



Thank You

with love from

MR & MRS STRONER

Torr Vale – by Toby

Back then, when the sun shone on my life it was a golden
warming glow. A permanent late summer evening where the
wine flowed.

The laughter was as warm as the sun itself. It was there all the
way through my youth, it left me briefly but returned again
whilst I was in Stirling.

Then the sun changed.

I can't quite remember when, there was no clearly defined date
when it did. By the time I realised it was too late, the warm glow
had gone.

The sunny days still existed, but the warm glow was somehow
harsher, colder.

The late summer glow had been replaced by a harsh winter
brightness.

Then came the storm.

Deep down, I felt it coming.

Did everything I could to get to cover but I was caught out in the
open.

It was the worst of storms; I was battered by the winds.
The rain stung my eyes, I was unable to see more than a few
inches in front of me.

But somehow, I kept going and it took years to find cover.
But I did.

When the sun shone now the warmth was weak, the laughs were
forced from my throat.

The wine tasted sour.

But I recovered.

Slowly.

I was asked “why didn’t you tell me?” Sometimes the path you
walk only has enough space for one.

Sometimes the weight you carry alone is too much for two.

I still recovered.

When I came out of my hovel, battered and bruised.

She was there.

She had brought that summer sun with her.

Now that late summer evening feeling has returned, when the
sun shines it warms me to the very core of my soul. The dark
days, not so cloudy.

You helped me change back to the man I always wanted to be,
thank you.



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