

The Wonder Weavers

You will have heard I'm sure by now a well-spun tale of old; the one about the king who wanted straw made into gold. And the flaxen haired fair maiden who did what she was told by way of goblin's magic in exchange for first child sold.

I suspect you have decided that this story is not true. And no doubt that means you know you share the long prevailing view. If a fairy is imagined then a tale bearing its name should be regarded by all rational people as being just the same.

Now the thread of this narrative I'm about to lead you through is even more fantastical to believe or accept as maybe true. But it isn't fairy, isn't fiction, isn't fanciful – just packed with pictures of wonder's meaning; stunningly truth and beauty-full. So with fairy tales laid aside and impish folk put to bed, let's enter this story of everything that begins in three weavers' shed.

Before there was something-ness and still now outside it all, there was always a simple weaving shed standing staggeringly tall. In it live three long-time, perfectly devoted friends – so at home with each other you can't see where one starts and another ends. They blend and they mesh from wills so intertwined that they are always discovering they are of one heart and mind. They talk, they plan; they work, they laugh, they endlessly speak and sing; their conversation now serious – now playful – covers everything. There is no fear between them; no need of secret's safety, their words don't grow short, their tone is never testy. And if you're finding it quite magical that friends could ever love this way, just wait until you hear what happens every time they say...

Anything.

Their words are substance, their songs are light; they take on form and transform night. And each one seems like a jewel-like bead that threads itself with lightning speed onto ever-unravelling, lengthening strings that flow and spin and start to sing their own refrain echoing the weavers' same as they fall into skilful hands.

The pause is momentary as thread is held then thirty fingers weave amazing variety beyond what you could ever hope to conceive. Of course it is a tapestry for that's what weavers make but you could be forgiven for your mistake if you imagined each detailed part so distinct yet always seamless could not in fact be all one art for it displays such living genius. Each part is woven twine made from weavers' words once said but they produce such different materials they don't seem like they're from the same thread. But what unites them all, connects them all, makes their colours vibrant shine is the fact they all exhibit hallmarks of the same three-fold word design. Just like you would say "That's a Monet for sure," the water-lilies three miles in have a hint of what's come before.

I can't describe for you the picture the tapestry conveys on account of all those myriads of wonder-weaving says! Or what degree of love made known is spun through grace-filled skies because it's in such detail and of such colossal size. There aren't enough pages in enough books to even start to describe the scope that's captured in this stunning work of art; the constant sing of everything in this image made of sound – the like of which has simply never ever been seen or found.

I'd try to give a sense of scale but there's no unit of measure suitable and therefore its staggering dimensions remain

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unquantifiable. Its top most part is certainly higher than earth to outer space, you definitely couldn't view the whole of it in a single gaze. And its length goes on much, much longer than the history of the human race. And all the while it's still coming and there are smiles on each weaver's face.

I think I'd have more luck if I focused on individual features, picked out some particular landscapes perhaps or one or two especially inventive creatures. But even then I'd struggle to reflect the depth of enthralling beauty that weaves something so perfect with such brilliant ingenuity. For whole lands come from just six hands and no one really understands – it seems to defy with incredible vitality what is possible even for creativity. For there are three dimensions and all five senses and it's brilliantly technicolour too so it seems more materially substantial than a tapestry, more like all-encompassing truth.

Some several sections in as it rolls out carpet gently unfurled, you will find the first instance of a woven little girl. So life-like, knitted in there, she dances and she sings and if you listen closely it's like an echo of the whole thing. And she walks in beauty strident almost hyper real it glows... and you can see in her eyes that she's one of the ones that knows; she came from thread – she is because she was said – she is of three weavers born. She was knitted together and will be forever and can never be from them torn.

The rocks, the trees, the waterfalls all so magnificently spun are so differently tactile from where they were begun. No wonder as the girl touches them they feel so, well so *actual*, but she knows in her heart it's the weavers who are *really* factual.

Her tapestry world is real to her – it is all she currently sees but she is one who hears the weavers' song echo round white-wool-woven breeze . She knows she is part of a bigger story, there is more to life than even *this* embroidered glory!

What's this over here, seventeen miles left and hung in soft grey sky? But a momentary stitch of rainbow that looks different to every eye. What's this in the tree to the right of her path? A brilliant hued bird whose song like a laugh picks up an echo again of the bigger refrain that's woven and spun in all parts.

Suddenly the tapestry girl cocks her head because joining in with it are the ones who first said her and her surroundings and all she can't see, the whole that's ever been in the tapestry. Their singing is floating over her too, gossamer thin threads build a layer anew. And she glistens and glimmers like never before, she was created already but now she's created more. So she picks up a needle and thread of her own and she celebrates by sewing from this new song-thread on loan a new work that celebrates and captures a hint of the glory of the ones who authored her woven story.

Another section some several hundred more miles in and we meet those fascinated with how the tapestry begins. They study on in breathless awe, they long to understand the tapestry more. They catch the wonder at the heart of their explorations and allow their new deductions to also bring new revelations. Every extra lesson learned, every new discovery made always seems to lead to even more extravagant praise of the three that are beyond any of their divination and of the work that they have made and its exquisite formation.

I want to interrupt the tapestry's description to take you back to the weavers' shed and to shift our position. For like any master-craftsmen building such work I want to assure you that they never shirk. The back of the piece is finished

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so brilliantly well that the links and thread ends are invisible. On closer examination you find to your wonder this is because they are separate threads no longer. The joins are perfect; they're without defect; the knot-work never ends – yet there is neither casting off nor tying as each one effortlessly blends. And what astonishes, completely admonishes all competition to their skill is that on the back, from threads in slack is formed a better picture still! What work is this, what staggering beauty to make the rough side speak with yet more clarity? A new design, infinitely more fine, is hidden in seeming lose ends that are actually the even truer intention of the three marvellous, weaving friends.

The weavers' craft is meticulous, their results almost ridiculous. For they excel beyond what I can tell, they surpass all expectations - they elicit awed exclamations. They are the Wonder Weavers after all!

Back to the front and the unfolding design and past the rainbow's fleeting shine. On in the story, past endless new glories what's this that we're starting to find? Unlike those alive to the mystery so aware of the way they were said, there are some deaf to the story, preoccupied only by visible glory, and not even believing in thread. They don't accept three weavers speaking life into being, they won't acknowledge they are part of a tapestry woven rich with meaning. And they resolve to prove what *they* have said, to pick things apart and prove they're not thread.

They dissect, they magnify, they look deeper and deeper; they measure and they manage and they climb ever steeper up a mountain of knowledge made of every kind of investigation always using the most thorough methods of objective interrogation. They want to find out what they long to believe – that they are their own masters; that they were not conceived.

But as they dig deeper and pull off all the layers what they find seems to tally with the idea there are say-ers. They deconstruct their way through the tapestry's structure, trying to determine it is not manufactured. They unpick and they unravel some important sample parts and are amazed to discover what is at their heart. Though each thing they see and examine is so distinct, it's all made up of the same building blocks of things. Tiny jewel like beads threaded on a string, pulsating waves of sound woven into everything.

Now you must not make the same mistake as others, you must remember, these are tapestry people so if they move from their cloth, they simply dismember. Like creating a tear in the fabric of time and space, by following threads backwards they started to erase some of the design on the face of the work the Wonder Weavers have made.

Those denying the weavers' story keep unravelling its glory and create lose ends everywhere on the front of the story. They aren't listening, their ears remain closed – they remain loyal to the mistaken sub-plot their characters chose. Some give up completely and run out of time for they unwind themselves totally after a while. But some press on and actually what they find is exactly what was always behind....

For as they follow the thread on and on they begin to hear the echoes of a song. They are nearing – can't help but be hearing – the weavers' own voices, united in song in a three-part chorus. And as their exploration reaches its peak and they find they are back at the beginning they seek they stumble upon how the story begun and they watch in astonished delight. For the tapestry unravelled to its smallest element will always lead to the three that always meant to create and to weave and to gather all in for the end of the tapestry is really where the wonder begins.

The tapestry people's thread mouths fall wide open; suddenly they know they *were* once spoken as they arrive at

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the window of the weavers' shed and insight and surrender fill their tapestry heads. And they're suddenly brought to their woven knees by the truth of the beauty of what they can see. For their makers, their creators, the Wonder Weavers three are quite the most astonishing sight there ever could be. They know this now, though they still can't understand how and they gaze on mesmerised, fixated on the splendid sight endlessly unravelling beyond their eyes.

For they can see now here are three long-time, perfectly devoted friends – so at home with each other you can't see where one starts and another ends. They blend and they mesh from wills so intertwined; for they are always discovering they are of one heart and mind. They talk, they plan; they work, they laugh, they endlessly speak and sing, their conversation now serious – now playful – covers everything. There is no fear between them; no need of secret's safety, their words don't grow short, their tone is never testy. And it's wondrous and quite magical that friends could ever love this way, especially given what happens every time they say...

Anything.

Their words are substance, their songs are light; they take on form and transform night. And each one seems like a jewel like bead that threads itself with lightning speed onto ever-unravelling, lengthening strings that flow and spin and start to sing their own refrain echoing the weavers' same as they fall into skilful hands.

The pause is momentary as thread is held then thirty fingers weave amazing variety beyond what you could conceive...

And wonder keeps on pouring into the tapestry more and more for some of its characters have after all reached their origin and source. And they can't believe the Weaver's intentions, the utter perfection of woven redemption. All the disparate incidences, whether most significant or least, are actually all interconnected fragments of the same masterpiece. Last Thursday's event for one tapestry man previously unknown is actually linked to the reason someone else could stitch their home. And in the right hand corner someone seemingly alone is now not because there swells a brand new harmonic tone. The symphonic promise coming from the tapestry's reverse is pure. The time is coming near for there to be so much more...

The great turning round is on its way. It's coming close; it could be today. And now it's as if an extraordinary, unearthly orchestra is playing loud music even sweeter than previously ever found from a brand new re-creation re-made out of sound. Its mode is unfamiliar but as it grows nearer all previous ones grow dimmer and the whole tapestry glimmers with the hope that now shimmers. It's so very close now...

And every thread is ringing and the people are all singing and the weavers keep grinning as the story is bringing all things together in colour and in song. And the weaving doesn't stop just takes on more dimensions and my words are now useless to even hint at comprehension. But it's wonderful, wonder-full, full of wonder-weaving. And it's true and that's what's just so marvellous about this story's meaning.

That whisper that's buried; that longing you're straining to hear, shut down or become – that's the invitation from the weavers to join the tapestry's song... to come home, be fully known and delight in the wonder of the three who are One.

THE(RE IS NO) END.

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