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After the recent loss of my husband, I was feeling a bit sorry for myself when, through the post came, from Cornwall Hospice Care, an article about the forthcoming Trek. Macchu Picchu had always fascinated me and I sat there and thought, yes, blow it, I'll do it!! The fact that I hate flying and get vertigo seemed to not be important at that time! Months of training and trying to find time to do walks in a very busy life with a business to run, was a bit stressful. Collecting sponsorship was at first a worry but I soon found people to be so generous. I knew one person going (as I had persuaded her to go) and we agreed that we would stick together; we were not really' group 'people!

The Trek was amazing, from the first time we met Daz our leader we felt safe -apprehensive, but safe. The organisation was brilliant and we were well looked after. Camping was fun, freezing and fairly basic. Coca tea was well received to help with altitude sickness, (but it made us have to get up at least once if not twice in the night, which, by the time you had extricated yourself from your sleeping bag and unzipped what seemed like a hundred zips, led to hysterics more often than not!) The mountains were incredible, the walking was hard and testing, the people delightful, little tiny, smiley people, the altitude was took its toll on some of us but we overcame it. The camaraderie was amazing; I likened it to lots of independent pairs of legs that became a centipede!

The support and encouragement we were given was wonderful and we all achieved and endured struggles that we would never have believed. We were privileged to have insight to the simple life that the mountain people have and shared their stunning scenery and hospitality. Macchu Picchu was mysteriously beautiful. I am glad we saw it first in the evening when most of the thousands of visitors that visit each day had gone home and then again early in the morning. I loved Peru, the places we visited, the friendships made, the wildness of the mountains the huge feeling of achievement at conquering so many fears and for such a good cause. I will never forget waking up in the morning and looking out of our tent to see Mount Veronica and watching her changing moods. All who went feel a special bond that will last forever...we did it!!! As a result of this truly life changing experience I personally feel I can cope with whatever life throws at me, If I can climb that high (4.500 metres) and walk those terrifying narrow paths.... NOTHING will scare me again" **Penny Lally, Penzance**