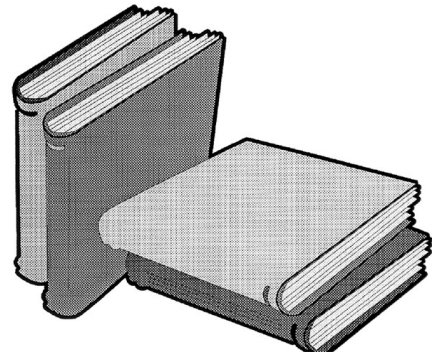


# The Rock and Pit

*Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn,  
and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.*

Isa 51:1

Selections from the Christian's heritage in print,  
collected by Dean Brown



Issue 3013

## **Not Irreverently, But in Wonder**

I remember one night waking up at about 2:00 am and looking out of my bedroom window. **The Fells**, for as far as the eye could see, **were bathed in the soft, silver light from a full moon** and the only sound to break the stillness of the night was the quiet murmur of the **Birk Beck** which passed close to my bedroom window. Then, very faintly at first, I **caught the distant beat** of a steam-hauled freight climbing up from Tebay. ...<sup>1</sup>

I have always tended to wake up early in the morning, a habit which stood me in good stead on my visits to Westmorland [north-west England] for many of my best film sequences were shot before seven o'clock in the morning. As soon as I wake up, usually round about five o'clock, I would get out of bed and walk over to the open window to survey the weather prospects. More often than not the weather was pretty bleak—if it was not actually raining, then the whole sky would be a sullen, unbroken grey. **But just occasionally**, the scene would be **dramatically different** and **as the sheer beauty that met my eyes I would murmur an involuntary “God Almighty”**, not irreverently, but in wonder, and acknowledgement of the magnificence that confronted me. Surely dawn on a clear, still morning when the sky is streaked with colours of indefinite softness and beauty must be one of Nature's masterpieces.

We would lose no time in getting up and going out to the [railway] line.

Ivo Peters (1915-1989), *Farewell to North-West Steam*, 1992.

<sup>1</sup> A **fell** (from [Old Norse](#) *fell*, *fjall*, "mountain") is a high and barren landscape feature, such as a mountain range or [moor](#)-covered hills. [Wiki] The particular Fells he is speaking of are the **Shap Fells**, from which the little **Birk Beck** flows. The **hotel mentioned is at Shap Wells**. **Shap Summit** nearby is the high point of this north-south railway. The valley to the south is called the **Lune Valley**, from the name of its river. Once it was quiet in the Lune Valley, but since about 1970 the **M6, a moterway to Scotland**, destroys the peace.