

## **6**

### **The joys of a summer walk.**

A steep green slope lay beyond the wooden stile that fixed the starting point to an afternoon's walk. Sweltering heat and an almost vertical climb, the perfect combination to make one unable to talk. Ahead, sheer wall. Looking back, every so often was an expanse of landscape slowly being revealed. By the stops and starts that rescued both breath and heart rates, giving the body time to be steeled. Hardly a plateau gave way to the continuing ascent that had surely been a great walking world. For I discovered the man-made indentations from trodden grass – large footsteps that unfurled. Glancing backwards again to see the unfolding scene below, ahead, and to north, east and west. Another stile. Time for breath. There the opening for man's best friend, giving dogs a perfect rest. No dog had we, so climbed the step and then the next. Bent knee, raised leg and one foot over. Turning around, grabbing side posts. The same again, then reversed, aided by near perfect posture? Safely on the other side, more incline needed treading before signs of a summit came to view. A path ahead with gorse and thorny indentations but it was the heather that really changed the hue. The trail veered left encircling the summit. A right turn at the waymark that pointed to the Moel. Guided us towards the peak, past years of memories of Solstice sunsets and picnics on upland soil.

Three hundred and sixty degree views. Of the Vale, distant hills, another Moel and more. A hillfort? Yes, one or two taking the advantage of their position here and there. Turbines. Not a single cohort. But a farm interrupting the once free seascape. For centuries not an obstacle obscured clear horizon. No time to reminisce the past for fear of enlisting cold reaction. Captivation, this is not an attraction. The downward slope a fertile ground with stroller walkers harvesting the annual crop of winberries. Their bodies bent, head close to the ground, people carrying pot or bag to collect, oh, such goodies. Descending. An unclear path through heather gives way to broad and meandering stony sheep trail. Arriving at a carpark next 'the road to face another climb and hill. The gradient looks a kinder scale. Not stony. No heather. No gorse, nor thorn. A smooth, soft, gentle, green ascending course to tread. Allowing time to talk and walk. We wonder how or what the Lockdown journey plan will be ahead. Let's not spoil the day with idle contemplation where nature's cabinet is full and begs our scrutiny. Sight and hearing have been indulged. Taste, and smell truly stirred. Everything feels so very sunny. Isolation, deprived of liberty - neither blighted the route's elevation or our distanced walk in convoy. Absorbed by reflection, a tad introspection, time and distance past by quickly. It was, indeed, a joy.

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26<sup>th</sup> June 2020