throughout the tour, personalized commentary and time for questions transform Mycenae from a collection of ruins into a vivid, unforgettable story of power, legend, and human ingenuity.

Included: 2 hour private tour with Certified guide Entry tickets included



In the fertile valleys and sun-drenched hills of the northeastern Peloponnese, Nemea has cultivated a remarkable winemaking tradition for more than 2,500 years. Celebrated in antiquity as the land of the Nemean Games and the legendary encounter between Heracles and the Nemean Lion, this region has long been associated with the vine, the gods, and the pleasures of the table.

Nemea's vineyards are particularly renowned for Agiorgitiko, one of Greece's most distinguished indigenous grape varieties. Known as the “Blood of Hercules,” this noble grape produces wines ranging from fresh, fruit-forward rosés to deeply colored, elegant reds with notes of cherry, plum, spice, and sometimes chocolate. The area's varied elevations, limestone-rich soils, and Mediterranean climate allow winemakers to create wines of remarkable diversity and character.

From ancient wine traditions to modern boutique wineries, Nemea continues to preserve its viticultural heritage while embracing contemporary techniques. A visit to its vineyards offers an intimate glimpse into the Greek countryside, where family-owned estates, traditional cellars, and welcoming tasting rooms celebrate the enduring relationship between land, culture, and wine.

The region's wines are also celebrated for their place in the Mediterranean way of life. Red wine, particularly when enjoyed in moderation alongside a balanced diet, has been studied for its potential cardiovascular benefits. Agiorgitiko contains polyphenols, including anthocyanins and tannins, which contribute to its color, flavor, and antioxidant properties. However, wine is not necessary for good health, and alcohol carries health risks; any potential benefits should not be considered a reason to begin drinking.

In Nemea, wine remains a symbol of hospitality, celebration, and the enduring connection between the Greek people and their land—a tradition best experienced slowly, in the company of good food, beautiful landscapes, and generous local hosts.

Ktima Bairaktaris is a family-owned winery founded in 2005 where we wholeheartedly embrace the philosophy of natural cultivation in our vineyards, as we believe that the art of crafting exceptional wine is deeply intertwined with the outstanding quality of grapes sourced from the esteemed Nemea region.

Included: Wine tasting of 6 signature wines, tour of winery, light lunch with traditional savory delicacies, cheeses and cold cuts.



Day 9

- Morning free in Nafplio
- Early afternoon private tour of Epidaurus
- Evening free

A private tour of Ancient Epidaurus offers a serene and insightful exploration of one of the most important healing centers of the ancient world. Set amid pine-covered hills, the site unfolds at a gentle pace, allowing you to absorb both its natural beauty and its profound historical significance. With a knowledgeable private guide, you discover the Sanctuary of Asklepios, where pilgrims once traveled from across the Mediterranean seeking cures through ritual, medicine, and dream therapy.
Walking along the sacred pathways, your guide explains how ancient healing combined spirituality, early medical practice, and the restorative power of nature. You visit the abaton, where patients slept in hopes of divine visions, as well as temples, baths, and the ancient stadium where athletic contests were held in honor of the gods. Each stop is brought to life with stories, inscriptions, and archaeological insight tailored to your interests.
The highlight is the legendary ancient theater, renowned for its perfect acoustics and harmonious design. Sitting on the stone seats, you experience firsthand the extraordinary clarity of sound that has amazed visitors for centuries. With time for questions, reflection, and photographs, a private tour of Epidaurus becomes not just a visit to ruins, but a thoughtful journey into ancient ideas of health, balance, and human well-being.

Included: 2 hour private tour with Certified guide. Entry tickets included



If Mycenae is tragedy, Epidaurus is balm. Here, from the 6th century BC onwards, flourished the sanctuary of Asklepios, god of medicine. Pilgrims came from all over Greece, seeking cures for ailments of body and soul. They would sleep in the abaton, a long stoa where the god was believed to appear in dreams, prescribing remedies that ranged from herbal poultices to the symbolic presence of sacred snakes.
It was, in effect, the world's first holistic health centre — a place where body and spirit were treated together. There were baths, gymnasia, even dining halls, for Asklepios understood that health is not merely the absence of disease but the harmony of the whole being.

And then, of course, there is the theatre. Ah! The theatre of Epidaurus, built in the 4th century BC, seating some 14,000 spectators. Its acoustics are legendary: drop a coin at centre stage, and even those seated high among the last rows can hear it. It is not merely a feat of engineering; it is a hymn to human ingenuity.
Here the Greeks staged tragedies and comedies not as idle diversions but as acts of communal therapy. Catharsis — Aristotle's word — was medicine for the soul, no less essential than herbs or incantations. To sit in the theatre, sunlight dappling the limestone benches, cicadas droning in the pines, and imagine Aeschylus or Euripides resounding through the air — it is to feel the ancient heartbeat of Greece still pulsing.

Beyond the theatre, the sanctuary boasted a stadium for athletic contests, a tholos of mysterious design, and numerous temples and treasuries. The tholos, circular and elegant, may have housed serpents, sacred to Asklepios. Its foundations still perplex archaeologists: a spiral labyrinth beneath the floor, suggesting rituals now lost to time.

It is curious, is it not, how close these two sites lie, yet how utterly different their characters? Mycenae speaks of kings, war, plunder, and the vanity of power. Epidaurus whispers of health, harmony, and the pursuit of inner balance. One proclaims, the other consoles. One builds walls against the world; the other opens its stage to the sky.
Together, they embody the dual nature of Greek civilisation — the heroic and the humane, the violent and the healing, the tragic and the comic. For the Greeks understood, perhaps better than we do, that life is not one note but a symphony, with movements of glory and despair, laughter and lament.

In modern times, both sites were rediscovered and restored. Schliemann, with his spade and boundless imagination, tore at the earth of Mycenae, uncovering its treasures. At Epidaurus, archaeologists cleared the weeds from the theatre, so that once again it might echo with human voices.
Today, the Epidaurus Festival brings actors and audiences from around the world. Shakespeare, Sophocles, and modern playwrights alike find their words lifted by those miraculous acoustics. Mycenae, meanwhile, stands as a haunting ruin, its Lion Gate unblinking, its tombs echoing with the silence of centuries.
Tourists tread the stones, maps in hand, cameras clicking. Yet if one lingers — if one allows the imagination to unfurl — the ghosts of Agamemnon and Asklepios, of warriors and healers, of tragedians and patients, all return.
Permit me, then, to end as I began, with a touch of theatrical flourish. Mycenae is the clenched fist of Greece's past; Epidaurus, its open hand. Mycenae warns us that power is fleeting, that kings, however golden their masks, end in dust. Epidaurus reassures us that pain can be eased, that art and healing endure beyond the reach of swords.
Together, they remind us that civilisation is not merely a matter of conquests or temples, but of balance. The Greeks, in their wisdom, placed these two sanctuaries within walking distance, as though to suggest that no man can live by war alone, nor by healing alone. To be fully human is to hold both Mycenae and Epidaurus within one's heart.



Day 10

- Morning departure from Nafplio
- Private Tour of Ancient Corinth
- Stop in modern Corinth for lunch
- Return to Athens, check in, afternoon free

A private tour of Ancient Corinth invites you into the heart of one of antiquity's most powerful and cosmopolitan cities. Set beneath the dramatic rise of Acrocorinth, the site reveals layers of Greek, Roman, and early Christian history woven into a single landscape. With a private guide, you explore at an unhurried pace, allowing the stories behind the ruins to come vividly to life. Strolling through the ancient agora, once the bustling center of commerce and civic life, your guide explains how Corinth's strategic position between two seas made it a crossroads of trade, culture, and ideas. You encounter the Temple of Apollo, with its imposing monolithic columns, and learn how the city evolved from a classical Greek polis into a flourishing Roman colony.
The tour also highlights Corinth's significance in early Christianity, including the bema where the Apostle Paul is traditionally believed to have spoken. Your experience continues in the Archaeological Museum of Ancient Corinth, where mosaics, sculptures, and everyday objects provide insight into daily life and belief. With personalized commentary and time to take in views of Acrocorinth towering above, a private tour of Ancient Corinth becomes a compelling journey through power, prosperity, and enduring cultural exchange.

Included: 2 hour private tour with Certified guide Entry tickets included



Corinth was never a modest town. From the very start it sat astride the narrow neck of the Peloponnese like a rather well-fed cat on a doorstep — unmovable, self-assured, and very aware of its strategic importance. Whoever controlled Corinth controlled the passage between two seas: the Corinthian Gulf to the west, the Saronic to the east. That position alone guaranteed its fate — it would either be rich, or very much fought over, or, as usually happened, both.

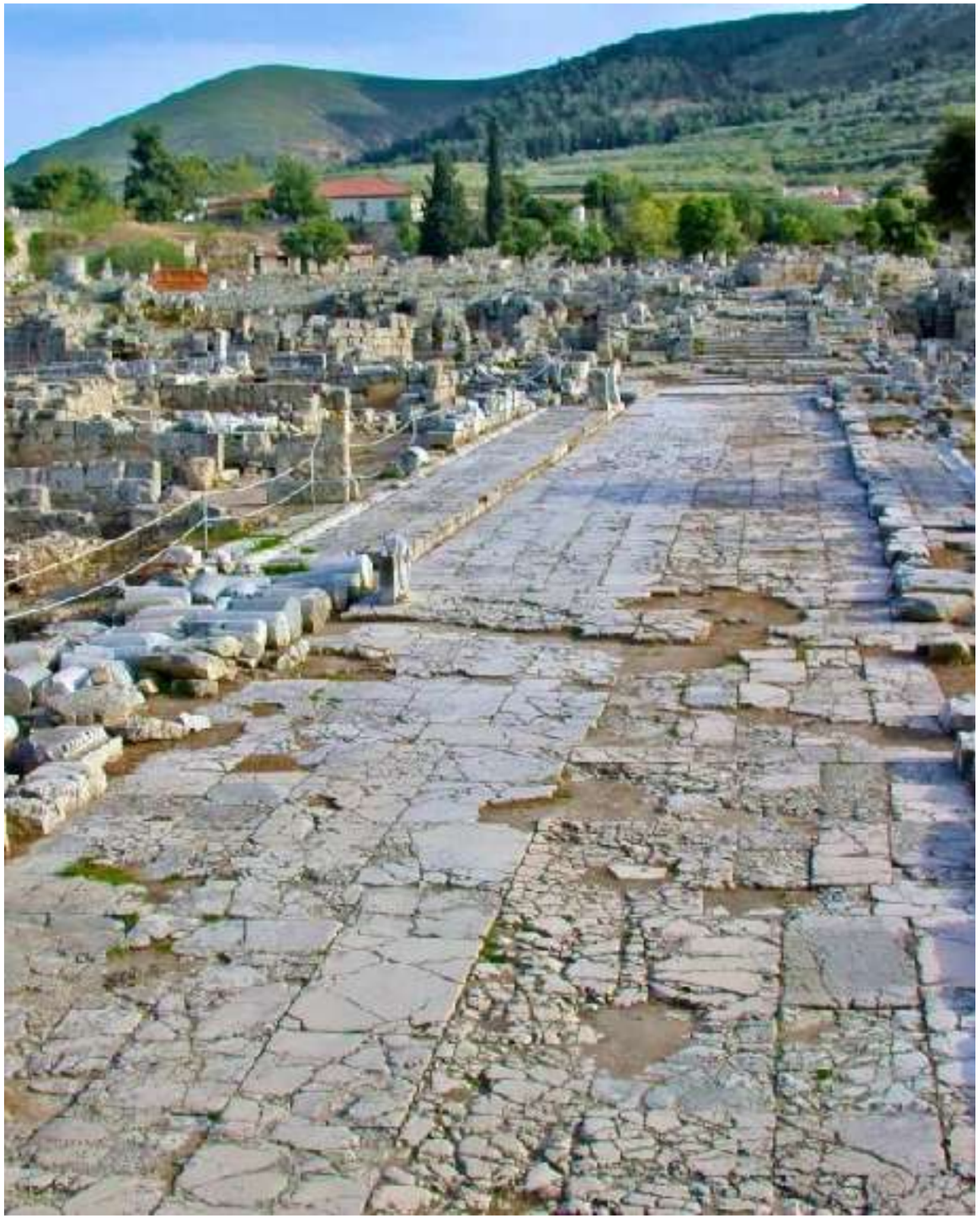
In the archaic and classical ages, Corinth was the envy of its neighbours. It boasted fine craftsmen, particularly in pottery and bronze, whose wares travelled the Mediterranean. Its ships, thanks to the remarkable Diolkos — a sort of stone railway for hauling vessels across the isthmus — gave it maritime dominance. And of course, its architecture! The city lent its name to the most ornate of the classical orders, the Corinthian, all acanthus leaves and curling tendrils, which later Rome embraced with gusto.
But wealth breeds power, and power breeds conflict. Corinth threw itself into alliances and quarrels with the gusto of a seasoned gambler — sometimes siding with Athens, sometimes against it, occasionally sulking on its own. This restless ambition made it a prize, and when the Romans arrived in 146 BC, they razed it to the ground in what one might politely call a firm reminder of who was master. For a century, Corinth was a ruin — a silent warning.

Then came Julius Caesar, who in 44 BC refounded the city as a Roman colony. Corinth flourished once more, now clothed in togas and Latin inscriptions, its forums and temples humming with trade. Merchants, freedmen, veterans, philosophers — they all crowded into its streets. And in this bustling, cosmopolitan atmosphere, a fiery preacher from Tarsus named Paul arrived. His letters to the Corinthians, filled with rebuke, hope, and theological thunder, would echo far longer than the clang of Corinthian coins.

The city endured, though never without drama. Earthquakes rattled its stones; Byzantines, Crusaders, Venetians, and Ottomans all coveted its fortress of Acrocorinth, that enormous rocky bastion looming above the city. Each occupier left their stamp, but the essential character of Corinth — commanding, wealthy, contested — remained intact.

What greets the visitor today is a palimpsest of these ages. The Doric columns of Apollo's temple rise stark and ancient, reminders of a Greek world before Rome. Roman paving stones and fountains still trace the outline of the forum. The Acrocorinth above remains formidable, its walls winding like a crown around the mountain. One walks these stones and feels, not a single story, but an anthology: Greek traders and tyrants, Roman colonists, Christian apostles, medieval knights, Ottoman garrisons — all sharing the same stage in different acts.

Corinth, then, is a city that has reinvented itself more times than most can count, always rising after ruin, always reclaiming its role as gatekeeper of the isthmus. A place of wealth, ruin, faith, and empire — a city that, like an actor of prodigious stamina, refuses ever to leave the stage.



Athens Manor Houses

Nestled in the heart of Athens, Athens Manor Houses offers an unparalleled blend of historical charm and modern luxury, comprising three meticulously restored neoclassical buildings, each dating back to 1897, situated just 25 meters apart. Ideally located between the historic districts of Plaka and Monastiraki, and just a few minutes' walk from Syntagma Square, Athens Manor Houses is perfectly positioned for you to explore the vibrant culture and rich history of Athens

- 1 nights in an Executive Double Room with Balcony. Breakfast and taxes included. Overnight tax paid by occupant on location.



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