



Walking the Labyrinth

WHILE VISITING FRIENDS IN THE BAY Area, my two Faerie Goddess daughters and I had the good fortune to find the labyrinth in the hills above Berkeley. Coming up over a golden rise, the ground dramatically ended before us in a steep and sudden drop. We looked out across a narrow hidden valley. Our guide, Primal Ooze photographer and Pirate, Ed Lark, with a smile and widespread arms indicated what seemed to be the air before him. Looking down upon the valley, we saw a large round Cretan-style maze. My heart leapt for a moment as it had when I first saw the Castalian Spring at Delphi, or Stonehenge, or the Pyramids of Egypt. (The first glimpse of a sacred site will do that to you every time. I highly recommend them.)

"Wow!" my daughters cheered in unison. "Let's walk it!" We hiked down, and while Ed and I watched, the girls entered the maze. They moved back and forth, around and around, periodically grinning at us as they came closer and then wound farther away. When they had finished, Ed asked, "Do you want to walk it alone?" I nodded. "I figured you would," he said and sat down nearby.

Not long after my visit to the Bay Area, I find myself walking another maze. Here, too, there has been damage to the altar.

I took several deep preparatory breaths. It had been a painful and emotional week. I found myself hoping that somehow, in walking the labyrinth, I might find some solace and even, perhaps, some answers. I placed one foot upon "the pattern". I think I almost expected sparks to fly up as I began to move forward. My thoughts seemed to follow the bends and turns of the path as it twisted before me. The wind began to pick up noticeably.

When I reached the center, I found an altar. A circle of stones surrounded a small patch of earth. In the circle were the offerings left by previous visitors. There were beads, dried flowers, a small red plastic heart, some pennies, a photograph, several paper strips from fortune cookies, a prayer in Spanish chalked on a stone, and other symbolic mementos. I regarded the altar silently. The circle stones had been disturbed. They lay jumbled before me and when I placed my hands upon them I sensed an anger.

Someone had trashed the altar. There were cigarette butts and ashes scattered over the ground. This was no tobacco offering. It appeared that someone had dumped an ashtray from their car upon the circle. Glass from a broken soda bottle was widely scattered about. It was obvious from the amount of breakage that it had been intentionally smashed upon a rock. It became clear to me what my offering was to be. I began to carefully pick up the glass. Soon my hands were full. Ed saw what I was doing and stood up. "Do you want my backpack?" I nodded, and after contemplating how to get the pack to me, he walked around to the entrance and began to walk the maze. As he wound along, he began to pick up little bits of trash and put them in his pack.

When he reached the center he silently held out his open pack and we began to drop trash into it. It took quite awhile to clean up the center. We had to be careful not to accidentally throw away what might be an offering. The smallest scrap of paper might have meaning. When in doubt, we left an item there. We dusted off and replaced the offerings neatly in the center, and returned the disturbed stones to the circle. Outside the maze, the girls got into the spirit of things by running around and picking up bits of trash that had accumulated there. Finally, I stood up. Ed offered me a plastic bottle. "You must be thirsty,"

he said. I took a sip and handed the bottle back.

"Thou art God, Ed." We regarded the restored altar.

"An appropriate offering from our May Queen," Ed remarked as I poured out some of the water into the earth.

"It's a gift from CAW to those who come here after us," I said. We turned and wound our way out.

Now what does all this have to do with my becoming the new editor of *Green Egg*?

A difficult divorce has finally taken place here at *Green Egg*. Hands that once held fast to one another in love and cooperation have been ritually parted. Anyone who has been through the end of a relationship knows how difficult it can be to remain in one another's presence afterwards. Otter and Diane have been doing just that for some time because of their mutual love for *Green Egg*. Staying together "for the baby" has seldom proven to be wise. While Diane has done an amazing job of keeping her personal conflicts at *Green Egg* out of the pages of the magazine, her "rage and pain" reached the point where she could no longer continue her work here. We had all hoped to effect a smoother transition with my assuming the full editorial position at the Spring '95 issue. This was not to be. Not long after my visit to the Bay Area, I find myself walking another maze. Here, too, there has been damage to the altar. Rarely have I felt so torn. While I ache at the loss of Diane, I am excited and honored to be the new *Green Egg* editor, and thrilled and hopeful at this birth of the new *Green Egg* family. **GD**

Marian Morris

