

Acu.

Solstice notes from Stockport

Summer 2025 | Inspiration



Fiona Bullock

Member: Greater Manchester

It's 4 am on Saturday 21 June, the sun will soon rise on the longest day of the year... and Fiona Bullock is out and about observing the natural world close to home.

Startled rabbits disappear into the darkness of fields, white tails little bouncing moons in the gloom. Blackbirds perch high in the trees, their melodic whistle competing with the staccato tiktik and trills of the wrens.

It's the twilight before sunrise. The dawn chorus has just begun.

A cool breeze from the south teases hairs on bare arms – carries the earthy smell of peat and the sweet, fresh smell of heathland grasses. Tiny, ghost-white moths flit amongst the reeds.

“

A fiery rim appears on the horizon as the sun, performing its daily miracle, swiftly rises
in the sky

All is still on the high moorlands of Lyme Park in Cheshire. A moment of poise. A liminal space between night and day, where yin transforms to yang. The world holds its breath and around this still centre, the heart finds quietness.

To the east, the sky slowly changes colour over the forbidding moorland plateau of Kinder Scout, in a rolling landscape of heathlands and soft Derbyshire peaks; uneven shapes of landforms recede into shades of misty blue.

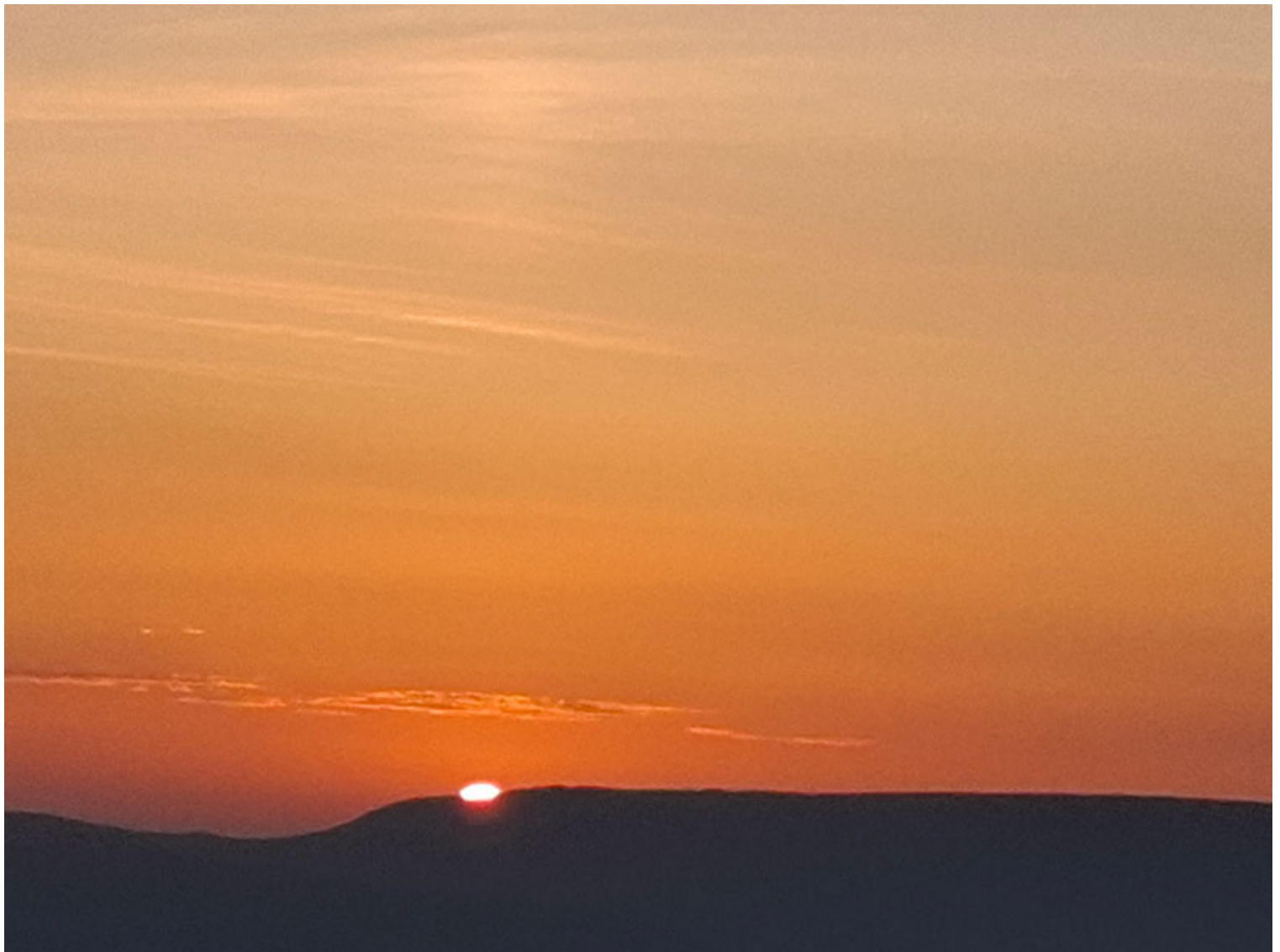
Low on the horizon, sunrise bands of pastel shades, coral merges to amber, then lime and powder blue. A funnel of light cuts through the half-light to illuminate the clouds above and signal the ascending path of the sun.





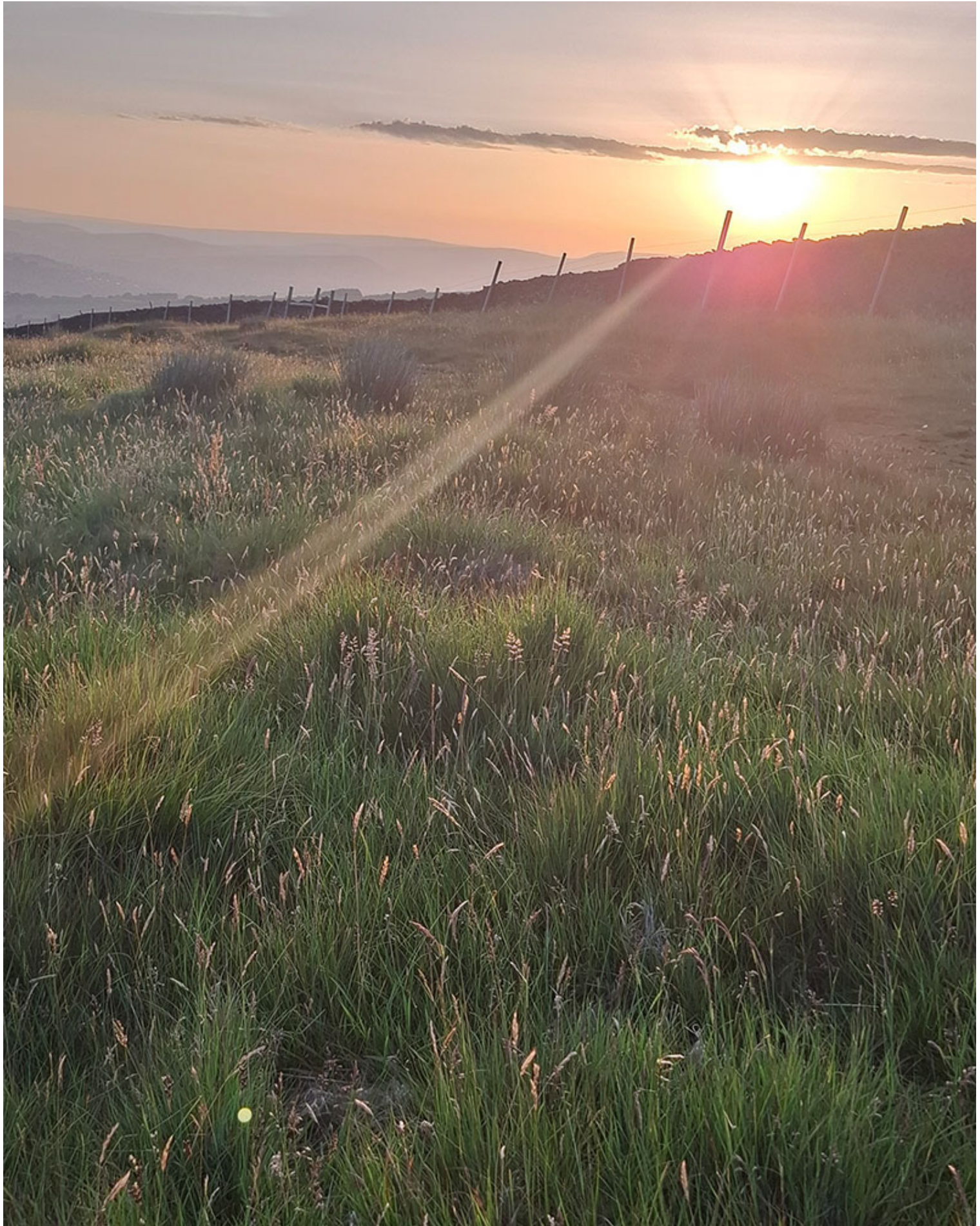
A fiery rim appears on the horizon as the sun, performing its daily miracle, swiftly rises in the sky. Warmed by the first rays of sun, a fat bee thrums its lazy, zigzag path.

Twilight's soft blue-greys fade to reveal the green forest shades of nearby Lantern Wood and the moorland grasses' sharp acid tones. Low sunlight picks out swaying, golden seed heads and yellow cinquefoil flowers that glow like tiny fallen suns.



An orchestra of ground nesting birds takes over from the dawn chorus. Skylarks burble sweetly as they soar above; the meadow pipets' soft pip-pip reveals the location of their moor reed nests. Both are punctuated by the harsh caws of the carrion crow wheeling slowly overhead.

The moment of stillness has passed. The day has started – a day which is itself a point of balance, the time of maximum yang that will soon give way to shorter days and the steady ascent of yin.





Photos by Fiona Bullock

Fiona is a five element practitioner with a practice in Stockport, Greater Manchester. She graduated from the College of Traditional Acupuncture in Leamington Spa in 2005 and is now delighted to be working as a third year tutor at The Acupuncture Academy.

[Facebook](#)

Acu.