

CARIBBEAN

TAILOR-MADE TRIPS
CUSTOM CARIBBEAN
* JUST FOR YOU *

TRAVEL+LIFE

Snorkel
ZIP LINE

Cliff Jump
HUMPBACK WHALE
CARNIVAL

KAYAK
YACHT RACE
CAVE TUBING

SCUBA DIVE
MAYA RUINS

Stand-up Paddle Board
No Wi-Fi FULL-MOON PARTY
Move to an Island

OVERWATER BUNNY FLOW
SUNSET SAIT WATERFRONT

MASSAGE
COUPLES CHOCOLATE TASTING

Private Plunge Pool
PINK-SAND BEACHES
Rainforest Gondola

HAPPY HOUR



SPECIAL ISSUE POWERED BY

Islands

*Daring to find alone time
in the wilds of the USVI*

BY DAVID LAHUTA

A VIEW À DEUX

St. Croix

“May I have a Carib?” No drink order ever sounded sweeter, especially since it came from a beautiful blue-eyed gal. At the time

I was a 20-something bachelor bartending at a restaurant in Christiansted, St. Croix. I had just won a bartending competition in New York, and the prize was a week’s vacation on the island, which quickly morphed into a six-month sojourn.

“My name’s David!” I blurted out. Her name was Joy, and she was on island for a work conference. As quickly as it took to pop the bottle cap off her beer, my bachelor days were gone. I was hooked, and apparently, so was she. What followed was a string of tropical first dates: handcrafted ales at the Fort Christian Brew Pub, sailing jaunts to Buck Island, lingering drives to Sandy Point nature preserve. Each outing was more memorable than the next, but it was our hike to Annaly Bay on the wild northwestern shore that sealed the deal.

As a local, I had the keys to St. Croix’s secrets, and the secluded tidal pools at Annaly Bay were among its best-kept. But getting to this blue lagoon was no easy task — this was a 5-mile hike that commanded respect. We set out past the trail head on the grounds of the Renaissance St. Croix Carambola Beach Resort, the air sultry and the ground covered with rocks and gnarled tree roots.

After a steep climb out of the lush jungle, the trail unveiled a panorama from a hilltop where we stopped to take in the ravishing beauty around us. We hadn’t passed a single person, and in the solitude, we bared our souls, discussing our upbringings, our wanderlust and how this might be the most captivating vista either of us had ever seen. Of course, she still hadn’t glimpsed what was around the corner.

It came about a mile later. After descending the final stretch of the path, we reached the denouement: a virgin Caribbean bay, and to its left, three glassy tidal pools fed by waves that crashed over the lower-lying rocks. Only one thing stood between us and a bath in the shimmering sea: a heart-pumping climb across a slippery rock wall. Leading the way, I grasped Joy’s hand, and together we crossed over. There was no one around to witness our next move, save for a few skittering land crabs. And by the look of her bare feet dangling in the water, it was definitely time for a dip.



Total seclusion rules in St. Croix’s natural Garden of Eden.