



*The power and energy of water itself has been manipulated by us humans for centuries, not only as the lead miners did with their technique of 'hushing'. Some of the earliest hydroelectric systems were established in this area and, now that we are looking to find sustainable sources of energy again, some of the old generators are being reinstated.*

*Below the waterfall the stream has created a deep-sided valley and I scramble through fallen boulders and climb down steep cliffs, decorated with ferns and violets, to find the mouth of a cave I visited years ago. Having claustrophobia, I had never had the courage to go underground to experience the magic of the subterranean systems, but a cave leader friend offered to take me - one to one. We had to crawl through the narrow entrance and wade through what felt like chest-high water before being able to walk upright on dry land, alongside the flow that had hollowed out the cavern. We walked from room to room of scooped-out sculptured walls, pillars and arches of stalactites and stalagmites. I was pleased to have been brave enough to have done it, but relieved when we emerged back out into freedom of sunshine, air currents on my face, and the colours and beauty of the open moor.*

*In many cultures water is used as a symbol for spirit. With this in mind I contemplate the journey this water has taken from the watershed, and that it will make from here down to the sea, and remember a quotation from Khalil Gibran: 'Life and death are one even as the river and the sea are one'. I recall times of feeling 'enspirited', and other times of drought and doubt. I know that, even when feeling disconnected, there remains deep within me a flow that connects me to 'all that is', seen and unseen. I recognise that the path of my spiritual journey can sometimes merge with that of others; at other times is unique to me; can take me flying into rainbows, or deep into subterranean passages.*

