

A Meditative Stroll around Berwick Walls

This walk takes us to the most northerly parish in the Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, Berwick-upon-Tweed and offers a meditative stroll around its walls, so often used for the defence of the people in the wars and skirmishes that took place between the Scots and English over the centuries. It was compiled for us by local parishioner, Steph Walker.

The walk begins at the Parade car park in Berwick-upon-Tweed. You can [find the location here](#) on Google Maps.



Park at the Parade car park, go up onto the wall via the gate just along from the barracks, signposted to the gymnasium gallery.

Walk up to the top path. There are plenty of seats all along the wall, so the walk can take as long as you like, time to ponder, talk to God, say the rosary or just look out at God's creation.



Take time to look out to sea, see how the colour of the water changes, watch the waves, how they start to develop far out to sea and grow as they come nearer to the shore. Look up at the vast sky, the different shaped clouds passing by. Breathe in the quiet and stillness of God's creation.



Turn right and continue along. If you look out to the right you will see the castles of Bamburgh and Lindisfarne, were the early northern saints lived and worked.

As you near the pier and lighthouse you might be lucky to see seals bobbing about, See all types of sea birds, swooping and gliding on the air currents as they glide silently upwards, think of your hopes and fears and all your prayers silently flowing up to heaven. Watch the swans gliding serenely though the water but frantically paddling under the surface.



You will be walking around to the mouth of the Tweed. Tweedmouth harbour is on the other side of the river.

Some of the houses you pass were once owned by whale boat owners, who would be waiting for their boats to come back to a safe harbour, after months out in extremely rough seas. Think of the times your lives have been stormy and of how God brought you back to a safe harbour.



Look out to the hills to where Cuthbert would have tended his sheep and saw the light going heavenward when Aidan died. Then, years later his brothers carried his own body across the hills away from all dangers.

As you walk nearer to Berwick's holy trinity of bridges look near the shore and if you are lucky you might see an otter swimming around just like they did in Cuthbert's time.

Watch the river flowing into the sea.



The Tweed starts life way up in the Borders as a small stream. As it moves nearer to Berwick it grows and grows into a mighty river, where its force is used in so many ways before it joins the ocean and flows out into the world.

Take a moment to think about all the times in scripture the image of flowing water is used. Think of your own baptism and the promises that were made for you.

Up and across the road passing the side of the "Leaping Salmon" you will pass a stature of Lady Jerringham she is looking across to her home at Longridge towers.



As you cross over the Scots gate built to keep foreign forces out and local people in safety in, look over the side at the cars and people passing, send up a prayer for their well-being.

Continue along past the Berwick's Parish church the only church built in Cromwell's tenure, around the corner and you are back at the gymnasium gate.

If you have time, take the first left past the barracks down Ravensdowne, half way down the street on the left you will see an arch, through that there is our church dedicated to Our Lady and St Cuthbert.



Do take a few moments to step in, you will find it is truly a hidden gem with unique Stations of the Cross, stained glass windows and don't forget to look up to see the picture on the ceiling!

The side chapel is dedicated to the Liddle Granger and Jerringham families. (The families of the Lady on the Walls).

These families gave an enormous amount not only to the Catholic population of Berwick but to all English Catholics down through the centuries.

Behind the church there is a small grotto, where you can take time to be with Mary, to hear the birds singing her praises and taking her intercessions up to heaven, and to hear the gentle breathe of the spirit moving through the trees.



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