

SHERIDAN ROAD

NORTH SHORE
STYLE & SUBSTANCE

MARCH 2026

“Live in each season
as it passes; breathe
the air, drink the drink,
taste the fruit.”

- HENRY DAVID THOREAU

**DYNAMIC
DUO**
DAVID
HERNANDEZ
& TEREASA
SURRETT

*THE
BEAUTY OF
ST. BARTHS*

SPRING
FASHION
AWAKENS IN
NATURE

TRAVEL & CUISINE

FIRST CLASS TRAVEL EXPERIENCES AND DINING

A St. Barth's sunset.
Photography by
Nicolas Salles



PASSPORTS & *PALATES*

We escape to the *sunwashed* shores of **St. Barths**—
where French refinement meets barefoot ease—
then return home with a **camp-inspired recipe** that
surprises and *delights*.

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FIRST CLASS

THE SPIRIT OF ST. BARTHS

On St. Barths, a haven of relaxed luxury in the French West Indies, Hotel Manapany brings guests back to the island's roots—simple elegance, pristine nature, and soulful bliss.

WORDS BY DUSTIN O'REGAN



Plane landing on St. Barths' famous airstrip. Photography by Jack Metthey



View of Anse des Cayes bay just beyond Hotel Manapany

Part of what makes St. Barths so enchanting is the way its history shaped the island, transforming a paradise into one of the world's most refined, discreet destinations.

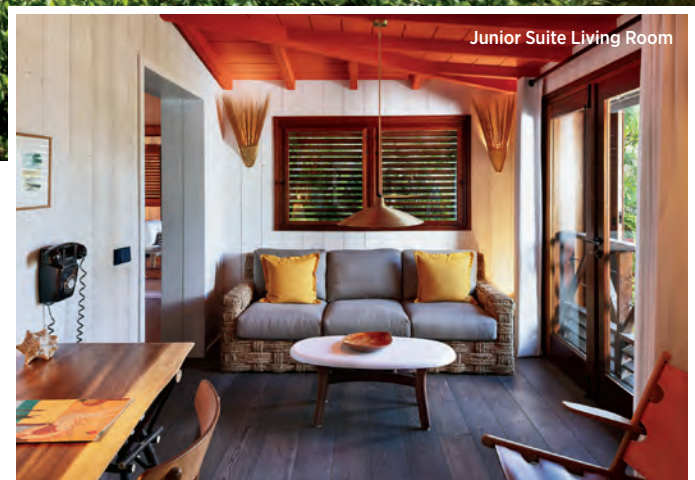
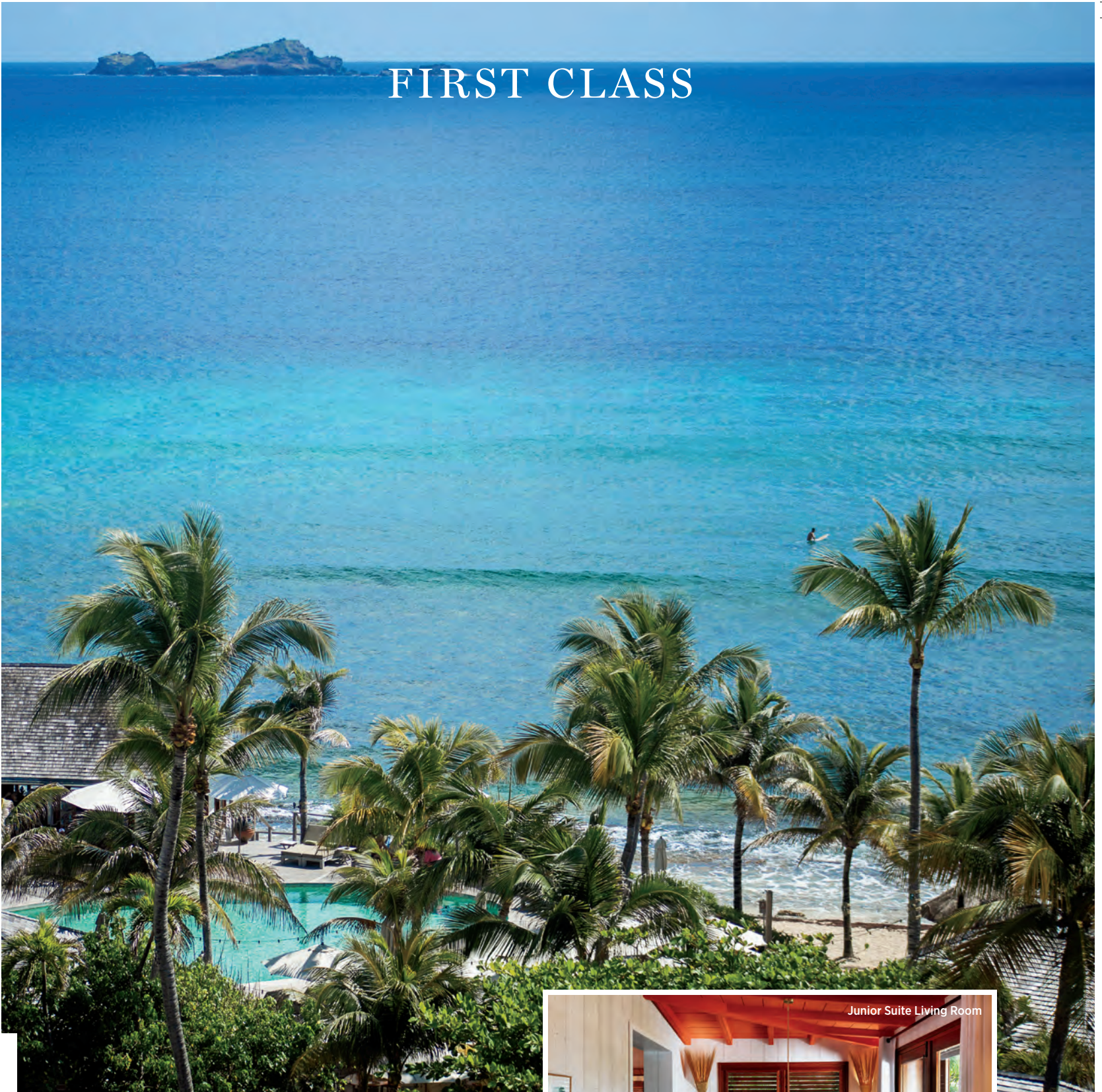
Long before Europeans arrived, the island was known as Ouanalao, home to the Arawak. When Columbus passed by in 1493, he renamed it after his brother, Bartolomeo, but unlike other Caribbean islands, St. Barths lacked the fertile land needed for plantation economies. Thus, no sprawling sugar estates or boom-and-bust economic cycles.

France first claimed the island in the 17th century, then traded it to Sweden in 1784. The Swedes introduced a clean, orderly administrative style and transformed the harbor into a free port, naming it Gustavia after their king. Nearly a century later, Sweden returned the island to France, but its influence never disappeared. It lingers in street names, architecture, and a Scandinavian appreciation of nature that still defines the island.

This quiet, natural simplicity shaped the character of St. Barths as it entered the modern era. By the mid-20th century, its rugged beauty began drawing adventurous aristocrats, artists, and well-heeled travelers. Families like the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, and Fords built homes here, gradually transforming the island into a discreet, world-class retreat—Saint-Tropez reimaged in the tropics.

St. Barths' exclusivity isn't performative; it's structural. The short runway only welcomes small planes and island hoppers, naturally filtering out mass tourism. I flew direct from Chicago to St. Maarten, followed by a quick 15-minute connection to St. Barths. As we soared above turquoise waters, the tiny plane dipped between jagged green cliffs with the runway appearing at the last possible second—a thrilling arrival indeed.

FIRST CLASS



With hardly any crime or poverty, the island feels civilized, safe, discreet, and luxurious. And everywhere you go, there's a distinct French flair, heard in the lilting French spoken across cafés and boutiques and felt in the effortless elegance of daily life.

I found that spirit brought to life at Hotel Manapany, where island philosophy and thoughtful design are intertwined with a deep respect for St. Barth's heritage. Just five minutes from St. Jean airport and the chic streets of Gustavia, the hotel's 43 rooms, suites, and villas offer an intimate escape that is both elegant and comfortable.

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FIRST CLASS



Owned by French tastemaker Anne Jousse and her daughter Agathe, Hotel Manapany captures the original essence of St. Barths. Surrounded by tropical gardens and facing the brilliant sweep of Anse des Cayes, it's a five-star eco resort with a genuine soul. From organic products and electric cars to its Green Key certification, the hotel lives its sustainability mission with intention.

My villa was expansive, airy, filled with colorful Caribbean accents and custom furniture that felt thoughtfully chosen. Light poured through multiple windows, shifting across a handcrafted sofa and desk, an immense bed covered in deluxe Caribbean linens, and colorful closet doors. A vintage wall-mounted phone connected me to reception, a small, charming reminder of the past.

The culinary experience was exceptional, infusing French technique with Caribbean creativity. At The Rockies restaurant, ingredients are organic, with fish and lobster caught by local fishermen arriving daily. Lunch at the Sandy Beach restaurant is pure island magic; feasting just steps from the sea as ocean breezes caress your skin and soft sand warms your feet.

At the Manapany Spa, I experienced an extraordinary treatment. My masseuse used a technique so unexpected that I asked for its name; she smiled and explained it was simply a blend of methods she had learned throughout her journey. I will be dreaming about it for months.

Days began on the spa deck overlooking the sea, where yoga classes created a five-senses experience. There's nothing quite like moving through downward dog with the ocean stretching out in front of you, the wind brushing across your back, the sound of waves syncing with your breath. The practice set a centered tone for the day.

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FIRST CLASS

Aerial View of Hotel Manapany.
Photography by Laurent Benoit



Ocean Deluxe suite. Photography
by Bernard Touillon



The Rockies Restaurant's view

One afternoon, we wandered into Gustavia to stroll through its famous shopping street, where luxury boutiques mingle with charming local shops. It's the kind of place where you can find everything from chic French resort wear to curated home décor (be sure to stop into BAYA). Even browsing feels like an experience there—sunlight bouncing off bright façades, the smell of the sea drifting through open doorways.

Another day, we boarded a private catamaran charter courtesy of St. Barth Sailor. We sailed along the island's craggy coastline, stopping to snorkel in coves where schools of colorful fish darted through coral gardens. At anchor, we enjoyed a leisurely lunch with an unforgettable view of the legendary home built by David Rockefeller.

Our most active day began on the hotel's beach, which boasts world-class surfing. Pierre, the in-house Tropicsurf manager, was an excellent instructor who had us "ripping" it up. That afternoon, we hiked one of St. Barths' scenic coastal trails. The path wound along rugged cliffs brushed with sea spray, offering postcard-worthy views at every turn. Parts of the trail were rigorous enough to raise your heart rate, but panoramic ocean vistas and stretches of untouched shoreline made every step feel worth it.

When we returned to Manapany, the pace softened again. I rotated between beach loungers shaded by thatched roofs and pool loungers, set just above the shoreline. Either made for a delightful spot for an afternoon of reading or contemplating life or watching the light change across the bay, while enjoying quintessential St. Barths-style service—warm, polished, attentive to the smallest detail.

And then there are the tortoises. These gentle guardians of the property roam freely through the gardens and sometimes pay a tableside visit at Sandy Beach, hoping for a dropped goodie or two. The hotel even built them a tiny "door" in the fence so they can wander beyond the resort if they choose. It's a small, charming detail, but one that captures Manapany's ethos: nature first and always.

Hotel Manapany doesn't just offer luxury; it affords a feeling of rediscovery, a return to the island's earliest rhythms. In a place where history has always favored simplicity over spectacle, Manapany feels like St. Barths at its most authentic: a quiet, refined Eden by the sea.

For more information, visit hotelmanapany-stbarth.com, stbarthsailor.com.

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