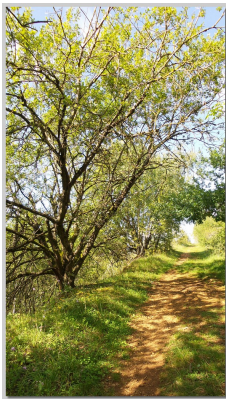


May I invite you, to a journey into serenity, discovering moments of time-out on « my » mountain, called Têtélbiërg.

I remember as child, the welcomed rest for my little feet when stepping in at the ancient iron-minors café. Nestled in my my favorite place near the stove, watching the sun sparkling on the snow outside, my fingers warming around the cup and that delicious smell of the home-made hot chocolate softly rising to my nose.

Nowadays the spirit of my grand-ma, the ancient celts and the mining-people still lingering in this magical realm



A soft breeze caressing my cheeks, sun-rays warming my back while drawing a three's branches shades on the ground, feeling the solid « Terres Rouges » (Red Rocks) under my feet.

Letting my gaze wander over this green sanctuary on top of the mountain here nature unfolded again, after the day-mining ceased in late 1970's



... a bird's singing greets me or is it chanting the mountains song ?

Here in the woods, near the ancient Celt's residence, another atmosphere, the ground is softer ground under my soles, although mightier, the trees offering a comforting presence welcoming the wanderers ... roots surfacing than diving in the soil again ... Walking - one step at a time, the cracks along the path, relics of the underground-mining in early 20th century ...

... May I invite you to join me for a moment of time-out, exploring a silent walk, letting you listen to nature and your soul's calling ?

- If you wish we can have a hot chocolate on arriving home ;-)