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Nova Scotia's Jennifer Crawford on being first Atlantic Canadian to win MasterChef Canada p. 5

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Jennifer Crawford after winning season six of MasterChef Canada. COURTESY CTV

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## TRAVEL Finding Fiji (and each other)

With plenty to explore, island is a poster-perfect South Pacific hideaway

Anne Z. Cooke and Steve Haggerty  
TRIBUNE NEWS SERVICE  
MATAMANOVA, FIJI — "You're up early," said Dillon, joining us at the breakfast table at Matamanoa Island Resort, in Fiji, piling his wet suit and swim fins on the chair where we'd be sure to see them. "Did Dad tell you? Blue sky, no wind, a perfect day for a shark dive?" He paused, waiting for an answer.

"I know, you guessed it. Ocam's razor, huh?" he said, grinning. "You don't mind being alone, do you?"  
We were glad he cared. But no, we could never be lonely on Matamanoa Island, in the Mamanuca Archipelago, in the central South Pacific. If we needed company, the resorts' other guests were on hand, not to mention our family, three generations of

us on vacation together.

And there was the island to explore, a poster-perfect South Pacific hideaway. A limestone cone sticking up out of the sea, it was an encyclopedia of nature, from birds and fish, to an explosion of bright flowers and craggy shade trees.

Walking barefoot along the shore, on the powdery soft sand, you'd see crabs digging holes, fish in the shallows, and a hoard of wave-tumbled sea shells and coral, washed up from deeper water.

Did we feel left behind, now that the kids were growing up? For a nanosecond, maybe. But in truth, it was nice to be alone, no longer in charge of organizing these annual family trips, or planning the days.

We could swim, climb to the summit, or read under an umbrella, as the moment dictated.

Our first family trip, more than a decade ago, was a last-

minute idea, patched together on a whim. But adventuring together proved such a rewarding way to stay connected that it gradually became a tradition.

When the kids were toddlers, in St. Lucia, we built sand castles together while their parents slipped away for a sunset cruise.

In Toronto, we played Marco Polo in the pool, while the moms and dads enjoyed a candlelit dinner.

Six years later, we climbed the pyramids together, at Teotihuacan, in Mexico.

But Dillon, now 20, was long past making sand castles like his cousins, he wanted to ski the moguls, fish in Alaska and climb Colorado's "fourteeners."

While he studied the menu, we stepped outside, bending an ear for the chirps and twitters overhead, and catching our breath as the sun peeked over the horizon.

Get the full story at [thestar.com/travel](http://thestar.com/travel)



Clockwise from top: There's no charge for sit-on-top kayaks, sailboats and paddle boards at Castaway Island Resort. West-facing deck chairs, near the pool, are designed for sunset viewing at Sheraton Tokoriki Island Resort. Nasiki, in Tavua Village, makes and fires clay pottery for the local handicraft sale at Matamanoa Island Resort. TRIBUNE NEWS SERVICE

# IRELAND

