



An Imagined Love Letter to Norfolk

Beloved land,

You have been to me a book written not in ink but in earth and water. In your quiet lanes, your wide marshes, your slow rivers and open skies, I learned how God speaks softly, not in spectacle but in continuance. You taught me that holiness is not hurried. It grows, like reeds at the water's edge, like crops tended year upon year by careful hands.

Norfolk matters because it endures by grace. Its soils are patient; they receive seed and return life. Its waters cleanse and nourish, carrying the labour of the land gently to the sea. In the marsh and meadow, I perceived how all things are bound together - bird and blade, river and root - each kept in being by love. To harm one is to unsettle the whole.

Here, culture is not separate from nature. The stone of the churches rises from the same ground that feeds the poor. The market towns, the craft of hands, the telling of stories - all are shaped by the land that holds them. Norfolk taught me that community, like creation, survives through care, humility, and attention to the small and overlooked.

In this place I was shown that God loves all that is made, and that nothing is trivial. A hedgerow, a field margin, a quiet path - these too are revelations. The land does not ask to be conquered, only cherished. It asks that we live gently within it, knowing we are held as surely as it is.

Norfolk is a reminder that love is preservation. That to tend, to protect, to refrain from excess, is an act of faith. And so, I hold this land as I held my visions: not to own them, but to witness them, and to pass on the knowledge that care sustains all things.

Therefore, I say again: all shall be well if this place is loved as it has loved us.

In hope and stillness,

Julian of Norwich