

Indagare



ARTICLES

Just Back From: Palmasola



The pool at Palmasola. Courtesy Avery Charmichael

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"Jump up!" I'm not getting up. No way, no how.

"Jump UP!" No commands, however oft-repeated by my surf instructor, will prevent me from remaining comfortably in place. I'm just fine, thank you very much, staying down. Down, down, down. I will remain, until the end of time, as the waves crash over me. Significant world events will occur, seasons will change, and I will paddle—perfectly, I might add—but I will not *"Jump UP!"*

I am trying my hand, or rather, my entire body, at surfing in Punta Mita, a small peninsula on the Pacific coast of Mexico that's home to the [Four Seasons Punta Mita](#), the [St. Regis Punta Mita](#) and a smattering of other villas and private homes. I'm here to scout Palmasola, a fresh, authentic and impeccably serviced villa, and while I'd talked a big game about giving surfing a go, I'm petrified of both the fathoms below and the prospect of trying something new, and failing, miserably.

I'm a perfectionist, and while that's a quality that has served me well at times, it does preclude me from extending my reach into more active pursuits where failure is probable. Surfing, after all, is a sport that's dictated as much by mother nature as it is by skill, balance and practice. The former is a factor no human being can control.

So, in the few days leading up to my solo lesson, I pampered myself with all that Palmasola has to offer: decadent meals—overlooking the ocean or at the property's recently-renovated Main Palapa, punctuated by an evening fireworks display—glorious walks along the beach with side trips to the massage table; laps in the pool; catamaran rides with all the water toys one could imagine...that sort of thing. I even ventured beyond my private enclave towards the town of Sayulita (where I fell in love with the adorable Mita Mita boutique) and to the Jack Nicklaus-designed golf course at the Four Seasons.

The experience, until now, had been divine, utterly peaceful and seemingly untouched by the great wild world. A place where concerns faded, doubt declined and all that was left was the sound of the ocean and my toes in the sand. What more could one ask for?

But now, with my chest pressed against the middle of my surfboard, and my heart beating fast, all that rest and relaxation seemed to be for naught. Had I learned nothing from the easygoing, laid-back atmosphere of my surrounds? What about all those moments spent in the sun, listening to the wind rustling through the leaves of the palm trees? In Punta Mita, and at Palmasola specifically, it had seemed, for just a moment, that I could let my guard down and just—

"Up! Avery! Up!"

And up I went.

Related: [Punta Mita, Mexico: 6 Tips for Where to Stay and What to Do](#)

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—Avery Carmichael on February 6, 2020

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