



*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 a 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The late summer glow had been replaced by a harsh winter  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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