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The Pembrokeshire Coast

The Pembrokeshire Coastal Path is one of the most beautiful in the world, 186 miles long, mostly at cliff top level, allowing vantage points of stunning coastlines and beaches.

My memories of Pembrokeshire begin when I was a teenager, when my fiancé's family upped sticks and moved to a new life in the country, and I was introduced to the amazing coastline with views to compete with any in the universe. From Amroth in the south to Poppit Sands in the north. Broad Haven, Little Haven, Dale all have a special place in my heart. We became experts on choosing the best caravan site for a price we could afford. One cold water tap was the advertised onsite facilities with dilapidated shower block and toilets at the far end of the field.

We did have some wonderful holidays but I also remember the rain, falling incessantly and noisily on a metal caravan roof, sometimes seeping through the rubber seals of the plastic windows. There was also the fog, of the thick pea soup variety, which didn't allow you to see your hand in front of your face. I remember travelling at night along Pembrokeshire's narrow lanes in our small Ford Fiesta, with my head out of the passenger seat window attempting to give directions to my husband at the wheel.

Of course, there were no theme parks to occupy boisterous children in the seventies, except the sand and sea, providing free entertainment in all weathers. Often, there wasn't even a beach hut on this beautiful coastline to buy a cuppa, so a flask of hot tea with egg sandwiches was a feast to be enjoyed. The blue sea was welcoming but could chill you to the bone, even on a hot summer's day. Towels would be wrapped lovingly around shivering children, trying to reason with them that they would be warmer if they

took off their wet swimming clothes and put on their jumpers, normal attire for a day at the beach.

*Patricia Stowell
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