

## **Veriditas Friday Labyrinth Meditation: Encountering the Hidden Door Within**

*September 30, 2022*

*Laura Esculcas, Facilitator and Rob Hodges, Cello and vocals*

Song and lyrics by Rob Hodges:

Indonesian: *Berjalan di malam gelap / Terbuka pintu di hatiku.*

English translation: *Walking in the dark night / The door of my heart is open.*

“We can travel across a bridge that enlivens and focuses the human imagination, connecting it to the Divine Imagination. One such bridge is walking the labyrinth. When one crosses this bridge by engaging with the labyrinth, it opens our capacity of imaginative perception. The imagination becomes a life-giving source. The dimensionality, effervescence, mystery, and meaning of being human become woven into the labyrinth walk, and through practice into the activities of daily life as well.”

- Lauren Artress, *The Path of the Holy Fool*

“Every one of us has a mysterious, magically shaded forest inside. When we connect deeply to this place, we illuminate the way for others to gather under their own enchanted trees as well.”

- Lauren Artress, *The Path of the Holy Fool*

### **What bridges enliven and focus your imagination?**

#### **Silence**

Have you heard all the sounds  
silence holds?  
Cessation of movement,  
stillness of mind.  
The ceasing of all efforts  
reveals a door  
hitherto closed,  
and shielded from view.  
In silence,  
we open  
as a musical note does  
to the one who calls it out.  
In silence,  
we feel  
the blossoming urge of a tight bud,  
the burning need to bloom.  
Ears tuned to a different register,  
we note  
a swift beat of wings,  
a mounting chord.  
And we realise, with new clarity  
that silence holds a thousand sounds.  
Echoes from elsewhere  
but which we recognise as our own.

Notes that ring out shrill  
as the flute,  
or soft as a strummed harp  
in gentle hands.  
Tones in which we hear the birds,  
and the sea,  
and the sound of our own hearts  
meeting our shore.  
And the language we discern,  
though one we cannot translate,  
is understood the same  
as any audible voice.  
Yes, that we might hear the sounds  
silence holds.  
That we might still ourselves  
to open the door.

Ana Lisa de Jong  
Living Tree Poetry  
May 2018

May you live from the place in you where the gleam of heaven already shines.



Visual Journal pages reflecting ideas that inspired the theme - by Laura Esculcas