

IT'S THE WAY ITSELF...

bernd radtke



Chant des Pèlerins de Compostelle

Tous les matins nous prenons le chemin
tous les matins nous allons plus loin,
jour après jour la route nous appelle,
c'est la voix de Compostelle!

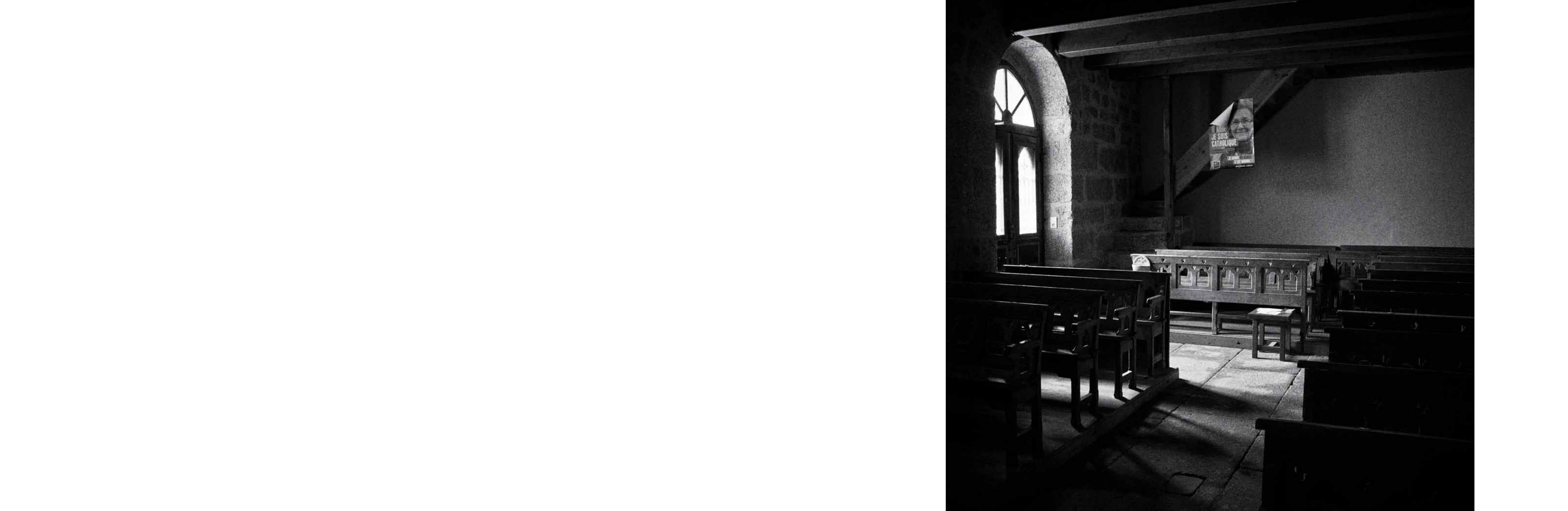
Chemin de terre et chemin de foi,
voie millénaire de l'Europe,
la voie lactée de Charlemagne,
c'est le chemin de tous les jacquets!

Et tout là-bas au bout du continent,
Messire Jacques nous attend,
depuis toujours son sourire fixe
le soleil qui meurt au Finisterre.

Ultreia, Ultreia, et Suseia,
Deus, adjuva nos !



















































































Song of the Compostela Pilgrims

Every morning we take to the way,
every morning we go further,
day after day the way calls us,
it's the voice of Compostela!

The way of the earth and the way of fire,
millenarian route of Europe,
the milky way of Charles the Great,
it's the road of the pilgrims of Santiago!

And all down there at the end of the continent,
our Staint James waits for us,
since forever, with his smile fixed,
the sun that dies in Finistere.

Further, further and higher,
God, help us!



While on the road of the pilgrims of St. James, I became more and more fascinated with the contrasts; Contrast between the inside and the outside.

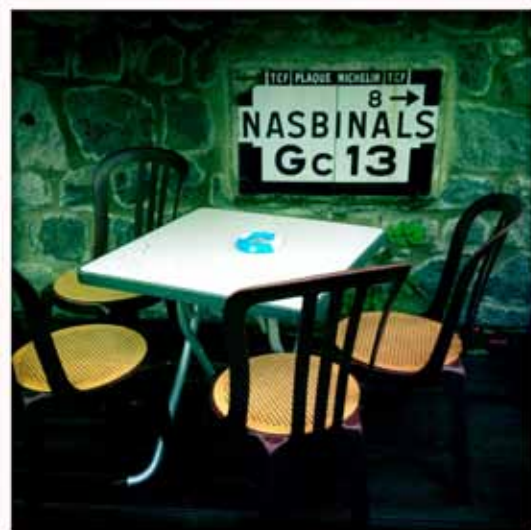
Outside on the road and inside while visiting the churches along the way. Outside, while standing in the elements like the rain (water), the wind (air), the path (earth) and the fire (thunderstorms and candles on the way). Inside, being confronted with my emotions. Inside, when entering a church and discovering the protective atmosphere. A house, a simple building but charged with many emotions. Old and new emotions of belief, hope and fascination. No one can resist.

So I discovered the meaning of arrival – each mile, each visit.

This pictures were made in South France,
in the department 48, Aubrac.

I took this pictures in July 2014

Bernd Radtke





...NOT THE ARRIVAL