

## A Winter Labyrinth Walk Resting in the Stillness

### Preparing for the Walk

Winter invites us to slow our bodies and quiet our expectations. Before you step onto the labyrinth, pause where you are. Feel the weight of your coat, the ground beneath your feet, the air against your skin.

Take three slow breaths.

With each exhale, imagine releasing the urgency to hurry, fix, or perform.

With each inhale, receive the gift of this moment.

When you are ready, step onto the path.

### The Journey In

As you walk toward the center, let winter be your teacher.

Notice how winter does not rush.

Trees release their leaves without apology.

Fields rest beneath snow and frost.

Life does not disappear. It waits.

With each step, consider:

What in my life is being invited to rest?

What am I still gripping, even though the season calls for release?

If thoughts arise, greet them gently and let them pass like breath on cold air.

Walk slowly. There is no destination to earn.

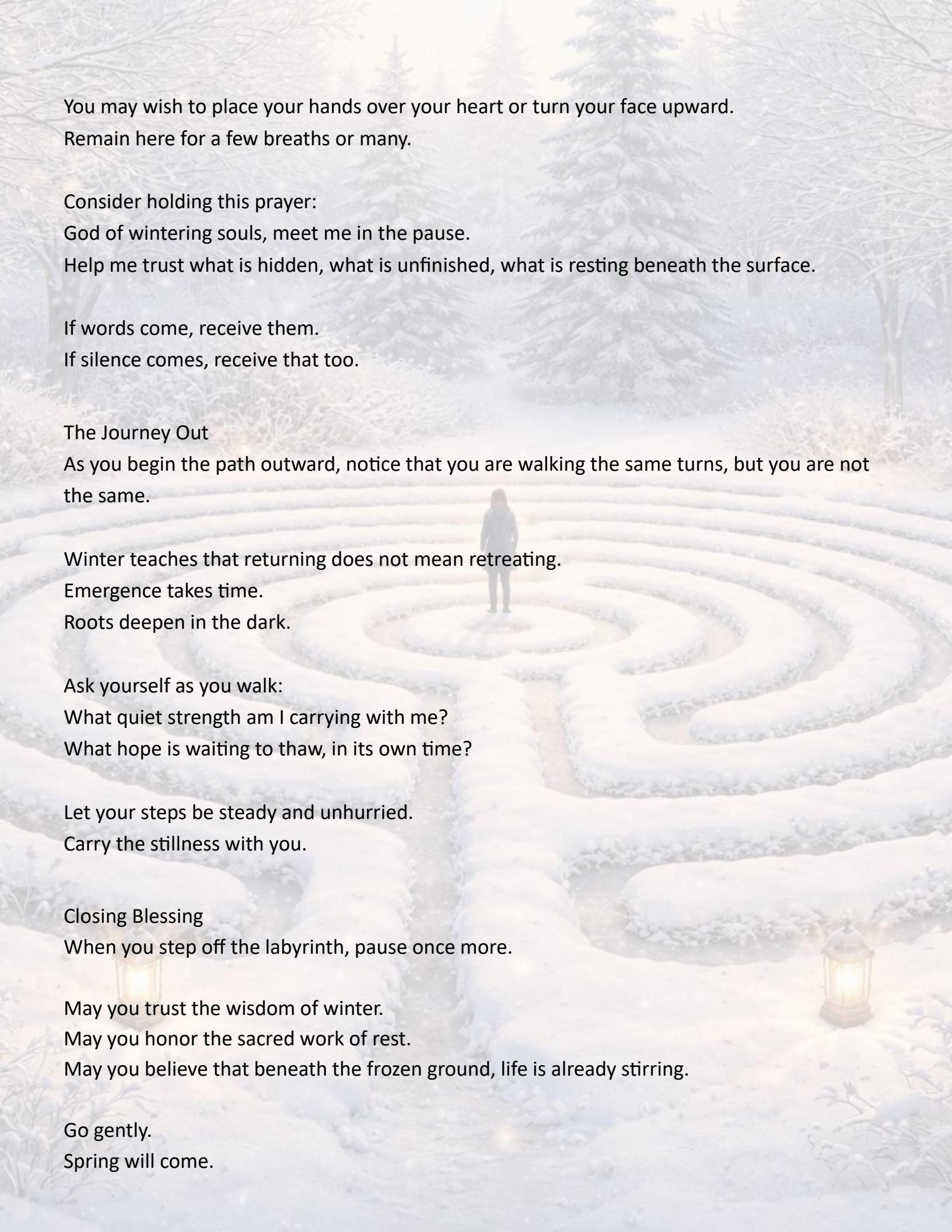
### The Center

When you reach the center, stop.

This is the holy still point.

Not empty. Not barren.

But full of quiet becoming.

A soft-focus background image of a person walking on a circular labyrinth made of snow. The labyrinth has several concentric paths. In the bottom right corner, a small lantern sits on the snow, its light glowing warmly. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and contemplative.

You may wish to place your hands over your heart or turn your face upward.  
Remain here for a few breaths or many.

Consider holding this prayer:

God of wintering souls, meet me in the pause.

Help me trust what is hidden, what is unfinished, what is resting beneath the surface.

If words come, receive them.

If silence comes, receive that too.

### The Journey Out

As you begin the path outward, notice that you are walking the same turns, but you are not the same.

Winter teaches that returning does not mean retreating.

Emergence takes time.

Roots deepen in the dark.

Ask yourself as you walk:

What quiet strength am I carrying with me?

What hope is waiting to thaw, in its own time?

Let your steps be steady and unhurried.

Carry the stillness with you.

### Closing Blessing

When you step off the labyrinth, pause once more.

May you trust the wisdom of winter.

May you honor the sacred work of rest.

May you believe that beneath the frozen ground, life is already stirring.

Go gently.

Spring will come.