

A Curtain of Power and Majesty

by Maureen Hyland

As I made my way down the steep, slippery steps I was amazed by the magnificent tree ferns, so immense, with their brilliant green fronds that seemed to reach out to beckon me on as I contemplated taking one careful step after another. The misty vapour of the low-lying cloud made the descent almost eerie as the ever-increasing rumbling sound told me that I was closing in on my destination.

And then ... there it was! As I stepped onto the sodden mulch beyond the final step, I looked up to see a sight that took my breath away. Like a massive, white theatre curtain, Anderson's Falls stood before me—massive, majestic, powerful, a beauty beyond description.



The torrents poured over the rockface 150 metres above with a thunderous roar, echoing the command that these rushing waters held over everything in their path. They plummeted with a strength so mighty that my spine shivered at the thought of being caught in their powerful grip.

As my eyes moved downwards to where the curtain of water flowed into the crystal-clear stream below, I was fascinated to watch how the almighty force became a gentle flow—so gentle that tiny birds felt safe to float on its wandering waves; so gentle that I was able to reach my hand into its path and watch it flow through my fingers; so gentle that the spindly weeds on the edge of the stream only moved ever so slightly as they were tickled by its flow.