

A Pilgrimage to the Heart of Nature

Jayne Fenton Keane

First I drop pebbles into the pool to begin the incantation.

To crash
To drift
To drown
To float
To flow
To splash
To wash
To dilute
To spray

These are the downstream aspects of the waterfall
Upstream there are heights
Precipice / Edge
Offerings

To drop
To leap
To crash
To slip
To plummet
To swerve
To tumble
To agitate
To let go

In the cave of dissolution
In its blackness
A pilgrim makes light from the molecules of the world.

How should a meditation on a pilgrimage to the heart of nature look and sound? Firstly it needs constraints. Just as “a waterfall gathers the tears of the world”¹ – musters them through nature’s causeway and offers water alternative modes of being through transformation into vapour, or cloud or tree sap or blood or gill – so this discussion puts transformation on the agenda. I make no

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¹ Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot* (New York: Grove/Atlantic, Inc., 1994), p. 22.

attempt to explain transformation, but rather to reflect on and engage with its processes, insights, and embodied knowledge. I offer a map watermarked with “diffuse yearnings for meaningful connections,”² and invite you to join me on this trek to the place where language greets the unsayable. The belly of the map is scarred with pin holes, where former approaches pierced its surface with wishes. Held up to the window, the map’s light-ephemera breach the eye and little *ahas* vibrate in muscles that apprehend, but cannot speak their name.

“Hello,” says language to the phenomenological and embodied; the *other*. There can never be a reply.

Methodologically, I begin with a bookshelf, from which I draw ideas. From Heidegger’s *Poetry, Language, Thought*:

I dwell, you dwell ... To be a human being means to be on the earth as a mortal. It means to dwell ... Mortals dwell in that they save the earth ... Saving does not only snatch something from a danger. To save really means to set something free into its own presencing. To save the earth is more than to exploit it or even wear it out. Saving the earth does not master the earth and does not subjugate it, which is merely one step from boundless spoliation.³

We are mortals and we dwell, but is it possible to dwell and save, at the same time? Heidegger’s world view, flawed and politically volatile as it may be, offers “presencing” as a kind of passive awe-inspired salvation, to the disconnection between people and the earth:

Mortals dwell in that they receive the sky as sky. They leave to the sun and the moon their journey, to the stars their courses, to the seasons their blessing and their inclemency; they do not turn night into day nor day into a harassed unrest.⁴

This sense of harassed unrest, noticed by Heidegger, is one that has survived the scalpel of history and is the feeling that drives me to the brink of collapse. I am not talking here of a literal collapse but a littoral one: a crossing over from the desiccated language of jargon, to the moist breath of lovers, who turn their backs away from the world towards each other, towards life. In the littoral zone the liminal haunts with its shady existential questioning of the meaning of life, and one’s progress through it. Existential questioning and its pilgrimages strike at the “hyphen between matter and spirit” – that is life.⁵ Or “maybe that’s just

² Kevin McHugh, ‘Un-poetically “Man” Dwells,’ *ACME: An International E-Journal for Critical Geographies*, vol. 6, no. 2 (2007), p. 258.

³ Martin Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought*, trans. Albert Hofstadter (New York: Harper Colophon Books, 1971), p. 352.

⁴ Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought*, p. 352.

⁵ Augustus and Julius Hare, *Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers* (London: John Taylor, 1827), p. 77.

something for the birds.”⁶ The deniers of animal consciousness may think this implausible but perhaps they have not spent enough time with wild birds or, as Jules Michelet did, thought about them as workers without tools.⁷

Gaston Bachelard introduces the insights of Michelet as a way of metaphorically representing intimacies between bodies and the world. The bird’s body, says Michelet, “presses and tightens its materials until they have become absolutely pliant, well-blended and adapted to the general plan.”⁸ Just as the form of the nest is “commanded by the inside” where the nest emerges as an expression of the body of the bird,⁹ a pilgrimage represents a certain mode of dwelling in space, in scenes of physical and spiritual intimacies. From Bachelard I also learn how to see and conceptualise the earth through an elemental poetics – in particular his engagement with the four elements of earth, air, fire, and water. Bachelard lit the lamp and showed us how to laugh at the absurdity of a light bulb by establishing a unique method of writing a metaphysics of the imagination. I walk with Bachelard on this pilgrimage to extend the history of poetic method, its sanguine geographies of language and its representation of that which shimmers beyond the tongue’s articulating reach. The metaphysics of being is a pilgrimage to the heart of nature, attached to a body inscribing space with presence: temporary, elemental, vulnerable, and in flow. The book of Maurice Merleau-Ponty, his *Phenomenology of Perception*,¹⁰ is another smudged by the phenomenological fields of extended selves that are filled with linguistic, semiotic, and material perceptions. It is one tucked against my ribs as I climb with a slight film of perspiration downing my arms.

From the poets on my bookshelf I draw techniques for putting language through its paces, as demanded by both Heidegger and Bachelard. Language, through the disciplines of poetry and philosophy, offers alternatives to the explicative, empirical, statistical speech required by current models of funding and intellectual accountability. There is a difference between a thinker, an academic, and an intellectual, argues Kenan Malik, who accuses today’s

⁶ Kevin Hart, ‘Five Poems by Kevin Hart: Late Questions in Winter,’ *Eureka Street: A Publication of Jesuit Communications Australia* (30 June, 2009), at <http://www.eurekastreet.com.au/article.aspx?aeid=14759>. Accessed 30/12/2011.

⁷ See Jules Michelet, *The Bible of Humanity*, trans. Vincenzo Calfa (New York: J.W. Bouton, 1877).

⁸ Jules Michelet in Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space: The Classic Look at How we Experience Intimate Places*, trans. Maria Jolas (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969), p. 100.

⁹ Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, p. 101.

¹⁰ See Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception*, trans. Colin Smith (London: Routledge, 2002).

academic of being “smoothly professional,” involving a transmutation from one kind of irrelevancy to another:

[T]o be an intellectual today seems little different from being an accountant or an engineer. The dangerous intellectual has transmuted into the safe expert, a narrow specialist with a narrow mind and low horizons.¹¹

Such a superficial view of intellectual endeavour is assailable from many angles; however, there is an unsettling element of truth nesting in the breath propelling this statement. It may only be a light and mildly provocative breath, but it calls for resistance and agitates the traveller’s itch in my feet. A decade in academia has taught me enough about some of the accountabilities and professionalism mentioned by Malik, styled by a fattening layer of bureaucratic management. A return to something beckons, but a return to what? My ear responds to the question by tuning to the thirteen century Persian poet Rumi’s tongue: “Let the beauty of what you love be what you do.”¹²

There is an antidote of sorts in poetry’s canon of eclectic languages, but there is also a hurdle; poetry is a discipline as well as a language. As a discipline, poetry is full of contested values, and people frequently at odds with each other, in a persistent reiteration of aesthetic conflicts. I mention this only because such conflicts are a source of disillusionment; enough to drive one away from poetry, away from the love of it. To be in pilgrimage is to walk away from disillusionment towards inspiration. To walk away sometimes requires a little magic, which brings me to Jajamanekh. Four thousand years ago, the Westcar Papyrus recorded magician Jajamanekh’s recovery of a jewel lost in a lake.¹³ Legend has it that he split the lake in two, stacked one half on top of the other, picked up the jewel, then returned to shore where, upon clapping his hands, the water became a lake again. Jajamanekh’s magic reminds me of the pilgrim’s task to transmute the matter of self, to shift the sedimentary layers of the everyday and recover the jewel of life. The jewel can represent many things or qualities; it is a symbol with the capacity for rich personal interpretations. The history of pilgrimage does, however, suggest that ‘it’ must be obtained through a process which tests one’s worldview or the status quo. Pilgrimage agitates, and it often involves magical thinking, mystery, and a touch of alchemy. My pilgrimage connects with the tradition of

¹¹ Kenan Malik, ‘The Death of Ideas,’ *New Statesman: Consumer Website of the Year* (22 April, 2002), at <http://www.newstatesman.com/node/142809>. Accessed 22/12/2011.

¹² Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī Maulana *The Essential Rumi*, trans. Coleman Barks (San Francisco: HarperCollins, 1995), p. 36.

¹³ See Bernard Lewis and Stanley Burstein (eds), *Land of Enchanters: Egyptian Short Stories from the Earliest Times to the Present Day* (Princeton: Markus Wiener Publishers, 2001 [1948]).

ecstatic quests, shamanic turns towards destruction and rehabilitation, and is most wholeheartedly a turn towards nature.

Prior Reading

From this immersion into nature's semiotic and material atmospheres some sense must be made. How is knowledge, though, borne of the *aha* transformed into language and its impulse towards communication? An even more provocative question could be, perhaps, "is this transformation necessary?" As a writer I am driven to share experiences. As a pilgrim, I prefer not to talk about experiences, but to dwell in each *aha* for as long as possible. Such tensions wend their way through planning the trip and preparing this paper. Kathryn Rountree is another researcher who has grappled with embodiment and pilgrimage. In 'Performing the Divine,' she discusses how pilgrims encounter the divine through embodied experience when interacting with sacred sites.¹⁴ Pilgrims at sacred sites are involved in scenes of "mutual inscription" where the materiality of place resonates with knowledge of a site's historical and ethereal values.¹⁵ A pilgrim, then, is always at the centre of things in relation to sites: in the hub of historical inscriptions, in association with the residues of other bodies that preceded them, physical encounters with other people, and the natural world's material presence.

Journey Notes

What follows is a gesture towards transforming experiences into language without privileging one mode of knowledge over another. Convergence of ideas, expressions, responses, and experiences are presented through a series of virtual postcards. The postcards are inspired by photographs and their entourage of memories, drawn from my trip to the Iguaçu waterfalls. I visited Iguaçu on a pilgrimage around South America through the unlikely mode of an adventure tour. This tour threw me into a truck with eight other travellers. In a way, it echoed the shamanic process of becoming, and the writer's process of tearing up pages. First, there is a breach or disjunction, where the chorus of antecedent voices invokes the age old questions: "Who am I? Why am I here?"

"Who am I?" and "why am I here?" are questions lit strangely in the breath of the *aha* joining body to candle in meditation. In pursuit of the *aha* there is much introspection and breathing. A renewal is invoked: one born of a

¹⁴ Kathryn Rountree, 'Performing the Divine: Neo-Pagan Pilgrimages and Embodiment at Sacred Sites,' *Body & Society*, vol. 12, no. 4 (2006), p. 101.

¹⁵ Rountree, 'Performing the Divine,' p. 101.

“silence older than the sky that makes our being here a murmur only.”¹⁶ The postcards do not exist as material objects. Instead, they are composed through words struggling to greet the eye and ear in evocative ways, by pressing memory’s body into language. I turn to the conjuring gesture of writing where the poet and philosopher’s task unite. The inner eye is a kind of magus, a deceiver full of tricks of the light; false memories and true recollections. Mine was an incomplete pilgrimage, though this essay does attempt to pick up some of its loose ends to offer a translucent account of meeting nature in the heart, the eye, the breath, spirit, and consciousness. The encounter was full of hearts: ghostly, broken, aching hearts and stony, loving, foreign, skipping hearts. Through it all, the heart of nature called in paths, forests, rivers, mountains, lakes, light, the sun and moon, stars and capricious atmospheres.

One aspect of nature called out more than others. From cloud to tear, water undertakes the longest quest of all through the alchemies of grief and joy. In pursuit of language I step towards the water of breath and blood and semiotics: a fertile space where myth is culturally determined, and where water transgresses the inky residues of poetry, perhaps even the protocols of identity. The body’s weather and liquid architecture are torn between vaporised gestures of speech, inscriptive gestures of writing, and secret realms of blood. I meet the great waterfalls of the world with both a tourist’s eye, warped by a frame around each view, and a pilgrim’s eye – the one turned in upon itself to find the route to rapture.

I am immersed in a “tissue of citations”¹⁷ that reminds me of what is at stake: that the price of everything is the amount of life exchanged for it, and that when the temple bell stops “the sound keeps coming out of the flowers.”¹⁸ Through all these intimacies there is water. There is the molecule of life full of oxygen and full of its transmutation into other forms. At the waterfall, the poet’s world of unsayable apprehension encounters the hormones of the imagination,¹⁹ and notices a giving way, like a cliff off a shoreline cleaves from its continent in a collapse against uprightness. There are so many immersions and digressions in the scene of witnessing, and at the centre is imagination, which is not a state but “human existence itself.”²⁰

¹⁶ Kevin Hart, ‘Selected Poems: The River,’ *Pilgrim Project: Getting from A to Beyond* (30 April, 2011), at <http://www.thepilgrimproject.org/?p=555>. Accessed 1/01/2012.

¹⁷ See Roland Barthes, ‘The Death of the Author,’ in *Image, Music, Text*, trans. Stephen Heath (New York: Noonday Press, 1988), pp. 142-148.

¹⁸ Matsuo Basho, ‘Quotes on Poetry,’ *Echo Studio* (2009), at <http://www.echostudiochicago.com/quotes/poetry/>. Accessed 31/12/2011.

¹⁹ Gaston Bachelard, *On Poetic Imagination and Reverie: Selections from Gaston Bachelard*, trans. Colette Gaudin (Dallas: Spring Publications, 1987), p. 19.

²⁰ William Blake in Bachelard, *On Poetic Imagination and Reverie*, p. 19.

A pilgrimage to the heart of nature is a dual pilgrimage as there is human nature and the other natures – all full of beings rich with unspeakable or unsayable moments. It is not just the voices of animals, of secrets, of the tissue of gossip and the exploitative processes of capitalism that are present, but also the unspeakable yet known realms of the subconscious. The following postcards are initiates of a project that began with light diffusing through holes in a map saturated by Iguazu’s atmosphere. They are remembrances: points in the journeying process. There is more to this pilgrimage and its turning to nature than the postcards can represent, but they are offered as translations, of imaginative blurs and smudges, caught in a scene of mist where the eye was moistened by the world.

Postcard 1: A curtain of water cascades over a chapter of life

As I write the final chapters of a PhD, Iguazu calls to me. Perhaps it is because big changes are coming. I recently overheard a conversation between three American tourists on the streets of Newtown that was synchronous with Christopher Hartney’s invitation to enhance public discourse through the sublime, beautiful, and ethical aspects of aesthetics. To that challenge I’d like to table the unsayable. Much of what Hartney calls an “excess of analysis and paucity of evidence”²¹ might stem from the qualities of embodiment that do not always sit well with academic ways of accounting.

The three young tourists on the streets of Newtown were debating the relative merits of scuba diving, versus bungee jumping, versus skydiving which, in the true spirit of American adventurousness, had to involve at least “one minute of free fall.” Apparently beginners are entitled to thirty seconds of free fall and the more advanced sixty seconds. Where status and separation are there for the taking they will be taken. I chuckled to myself at the crossing, at the big *aha* they inspired: a noticing that there is a craft in wandering and also peer pressure. While consensus was anti-bungee and pro ‘a one minute free fall,’ one of the girls bravely said that someone “would have to push me out of the plane because I am the kind of person who has to crash completely before I can change, *seriously*.” I am with her! So when my instinct tells me profound change is afoot, I worry a lot about what will happen and whether it will require even greater personal resources than those required in the past. This sense of an impending radical change feels like a call to pilgrimage, yet one

²¹ Christopher Hartney, ‘Pilgrimages to the Extreme: Constructing Paths Between Loss, Violence and Beauty in Lars von Trier’s *Antichrist* (2009) and Terrence Malik’s *Tree of Life* (2011),’ Paper delivered at *Philosophies of Travel: Exploring the Value of Travel in Art, Literature, and Society*, Sydney Society of Literature and Aesthetics Conference, University of Sydney, 29 September–1 October, 2011.

that is different from the others I have received. When Iguacu calls, I listen and reflect until awe returns, washing away fear and invoking the thrill seeker to come to me. Bachelard's accent is almost incomprehensible as he jaunts ahead on my path explaining how imagination offers pleasure, satisfaction, and vitality to knowledge: "Satisfying the mind so often means doing violence to the imagination."²²

Postcard 2: Time comes quickly to the skin and slowly to the heart

This is about how the temporal can mutate in the body and give up its linear accountabilities in favour of its true relative nature. Before I get to what the waterfall teaches, however, I need to offer a snapshot of context. The pilgrim might resist some aspect of their everyday life. The exulted space of the pilgrimage requires a different descriptive language to share the experience of reflection. A language and method of inquiry appropriate for its spiritual, transcendent, or transformational agendas. An agenda operating through different accounts of temporality. For this, a different accent is required – one that brings the human back into the humanities and that speaks aesthetics back to the rationalist.

Postcard 3: A fingertip reveals its translucent nature

I enter a reflective practice as I make my way towards one of the world's most spectacular waterfalls.

The condition of the poet reflects that of the pilgrim, in the sense that exploring, examining, letting go, abandoning the worlds of the known and pursuing journey, are connected to the process of writing. Metaphor and mystical refrain are intrinsic to both practices. Rapture is written on this postcard and so is rupture. Rapture is only one letter away from rupture and they are mimetically linked in the sense that they are enmeshed in each other's potential. Light becomes central to rapture and rupture, and you can see it breaking free when you have been gutted of the banal, or captured by a Kirlian photograph. It is what is emptied from the body along with breath when we die. Water seeps slowly from the body as it returns to the air and soil.

Postcard 4: Under the water I am embraced by the world as I miss you

The process is approached, staring up at the light of the page, from an underwater realm of apprehension. Apprehension includes the anxious task of production that awaits the writer; it includes the space and time before language, and it represents a reaching out towards the perfect word, in the

²² Bachelard, *On Poetic Imagination and Reverie*, p. 19.

perfect space, at the perfect time. A kind of revelation is desired. Of course the mission is mostly impossible. The pilgrim strides towards transformation or spiritual fulfilment, the traveller pursues alterity, and the writer paces towards the river where creativity flows. Apprehension invokes the capture and arrest of words; but also their absorption and acceptance. The waterfall can be understood as a symbolic accent of the unsayable, as it meanders through the processes of language, and its worlds of expression.

Postcard 5: Inside the cascade essence reveals itself

One side of the waterfall represents the side of yang, the force that takes charge, which pushes, drags, and energises. The other side follows the spirit of yin, the pool, the float, the surrender, the dark still place of reconciliation. The pause; the breath. There are caves there sometimes, there are creatures staring at you from the sides. It is a site of spectatorship; the view of the cave and its streaming wall of water. Inside the stream, it is vulnerable. I break on the rocks, into essence, and occupy a kind of dreaming in the indigenous and Jungian sense. I am an extended person now, walking on invisible crutches, nicked with the past.

Postcard 6: The whirlpool and its tangled song lines

Agitation is within, and in the surround of the pool, in its scene of disturbed language. In pilgrimage the *spiritus mundi*, or spirit of the world, is embraced without its rational trimmings to achieve a more concentrated sense of self. It has Christian connotations but also Pagan and consumerist ones. Dreaming resides in the songlines,²³ which sink deep into water to meet the breath of its animals. The water holds the essence of transformation, the heart of the pilgrimage, in its very substance. Where egg becomes tadpole, grows legs and becomes frog. In the rushes growing at the side, the butterfly ruptures from its silken cocoon. Everywhere there is water, there is life, and there is a waterfall somewhere in its history. How can a traveller not be awestruck here?

Postcard 7: Translating awe when the paper will not dry

Through the language of symbol and poetry an attempt is made to translate experience because, as humans, our innate drive towards sharing and communication is so powerful that it overrides deep tissue knowledge. Communication is part of our human 'being,' our human 'nature,' and it is no coincidence that these conjunctions are invisibly hyphenated for us. As a

²³ 'Songlines' is an Australian Indigenous term connected with the spiritual and ancestral practice of the Dreaming.

human *being* I represent a position of discourse so ambiguous, that it is a delight to contemplate, yet I seek the comfort of materiality, of something to touch, to help me remember that I was here. In the presence of this whiteness, this occupation of mist, I meditate on how water transmutes between ocean/river and cloud/rain in an ongoing cycle. The atmosphere of white reminds of a blank page and how a poem moves between thought/feeling, language/expression, product/reader. I gather impervious collectibles to remind me of the places where my body nested in eroded hollows. A scene of osmotic ecologies, past, present, and future, intersect and perfuse one another in novel ways.

Is this too speculative? Here I resist the imperative to explain myself, to rationalise and justify; instead, I choose to share. To be vulnerable as the gesture of sharing insists. It is a political gesture as much as a theoretical one. I am a house-bound traveller occupying the space-time of recollection. I am in the duality of memory where consciousness and materiality disperse, and vaporise like the aura surrounding the waterfall.

Postcard 8: The page and the pool are both spaces of writing

Nature punctures me. On the precipice of a birthday where I always spend time leaning on the rail of my life, looking over its edge, contemplating the year ahead and the future I might dare to dream; I am punctured and punctuated by nature. The tick, the mosquito, and the sand fly have punctured me and drawn blood. They have given me parasites and fever in exchange. Clouds of insects hover around my head in a veil of full stops seeking sentences to finish or close off. To date, my pilgrimage has yielded no such sentence and the aura of biting things that speak to me of writing, their black and tiny bodies full of commas and quotation marks, full stops and questions, continue to demand attention. I smear the blood they have drawn on a rock, knowing that my haemoglobin will outlive me and my words here. These punctuations are a haze. They cloud my vision and never stop demanding the writing of sentences to give to others.

Postcard 9: I was here

To create a visitors report of the waterfall, and to make sense of the notes from my journal of pilgrimage, I must descend further into dissipation to show you anxiety, in a way that the haze of a waterfall shows the distant thirsty traveller that relief is ahead. Vapour falls and joins the pool eventually or it evaporates. The pilgrim's journey, like the waterfall, has a beginning and an end. It must be embarked upon in some way, and concluded in some way, because pilgrimage by its very nature is a gesture of temporality. Life may be a pilgrimage but it is hard to live as a pilgrim; despite all the new age rhetoric

about journeying, a pilgrimage is a reflective space.²⁴ It does not belong to the world of language or the world of things. It is a sense-making gesture, an interval, an intermission. The trick is to carry the upstream self, and the reconstituted self of the downstream, in a way that facilitates growth.

A seed needs water – that is obvious – but what use would the webbing on a duck, salamander or amphibian’s foot be without water? Such are the processes of arrival contained in the vernacular of evolution. They are change, manifest in the bodies of nature. Amphibious and insect natures are perfect metaphors for people attempting to explain to others that not all human knowledge is provable, and faith does not make sense except to those who have experienced the miraculous. For example, the common question “does the butterfly know it was once a caterpillar?” represents the open ended and mysterious process of transformation. A pilgrim’s nature is hopeful and accelerated, always moving towards something, or returning from it. These qualities also exist in the waterfall. Hope needs a sense beyond human nature, which is one reason why the non-human natures need to be saved, nourished, and left to be, in their own worlds, in their own ways, in their own processes of presencing.

Postcard 10: Once upon a time

A Macaw with dull eyes watches as I pass its cage in the bird sanctuary. As a tourist I help entrap nature in its status as a commodity, tourist destination, or site for species triage. Extinction is a word born of the precipice. It is a keyword of the precipice and is most clearly evidenced in the Niagara Falls vista. A waterfall lined with commerce that transmutes it into a kind of wet and narrated Disneyland. Victoria Falls holds the keyword of danger and extinction. To walk along its rim you must pass elephant skulls stripped of body and flesh. You must walk the knife-edge of poverty in an environment where tourists are told lions are waiting to eat them, as though there were so many lions left.

The Iguazu falls, on the other hand, invite you to all perspectives of water. From the elevated and the ecstatic, to the earthly grounded mode of being. In the contemplative space of immersion you are drenched. Animals attempt to steal your belongings. Water destroys all electrical equipment, and the noise of the water is the noise of Menieres: the switched on eardrum that will not understand silence in the same way ever again.

²⁴ See Joanne Pearson (ed.), *Belief Beyond Boundaries: Wicca, Celtic Spirituality and the New Age* (Aldershot and Burlington: Ashgate, 2002).

Postcard 11: A heart of amber holds its mother, the tree, in its centre

Surrounding the falls are fields of gems, and part of the collectibles of my pilgrimage are heart-shaped stones. I find a heart of amber full of tree matter; a skeleton of striations of the tree from which it came. *Aha*. This is evidence of a *once upon a time*. In it is a story in flow that begins in an ancient tissue and text. A journey born of grief that ends in reconciliation. In this heart is everything I need to remember, to know, and to guide me through this unfurling process. There is an ending; a return. The home is encountered through fresh eyes that see “radiance everywhere.”²⁵ Each of us, says Joseph Campbell, has meaning that we bring to a life; who also advises that it is a waste of a life to be asking questions about meaning “when you are the answer.”²⁶ Now all that is required is to find out what kind of answer I am.

²⁵ Joseph Campbell, ‘Living in the World,’ in *A Joseph Campbell Companion: Reflections on the Art of Living*, ed. Diane K. Osbon (New York: HarperCollins, 1991), p. 17.

²⁶ Campbell, ‘Living in the World,’ p. 19.