



Labyrinths

Seeking the Kingdom of Heaven *Within*

By Noel Joshua Hadley

3/20/24

[UPDATES](#) | [ARTICLE ARCHIVES](#) | [PATREON](#)

AMONG the many available paths leading its traveler deeper into the healing Mysteries of heavens kingdom, the **labyrinth** at **Chartres** in France stands out as a trophy from the rest. That is why we are here. Get ready to discuss. The coffee in my mug is piping hot.

Now, in a recent paper, [Knight Moves](#), I discussed the lost dance of the Millennial Kingdom, a carole which expressed a symbiotic ‘heaven on earth’ pilgrimage experience between the immortal and mortal, the angel holding hands with the lady and the artisan and the knight; really, people of all social classes. It’s immediate follow-up, [Mystery of the Maypole](#), made the connection between the cyclical solstices, the zodiac, and the

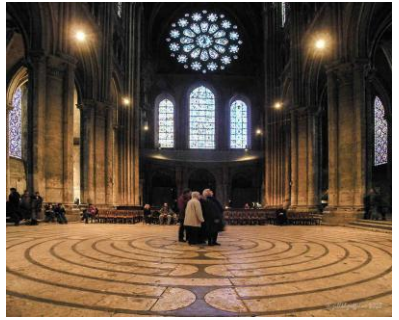
carole, indicating that it too was a visual tool for the pilgrim, given the proper season. My very next and most recent paper, [The Pilgrim's Path](#), highlighted the actual routes of Millennial Kingdom travelers, the destination being the Body of Mashiach, that is, Renewed Yerushalayim upon the earth. Though I'm sure Jerusalem in the desert was a popular destination too.

Initially, the thought process was to include a section on the labyrinth in my Pilgrim's Path report, being that the labyrinth was intended as a companion to the pilgrim's healing and enlightenment. Not that I need to explain any of this to you. I just thought you'd like to know my thought process, where I've been, what I've been up to over the last so many weeks of my life, and how I decided the labyrinth might do better on its own. Give its hedges room to grow, allow the pilgrim his own walking space, that sort of thing. Just so long as we never forget the entryway and axis mundi of kingdom citizenship, which is Renewed Yerushalayim.



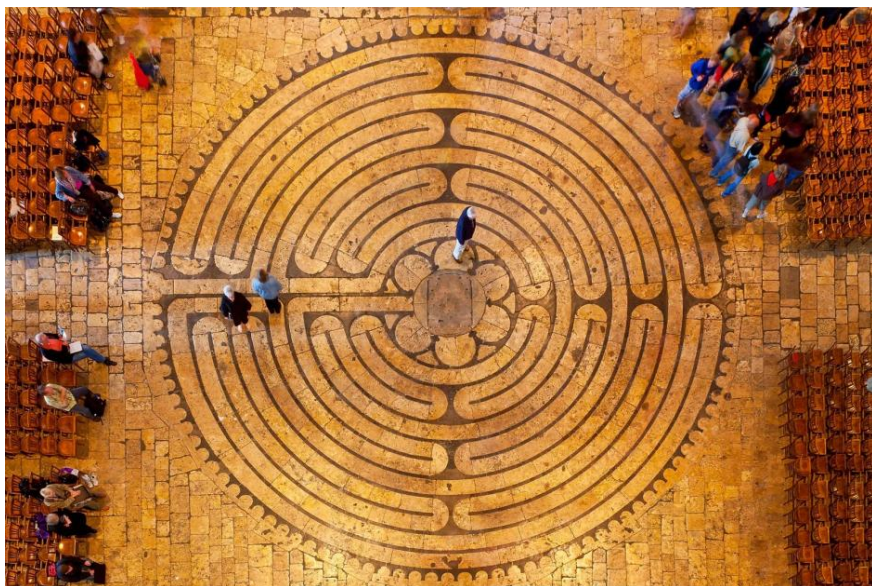
Mazes and labyrinths are confused all the time, as though we are dealing with identical twins, when clearly, they are fraternal. Using the two words interchangeably is a rookie mistake. Don't do that. The defining difference is that a maze is designed by a Demiurge-like architect in hopes of making you lose your way. A maze delivers disorienting turns of deceit as well as unforeseen dead ends, with all the familiar snares of a hamster wheel in the rat race, kind of like the American dream or slave society in general. Most will be incapable of retracing their steps. Sounds like hell. A labyrinth on the other hand is a place you would enter to find yourself, glory hallelujah. Quite unlike mazes, they are unicursally designed with twists and turns. Unicursal is the same thing as referring to a Eulerian

path, a sequential set of edges within a graph that reach all nodes. That is to say, there is only one path leading to the center. And so, here we are. Rather than getting lost in the weeds, we are finding ourselves. *Bonjour.*



On the surface, a labyrinth would seem somewhat juvenile in nature, an elementary activity intended for pimply faced milk drinkers with cream staches. The pilgrim is expected to walk on a snaking path to the center

without tripping or falling, turn around, and then walk back out again, and who in their right mind would want to do that? *Boring*. But then have you seen the floor design at Chartres in France? Imagine standing under that vaulted ceiling with its mighty stone pillars, rose windows, and Viscus Pisces designs and then tell me again how simple minded its architects were. Every single feature of the cathedrals were designed exclusively for the spiritual rejuvenation of the soul. Chartres' floorplan is no exception.



I will ask you to take another look at the Chartres labyrinth again from above. Tell me what you see. The quadrants make up the 4 quarters of the Earth though I'm also detecting a cross which, on closer inspection, is just as likely a Tav. There are 11 circuits counted from the outside to the center, with the middle making up the 12. Do I need to go over that number again?

Smack dab in the center may very well resemble our axis mundi though we all know what the Sunday school answer is, Jesus. I will accept your answer but then raise to include the sacred inner chamber which the bride of Mashiach longs for. In broader terms, I have no little if any doubt in my mind that we're once again dealing with the belly button of the world, Renewed Yerushalayim. Notice the 6-petal rosette at its center. *Woops*, the rosette can be found throughout nearly every ancient religion and was a staple of the Mystery religions. Must be pagan then. Well, now that I've lost half of my audience, the rosette is known to represent the flowering

and healing union of masculine and feminine energies, a total age of Pisces thing. You had to have been there, I guess. The six petals are also said to be a representation of the six different kingdoms: mineral, plant, animal, human, angelic, and divine. And since we're onto the number 6, its sacred meaning involves balance and cultivating communication to our problems so that we can find peace of mind, which is a perfect description of the Chartres labyrinth if I do say so myself.

In other words, the labyrinth at Chartres is a tool steeped in **sacred geometry**, and what is sacred geometry? Well, if you take a handful of ratios and create forms out of them, they are sacred if they help the seeker to achieve their desired spiritual goal, which the Chartres Labyrinth does. It is a tool designed to foster contemplation, personal discipline, and above all else, spiritual transformation.



Consider the Scripture verses which might guide the prayers of the penitent pilgrim as he walks the path.

Whether you turn to the right or to the left, your ears will hear a voice behind you, saying, "**This is the way; walk in it.**"

Yesha'yahu (Isaiah) 30:21

You make known to me the path of life; you will find me with joy in your presence, with eternal pleasures at your right hand.

Tehilliym (Psalms) 16:10

In their hearts humans plan their course, but YAHUAHA establishes their steps.

Mishlei (Proverbs) 16:9

YASHA'UA answered, **"I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me."**

Yochanon 14:6

For we walk by faith, not by sight.

Qorintiyim Sheni (2 Corinthians) 5:7

Stepping into a labyrinth involved the clearing of your mind, letting go, releasing earthly attachments, quieting, emptying; a process which begins at the entrance and ends at the center. Unlike the labyrinths of the ancient Mystery religions, the labyrinth of the Middle Ages held a distinct Christian interpretation. They served as a representation and embodiment of the Covenant members arc from sin to redemption. Perhaps, in the shedding of his own ego, the pilgrim might recite the following prayer.

⁹ Our Father in heaven, Hallowed be Your name. ¹⁰ **Your Kingdom come. Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven.**

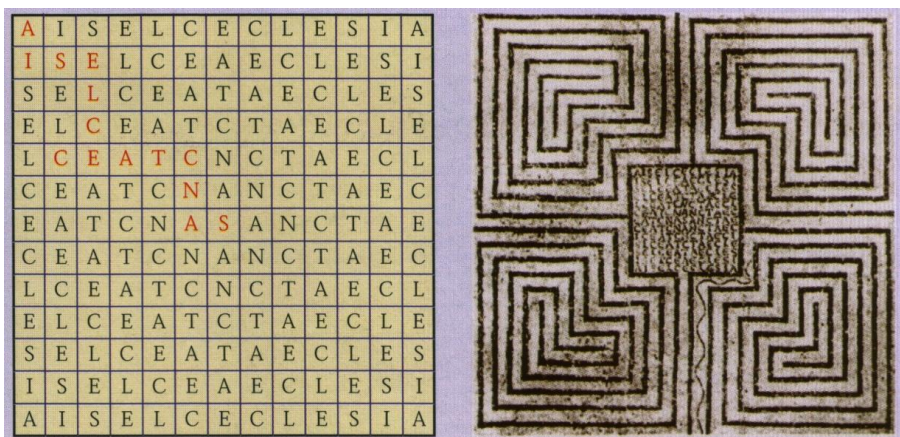
Besorah Mattithyahu 6:9-10

Along the way, having opened your heart as a willing vessel, praying, asking questions, rehearsing Scripture, listening, and narrowing your exclusive focus upon the existence of the Divine, there is a spaciousness waiting to be discovered, wherein the inside is larger than the outside world. In reaching the center of the Labyrinth, the pilgrim has navigated a living symbol of the journey of faith one must take as a living sacrifice in a sinful, broken world, and has, YAH willing, found *shalom*. But then, it is in retracing one's steps from the center that resolution reaches its ultimate transformative power. The true pilgrimage is never about the destination, nor can it be exclusively found in the steps it takes to get there. The GPS coordinates to Renewed Yerushalayim was within all along.

²⁰ And when he was demanded of the Pharisees, **when the Kingdom of ALAHAYAM should come, he answered them and said, The Kingdom of ALAHAYAM cometh not with**

observation: ²¹ Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the Kingdom of ALAHAYAM is within you.

Luqas 17:20-21



The first Christian labyrinth, we are told, was placed upon the floor in the **Basilica of Reparatus** in Algeria around **324**. Well, whatever the reported year, it set the standard for labyrinths to come. Look at the floor plan, the **Tav** with its **4 swastika** quadrants, and tell me that is not Renewed Yerushalayim in the center. Supposing the pilgrim were to enjoy crossword puzzles then he or she is in luck. The square provides only **8** letters for deciphering purposes, how does one unscramble them? The solution can be found when one discovers the Tav within the Tav. Look to the very center of the puzzle, **7** squares removed from the north, south, east, or western edges. Smack dab in our Renewed Yerushalayim you'll find an '**S**'. From there, it is a palindrome of text. Move in any direction, backwards or forwards, up or down, and the word reads '**SANCTA ECLESIA**'. One barely needs to read Latin to translate the meaning. The entire Divine purpose for every soul explodes from the center and fills the entire earth. It is the body of YASHA'UA Messiah, his 'holy church'.



Labyrinths and ‘Labyrinth’

[**UPDATE** 3/21/24: IT was the movie, wasn't it? That's what most of you were thinking when I thought to bring up the labyrinth, the **Jim Henson** directed Muppet movie, 'Labyrinth'. *I knew it*. A lot of people forget that it was executive produced by **George Lucas** when his name still meant something. I guess it's like that saying, you either die the hero, which Henson did, or you live long enough to become the villain, *uh-hum*, Lucas. Well, let's not get caught up in Hollywood productions when my every effort should be to compare or contrast the nightmare Muppet of a movie with the Medieval worldview. They're not the same—or are they? It's high time we found out.

Jennifer Connelly, who played the prepubescent Sarah in the movie, entered a Labyrinth to retrieve her infant brother after the Goblin King, played by **David Bowie**, snatched the baby from its crib. Mind you, the kidnapping only happened after a day frolicking among the pointy little obelisks in the park, reciting esoteric verses. We then learn that her mother has run away to become an actress, thanks in part to the Playbill in Sarah's room. In true fairy tale fashion, a stepmother has moved in to sweep away her father's devotion, leaving Sarah despondent with the physical world, a toxic recipe for teenagers. The infant child, whom she is tasked to babysit every weekend, is only half-brother. He therefore serves as a literal embodiment of the void left behind by her mother's absence in light of her father's detachment.

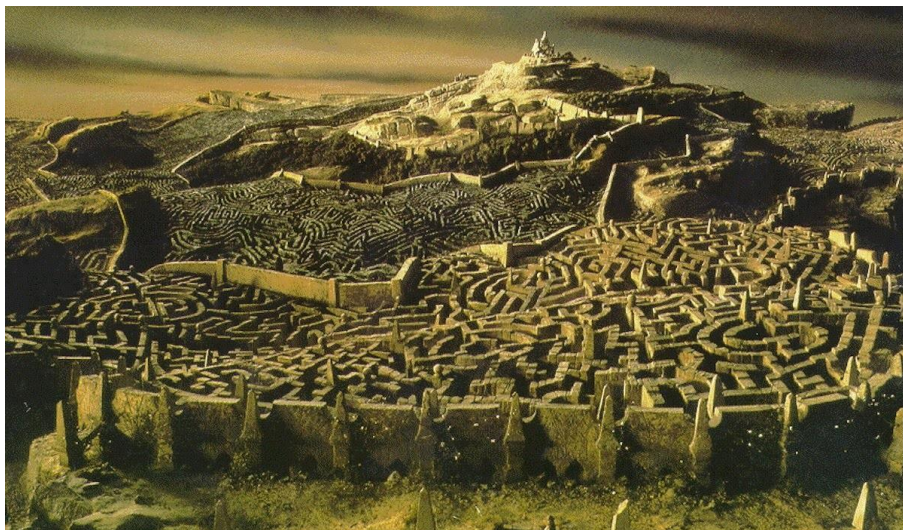


We're still only a few minutes into the movie when Sarah wishes out loud that the Goblin King would take her brother Toby away, which he does, promptly and without hesitation. It's as if he were patiently waiting in the shadows of her mind all along, desiring an avatar by which he might manifest, or perhaps her biological changes awakened him. Is he an external reality taking advantage of her development or a figment of her budding sexual imagination? The intrusive cup in his trousers, or perhaps it is an oversized pimple ready to pop, *you tell me*, would certainly suggest the later scenario, at least in part. The fact that dozens of goblins hide in her closet, waiting upon the proper incantation to be spoken, may suggest that Sarah's external world never really changed, despite her change in perspective. It was Sarah that changed, *internally*. In this scenario, the goblins were indeed the entities of her childhood imagination. They were there all along, anticipating the long overdue changing of the guard.

I am reminded of a pivotal line dictated by Alice in Lewis Carroll's 'Alice's Adventures In Wonderland.' Immediately after becoming disassociated from her own psyche when falling down the rabbit hole, she enters her own personal Labyrinth of sorts, an underground world where she can never find the right key for its intended keyhole, and she is repeatedly growing or shrinking, seemingly always the wrong size. In a tearful response, the young Alice, also becoming quite the woman, quickly states:

“Dear, dear! How queer everything is today! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I’ve been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same person when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I’m not the same, the next question is: ‘Who in the world am I?’ Ah, that’s the great puzzle!”

There is your clue to setting the topsy-turvy world of Wonderland upright upon its feet again, converting nonsense literature into something resembling critical logic. It is not the world which changed but the other way around. Indeed, Alice was inhabiting Wonderland all along. And yes, 'Labyrinth' has many allusions to Alice's journey. 'Labyrinth' is a story involving a girl's awakening to womanhood, with the actual Labyrinth, which the young woman must enter, serving as a manifestation of her subconsciousness.



Talk about the ins and outs, twists, and turns, as well as the dead ends and the pitfalls involved in a man attempting to understand the mysteries of a

woman's mind, the Labyrinth of Henson lore looks an awful lot like a brain—does it not? I will quickly ask you to recall the state of the soul in **Platonism**. We must navigate a gauntlet of lies embodying the material world, searching for whatever Truth is manifested, without any knowledge of the world of forms from which we have fallen. I say Platonism, which is the 'Scholarly' answer. It is also misdirection when left on its own because Plato did not invent the Hellenistic ideas attributed to him, and as I have shown in other places, **Preexistence** is totally legit. Many if not all of you know what I mean when stating he is controlled opposition, don't throw the baby out with the bathwater, but I digress.

Sarah's entry into her own subconsciousness harkens to Platonism just as assuredly as Greek mythology is involved. Upon entering her subconscious, one can easily envision the stories of old whereupon a demigod such as **Theseus**, son of Poseidon, enters the labyrinth to battle the Minotaur, thereby freeing the Athenians. Though I would take it even further to **Persephone's** rape by **Hades**, her cyclical death and resurrection tale in the **Eleusinian Mysteries**. Because, by all appearances, that is what Sarah's subconscious is a stand-in for here, the underworld. Taking this same deductive reasoning to the degree of the **Gnostics**, we are each inhabiting our own personal hell, thanks largely to '**The Sorcerer's Apprentice**', aka the **Demiurge**, which is why mastering our subconscious, thereby attaining personal *gnosis*, is the return entry point to heaven.



Puberty cannot be overstated in any analysis of Henson's movie. It is a 'coming of age' tale in every sense of the word. **Hoggle**, a troll-like inhabitant of the Labyrinth, the first whom she encounters, is occupied holding his, *uh-hum*, **phallus**, going pee-pee into a pool when they meet.

As if an introduction to her own subconsciousness were not vulgar enough, she is then appalled to learn that he receives further relief from spraying garden fairies, poisoning them as one might mosquitoes, almost sadistically. Her disgust is only slightly pacified after one such fairy bites her on the hand as an added assurance that all her preconceived notions from childhood were wrong. Fairies bite rather than bless.

But then there are the obscene number of obelisks lining and leading the way through the Labyrinth of her mind. Am I being too crass in suggesting ‘male genitalia’? Specifically, that we are gazing in upon a young woman’s curiosity regarding penetration and pleasure, a gnosis intended for the bride’s chamber. Did I mention that her father and stepmother were currently out on their weekly date, getting alone time? And in terms of overlooked details, recall once again the film’s opening sequence. Sarah was spending her leisure hours among the obelisks while dressed in a virginal gown of white. Not overlooking the father-son avatar aspect of sun worship as well as the Mysteries of Isis as well as Nimrod which the phallus ultimately appears to derive from, mere intercourse would come across as an exoteric explanation. In both instances, Isis and Semiramis play an integral part in the ceremony. There are multiple layers to this.



Getting back to Sarah’s rude awakening, she encounters doors which are not as they seem, passageways formerly unseen by the untrained eye, and one can never know which of the door “knockers” are telling lies or the truth. More sexual innuendos? Sarah’s insistence to mark her path with arrows, using lipstick, only to learn that the inhabitants were suppressing her every expectation by turning or inverting them, bolstered her confusion. At one point, Sarah chooses the wrong door, resulting in an unpleasant tumble into the unforeseen darkness, more of that Alice

imagery for you. It is there, in the pit of her indiscretion, that she is manhandled by hundreds of helping hands. The Bog of Eternal stench which she was threatened with but must eventually face only enhances the formula. We are dealing with base desires. They're all mental processes of alchemical transformation.



It is near the end of her journey of sexual awakening when she quite suddenly finds herself in a Venetian inspired masquerade ball. Devilish masks surround her, but then so do those with elongated penis-sized noses. Blink and you'll miss it, one of them is stroked by his partner. More than any other scene, the ballroom plays out as though Sarah is now being freighted into a pocket of consciousness rather than subconsciousness, a girl's fetish if you will, because it is played off as a temptation. It is in Sarah's discovery—that she is trapped behind a mirror—that we have another allusion to Alice. Is the mirror in actuality a crystal ball? At any rate, she breaks through it, entering from one world to another like a split psyche. I'm beginning to detect the **MK-Ultra** program.

In fact, the Goblin King straight up comes across as her groomer. Had this been an actual ball, *ab-hum*, and by that, I mean a Hollywood Elite sex orgy, we would be asking the question how many of the other women were groomed into wearing the devil mask. Mind you, this was the 1980's. He kidnapped a baby during the heightened tension of the Satanic Panic, with its thousands of missing milk carton children, but that is just a side note.

A groomer will ingratiate themselves with their victim and eventually isolate them socially and physically. This continued behavior will persist in such a way that he maintains total control over his said victim. As the narrative runs its course, we learn that the Goblin King's entire world revolves around Sarah. She is the very reason as to why he exists. Everything he did, he did for her. Never is his role as her MK-Ultra handler more evident than when she recites another incantation, one which declares he has no control over her. Defeating her handler is the greatest illusion of all. Her ultimate conquest was an intended part of the psychodrama. Supposing he has split the psyche, then he has won. As ultimate evidence of this, Sarah can now look into her bedroom mirror and conjure the Muppets of her once self-conscious, manifesting them as another embodiment of her own person.



The question I wanted to answer in all of this was whether or not the Muppet movie might be better described as a Maze or if it in any way resembles the Medieval Labyrinth. I suppose it all comes down to the individual. Allow me to explain with the classic example of a **Minotaur**.

Actually, it is beyond fascinating to see **centaurs** inhabiting the deepest crevice of the Christian Labyrinth. The centaur is a perfectly compatible stand-in for the Minotaur. Like the Goblin King, his presence symbolizes our deepest fears and base desires lurking in the shadowy labyrinth of our subconscious. To quote from Pa'al in Romaiym (Romans) 7:15: "I do not understand what I do. For what I want to do I do not do, but what I hate I do." Sounds like Pa'al has a Minotaur or maybe even a centaur on the loose. In either case, making them a man-beast hybrid emphasizes our complex nature as individuals, a mixture of animalistic desires and god-like aspirations.

As part of the chivalry process, knights are shown entering to defeat the centaur, one by one. They must first pass through the two women there to greet them, resembling something akin to the two pillars of Freemasonry. They would therefore symbolize stability and wisdom, strength and beauty, light and darkness, the sun, and the moon. By the looks of the one knight walking off with the two ladies, I'm guessing they were his greeters though now he has won their love, telling us that the ultimate aim of chivalry, the divine reunion with the Tree of Life, has been achieved.

So *yes*, I guess I would be in support of the Labyrinth movie resembling its Medieval counterpart, even though it is completely inverted like the Mystery religions which sponsor it. It involves the transformation which can be found in the alchemical based psychodrama, and the Minotaur-Centaur is the one pulling the strings. Regarding the stark contrast of the Medieval Labyrinth, I will feel the urge to quote Pa'al in Romans again. I try hard to hold back on these tendencies, knowing that nearly half of my readership frowns upon the dude. Not that I'm apologizing. I would have to be woke to do such a thing.

¹¹ In the same way, count yourselves dead to sin but alive to ALAHAYAM in YASHA'UA Messiah. ¹² Therefore do not let sin reign in your mortal body so that you obey its evil desires.

Romaiym (Romans) 6:11-12

The Christian Labyrinth was a tool in the salvation process intended to transform the Pilgrim from a corpse into a new creation, transforming his prayer from a fleshly to a spiritual desire. It was the kingdom of heaven upon the earth and his citizenship in Renewed Yerushalayim that he was after.]



Intermission: Minnie and Whiskey

[**UPDATE** 6/5/25: THE ship dropped us off in Southampton, and then we drove up to **London** to spend a week in somebody's vacant apartment, **cat sitting**. I have stated in other places that my wife and I and our three children are traveling through Europe for the remainder of the year, investigating and putting my various dissertations to the test. And how we are doing that for the most part is house surfing, watering plants and feeding the chickens while their owners are gone. Fresh ink has been added to a host of book reports over the last few weeks, but I am not

going to tell you which ones, as you are expected to stay vigilant and on your toes. Well, you happened to land upon one of them.

Quick story. The names of the cats were **Minnie** and **Whiskey**. My instructions were to bring them inside the apartment every evening, but how was I to know which were the right two? I managed an orange and a peppery one without getting scratched in the face, close enough. I know little to nothing about cats, being a man and also somewhat of a dog aficionado, and so I'll leave it to you to evaluate their facial expressions. They looked piss if you want my opinion on it. Never a night passed by that one or the other entered the bedroom to sit on my face. Nobody else received that treatment. I am often told that men have to earn a cat's respect but then any dog lover knows that's a two-way street. Regardless, here is a drink to the health of Minnie and Whiskey. May you and you alone always be locked up into the right apartment.



Labyrinths in the London Underground

WHILE the Minnie and Whiskey situation was going on, **Labyrinths** were confronting me nearly everywhere in the **London Underground**. A labyrinth is intended as a place to discover yourself and that's not the sort of idea that I would attach to a subway system. Sarah and I have utilized subways in cities across the world, including past escapades in London, and I am pleased to tell you that this was our first trip anywhere that we did not get on the wrong train heading in the wrong direction or end up at the wrong station. Regarding the labyrinth situation though, I think something much larger is going on. This will take some exposition.

Will you disagree with me when I claim nearly all of England's spiritual heritage has been gutted over the last century, preferring atheism or the wishy-washy barefacedness of postmodernism in its stead? I'm talking about the Church of England, or Catholicism if you prefer, their roots

within Christianity, and above all else, Medieval spirituality, an undeniable defining element of Great Britain, to which we are offered the labyrinth.

Some have claimed **The Beatles** are to blame, and if so, that's blame shifting. Their alchemical transformative process was in indeed potent and dissected in my [Paul Is Dead](#) paper but even they were built upon a former foundation. Others go back further to the First World War, but I have my eyesight on **Darwinian Evolution**, from which the entire human experience was flipped onto its head. The biggest game changer of all, however, was the **dissolution of the monasteries** hundreds of years earlier. I have just written a paper on that one. [The End of the Millennial Kingdom and Henry VIII](#). That's how far back I would take it if that's what you're wanting to know. The point is, Britain for the most part has rejected its own spiritual heritage, preferring something else, but what is it, exactly, and are they in the least bit concerned about the slippery slope?



These aren't my pictures, but I can confirm that the many online reports are accurate and true. Britain is most certainly swarming with a high tide of immigration. It's a literal invasion, by the way, a '*conquering from within*' strategy that undoubtedly comes down from **Top Management**. I am old enough to have the darndest recollection of England being a white country for the most part, but even then, the non-whites were integrated and "**British**." That was in **1997**. My last visit in **2019** saw some noticeable changes but that pales in comparison with our return in **2025**. The **hijab** has become a fashion statement.

That right there is wishy-washy postmodernism for you. The Brits are so adamant about **purple hair feminism** [that too is a noticeable change of demographics] and yet they will spit upon their forefathers by groveling at the feet of the Islam invaders. Britain has become a nation of passive-aggressive pansies. Statements like that can probably land me a visit from the buttons but they will not cause me to forsake the **first amendment** to the **U.S. Constitution**. And anyways, the last time I checked, they *do*

claim **free speech** at **Speakers' Corner** in Hyde Park. That was me standing on the soap box for a minute. Thanks for listening.



Look, the **London Underground Labyrinth Project** was undoubtedly an ambitious one. Especially when one learns that an original labyrinth was installed in every one of the **270 stations** on the network, with each design being created by artist **Mark Wallinger** in **2014** and commissioned for the train system's **150th anniversary**. My respect has been earned if that means anything to you. Probably not, given what I am about to say. The labyrinth was intended for the purpose of pilgrimage so that the pilgrim could discover the kingdom of heaven within. One can argue about cultural vandalism and Christianity as well as Catholicism's part in it but then gutting Medieval spirituality from the labyrinth is definitely cultural vandalism. If it is a post-modernist pilgrimage that they are after in the London Underground, it just seems to me that they would be doing everyone a favor by installing mazes.



The Labyrinth at St. Margaret's Chapel, Glastonbury

It is strange to learn of **Henry VIII**'s destruction of **Glastonbury**, the proposed site of **Avalon**, when one stops to ponder his obsession with **Merlin**'s prophecy. He quite literally destroyed the cathedral that **Arthur** and **Guinevere** are buried under. It is a marked grave. Not forgetting **Joseph of Arimathea**'s part in establishing the **first Christian church** on the grounds. I will undoubtedly have much to say on Glastonbury and

what I've come to learn there in other papers because the topic of this on is labyrinths. **Saint John's** has a grass labyrinth, but they had closed for the month due to drug addicts and vagrants, *bummer*. Glastonbury as a whole had **Haight-Ashbury** vibes to it, and as my readers already know, nothing about [Haight-Ashbury](#) was grassroots. More on that later.

Saint Margaret's had its own labyrinth, a **finger labyrinth**, which is why I decided to go there. Originally, Saint Margaret's went by another name. Centuries ago, the church of **Mary Magdalene** is what they called it, thereby giving us probable clues to [The Holy Family](#) and [The Holy Grail](#) narrative, but Henry had that one destroyed too, *bummer*. The back alley leading to Margaret's recalled her to mind when offering **MAGDALENE CLOSE** for a street name, probably another clue that I am unaware of at present.



Well, there it is. The finger labyrinth. My first labyrinth experience. Not including the wall art in the London Underground, of course. Are you not impressed? Judge it by its size, do you? If so, then perhaps we have forgotten what a **Mandala** is, as per [Mary Magdalene and the Mandala](#), and that an entire macrocosm is to be found in the microcosm of the self. Quickly, it should be noted that Margaret's had a strict code of conduct involving silence, and that it frustrated my children, which in turn aggravated me, though I believe I kept my cool in the situation. Set that thought aside for the moment.

Slowly running my finger along the winding trail, I maneuvered towards the center in prayer, allowing each turn to direct my thoughts while ignoring my children's interruptions. It's not like I didn't communicate with them before I began. I guess this is as good a moment as any to let

you know that I run a full time [widow's ministry](#) which is fully and financially dependent upon monthly supporters. Messiah's words in Matthew chapters 5 and 6 have become a regurgitated prayer of mine over the last couple of years, as my daily concern has centered upon having my family provided for.

Once again, wondering where the money will roll in is what I found myself praying for as I journeyed deeper into the finger labyrinth, all the while curious as to what I might find in the center. Will you be disappointed to learn that nothing was discovered there? *But wait.* Doing an about face with my finger, I made the impromptu decision to close my eyes, blindly allowing the trail to guide me on the exit rather than depending upon the false assurances of eyesight. I cannot begin to tell you the spiritual calm which washed over me in that instant. The turns were disorienting enough that I began to laugh at the irony of my own willful blindness. With my eyes opened, I had failed in trusting YASHA'UA as the provider of my material needs, albeit illusions. With my eyes closed, he became the captain of my soul. And just like that, the anxiety was flushed away. The labyrinth had become a mandala. By journeying into the microcosm of the self, I discovered a macrocosm of shalom far greater than myself, and that is gnosis.



The Labyrinth at St. John's, Glastonbury

AFTER shutting their doors to pilgrims for the month of May due to local irreverence, **Saint John's** in Glastonbury promised to reopen again in **June**, necessitating another return visit. While commenting upon the labyrinth artwork of the London Underground several pages ago, I bewailed the gutting out of Britain's Medieval spirituality at the altar of postmodernism, where anything *but* the Kingdom of YASHA'UA goes. Glastonbury has become a cesspool of the **Wiccan** religion, reeking of

the incense burned to their gods. Try not to forget that Avalon was the isle of the dead to begin with, a haunt of evil spirits, and that Joseph of Arimathea stunned the Druids by chasing them off. It appears as though there is a concentrated effort to bring the devils back, turning the pilgrim labyrinth into one resembling the Muppet movie. St. John's has become an island unto itself, an island within an island, and it is quickly shrinking to the rising tidewater.

A day or so after my initial visit at Glastonbury, Sarah and I got into a fight, something which, after 23 years of marriage, we don't succumb to often. It was more of an emotional eruption on my wife's part, to which I played the part of the fire hose. I will remind you that this paper is about labyrinths and the bout between us very much applies to them. Sarah was feeling hurt because my research had become a tunnel vision at Glastonbury, blocking out the family from my peripheral vision, causing her to feel left out from the equation. That was her side of the argument, whereas I didn't have one to counter with. Truth be told, she wouldn't have felt hurt had I not become so annoyed by the fatherly duties I was hoping to set aside so as to pursue spiritual depth. Why is it that parentless lovers and solitary pilgrims, without anyone else to distract them, always come across as having the spiritual depth? Perhaps that too is an illusion of the eyes because even **Teresa of Avila**, whom I highlighted in [The Interior Castle and the Matrix](#), bemoaned her failed expectations in the face of duty. Once again, the labyrinth would be my tutor and guide.



Labyrinths are **circular** more often than not to represent the shape of our realm, and potentially the soul. The center of the labyrinth is the heart of every man embedded deep within our subconscious, the naval of the earth, which is **Jerusalem**. So there I was, praying my way around the grass labyrinth at St. John's, attempting to harness the discovery awaiting me *within* rather than without while my three children jumped about the

labyrinth, chaotically running the lanes as though it were a playground, experiencing it the only way they know how. Often, I had to stop and correct them, repeatedly advising my twin sons on how to use the path before them as a tool. At one point, Ira told me he was lost and couldn't get out, to which I replied, "If you are lost, it is only because the labyrinth is attempting to tell you something."

I will have you know that the journey and return journey was another success, albeit an unexpected one. I happened to learn something along the way, and it is this. *I am a father*. Some of you are already tightening the contortions of your face at that one, wondering why I didn't figure it out years ago. Spirituality and parenthood cannot be compartmentalized is what I'm getting at. Why else are we here but to conform to the face of our heavenly Father? Parenting isn't simply a spiritual path, transforming the parent as much as the child. It is the greatest spiritual path of all. The labyrinth taught me that.]