

The hostel did us proud. We were all able to eat together in the dining room at every meal. (See note later about New Year's eve dinner.) The soup and rolls after the race on New Year's day were excellent. As Vicky reported, after getting wet on Moel Siabod she came back to find a newly designed drying room which had her sodden coat virtually dry in 3 hours *and* secured by a locking door, super.

The walks catered for all generations and levels of experience.



I loved our day on Carnedd Dafydd which combined enjoyable company and varied terrain including an exhilarating little scramble up a short groove on the east ridge of Pen yr Ole Wen.

Frances led children and adults on ancient pathways around a ruined mine, abandoned village, lakes, monuments, forests and with added story telling. Anna has mapped (left) the bogs on the twisted path through the trees. For some watching the children sprinting over the rocks was an added pleasure.

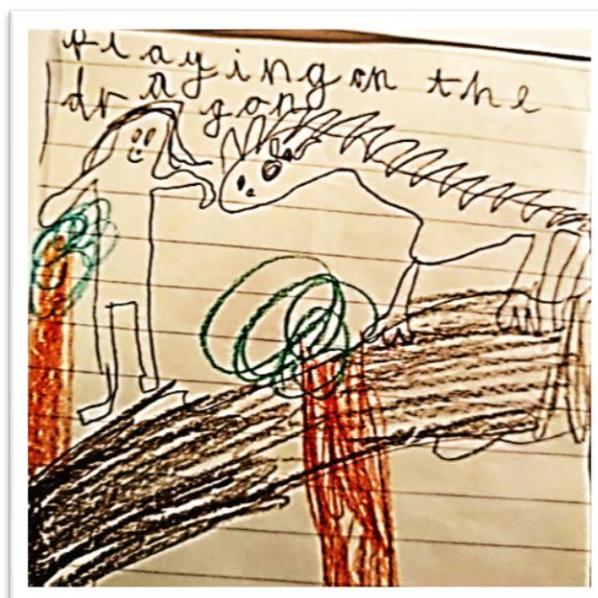
Maggie led "ladies of a certain age", ailments and all, around to Rhyd Ddu for a lovely walk. Men of similar age (average 85) enjoyed a walk on the Miners track.

Our radio enthusiasts were pleased with getting up the Devils Kitchen path and on to Y Garn. While the heavy *old* gang with two youngsters, Heather and Paul, traversed a section of the Ogwen Valley to complete a circuit of Llyn Idwal.

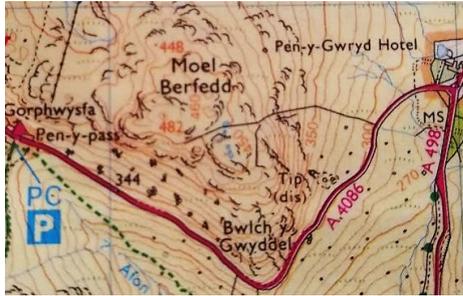
On day two Dinas Emrys provided an adventure suitable for all ages. Lucy (Holt) has illustrated (right) playing on the carved dragon-bench in the woods. Mums had a bonus walk without children while grandparents / dad did childcare.

Rosemary had an opportunity to get to the top of Snowdon for the first time.

All enjoyed great walks on magnificent Welsh Hills.



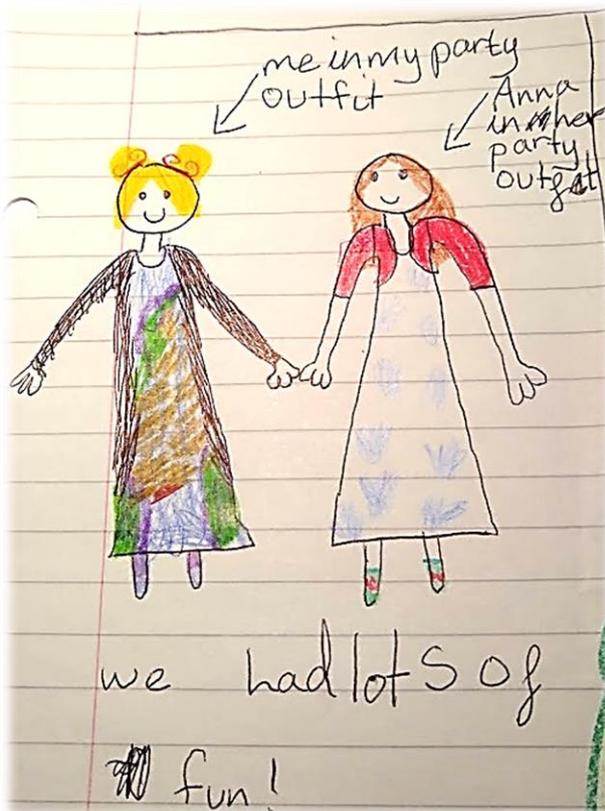
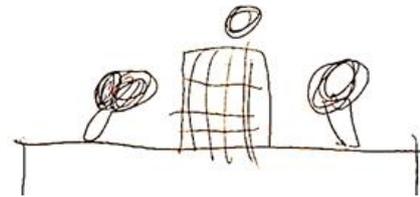
The Moel Berfydd Night Challenge had only two takers, both under the age of 9. Nevertheless, two senior club members, one recovering from recent surgery and the other plagued by chronic foolhardiness, ventured out into the mountain darkness, with



headtorches that might as well have been candles, to mark the course. Despite catching the course markers about 50m up the hill from the hostel, the intrepid youngsters pressed on ahead of them, towards the summit in search of yet greater adventure. A thrilling time was had by all (both) and a new generation was baptised into the world of night navigation and reckless Gorphysfan misadventure. It was a privilege to

be in the company of people who will set up a trail in the dark, with poor headtorches, just because two young children are keen to be out in the dark on the mountains.

Indoors, the table tennis tournament was won by Tanya... much speculation as to whether a woman had ever previously taken that title? The most likely candidate is thought to be Ruth Ogden, she was certainly runner up to a very fit young man not too many years ago.



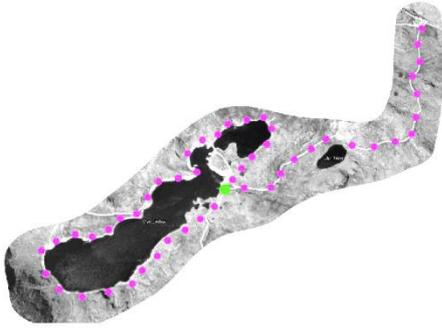
And so, to New Year's eve itself, starting with a full roast dinner with all of us seated in comfort in the dining room.

The food was enjoyable; We ate a lot.

We went to get seconds; Seconds we got.

Singing of carols was brilliantly led by Heather who enlisted some very able Cantorion Cymreig to ensure we included welsh language carols. The high (?) spot of the singing had to be the rendition of 'In the Bleak Midwinter' to both tunes simultaneously.

Perhaps our traditional games were a little less frantic than sometimes. But as Edie has shown (left) we dressed up, and had lots of fun. She liked the party because "I get to stay up late with my friends."



And the morning after the night before the 43rd Llyn Llydaw Race appeared to go like clockwork. In spite of thick, dank, cloud in the car park conditions up the hill were much better.

Who was the runner who stopped to give Steve a kiss at his post by the crushing mill? Not Gerry who was deputy race directing in the Hostel.

Above all else we appreciated the comradeship, the renewing of long standing friendships and establishing new ones. There is a place for everyone at a Gorphwysfa New Year Meet. Lucy and Toby found their special spot on the window sill by the stairs.

The New Year Meet is a great opportunity for those who can no longer manage the tough walks of some other Meets to join in knowing there will be something right for them. We can rely on Gorphwysfa's to rally round to solve a problem. Ruth was very touched to find that people had worked out a way for her to get safely home when she found herself not up to driving there herself.



Some last words on what we enjoyed about Gorphwysfa New Year Meet this year...

we shared stories, friendship and fun... the sense that you belong to a great family – full of those quirky aunts, uncles, nephews and nieces ... laughter, determination and the achievements ... seeing friends again ... wonderful conversations with friends of many years ... camaraderie and the outdoors ... very friendly people and a great place to stay ... the special social interchange between the Gorphwysfa members, long may it last.

Judith