

Labyrinths are perhaps one of the most representative and symbolic works of all time,
One of the many myths associated by the labyrinths is one of a young woman.

The young woman found herself at the entrance of a dark labyrinth;
there was no light, and she had no recollection as to how, or why she was there.

She tentatively stepped inside the labyrinth, seeing no other path or guide.

As she plunged into the dark, she immediately became lost.

Try as she might, her sense of direction evaporated in the gloom.

The massive maws of the labyrinth had enveloped her, and she felt despair.

She tried to run towards the direction of the wall, but tripped over something along the
way.

She felt and scrabbled at the ground and took hold of what felt like a string.

She stood once again, string in hand, and tread deeper into the labyrinth.

She did not know where the string led, but it led somewhere.

She put aside her fears, and decided to trust.

She trust that the string would see her safely on her journey.

As she walked, she felt a pattern in the labyrinth.

Its winding paths, with points ever close, and eternally far from her destination.

She reached the center of the labyrinth, and gained an understanding she didn't have
before.

She understood that there was only one way into the labyrinth, and one way out.

She no longer feared; she had trusted the string.

It had brought her to the center, and it would bring her out.

She walked and walked and walked,

and eventually,

she left.

The labyrinth is a physical metaphor for life,

with its twisting roads,

and winding paths,

all laying on top of each other,

Like the years that accumulate on us.

Life has its low points and its high points.

And there is only one way in, and one way out.

Life is like the labyrinth in the way that it is dark,

and we cannot see the way,

but the string,

the Savior,

Christ,

He can lead us in,

and back out again without fear.