

Through the Rabbit Hole

*The labyrinth, takes us to who knows where?
Take a look around, there are holes everywhere.*

My lovely vintage wine box has woodworm. I thought that someone had stuck drawing pins into it, or perhaps used it as a back-box for a dart board. Then the thought crossed my mind that perhaps it was tiny little worms eating away, and I wondered; are there living worms in there? If so, how many? Are they all one family? What can they see? Are they trying to get to somewhere in particular or are they simply journeying into the unknown whilst filling their tiny tummies with tasty grub?

Our dining table also has holes; formed by the knots in the wood drying out and shrinking. These 'blemishes' are part of its beauty.

The space where the knots once were are now beautifully smooth, perfectly circular spaces to stick your fingers into, or sweep crumbs through. They are a talking point at dinner parties. Someone suggested that the largest hole is an ideal place to surreptitiously place unwanted food for the dog to enjoy below the table. This would be fine apart from the fact that we don't have a dog. Nonetheless, it was an interesting suggestion!

On the subject of holes, when Alice took her first steps into *her* rabbit hole, she had no idea where she was going, she had no idea if or when she would ever get out. She could have been brave and placed one foot in front of the other, trying each door that she came to in the hope of finding one open, or she could have screamed in

terror. She could even have had a tantrum, stamping her foot and refusing to move even one inch.

What if someone had encouraged her “Come on Alice, I know the way, follow me and all will be well” and she listened and followed in a trusting unquestioning fashion, only to be told a few hours later “I am sorry, but we seem to be getting more lost.” Would she have trusted again or would she have listened to the voice in her head telling her that she was no longer safe and needed to rethink her strategy? But what alternative did she have? Trust those who said they knew the way or trust her own instincts and make a blind dash for the speck of light in the distance. What if she could see no speck of light? what then?

You are not alone in this hole. We are all in it together, and what you see down here is mainly of your own choosing; darkness, shadows, fear and isolation, or light, companionship, a sense of being part of the whole, taking this unknown journey together.

We know not where the rabbit hole ends, or when daylight will reappear, however we can be assured that as always, things will change. Nothing stays the same.

*Down and around and around we go
Where this ends, nobody knows.*