



The magnificent ceiling painting at the Church of San Pantalon.



"Venice might be considered the city of love, but for me, it will always be about those evenings watching the sunset on the canal — just me, my daughter and a glass of Prosecco."

The holiday began with us lugging our suitcases up steep stone steps in the rain, and taking it in turns to push our bed back into place, as it kept sliding away from the wall and halfway across the room.

We couldn't stop laughing to ourselves, which set the tone for the whole holiday.

Being in Venice alone was wonderfully peaceful — but being with my daughter was an adventure. I'd never been brave enough before to step into the tiny cicchetti bars, which are dotted around Venice.

Permanently crammed with boatmen enjoying a quick coffee break, I found them too intimidating.

But with Rosie in tow, it was easy. It meant I got to enjoy Venetian tapas for the first, but not the last, time.

We paid a visit to the famous Harry's Bar, which Rosie denounced (after we were asked to move to accommodate a regular customer) as "too boring, too expensive and far too rude".

Instead, we enjoyed a single, overpriced-but-glamorous Bellini in the opulent Hotel Danielli, which became a tradition of ours.

At the end of five days, we were closer than ever. So when Rosie moved to London to start her new career soon after, I hoped we'd get the chance to do it again. I certainly got my wish — over the past 20 years, we've visited Venice together many times, building traditions and memories that bring us closer with every trip.

Although Venice is expensive, Rosie's nose for food means we've discovered some wonderful places to eat among the tourist traps. Da Cherubino near St Mark's Square is one of our favourite casual dinner spots, while for a long, peaceful lunch overlooking the water, we head



St Mark's Basilica.