By the time we reached Chepstow we had walked almost 300 miles. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that this was something we could do. I knew, by then, that nothing except disaster would stop us. We had days of joy, some of pain, but never boredom. Every turning, every path, field, street, person, was new and interesting. We were walking our land and loving it. And with so much still to come.

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We set out on a frosty sunny morning with lambs frolicking in our neighbour’s fields and the lapwings calling overhead to celebrate their spring return to the uplands. It was a morning for joy as we climbed out of our valley to stand proudly on top of Catlow Fell and look back to our house nestled by the wood, Pendle in the distance, Stocks Reservoir just below us gleaming in the sun. For us, on such a perfect morning in the place we love the most, it was a highlight of our entire walk.

Onwards and upwards however! Crossing the long open moor towards Clapham the bulk of Ingleborough rears up, becoming larger and more dominant with every step. By the time you are beneath it, it seems enormous.

At Clapham you are in true Yorkshire Dales limestone country. If you have time on the route up pay a quick visit to Ingleborough Caves which display magnificent examples of stalactites and stalagmites in an underground wonderland. Then there is an exciting scramble up through Trow Gill, a narrow limestone ravine which drips with moisture, before emerging onto the slopes of Ingleborough for the final pull to the top where there are more startling views. Though on our visit there was snow lying and a bitterly cold gale blowing, so we didn’t linger!

On the way up you may want to divert briefly to see Gaping Gill, a 322 feet deep pothole and one of the largest in Britain. The climb down the other side of Ingleborough is tricky. There is a route but it is extremely steep, poorly pitched, and requires some caution for the first half mile. I confess I complained bitterly most of the way down. The reward as you descend is stunning limestone scenery all about you, crowned by the magnificence of the Ribblehead Viaduct at the head of the valley and your destination. If you are lucky you may see a steam train crossing the viaduct – it is a great sight.

A dog raced past us, with a stick about 4 feet long in its mouth, which when thrown by the owner, unfortunately landed in a tree. The owner found a shorter stick and threw that but the poor dog only wanted the original and proceeded to chase round and round the tree in a mad circle, trying to retrieve it, before finally giving up and galloping past us once again in a blur of panting and lolling pink tongue. It was very funny.

At a coffee stop Bob revealed an early birthday present – a second flask filled with hot coffee. We had already drunk the first flaskful, so this was a real treat. Only people who have walked miles in the outdoors believing there is only cold water to drink will understand just how much of a pleasure this was.

For the first time in weeks we felt free again. Life had been difficult at home with my Mum falling and in and out of hospital, and our landlord had threatened to raise our rent by an unsustainable £250 a month, but once back on the walk our troubles faded away. I know of no better cure for sadness or anxiety or stress that putting on a rucksack and walking long distances. It puts everything into perspective.