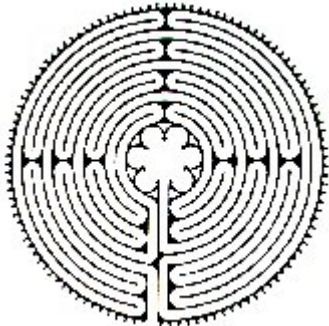


St. Paul's LABYRINTH

The Labyrinth: a resource for spiritual work and play

Spring, 2009



COMING UP!

FRIDAY, APRIL 24th

Join us for a walk in honour of
EARTH DAY
7:00 – 9:00pm

SATURDAY, APRIL 25th

Creation of a sand labyrinth
at Spanish Banks
12:30pm
Weather permitting !

SATURDAY, MAY 23rd

**THE MYSTERY OF GRACE:
Movement, Meditation and
Prayer**

Led by Tannis Hugill

**Saturday, May 23, 2009
1:30 – 4:00pm**



**2ND FRIDAY OF EVERY
MONTH**

**Labyrinth Walk for Peace
7:00 – 9:00pm**

**LAST FRIDAY OF EVERY
MONTH (except December)**

**Walk the Labyrinth with live
music: 7:00 – 9:00pm**

JERUSALEM: THE WESTERN (WAILING) WALL



This article by The Rev Markus Dünzkofer, Rector of St. Paul's Anglican Church, is the second in our series on Sacred Spaces. The first was "Malta 2008" in our Summer '08 newsletter.

I know that God cannot be limited to just one spot on earth, but there are sacred spaces, places where God reveals God's self in a particular, dense, and especially experience-able way. It is what Celtic spirituality calls "thin places," spaces, where the separation between our existence and the reality of God is very thin. And the Western Wall is such a place.

A few years back, I had the opportunity to spend six weeks in Israel and Palestine. I spent most of my time in Haifa at an Ulpan, a Hebrew language school, for I was there in order to learn Hebrew. Two weeks into our experience we embarked on a four day excursion to Jerusalem – and I was giddy to get there.

We arrived on a Friday afternoon, checked into our hotel and were met later at the reception of the hotel by a Lutheran deacon who gave us a first walking tour of the Old City. By then the sun had set already and Shabbat had settled over the homes and houses of the people of Jerusalem. There was an eerie silence as we made our way through the small alleys and lanes. Everything had closed down and with the exception of a few monks and a handful of tourists like us, there were not many people finding their way through the narrow pathways which formed a true maze that could swallow you up easily without any trace.

Our deacon tour guide, however, lead us through the twisted and crooked streets on sure footing. All of sudden we turned a corner and stood on a balcony-like platform

(continued p.2 >>)