

A DOLWYDDELAN SPRING

Moving to Dolwyddelan last year, we knew we were coming somewhere beautiful. We had seen the mountains in winter, admired the dramatic skies, and quickly learned that life here comes with plenty of weather — often all in the same afternoon. But nothing quite prepared us for experiencing our first full spring in the village.

Spring here feels different somehow. It arrives slowly and quietly before suddenly revealing itself all at once.

After months of winter rain and hills wrapped in mist, the first signs were easy to miss. Tiny buds appeared on branches, lighter mornings crept through the curtains, and then, almost overnight, the blossom arrived.

For newcomers to the village, it has been breathtaking.

Trees that only weeks before looked bare and weather-beaten suddenly burst into clouds of white and pale pink blossom. Walking around the village or driving along the lanes has felt like watching nature wake up in real time. Even on dull mornings, the blossom brightens everything around it, standing out against the slate roofs, stone walls and dramatic Welsh skies.

Of course, this being north Wales, spring has also come with rain. A lot of rain.

We had been warned the weather here can be “a little damp,” but perhaps underestimated exactly what that meant. There have been days where the rain seemed determined never to stop — drizzle turning into heavy showers before quietly returning again by teatime. Coats permanently hang drying near radiators and conversations everywhere seem to begin with observations about the latest forecast.

And yet, somehow, the rain almost seems part of the beauty of spring here. The hillsides look greener because of it. Streams rush louder through the valley. Moss glows against ancient stone walls. Everything feels alive.

Then came those three glorious days of sunshine.

After weeks of grey skies, the village transformed almost instantly. Doors and windows opened. Lawnmowers appeared. People sat outside the pub and on benches, faces turned toward the sun as though trying to absorb every possible second of warmth before the weather changed its mind again.

For us, those few sunny days gave us our first glimpse of what our first full summer in Dolwyddelan might feel like. The mountains looked softer somehow under blue skies and even familiar walks suddenly seemed completely different bathed in sunlight.

As newcomers to Dolwyddelan, experiencing our first spring here has made us appreciate even more how fortunate we are to call this village home. Yes, there has been endless Perhaps the greatest joy of this first