

Labyrinths & Lagers
By Mark Woodlief

I like to call my April trip to Santa Fe, NM the "Labyrinths and Lagers" tour.

Being a Portland resident, lagers (and all flavors of microbrew) have become a passion of mine over the last decade. I like to joke that although I do not homebrew, I am happy to be a DT (Designated Taster). My motto is: "If you

make it, I'll try it." While Santa Fe is a much smaller micro-brewing environment than Portland, I was not disappointed by the quality I discovered. Marble Brewery is technically in Albuquerque, but offers a tap room overlooking the Santa Fe Plaza.

Second Street Brewery features two separate locations, and seems to be steadily growing. Although I didn't make it to their



tasting room, <u>Santa Fe Brewing Company</u> makes a delicious <u>"State Pen Porter."</u> And while many make a pilgrimage to Taos to visit the pueblo or the many galleries, you can see by my photograph what captured my attention.



When my friend, Jennifer, invited me to escape Portland's gloom and grey for the bright blue of Santa Fe, I couldn't say no. I began researching area labyrinths that I might visit during my brief, five-day visit.

My first labyrinth walk was in the beautiful, natural setting at <u>Ghost Ranch</u> near Abiquiu. Although I had – and achieved – an intention

to solidify a spiritual connection that I began with the artist Georgia O'Keeffe in 1986, one surprising takeaway from my walk was my observation of others using the labyrinth that afternoon. I concretely observed, and inwardly recognized, there are many approaches to the labyrinth, ranging from puzzlement to wonder to awareness.



My walk at the St. Francis Cathedral in downtown Santa Fe was marked by a trio of teenagers walking simultaneously. As we all stood in the center of the labyrinth together, I heard one of the young women say, as she snapped a cell-phone picture of their feet, "This is just for me – I'm not going to Facebook it."

At <u>Frenchy's Field</u>, I felt the connection between those who had walked the path before me, myself, and those who will follow. A few days later, I was sharing the photo I took of the labyrinth with a Portland friend, Don, when a look of love and

happiness settled on his visage. I hadn't realized that, as a former Santa Fe resident, Don had helped to construct the labyrinth at Frenchy's Field. To see the labyrinth in such good condition boosted his spirits, and reinforced my sense of connection.

Now, no matter where I travel, I look forward to discovering new labyrinths (and, if possible, a new beer or three).



More photos at

https://picasaweb.google.com/102056460408103639215/LabyrinthsLagers?authkey=Gv1sRqCPf5nrGxl46XvQE&feat=email



About the Author:

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