

Handheld Labyrinth Finger Walk: The Labyrinth as a River

Friday, October 6th, 2024

Facilitated by Lars Howlett / DiscoverLabyrinths.com

“Something in the river has a hold of me
Could it be the water?”

Something in the river it has taken me
All across the oceans...”

The River by Ladyhawke

Take me to the River

– Talking Heads (cover of Al Green)

River of Dreams – Billy Joel

El Rio – Aterciopelados

The River – by Aurora



“You can cry, you can cry, you can cry, to where the ocean is bigger, become a part of the river... You can cry, you can cry, you can cry, can you let the river run wild?”

What are your favorite river songs?

River MixTape: <https://music.apple.com/us/playlist/river-mixtape/pl.u-z51vhZMWaPJ>

Traveling from Point A to B – a straight line? Or a winding road?

Richard Feather Anderson: leaning left and right, alternating back and forth. Look to nature: What does it do to water? Labyrinth meanders – moderates flow, allows absorption/drainage

Meander river Turkey: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Meander>

The term derives from the winding river *Menderes* located in *Asia-Minor* and known to the *Ancient Greeks* as *Μαίανδρος* *Maiandros* (Latin: *Maeander*),^{[4][5]} characterised by a very convoluted path along the lower reach. As a result, even in *Classical Greece* (and in later Greek thought) the name of the river had become a common noun meaning anything convoluted and winding, such as decorative patterns or speech and ideas, as well as the *geomorphological* feature.^[6] *Strabo* said: ‘...its course is so exceedingly winding that everything winding is called meandering.’^[7]

Finger Walk Invitation: Travel the river to its source (headwaters) and back out to sea

Music: Tree Dimensional by Laura Inserra (use headphones for immersive experience)

<https://laurainserra.bandcamp.com/track/tree-dimentional>

Opening Poem:

River by Bill Staines

https://youtu.be/_nKjO0lvoLc?si=tdgMpTN0OeM4dWvx

I was born in the path of the winter wind
And raised where the mountains are old
Their springtime waters came dancing down
And I remember the tales they told

The whistling ways of my younger days
Too quickly have faded on by
But all of their memories linger on
Like the light in a fading sky

I've been to the city and back again
I've been moved by some things that I've learned
Met a lot of good people and I've called them friends
Felt the change when the seasons turned

I've heard all the songs that the children sing
And listened to love's melodies
I've felt my own music within me rise
Like the wind in the autumn trees

Someday when the flowers are blooming still
Someday when the grass is still green
My rolling waters will round the bend
And flow into the open sea

So here's to the rainbow that's followed me here
And here's to the friends that I know
And here's to the song that's within me now
I will sing it where'er I go

River, take me along
In your sunshine, sing me your song
Ever moving and winding and free
You rolling old river
You changing old river
Let's you and me, river
Run down to the sea

Closing Reflection from the book *This is All* by Aidan Chambers:

“I thought how lovely and how strange a river is. A river is a river, always there, and yet the water flowing through it is never the same water and is never still. It’s always changing and is always on the move. And over time the river itself changes too. It widens and deepens as it rubs and scours, gnaws and kneads, eats and bores its way through the land. Even the greatest rivers- the Nile and the Ganges, the Yangtze and the Mississippi, the Amazon and the great grey-green greasy Limpopo all set about with fever trees-must have been no more than trickles and flickering streams before they grew into mighty rivers.

Are people like that? I wondered. Am I like that? Always me, like the river itself, always flowing but always different, like the water flowing in the river, sometimes walking steadily along *andante*, sometimes surging over rapids *furioso*, sometimes meandering with hardly any visible movement *tranquilo*, *lento*, *ppp pianissimo*, sometimes gurgling *giacoso* with pleasure, sometimes sparkling *brillante* in the sun, sometimes *lacrimoso*, sometimes *appassionato*, sometimes *misterioso*, sometimes *pesante*, sometimes *legato*, sometimes *staccato*, sometimes *sospirando*, sometimes *vivace*, and always, I hope, *amoroso*.

Do I change like a river, widening and deepening, eddying back on myself sometimes, bursting my banks sometimes when there’s too much water, too much life in me, and sometimes dried up from lack of rain? Will the I that is me grow and widen and deepen? Or will I stagnate and become an arid riverbed? Will I allow people to dam me up and confine me to wall so that I flow only where they want? Will I allow them to turn me into a canal to use for they own purposes? Or will I make sure I flow freely, coursing my way through the land and ploughing a valley of my own?”

Links!

Upcoming Veriditas Workshops and Labyrinth Facilitator Training

www.Veriditas.org/calendar

Lars to assist Lauren Artress for the Facilitator Training October 24-28th 2-5:30pm Pacific

<https://www.veriditas.org/event-5353312>

Veriditas Labyrinth Online Auction through 12p Noon Pacific on October 15th

www.BiddingForGood/auction

Taft Labyrinth Workshop & Reception, Ojai, California with Lars Howlett & Rob Hodges

November 18, 2023 @ 2:00PM — 5:00PM Pacific Time (US & Canada)

<https://taft-gardens-and-nature-preserve.networkforgood.com/events/62272-taft-labyrinth-workshop-reception>

Lars Howlett

www.DiscoverLabyrinths.com mailing list: <http://eepurl.com/bfjep1>