The Romantic South-Borsod

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by Imre Hajdú

I am sitting in front of the cellar of my great-grandfather József Hegyi – alias Father Csáter. It is late in the afternoon. My eyes rest on the landscape embracing the majestic Bükk Hills. I feel the fresh breeze in my face, which is carrying the thousand smells of the Hór – Valley. The setting sun , a red fireball irradiates the fields, the meadows and the vineyards of Gyűrűoldal.

For me, this is a moment of certainty. It is the certainty that here in the heart of South-Borsod, or as I always say, here in the middle of the world, halfway to heaven, this is where I really feel at home.

Talking about South- Borsod, I have to quote the poet : ” I was born here, in this region… ” In fact, this land brings me back to my childhood. I do hope, my body will find rest in this very soil.

Till then, I am here to talk about it. I share with you what I have seen, discovered and love about it. I tell you what had been said and described by the ancestors of this land. Since I feel it my duty.

Imre Hajdu

The book is available in Hungarian!