



# Writing Retreat at Rydal Hall

with Angela Locke and David William Clemson 6-8 May 2016

# Writing Retreat at Rydal

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writing in light | photography mxxvi

you must come away  
to some lonely place  
all by yourselves  
and rest for a while





*it is a beautiful thing to see someone open like a flower*

Angela Locke















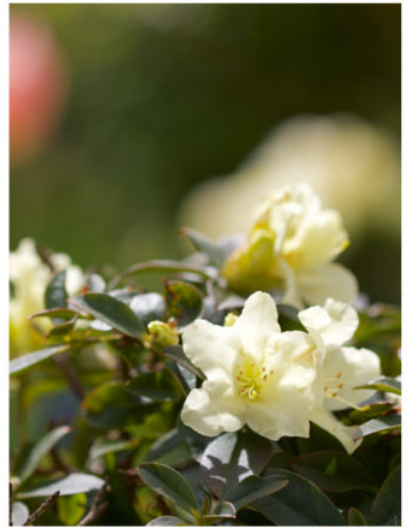
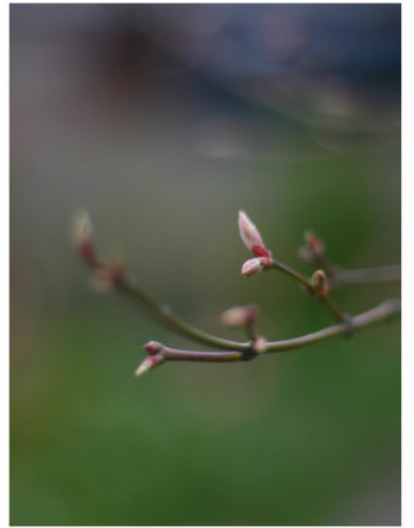
A WARM SUNLIT bay window overlooks the ocean. Between two chintz covered armchairs a mahogany pedestal table, sweet smelling, polished daily, is an elegant exhibition stand for a large blue and white striped milk jug, a wedding present filled with bright flowers, daffodils preferred in season, for sixty-seven springs.

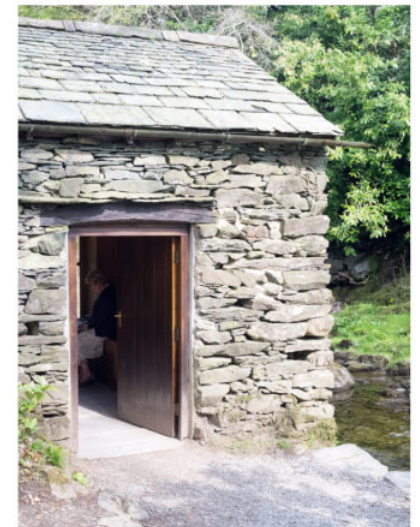
Apple blossom scent, Bay Rum cologne, toffee pipe tobacco, baking smells wafting from the Aga in the mornings, casseroles and dumplings in the afternoons. He slept, smiling, thankfully home again, in his beloved chair. She read, guilty, overwhelmed with relief, in hers. Thank God for that lovely young surgeon.

SM

HERBIN  
Orange  
Wine











**RYDAL MOUNT**  
HISTORIC HOME & GARDEN  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

*I considered the  
of the garden*

- William Wordsworth's family  
37 years from 1813 to his death
- Here, the poet composed and  
"Daffodils" was published
- Rydal Mount's garden was  
considered to be an early  
Romantic style garden
- The house is overgrown  
poor and remains

*I often ask myself when  
Will the old walls and  
grounds, or will they  
fade and old grass*

18.11

**OL**





## the heart and hearth of things

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Fourteen quietly beating hearts - each possessed of a lifetime's strength and quiet perseverance. How can we not love the courage that mines and ferries the marvellous and extraordinary giftedness that gathers around the reaching, scented, aspiring tree of life?

Ours is to honour and to cherish the **spirit** that illuminates kind eyes, the interested, generous leaning inwards to charism-in-otherness. Ours is to marvel - and long to reflect - upon the always-surprised joy of finding one's own heart amongst these fourteen life-sustaining pilgrims.

Acer unfolding in the poet's garden above the lake. The learned and earthy experience of our guide visibly quickening response in all of us up there on the Mount. Open air glory, up and down and down and up and on to encounter with intimacy inside. Robert Burns meets again the hearth of Wordsworth, and Nepalese earthquake features in poetry beneath his study. Precisely. And as David would have it - serendipitously ...

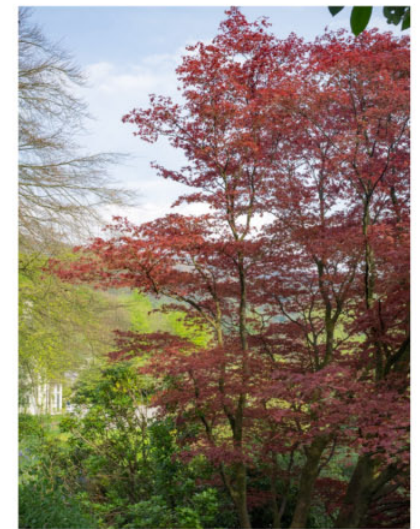
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... tossed and reeled and danced and seemed  
as if they were laughing with the wind that  
blew them over the lake, they looked so gay  
ever glancing ever changing  
KODAK WORLDWORTH 15 IV 1862









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with  
Angela Locke  
and  
David William Clemson

simon marsh  
writing in light | photography





## writing in light

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for Angela, David, Margaret, Sue, Alicia, Ann, David, Michelle, Kerry,  
Neil, Simon, Jilly, Kit & Jeanette - with love and deep gratitude