WELLBEING

The Way Knows the Way

WE wanted to publish what it's like for participants of circle practices in their own words. Ambă Lucy Chenery was a participant on one of Info Circles' Rites of Passage Camps and has written this special article about her experience to share with our readers....

"If you go back to the etymology of the word 'threshold,' it comes from 'threshing,' which is to separate the grain from the husk. So the threshold, in a way, is a place where you move into more critical and bolloaning and worthy fullness. challenging and worthy fullness. A threshold is a line which separates two territories of spirit, and very often how we cross is the key thing." John O'Donahue

HE sun warmed my face as I left the house, my body heavily laden with my belongings. A kind, earthen-eyed acquaintance ferried me to the Moor. He sang gently whilst I frantically tied up loose ends on my mobile phone before, with an audible sigh of relief, switching it off. Devonshire roads are so beautiful—I love the way they weave, bend and burrow into the landscape. The light poured through the established summer leaves, the noise of normal life dialling down with each passing mile. There was a sense of significance in the air; I was going on an adventure and I knew something in the core of me was changing.

I remember taking my shoes off immediately. The soil felt like home, rising up to meet my feet. Heidi, Sam and Natalie—our guides—greeted us in the woods where the Pines met the Beech trees. Despite having my polyeste trees. Despite having my polyester shelter and a selection of worldly comforts, I felt as if I was returning to something bare, ancient and fundamental. We were invited to intuitively let our feet guide us towards a tent spot; I received a sense of satisfaction in my body when I landed between two motherly Beech trees.

"Beech can signify the death or end of something, but also stand for the changes that rise through realisa-tion. Since its gift is the revelation of experience, Beech suggest you should cross the threshold that is challenging you, gain experience from the unknown, seek revelation and increase your knowledge." - John Matthews and Will Worthington

The 8 of us regularly sat in Circle over the 4-day journey and passed through a series of stages through a series of stages – landing, intention setting, the Medicine Walk and integrating. There was spaciousness, shared food, games, song, laughter, tears, silence, ceremony, discomfort, sincerity, joy, pain and a potent shared humanity which deepened over our time together.

The Medicine Walk, which is traditionally done to prepare for a Vision Quest, was a central part



of the experience; a contemplative time to commune with, and receive medicine from, the natural world. At dawn on Day 3, each of us crossed the threshold we made together out of leaves, sticks and meaningful objects and spent time on the land until dusk, when we returned to where we began.

I'm still integrating my time with the Land—it feels essential to keep it silently tucked away in my heart whilst I slowly, probably over some years, harvest its medicine. It's hard for me to convey in words just how pivotal the whole experience was and how it continues to enhance my daily experience. It was a safe, facilitated space where I could orient and contextualise myself in this vast experience of being human. It confirmed my intuition of how immensely important Rites of Passage are - my whole being had been hungry for a container, a map, a compass, which I now feel I've begun to find. It helped me honour, process and integrate my life so far. It has prepared me for my way forward, knowing that Life is at my back and that I'm not alone. I somehow feel part of the landscape now, rather than just admiring it from afar.

I'm profoundly grateful for Heidi, Sam and Natalie for being such impeccable guides. I'm grateful for the land, for trust and the look of wild power in my guide's eyes. I'm grateful for being truly seen and heard. I'm grateful for the soil, the fire, the voices in the wind, the birds, the mossy nooks, the stream, the grasses and the hot setting sun. I'm grateful for the ancient Beech trees and the crow's call. I'm grateful for this chance to cross a threshold and to emerge, like many have done before me, into a new stage of life. I sincerely hope that every young person has the chance to experience their own crossing too.

You don't have to know the way The Way knows the way You don't have to plan your way Trust the Way Feel the Way The Way knows The Way Knows The Way knows the way - Lyndsey Scott

Find out more at www. circlewise.co



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