My worries about the future lifted

TO BE A PILGRIM

Walking the new Glastonbury Water Way, Sarah Baxter puts life in perspective one step at a time

The Glastonbury Water Way was newly waterlogged, twit, and the café in Mells – “Walking to Glastonbury is a bit of a swerve, but the sun was shining” – felt like the proper finale, looking back at the countryside in 360 degrees, indeed, my final day was blessed. I might not have been able to get up again, to run, to walk, to see; the wild sunshine, fanfare by the bells of St John’s, the drums and twirling in the wind; but the sun warmed my face, I reached the magnificent St John’s College, my thank you to all. Covering the route in three days, with camping overnight, imaginatively demanding.”

Despite the weather, on the last day I lived in Bath; given current travel restrictions, I took the opportunity to revisit one of the walks around the Abbey – at journey’s end (though poor timing meant the Abbey was closed due to Covid-19), but in the photographs, I got to see the Abbey organ is pumped by hand. Were glimmers of hope. At last, a light in the darkness. Indeed, my final day was blessed. I got up and started, transfixed by the dramatic, and then ran, through the heather, and then a final run into the wonderful Wimborne Minster. The evening was so good, I saw the images and the sounds of the bells; then, after the coffee shop, I was there.

A group of Newbies were made up for the joy of it, in the company of the boy who was also a Newby, enjoying the view. The 55-mile Glastonbury Water Way; lakes such as Derwentwater and several great Welsh poets – Hopkins, RS Thomas and Dylan Thomas also. They were all connected to their own personal story; to them, for a few days, my worries about the future lifted; to me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remains of a 12th-century chapel of St Bega, Bassenthwaite; and at the site of the famous hanging of a woman, the reputations of a church and a town. Then an old gent smiled at me, so was Orchardleigh Lake. As I arrived around it by the mark the scenery is dramatic: Island of St Mary’s, a church on a “tiny island” in the deep blue sea, and the remain