

AN EASTER REBIRTHING

If ever I doubted the power of the labyrinth, today's experience set me straight. I turned down invitations to celebrate Easter with family and friends to complete some office work and get ready for next week's pilgrimage to France. At 12 noon I looked up at the clock; left my report unfinished on the computer; and donned a long coat, colorful scarf and my cashmere gloves to go to the labyrinth for no particular reason. As I walked out the back door, the chimes clattered a sound I never heard before from these deep-sounding, soothing chimes. It startled me and apparently awoke something in me. As I approached the labyrinth I was reproaching myself for having ignored the labyrinth this winter and so far this spring. I noticed that some other creature had been walking the labyrinth. There were deer tracks all over the paths. That brought a smile of joy.

I entered the labyrinth with no particular thought in mind – I was just responding to a calling. I thought it would be a soothing, leisurely walk in my cuddly coat and gloves. I walked the path, dodging the fallen rocks and piles of leaves, and by the time I was in the third circuit I found myself on my knees standing up the fallen rocks, removing those that expired over the winter, straightening the others, and carrying armloads of leaves to the woods. There was a nice breeze and the chimes sang their soft melodious song. The sun was in and out, changing the pattern of light as I moved along. I recalled my first walk last spring about this time. There had been so many broken and disintegrated rocks from the harsh winter. Cleaning it up was a long metaphorical journey, as was today's experience - as is every journey through the labyrinth. As I picked up the broken rocks they reminded me that with each season of our lives there are parts of us that die and we are asked to release them to create openings for new adventures and new growth. And as I stood up the fallen rocks and straightened the others, I was reminded that we, too, can lose our footing and fall over or get bent out of alignment. We, too, need the loving care and support of friends to regain our footing and alignment. We, too, need to cleanse ourselves of the things that no longer serve us to create openings – yes create openings! That is what we must keep doing to stay the course on our soul's journey.

Françoise 4/11/2004