

Winster Valley Walk April 2013

After a long drive down narrow roads alongside lovely pastures we arrived at Holy Trinity Church Winster. The daffodils were in full bloom and indeed our week in the Lakes this time was full of wild flowers and bird song. The church was visited but I did not take my camera with me so did not get any pictures from inside, John kindly lent me his for the rest of the walk.



Leaving the car parked near the church we walked down the road, the weather was warm and sunny. A real spring day at last, it definitely put a spring in our step.

Road walking can be a trial at times but not so this peaceful one; always a pleasure with such nice valley views alongside it. We soon reached the ford and had a pause there for a photo stop, Josie and Barbara posed on the bridge for the film makers of the walk namely John and Peter and for me to.

We set off again up the road from the ford and turned into a green lane that led onto pasture land. I stopped at the gate leading in because it had a sign of a bull on it, but lucky for us there was no bull or cows in the field. Just as well really because we planned to have our lunch there; the photo shows the view across looking towards the road we had walked up, to the left of the photo are Barbara, Peter and John with Josie and Dave perched far right.



We carried on across several fields, one of which was a mite boggy, and we crossed that with care plus a few hops and skips. We had a good view of a private garden complete with pond. There was also a real treat in store for us here, a red kite was swooping around being mobbed by two crows. We think it was a young kite, it eventually swooped down to land and seemed to be grubbing around. If any of my readers thinks they know for sure what this bird is please let me know.

After the excitement of the bird of prey we came across a bank of golden daffodils. I think they were the wild form, we all tried to get a good photo of them and I'm afraid mine was not up to much. This one which showing Peter trying a close up is the best I could do. It does not do them justice, they were just stunning.



We came out at a gated green lane and carried on with some reluctance, now I know how Wordsworth got his inspiration for his famous poem.



After a very long, hard winter for Cumbria we did wonder how the lambing had gone, many farmers in other parts of the country have lost lots due to deep drifts of snow. But, as you can see there were plenty in the fields enjoying a drink, and the few days good weather.

We carried on drinking in the views ourselves and enjoying the peace and quiet (apart from the bleating of the lambs, calling of their mothers and the birdsong; the very best of noise). We had not met one other walker, this must be a very secret valley.

We finally arrived back at the road down into Winstler village after passing a farm and ambling down more green lanes. This walk is just a short circular around the valley, but well worth doing, and it has an added bonus of a nice drinking establishment at very near to the end.



Picture below shows me (Kath Fisher) trying to explain why I could not fulfil my promise of buying a round, not only had I left my camera back at our holiday house but my purse too, that was a real shame. Sorry gang.

