

St. Alwyn stands on bedrock older than any charter. The first stones were set not for grandeur but for bearing: to carry grief, to echo devotion, to frame the ordinary miracle of breath. Pilgrims named it a cathedral; the land calls it a hinge.

Inside, load-bearing columns lift like ribs; the aisles run like veins along the body of a prayer. From the narthex eastward, a narrow passage bends to the garden—not ornament, but ward—a living circuit that completes the structure's intention to protect its threshold. North, the belfry listens. South, the road loosens into Yellowfield, where memory insists on weather. West, beyond the boundary wall, a hush gathers—the place some call the Sacred Glade.

The rose window marks the juncture of stone and sky. Its tracery forms a twelve-petaled wheel often mistaken for decoration; in the Codex notes, it is labeled *orbis testimonii*—the circle of witness. At dawn it throws a muted aureole upon the nave's flagstones, mapping seasons more faithfully than any clock. At twilight, it banks its fire and waits.

Let this page be the first door. You may enter by scholarship or by need; both are welcome. If you have come with sorrow, the stones will carry some. If you have come with craft, the walls will echo measure. And if you have come with questions, sit near the west wall and listen—the building answers slowly, but it does answer.

Architectural notes (concise bullets):

- Foundation keyed into schist; minimal settling visible on south transept.
- Nave vault: ribbed, pointed; clerestory windows staggered for winter light.
- Rose window: twelve lobes; central boss reputed to contain a sliver of river glass.
- Garden axis aligns with choir screen; path deliberately offset to break wind.
- Belfry bell tuned a half-tone shy of D—chosen to "leave room for breath."

Local saying: "Count your griefs at the door; the twelfth the window keeps."

Choristers leave a single candle beneath the west pier on fog days.

The west path is swept by no one, yet remains passable.
(Archivist remark: "Invitation without advertisement.")

* Observe: footfall patterns bend toward the Rose at first entry, even for returning visitors. Hypothesis—light teaches orientation faster than signage.

Some sanctuaries are locked with keys. This one is locked with time; wait long enough, and it opens.