





My Scottish Odyssey

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Scotland is an astonishingly beautiful Country, with huge forests and vast Lochs that have a unique, haunting, mystical quality all of their own.

Walk By The River



Grass springy beneath the feet,
Cool, sensuous, smelling sweet,
Clouds drifting high above,
Mysterious, elusive symbols of love.
Bird-song wafts on the gentle breeze
Enriching the air, rustling thro' the trees,
Rabbits scamper quickly to hide
In the wooded slopes of my riverside.
Suddenly...in the trees ahead
Stands a slender deer, how soft it's tread!
Perceiving me, an intruder there
She silently vanishes, enthralled I stare,
Wondering at the beauty that lies all around.
A host of vibrant colours and symphonies of Sound!

Sylvia Darling



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Walking along the banks of the River Tweed with the morning sunlight dancing on the water and the occasional Salmon leaping up and twisting joyfully in the air before plunging down again and streaking off like a guided missile carving its way through the fast-flowing current, is a sight guaranteed to bring a smile to even the saddest of faces. Deer, foxes, hawks, pheasants, even the occasional heron fishing in the shallows, I used to come across all these lovely creatures as I quietly explored the wooded areas along the river banks.



An Escape

A golden haze lies in the valley beneath me,
Its warmth hanging heavily on the air,
Not a sound breaks the silence that surrounds me,
Save the singing of the birds that linger there.
Here I am once more content,
As the Sun's rays caress my smiling face,
The Summer breeze ruffles my tousled hair,
And buffets me in its own rough embrace,
And as I absorb the splendour
Of this beautiful mountain scene,
My soul finds peace in a *Spiritual Realm*,
And *inside*, I'm serene!

Sylvia Darling

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I have always found a special kind of peace when I'm roaming alone in the Countryside that I don't find anywhere else. I can *feel* the Presence of God all around me and my spirit does indeed "*Soar to the Heavens like a bird*", exactly as my poem 'Solitude' describes. That 'still small voice' the Bible speaks of is so very *easy* to hear where there is an absence of any man-made sound. The sweet melody of birdsong drifting on a gentle Summer's breeze, the soft bleating of sheep in the distance and the occasional sharp cry of a hawk... wonderful! My memories of *all* these moments linger joyously in my heart, nurturing and uplifting me still.

A woman in a patterned jacket and dark pants stands on a grassy hillside covered in yellow flowers. The sky is filled with dark, dramatic clouds. The image is framed by a blue border.

Solitude

I love to go to the hills and roam
With only my dogs by my side,
The softly blowing wind in my hair
Whispers gently to the sorrow I hide.
Then, only then do I feel *free*,
My spirit *soars* to the Heavens like a bird!
I'm free to be *Nobody...only ME*,
Unhappiness belongs to that *other* World!

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A green field with several cows grazing. In the background, there is a line of trees and a clear sky. The image is framed by a blue border.

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