**Quotes from Veriditas Friday October 20, 2023**

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***“Sometimes intuition needs coaxing, because intuition is a little shy. But if you try not to crowd it, intuition often wafts up from the soul or subconscious, and then becomes a tiny fitful little flame. It will be blown out by too much compulsion and manic attention but will burn quietly when watched with gentle concentration.” Anne Lamont, The Writing Frame of Mind.***

***“We can feel parched inside and our imaginations dry up and stop functioning. We are drawn to the labyrinth because it replenishes our imaginations and restores our natural rhythms. ” Lauren Artress- The Sacred Path Companion***

***“Myths and stories such as these help us not only to understand life as it is, or was, but to dream life as it ought to be. We perceive, explain, and make sense of the world through stories. They are the stars we navigate by, and that’s why storytelling is a universal human phenomenon, a vital aspect of communal life across all cultures and throughout the entirety of our known history. Stories teach us everything we know, and their lessons are deep and rich. Stories can reveal to us longings that we never knew we had, fire us up with new ideas and insights, and inspire us to grow and change.”***

***Hagitude- Sharon Blackie***

***The Story of King Arthur, Sir Gawain and Lady Ragnelle***

***If Women Rose Rooted by Sharon Blackie***

***'So, every morning I sit, I kneel, waiting, making friends with the habit of listening, hoping that I’m being listened to. There, I greet God in my own disorder. I say hello to my chaos, my unmade decisions, my unmade bed, my desire and my trouble. I say hello to distraction and privilege. I recognise and greet my burdens, my luck, my controlled and uncontrollable story. I greet my untold stories, my unfolding story, my unloved body, my own love, my own body. I greet the things I think will happen and I say hello to everything I do not know about the day. I greet my own small world and I hope that I can meet the bigger world that day. I greet my story and hope that I can forget my story during the day, and hope that I can hear some stories, and greet some surprising stories during the long day ahead. I greet God, and I greet the God who is more God than the God I greet. Hello to you all, I say, as the sun rises above the chimneys of North Belfast. Hello.' (Padraig O’Tuama)***