

Goodness Greekness Me

Selda finds gumption and glory in Greek Eden

Waiting with my group, I tighten my Nike laces circa 1997. I'm a little anxious about the fitness levels required for this activity led trip. As I look up George Clooney, epic smile in tow, approaches. I double take and give him the once over. Had it not been for the sculpted, skimpy cycling pants, I may have been convinced. Our lovely guide goes not by the name of Clooney, but Vasillis, and has the energy of an excited teenager.

Mountain biking isn't for everyone. It's awfully challenging trying to admire ancient olive trees when navigating rough and rocky hills. Even sheep mock, with an air of 'you're not from around here are you?' It's exciting and terrifying. There's sweat, baby tears and playground scrapes, but we survive.

Lunch certainly helps heal the trauma. We are encouraged to enjoy - drown in, prosecco. Passionate chefs help us to make our very own Greek salad that pings with nourishment and bounces off the plate with colour. How wonderful when a tomato actually tastes of one. The Greek feast ends with palm sized, syrupy baklava. The meaning of Well-being is not taken lightly here.

The lavender shrubs fill the air with warm perfume scents, and I am spoilt with a private pool to watch the sun setting over the magical Halkidiki peninsula.

Birdsong and trainers afoot, I board the early morning Vasillis tour for a hike. A quick tutorial on walking poles and we're off. We land at the tipping point of the island, where deep sparkling blues meet edges of land. It's breath taking. And then we catch our breath while the sweat dries amongst the salty atmosphere. We feel rejuvenated, alive and bonded.

Boasting Europe's third largest Thermal Spa, with geothermal water from natural springs of the area and the sophisticated marina, a magical massage proves this place is the real Greek deal. A lifetime of meditating won't make you levitate, but here you're in with a chance. After slow, hazy yoga on open decking, watched by lazy, roaming cats, we glide effortlessly to dinner. Fresh sardines (with prosecco) are served with the sea at our feet.

Leathery bodies and happy teeth are in abundance. Is it the sun, soil and laidback attitude that creates balanced, healthy happiness?

One thing for certain, Greek goodness is infectious. From the moment you step off the plane, until you decide you don't want to leave, may never leave, is there a job going? Miraggio welcomes you in with a huge, loving hug. My trainers maybe tired, but my memories are as fresh as the Greek sea air.

We were hosted by the luxurious Miraggio Thermal Spa Resort, on the Southwest coast of Kassandra-Halkidiki, run by a welcoming team. Featuring 300 elegant rooms, 4 Thematic Restaurants, 5 Bars, wine cellar and by providing exclusive services such as the "Myrthia" Thermal Spa, its unpretentious comfort really makes it a gem.

Rooms at Miraggio start at 7 nights £699 per person for bed and breakfast, which includes one complimentary visit per guest to the spa.

