

Reflections on walking the Prayer Labyrinth

I wanted to let you know that on Tuesday, we went up to St. Giles for a gentle stroll round the church. Nigel sat on the bench while I walked the labyrinth.



I'm not sure that I intended to pray particularly or expect to feel anything by walking round the curved path to the centre.... But my experience was this.....

I, set out to reach the centre (God space) I started from the outside world on my pilgrimage.... I felt I was achieving, on my way to God, when the path takes you away from the centre to a long stretch on the edge....

Eventually the path allows you to approach the centre again, but it isn't a straight path...Life is complicated....and again the path tells me that I'm not ready yet....

Another long stretch on the outside edge until finally the curves bring you to the centre, not easily, the way isn't straight.

I stood in what seemed like a private and protected space, and found I wanted to pray for a few moments. Then it was time to retrace my steps and I really experienced a sense of coming back down, a returning to the outside world from a special moment of peace.

It was a different emotional space, being outside the labyrinth, which I felt was interesting and something to think about.

I just want to qualify that I had approached the labyrinth without any pre-conceived ideas, intent or expectations. It was going to be a fun exercise to walk round the artistic design - a rather shallow, superficial action. I was totally unprepared for the meaningful, positive outcome where my decision to take the first step, resulted in a journey of spiritual depth. I was not allowed to stay on the surface of the path, it was much deeper than that.

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