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## Traveling Lost

*Follow your bliss - where your deep sense of being is from,  
where your body and soul want to go... and doors will open  
where you didn't know they were going to be.*

Joseph Campbell

The essence of travel is in our desire to discover. A most basic desire of the human soul, discovery calls up the Child Experience, where everything is new and fresh and lies waiting. Traveling imprints the soul's visa with an exemption from the mundane cares of every day life. Doors do open, providing opportunities to delight in the unexpected.

Preferring to bypass the cities, I ramble around in the countryside, where each day exploring brings new treasure to light. "***Time Is ~ Time Was ~ Time Is Not***," this discreetly chiseled inscription, found on a churchyard sundial, might best describe the essence of traveling throughout Britain. History and prehistory surface at every turn and I find myself magically falling back through the ages. Here, there exists the feeling of tapping into an intangible undercurrent of some ancestral memory bank. Some connection to a lost past. The landscape breathes and is alive with enchantment. The veil draped between the known and the unknown seems thinner.

Letting myself travel lost, far off the touristed map, not knowing where exactly I am, gives me unrestricted access to the unexpected. It is then that synchronous events flourish. It is where I begin to regain myself, and where the return to magic starts.

There is nothing better than to be lost in the winding, narrow, country lanes bordered by those tall hedgerows that define the patchwork of luxuriant green and tawny-yellow fields. With a bit of luck, I stumble on some great ruin of an ancient age around the next leafy turning. A fork in the path leads to a tea garden setting of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Ahead, a bend in the road provides a flickering glimpse of a castle ruin through the elms. Unexpectedly, in fields of golden grain, immense, ancient stones stand shimmering in the sunlight. Accidental discoveries that open something in my heart. And there's the beauty

Linda Linda Baker, of [Sacred Sites Tours](#), is insanely fond of maps and greatly enjoys working with Donna Niles to organize and organize and lead tours to sacred sites in [England](#) and [Scotland](#).

Linda is widely read in archaeology, history, and has a loving reverence for spirituality. As an ardent proponent of Pilgrimage, Linda takes great pleasure in connecting kindred spirits with the spirits of place.



for me. Not so much seeing the sights, as being part of the moment of discovery. Absorbing the moment. Letting myself be as lost as possible, with a light and merry heart.

I travel exploring not only the tangible landscape around me, but also that which drifts out before me, ephemeral, elusive and compelling. Venturing away from the known circuit gives rein to my soul's purpose. A desire takes root as something of a personal calling, and I am immersed in the fluid pool of discovery. I saunter. Sauntering allows oneself the opportunity to take in the expected. That, which was alone waiting for its discoverer. A lovely surprise left by a mirthful sprite.

Nothing is opens my soul more than partaking in this vast and awe-inducing, cosmically planned Easter Egg hunt.