



Labyrinth Network Northwest News

PILGRIMAGE TALES & OTHER STORIES 2010 TLS Annual Gathering New Harmony, Indiana

Here are some of the many impressions of New Harmony and the TLS 2010 Gathering written by some of us LNNers who traveled there and attended. Please go to:

<http://www.labyrinthnetworknorthwest.org/photos.html>, to see lots more photos and please, if you attended the Gathering and are a subscriber or member of LNN and wish to submit your thoughts and impressions of your time there to the LNN Newsletter, send an email with text either in the email or as a .doc attachment and photos if you have them, to christianatb@gmail.com and I will make sure your contribution appears in the January issue.

Pilgrimage to New Harmony **By Kay Kinneavy**

Planning for this pilgrimage was a nightmare, and getting up at 4:00 AM was definitely not my idea of a good time, but when our group of 5 sleepy pilgrims met at Portland Airport, the adventure began to be fun.

Remember our great plan to walk our little labyrinth in every airport. Well.... Too sleepy, too rushed, late connections...oh well....



It began to feel like a labyrinth pilgrimage when Ansula gave each of us a lovely little finger labyrinth to use on the plane.



Two TLS pilgrims from Oklahoma were on our plane, and many more TLS pilgrims were in the Evansville, IN airport when we arrived and walked our little labyrinth in the baggage claim area.



This was my sixth TLS Gathering.
As always, there were good

speakers, good workshops, good food, a variety of temporary labyrinths and lots of good times with friends. Our days started early and ended late and were filled with interesting possibilities.

My memories of New Harmony include Maypole Dancing, Pumpkin Lumping, equestrian labyrinths, a light projection labyrinth, camera obscura, the nighttime pilgrimage, and historical buildings, labyrinths, and sculptures everywhere, and Cordelia's little folding bicycle.



I could write a book about my experiences, but I've read what some other people have written and they tell the story better than I ever could. We all agree. This pilgrimage was well worth the effort it took to get there.

Four Labyrinths at the 2010 TLS Annual Gathering in New Harmony, Indiana
by Linda Dodds

With a program that resembled a tantalizing menu of soul food, it was difficult to choose – or even attend – all of the wonderful presentations and events planned for the annual TLS Gathering in New Harmony. The feast of options included workshops, keynote speakers, a labyrinth market, and a host of labyrinths both temporary and permanent. In the context of labyrinth installations – the main menu, if you will -- a pre-program standout was the carefully orchestrated outdoor equestrian event held in a large open field on the banks of the Wabash River. On a cool morning, in this rural setting, two oversize chalk labyrinths were carefully trod by eight well- practiced horses and their saddle club riders. Both riders and their animals accomplished the difficult course with quiet attention and ease.



A sizeable crowd of curious onlookers assembled on the exterior stairs and terraces of the adjacent Athenaeum/Visitors Center to view this demonstration and to listen to a narration of the event.



Another highlight was an evening Maypole Dance in a labyrinth made of hundreds of pumpkins. The pole, especially constructed for the dance, was bedecked with wide silk ribbons of fall colors that dancers wove around the pole. Held in the loft-like second floor of

the historic nineteenth century Rapp-Owen Granary, labyrinthians enthusiastically danced the night away to the sounds of the Irish Session Players. At the conclusion of the merriment, dancers were asked to “lump the pumpkins,” (i.e., remove them via human chain) to a vehicle that whisked them to another venue for yet another labyrinth set-up.



And finally, the famed labyrinths of New Harmony did not disappoint. In the dark of evening, gathering participants transported themselves by foot or golf cart to the town’s low hedge labyrinth, built in 1939 at the edge of town. Walkers used small LED flashlights to track the path to the labyrinth’s central temple, where a surprise awaited. Inside, the conical shaped stone

building was a breathtaking Wedgewood blue and white painted ceiling revealing elaborate classical ornamentation! According to Historic New Harmony, this labyrinth was constructed by the New Harmony Memorial Commission to commemorate the 1820s labyrinths as a place of spiritual renewal and contemplation for the Harmonists.

The more modern of the town’s two permanent labyrinths was the focus of several facilitated evening walks. The Cathedral Labyrinth and Sacred Garden (built in 1997), located in a quiet setting near the Athenaeum, provided a dramatic venue for the gathering. Replicating the design of the Chartres labyrinth, the exquisite labyrinth in its interlocking, polished granite slabs and etched pathway, beautifully reflected the flicker of candlelight and the contrasting dark of night. Similarly the labyrinth presented itself in even greater contrast in the fading sunshine of the late fall afternoons. It was a lovely magnet for walkers in search of solitude.





ended all too soon with a final walk for all the gathering participants. We connected with friends new and old, gave thanks for our mutual walks and spiritual growth, now we and look forward to our journey to next year's TLS gathering in Taos, New Mexico.

Memories of New Harmony By Be Herrera



Memories dance and bow to each other gracefully as I recall late evening pumpkin passing to move the maypole-pumpkin labyrinth from an upstairs walking/dancing event outside & down to the Swan Lake for the next day's events---much laughter and waist turning exercise (not generally expected activities at labyrinth festivities.)



The passing of the baton for coordination of Energy Keeper work during a special reception in which we held our hopes, dreams, and shared concerns together as we sat side-by-side on a particular classic labyrinth --workshops on laughter, on movement, on sacred geometry, on classic sacred geographic walks oceans away---quiet walks discovering many varieties of labyrinthian forms (delicate, delightful, imaginative--many visions) among the unique architecture, the gardens, the riverine

paths of a special place built and still guided by visions of peace, kindness and mutual respect— What an experience !!



Oh, yes, then the opportunity to watch horses in twos respectfully follow the path of a classic labyrinth, their riders focused and watchful--an extraordinary interchange for all of us ex-English-riders used to encouraging these leviathans within the beauty of dressage style riding--- observing respect extended species to species.

A special treat for me was the opportunity to walk local labyrinths: one dedicated to Hildegard of Bingen, another tended in the shadow of an abandoned graveyard now lovingly cared for and a third on the campus of a very busy urban college campus.

As always the joy of renewing with old friends and developing new connections with fellow enthusiasts as we shared ideas and possibilities.

This site was a particular pleasure since I stayed in the Barn Abbey which has been transformed into a monastery-like accommodation with very comfortable bed reading lights!! Plus simple facilities and QUIET!!



I am most grateful for the scholarship from LNN-TLS which assisted my attendance and the great kindness of LNN & TLS participants who made all things pleasant & good.

Equine Labyrinth Demonstration & Workshop **by Christiana Brinton**

I attended the pre-Gathering Friday morning Equine labyrinth event in New Harmony, IN. The Posey County Saddle Club showed how labyrinths are used therapeutically to train horses and riders on the Synygy labyrinth that was 92' in diameter with a 10' center. Then, we were treated to an historical interpretation and reconstruction by eight riders on horseback of the Troy Town Trojan Ride as described by Virgil (around 30 BCE) from an illustration on the Tragliatella vase (660-630 BCE, Musei Capitolini, Palazzo dei Conservatori, Rome, Italy) on a double classical mirrored labyrinth that was 86' in diameter with a 30' center.



After the outdoor demonstration, attendees went inside to the Visitor's Center Lecture Theater in the Richard Meyers designed, Athenaeum building, where a presentation by Cordelia Rose, Dr. Louise Cash, Ben Nicholson, and Jeff Saward continued this topic of the therapeutic benefits of riding horses in labyrinths to people with special needs, as well as presented the international uses and designs of equine labyrinths.

The Synygy labyrinth is a design by Ben Nicholson specifically for equine and rider therapeutic use with many double switchbacks that challenge both horse and rider to stay



focused so that they stay on the path. Two quarter horses were used for this demonstration, an experienced lead horse that had been in this labyrinth before and a young two year old pinto that had never been in this labyrinth before. Dr Cash and Ben Nicholson moderated for both events and they explained that, since horses are pack animals, having the more

experienced horse go first gave the younger, inexperienced horse the confidence to enter the labyrinth and continue around.

Having been an avid horseback rider in my youth, I could guess the challenges faced by both horse and rider as I watched from the deck of the Athenaeum, but that afternoon, when no one was on the labyrinths, I walked, trotted, and cantered around both of them on foot which really brought home to me the incredible



difficulties faced by both horse and rider as they maneuvered around the bends and turns. A rider must be able to give their horse the correct signals to change leads so that the horse's inner leg is planted first, not to mention the correct signals to go forward, stop, change direction, turn around, etc. There were times on this labyrinth when the horse and rider had to change leads rapidly two or three times in succession – a difficult feat for a seasoned horse and rider not to mention a young two year old. The pinto walked slowly, but never refused his rider's commands and continued into the center and back out again – a very big deal for a horse!

Then the Posey County Saddle Club, with Cordelia Rose riding too, formed two teams of four riders and horses each and rode the Mirrored Classical



labyrinth together in the reenactment of the Troy Town Ride (see Classical photos #1-3). I have seen the Lipizzaners, the white horses of Vienna, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Drill team ride in years past and this performance was every bit as marvelous and well done. They had obviously been practicing a great deal because at no time were any of the horses out of sync with each other or with the other team – a spectacular feat! It might look so in the pictures, but still pictures don't convey the constant flow and inner weaving movement that took place. They came together, split apart, cantered, trotted, and walked and remained energetically connected to each other the entire time. I was very impressed and it was lovely to watch.



After the Troy Town ride was complete, two of the very seasoned riders and their mounts fast cantered around the entire labyrinth, wheeling and changing directions on a dime and this was great fun to watch and it sure seemed like horse and rider enjoyed the challenge as well.



During the presentation part of the workshop, some of the Posey County Saddle Club riders talked about the improvement in their horses' responsiveness, agility, and increased level of focus since training and riding in these labyrinths. They plan on

making their own labyrinths to be used as a training tool for their members and mounts.



This was one of many outstanding events during the Gathering. New Harmony is a gem of a place, well worth the visit. It was wonderful seeing old friends again and meeting my Blog Talk Radio guests in person and getting to know some of them over a glass of wine at the end of a enjoyably exhausting day. Huge kudos to Cordelia and Ben for their outstanding co-hosting! Well worth the pilgrimage and can't wait for next year!

Stephen's Pilgrimage to New Harmony and Other Incredible Places and Back

By Stephen Shibley

My pilgrimage started on November 11th and ended on November 27th. This journey was filled with lots of hugs hello and goodbye. Starting with having to say goodbye to my dear daughters, and then a brief "chance" meeting and hug with Christiana Brinton in the wee hours of the morning at PDX as she flew off in another direction to the same destination. I landed in St. Louis in time to ride to the top of the Gateway Arch and later wine and dine and hug my dear friends Maia Scott, her guide dog Tessa, and our hostess Judy Hopen of Labyrinth Enterprises. Judy was so kind, and over-the-top-gracious, as to put us up on temporary comfy bedding in her studio before car pooling to New Harmony the next day. Two other fellow TLS Gathering pilgrims, Aryana Rayne and Don Sherwood, wandered in from Canada in the middle of the night to join our slumber party. I walked my first unpainted, fully taped, canvas labyrinth with several other waking labyrinthians that next morning... a kind of pre blessing, awakening the labyrinth energies, before it was painted and shipped overseas.

Maia and Tessa left with Aryana and Don in their rental car. New Harmony bound. It was such a warm morning that I sun bathed, in a t-shirt and pair of shorts, on Judy's roof top lounge chair while she finished packing for the eastward journey. As we left town, Judy said: "we have to make two stops, one for chocolate, and the other for wine." Sounds like we are heading to a Gathering for sure! I enjoyed the pace of our car travel leg because it allowed Judy and me a whopping 2 1/2 hours to catch up on life! When you only see members of your *TLS Gathering family* once a year you relish every minute you are given. It seems like minutes are all you have. The Gatherings have gotten shorter and are packed to the brim. I still wouldn't miss it for anything. This is a time for spiraling into the *center* (wherever the TLS Gathering is held), being held in such a vibrant, creative, compassionate, playful, and loving circle is invigorating, inspiring, and healing to say the least! I go to feed and be fed. I go back out into the world more balanced, open, and courageous to tap deeper into my creative core.



Yes, New Harmony was a powerful and beautiful place. I loved our 3+ hour night Pilgrimage ending with the elixirs of life. First, ceremonially dipping our gathered sticks into the earth's oil (New Harmony sits upon an oil field) and smelling the earth's essence, contemplating this core distillation of *life*. Then we were blessed with the offering of a savory venison stew made by a local family, from a deer shot with bow and arrow and carefully prepared. Delicious beyond words, and that coming from someone who doesn't eat venison. This night pilgrimage in and around New Harmony was very grounding. A way to arrive at the base, or crux of life if you will. I

was grateful to have arrived, yet again. I like that about life, even when you think you have arrived, you may find yourself arriving again and again.



I was so excited to just be at Gathering this year and not be in charge of anything! :-) I was excited to see friends from last year and thrilled to meet a friend that I had not seen for three years. One of the amazingly wonderful things about what I call my *Gathering family* is the ease of reconnecting with these friends. Even after three years and maybe one Christmas card exchange, my dear friend Carol Maurer and I picked up where we left off without missing a heart-beat. Hugs, shared laughter and some heartache, hearing about our respective families, spontaneously jumping onto one of several free-to-use tandem bicycles, and peddling about to find one of many temporary labyrinths. Seize the path. Kindred spirits abound in this group of labyrinthians.

You can see that the TLS Gathering is as much about relationships for me as it is about education. There is lots to learn and see and do. Networking always happens. Yet, I attend because I experience unbridled enthusiasm, joy, camaraderie, and kinship. Our tapestry is the labyrinth. But it is all of our colorful threads weaving in and out that make life's labyrinth a colorful dance you don't want to miss.

After all the bitter-sweet goodbyes, and lots more hugging, we were on the road back to St. Louis. Great food, deep fried ravioli (a St. Louis thing) and live Blues rounded out the night. Another slumber party on the studio floor of Labyrinth Enterprises and we were ready to tour area labyrinths. It was a beautiful day and fun to see some of St. Louis's best labyrinths. More hugs goodbye and I was off to Las Vegas. Yikes!



What a bizarre juxtaposition of realities. New Harmony and Las Vegas. I was meeting two friends (more hugs) driving down from British Columbia for a 10 day camping, climbing, and hiking trip into Red Rocks, Zion, Bryce, and Joshua Tree National Parks.

These canyon lands and desert landscapes filled me to the brim with awe and wonder and a few sore muscles. I happened to bring the book, The Alchemist, by Paulo Coelho, as my reading material for this journey. My 17 year daughter read it for an English Lit. class and said I would like it. What a fitting book for this mini pilgrimage that I found myself immersed in. I have to say, Thanksgiving cooked in a skillet over a campfire and under a brilliant starry night was a treasure to behold.

Once again, after hugs and some tears goodbye one final time, we begin our return to our respective lives, grateful for the journeys that are our lives.

Thankful for the *Path* that calls our name and always leads us to where we are supposed to be at that moment in time. I can't wait to hug and kiss my girls.....



New Harmony Labyrinth Pilgrimage Memories **By Jerry Etzkorn**

My most memorable event was the Pilgrimage by night. I always love walking in the dark as it enhances all of my senses. Earlier in the day I drove out to the Harmonist Labyrinth and walked it in full. This probably took some of the mystery out of the night time experience as I already had a feeling for the layout and a good visual image. I really loved the community feeling and the ritual of the experience, the line of little lights trailing off in both directions, the music, the smudging and especially lying at the top of the hill and looking at the stars. I felt that I was seeing what the Native Americans saw over the past centuries and that the swirling wind in the trees was perhaps their blessing of our journey. Throughout the walk my energy level increased dramatically. I was a little fatigued at first, but excited about what lay ahead. By the time we got to the top of the hill I was literally quite high, and lying there felt midway between the depth of the earth and the distant stars. Hearing the bagpipes and walking through the vineyard was a surreal return to the reality of our tiny town. I will be forever grateful to Jill Geoffrion for creating this pilgrimage, and to Ben and Toby for seamlessly leading us through it with power and grace.



Apart from that, I was very much taken by New Harmony. It was great to be able to walk everywhere, and if you were in a hurry you could jump on a bike. I loved the feel of this iconic Small American town with a unique history. Very much, I loved the colors. Coming from the land of eternal green where we have to go searching for fall colors, I appreciate shuffling through, and walking beneath the reds, oranges and yellows.



Pilgrimage Walk
By Jannett Etzkorn

This was by far my favorite experience at the 2010 Gathering. I was intrigued early on at the idea of such a long and elaborate pilgrimage as soon as I saw the description in the online site. I have also been eager to participate in one of Jill Geoffrion's workshops as I enjoy her books so much. And Jill was very much with us though her body was in that awesome power place of Chartres. Thank you Jill!



Unfortunately, by Friday I was already caught up in the excitement of all the events and hadn't even considered saving some energy for the pilgrimage. I came so close to baling out and I think the two things that saved me were the fine weather and the promise to carry my tired bones whenever possible in one of the golf carts.

So we started off with our tiny flashlights and first stood in a wooded area at someone's memorial stone. All of this would mean so much more if I were to do it again and I would love to see the instructions that we were given as we progressed. Each step had a significance explained to us; Go here with a new friend. Go there in silence. Continue in prayer. Think of your greatest joy. Think of your deepest fear. Well perhaps I am making all this up. But we were given many task and though there was great company, there was also the solitude of walking alone under starry skies. We walked with drums and chants and at one point charged seven abreast through the vineyards to the music of the bagpipes.

The hedge labyrinth of the Harmonists was perfect in the dark with the prickly bushes guiding our turns. Walking blind, enfolded in the labyrinth.

Many times I was offered a ride in the golf cart and I kept thinking "I'm just going to go to this one last place and then get a ride". There was such a personal sense of accomplishment in having completed the whole walk in the end.

The best part? By far...lying on top of the Indian Mound hill, all of us in a circle with our heads to the centre. Watching the starry skies [Jupiter and Taurus outstanding] and furtively scabbing in the dirt below us to bury our crystals.

And at the end the beautiful Minotaur who we didn't get to burn and I'm sure that no one was sorry about that. But we did eat fresh venison stew which somehow seemed to be the flesh of the Minotaur.

I am so glad that Ben didn't tell us to roll in the proving circle of deep foam like loamy soil that we sunk our bare feet into. I'm sure we would have trusted him to be directing us to do what we most needed to do and it sure would have been messy!

Report From New Harmony
By Ansula Press



What can one say about a pumpkin labyrinth on a polished wood floor in an expansive old granary, centered around an elegant hand-carved maypole adorned with French silk ribbons of pink, red, and orange, and soft cotton ribbons of a deep red that have traveled from maypole to maypole and continent to continent since 1979?

What can one say?

Nothing.

One can only gaze and touch and walk and dance and smile and be grateful for this labyrinth experience provided by the organizers of the New Harmony Labyrinth Gathering, Ben Nicholson and Cordelia Rose, and the many unnamed people who helped to bring this vision to fruition.

For me this maypole scene was the epitome of the 2010 gathering of labyrinth lovers. The weekend took place in an environment of history and of timelessness, one where pride of craftsmanship (the New Harmony setting) was evident, quality of programming was at the forefront, and imagination ran rampant to include, among other wondrous things, music composed for labyrinth walking, a midnight pilgrimage full of delightful and thought-provoking surprises, horses dancing in labyrinths, presentations and talks outside the norm, and the ever-present heart-full like-mind of the participants.

Canadian composer John Burke presented his music for labyrinths for us to experience. As I walked the Chartres labyrinth I wanted to close my eyes to get more inside the music. Oh, for a labyrinth with walls to lead me along the path, eyes closed. Afterwards, conversation ensued about just that and, voila, Aryana Rayne, from Victoria BC, appeared to say she is working on getting funding for a labyrinth for the blind!

This is just one of the many amazing coincidences and synchronicities that appeared throughout the three days of the gathering.

What can one say?

New Harmony Contribution

By Jodi Lorimer



New Harmony was described to us as a ‘thin place’, one founded in the 19th century as a utopian community on the banks of the Wabash River, and one that vibrates on a harmonic level throughout. Music was a large part of the lives of the people who settled, cleared and farmed this land. It was said that the people of this spiritual community could be heard harmonizing sacred songs from their tidy communal dwellings at any hour of the day. It was very fitting that our closing ceremony was conducted in a labyrinth made of used CDs bearing the imprint of music and three CD-covered towers along the path could be twirled in the sunlight and chimes rung inside them. For labyrinthine pilgrims welcomed into this lovely little town by the unfailingly smiling locals, it was heaven.

Labyrinths sprouted everywhere. Made of paint, pumpkins, both large and tiny, whirligigs, leaves, shrubbery and, if I remember correctly, horse manure, they collectively opened a channel of heart-felt well-being and joy that permeated the weekend’s events. Even the



weather was perfect and I began to regret all the warm sweaters I’d packed. To be in the company of so many creative, intelligent, friendly people who are determined to have a good time was sheer delight. If there was a failing, it was that there were too many events to attend and things to see in too short a time.

A tour of the town introduced us to the architecture of the early 1800s, many of which have been restored. The original town included a labyrinth on the edge of town with a tiny building at its center, rough stone on the outside but peaceful blue and beautiful on the inside, a metaphor of ideal humanity for the settlers. The presentations were varied and fascinating including a mini Dreamquest, labyrinths in prisons, as an organizing principle, an equestrian discipline, a source of laughter, and the impact of one in ancient Egypt. The presentation by Canadian composer John Burke encapsulated the transcendent experience perfectly. His music for the labyrinth is intended to induce an otherworldly trance. As we finished walking the labyrinth, surrounded by this intelligent and, at times, demanding music, the sun began a spectacular sunset, firing the autumn leaves in the molten air. We drifted in twos and threes to the high windows of the Granary to let the sounds and light settle around s. It was easy to imagine the joyful ghosts of the New Harmony



settlers gathering around to listen.

Artist Jim Buchanan transformed one of the little wooden frame houses into a camera obscura. Led into the tiny black-dark room, we were seated on a bench while our eyes adjusted. Soon, a vision began to appear. A small hole in the door allowed enough light to enter and project an image, upside down and out of focus, of what was happening outside the door. Sheer magic! Others have written of the equestrian event but for me the high point was when one of the riders put a little girl and her brother on one of the horses for a



trip around the labyrinth. She did not have use of her legs so, while mom held her crutches, she positively glowed with joy and gave the admiring crowd her best parade wave.

The closing Keynote address was delivered by artist/architect and resident of New Harmony, Ben Nicholson. It would appear he has found the perfect place on earth for him to live. His talk touched on the spiritual energies of this 'thin place' as a spiritual

center, focusing on fire (from the oil wells), water (in the flooding Wabash), earth (farming) and air (a near miss tornado).

In the tradition of the scholars and scientists who preceded him in New Harmony, he gave us the benefit of his intensely inquiring mind and boundless curiosity to draw metaphorical diagrams connecting spirit, philosophy and matter. He generously opened his studio where, in his workbooks, he appeared to be channeling DaVinci. The walls were lined with hundreds of perfect drawings of labyrinth patterns, each one different and each exploring a different kind of sacred space.



As people began to leave for home, the weather began to disintegrate. Four of us visited the nearby John Audubon Museum in Henderson, Kentucky and from there, the Marengo Caves, explored and used for 100 years as a campground, theater and tornado shelter. One room has unusual clay ceilings and people have thrown coins up that have stuck there, leaving a twinkling, jewel-like effect over the years.

On the day I left New Harmony, the rain had seriously settled in and the streets were empty. Most of the labyrinths had been dismantled and packed up and, like Brigadoon, the 'thin place' seemed to twinkle and disappear in the fog.

