

A Spring Labyrinth Walk

For the season of resurrection and new life

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Before you step onto the path, pause. Take three slow breaths. Let your shoulders drop.

Entering — Releasing — the walk inward

INVITATION

Look down at your feet and at the ground beneath them. Notice what surrounds the path — the soil, the emerging green, perhaps the noses of bulbs pressing upward into the light. The earth has been doing its quiet work all winter long, in the dark, without your help.

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AS YOU WALK

With each turn of the labyrinth, let something go. You do not need to name it precisely. It may be a worry you have been carrying, a grief you have held tightly, a question you cannot answer. The turns are not wrong turns — they are simply the path. Trust them.

| *What have you been holding through the long winter? What is ready to be laid down?*

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NOTICE

If you pass the blooming bulbs, slow down. These flowers did not force themselves open — they simply responded to warmth and light when the time came. You are also responding to something larger than yourself today.

Center — Receiving — the still place

When you reach the center, stop. You have arrived. Stay as long as you need.

PRESENCE

You are standing at the heart of the path. This is a place of receiving — not striving, not figuring out, not fixing. Simply be here. Let the sky be above you. Let the ground hold you. This moment is enough.

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SCRIPTURE

“See, I am making all things new.”

— Revelation 21:5

| *Where do you most need newness right now — in yourself, in your relationships, in your hope? Offer that place to God without an agenda for how it should be answered.*

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A PRAYER FOR THE CENTER

God of bulbs and bare branches, of sealed tombs and rolled-away stones — you know how to bring life from what seems finished. Meet me here in this quiet. I don't know what new thing you are making. But I am willing to be surprised. Amen.

Returning — Carrying — the walk outward

The return path is the same labyrinth — but you are not the same walker. Something has shifted, even if quietly.

AS YOU WALK

On the way out, notice what you are bringing with you. Not what you have figured out — but what has been given. A word, an image, a small loosening. The bulbs around you did not bloom for themselves alone. Neither do you.

| *What small gift — of courage, of tenderness, of hope — do you want to carry back into your ordinary life today?*

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AT THE THRESHOLD

When you reach the entrance again and step out, pause once more. You are returning to the world — not escaping it, but returning to it with slightly more open hands. That is the work of resurrection. That is enough.

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CLOSING BLESSING

May you go as one who has been met in the turning. May the God who tends the hidden bulbs tend also the hidden places in you. And may you know, in some small new way, that you are already, always, coming to life. Go in peace.

“The LORD your God is in your midst, a warrior who gives victory; he will rejoice over you with gladness, he will renew you in his love.”

— Zephaniah 3:17

