

Trail Tales

when the tourist be cultured

Since the first meeting, they were eager to walk through one of the long trails ... They came to the reserve, and I had just finished the Arqoub Romi trail with one of the groups ... It is not early, and I am tired from the long walk ... Welcome, I am Emad Al-Omari, tourism officer and tourist guide ... So, I met them Mounir and his wife Layal from Lebanon.

They were fascinated by the view of the reserve from the moment of their arrival ... so they wanted to satisfy that beautiful feeling of walking through the picturesque nature ... and they were disturbed by not knowing the existence of these trails in advance ... and they blamed the guides they met in advance in Umm Qais for not talking about the reserve and its beautiful trails ... So, they decided to take the short trail today, provided that they come back again with me through a new and long trail.

A week after the first meeting, he called back:

Good evening, Mr. Imad ... I am Mounir if you remember me ... We talked about making a long trail with you.

Welcome Mr. Mounir ... with pleasure.

Let's see the end of the week, so that it can be manage it.

You are welcome, Mr. Mounir.

I will tell you tomorrow when for sure.

Goodbye, Mr. Imad.

See you soon.

Reservations were confirmed for the Arqoub Romi trail by the end of the week ... From my experience with visitors, those interested in nature need a little more attention than others ... It is necessary to prepare well and update all information ... And I did.

Emad AL Omari

Trail Tales

They arrived at the agreed time with signs of enthusiasm and astonishment evident on them... They are happy because they are here in the bosom of nature... Where the soul and body are nourished ... I watch their emotions surreptitiously before going to the beginning of the trail ... They breathe longing and nostalgia to gain as much fresh air as possible ... They contemplate the scenery quietly and relaxed ... As if they are preparing to an adventure that is in their imagination ... I wish I could discover its secret so that I could be up to the responsibility.

Unusually, our dialogue began with the philosophy of the nature surrounding us ... It was a painting that we painted, moving between nature, heritage, and history ... The colors differ according to the opinions presented ... So, it is transparent and pure when talking about nature ... And it is filled with love and nostalgia ... Hope and memories when talking about heritage ... We feel pain and sadness when we mention history, which is a prisoner in front of us while we are shackled.

It is not strange that the dialogue was high from the beginning ... Munir and his wife Layal are intellectuals and write in more than one field in magazines and electronic newsletters ... They love nature and heritage, and they have many press reports and studies on heritage and its relationship with the local community ... We have discussed a lot about the desired benefit from choosing Umm Qais city as one of the best tourist villages in the world ... which adopts tourism as an engine for development and securing new job opportunities to improve local and national income, while preserving, supporting, and enhancing traditional values, customs, and industries, in addition to promoting the concept of innovation and tourism sustainability in all its aspects. economic, social, and environmental”, and in line with the goals of sustainable development.

We arrived at Arqoub Rumi hill, which is charming with its beautiful view ... We sat under an oak tree with lush shadows ... I started to light a small fire to make a pot of tea flavored with wild thyme ... To start the story session ... While we were drinking tea, we were surrounded by sheep from all directions ... they walk among us while we are in a state of stillness and silence ... We carried teacups in our hands so that they would not stumble upon them and spill on the ground ... We brought our bags close to us so as not to mess with them ... This chaos continued for minutes until the shepherd approached us apologizing and drove the herd away from us.

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Trail Tales

We went back to contemplation and opened a new dialogue ... So, the Hejaz railway in front of us with its bridge over the Yarmouk River was the focus of the conversation ... From its inception until its work ended ... We recalled many of its stations and its benefits for the Levant in particular and for the Arab countries in general ... It used to connect the homeland Al-Arabi has a transportation network that states are now unable to do ... Borders separated us and prevented us from communicating.

Before we reached the hill, we talked about literature and writing the folklore ... so they asked me to read some stories from the local folklore ... so I told them the story of Sheikh Romi, as the trail was named ... they liked the story on the one hand and the way of narrating the events on the other hand ... Mounir said to me: Being a writer and critic, you have a very wonderful and suspenseful style ... I lived the events of the story calmly and deeply ... I was imagining all the details of the story from the magnificence and accuracy of the description ... I hope you will continue writing for this legacy that is almost disappearing through the next generations.

We move between heritage, nature, and history ... The more we move a little away from politics and history, the borders in front of us bring it back to dialogue ... The occupied Syrian Golan ... Tiberias and alnaserah from Palestine accompany us wherever we turn and look ... Memories and aspirations turn into sorrows and pains that time could not mitigate and fold ... The more time progresses, the more sorrows and the more hope is cut off.

Nature brought us back to it again when we left the hill and went down towards the valley ... We walk among the trees silently; we only hear our footsteps on the ground and the sounds of birds from time to time ... How beautiful are those sounds when you are contemplating ... You don't feel time or distance ... And at our first stop, we looked back at where we were, and we did not believe that we had come so far ... Soon we reached Nini spring water at the bottom of the valley ... to wash our hands and faces with Nini cold water and make a short break in preparation for the ascent again.

Trail Tales

The remaining distance uphill does not exceed 300 meters, and it is the most difficult part of the trail, as it is below sea level ... You feel pressure, exhaustion, and the high temperature ... We arrived at the top safely ... We walked a little to sit in the shade of an oak tree, waiting for the pick-up to take us to the Brides' Pool.

On the way back, signs of contentment and simplicity were visible on them.

Munir: We must return to a new trail.

Layal: We'll definitely be back in the spring.

You are welcome whenever you like.

goodbye.