

Indianapolis Spiritual Trail

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“Come walk with me and let time slip. We shall ne’er be younger.”

William Shakespeare

Every city should have a spiritual trail to support journeys of meditation, awareness-raising, and personal growth. Even if only fleeting, the experience of sauntering in nature can be life changing. It can also lead to positive changes in our world.

The Indianapolis Spiritual Trail began in 2015 as a project of the Center for Interfaith Cooperation, an organization that pursues peace through interreligious dialog. The trail is open all year-round for both self-guided and themed group walks where people from different walks of life unite around shared understandings of concepts such as faith, hope and love.



Over the years, walks have been conducted on topics such as freedom (in partnership with AmeriCorps), compassion (guided by a leading humanitarian), and love and common decency (in collaboration with the Kurt Vonnegut Museum and Library). There have been sunrise and sunset walks, sessions focused on Tai Chi and Yoga, on forest bathing, silent walks where we “think like a mountain,” and on environmental activism. In one of the most memorable walks,

members of the Song Squad—whose motto is paperless music in a perfection free zone—gathered in the sparkling shallow waters of the White River singing their favorite water-themed melodies. You can also sing your own songs on the trail. Members of the Hoosier chapter of the American Pilgrims on the Camino de Santiago have been regular participants on the spiritual trail spreading their message of camaraderie. On the Camino, pilgrims come to think of humankind as a unified, unstructured free community, and that is what we aspire to here.



The spiritual trail begins at the Indiana Interchurch Center and ends at Holcomb Gardens on the Butler University campus, but it also encompasses a range of other short trails in the immediate vicinity. Whoever you are and wherever you are on life's journey, you are welcome here. Whether it is hiking therapy, walking meditation or simply exercise that brings you to the trail, please feel free to share your reflections and experiences of the sacred. It is important to know, also, that this is a BYOB trail. Bring your own beliefs. But, as in any pilgrimage, be open to transformation. Walk at your own pace and say as much or as little as you please. There is no pressure. This is a 'soul stroll' after all, so be open to all that surrounds you, and let your spirit do the walking.

Bring your dog.

Indianapolis Spiritual Trail Map



Start at the Labyrinth at the Indiana Interchurch Center located at 1100 W. 42nd St., Indianapolis and finish at the Holcomb Gardens, Butler University. The trail is 1.5 miles



Context for a Walking Meditation or Hiking Therapy

The Interchurch Center, a creative, diverse and welcoming place for non-profits in Indianapolis, is the starting point of the spiritual trail. Go inside and look at the directory of philanthropic agencies working there. It is breathtaking. These folks want to make the world a better place and they are dedicated to solving the most urgent challenges we face at home and abroad. Walk the corridors. People who are undocumented, homeless, or refugees, are in the spotlight, as is environmental protection, interfaith engagement, human rights, and fighting food insecurity. One's spirits rise! There is hope. As these people inspired the trail's formation, you now know something of its mission. We too want to change lives.



Now go next door to the ecumenical Christian Theological Seminary where service is deemed as essential as spirituality, and dialogue as crucial as dogma. The striking architecture of the modernist Edward Larrabee Barnes hugs the cliff top. Go to the lookout on the river terrace for one of Indianapolis' most spectacular views of the canal, river and trail, especially in winter. Nearby, look for the courtyard sculpture 'Sphere within Sphere' by the Italian artist Arnaldo Pomodoro. This is but one iteration, perhaps the most impressive, of a sculpture that is located in exceptional locations around the world, including the United Nations headquarters in New York, the Vatican, and Peggy Guggenheim's Museum on Venice's Grand Canal. Think about this elite international network, and the local-global nexus. You feel a sense of privilege at being in such distinguished company. Now you know something more about the context for walking. We are all connected and at home in the world.



The trail's terminus is in Holcomb Gardens on the Butler University campus, where there is a statue of the Goddess Persephone, Queen of the Underworld, and the deity of agriculture and fertility. In Greek mythology, Persephone explains the cycle of seasons, her appearance above ground in spring marking the time when light and warmth returns to the world. Persephone is an apt symbol for this rebirth. However, there should also be a statue of Ovid Butler (1801-1881), the university's founder, for he epitomizes the idea rebirth. An influential lawyer, Ovid's

opposition to slavery on moral and religious grounds was reflected in his support of anti-slavery newspapers and his writings condemning slavery. His establishment of Butler University was based on his vision of racial equality. Unfortunately, the Ku Klux Klan derailed that vision in the 1920s, and it was not until after Civil Rights Movement that Butler University was itself reborn, this time true to Ovid's dream. On the Indianapolis Spiritual Trail, we consider this notion of rebirth in nature, in ourselves, and in our world.



On the Trail

Head to the trail proper and, from the bridge over the White River (trying to ignore the noise of the passing cars and trucks), see the sign that reads “Central Canal Towpath.” Names are important for they direct our thinking in certain specific ways and dictate what we might experience. While many are simply seeking exercise in the great outdoors, others are in search of nothing less than enlightenment through the experience of walking in nature. For that reason, we call this pathway not by its official name. Rather, it is the Indianapolis Spiritual Trail.



Even those on a *coddiwomple*, defined as purposeful travel towards a vague destination, will appreciate the first stop. Gaze down the length of the canal and think of how vital water is for all forms of life. This slow-moving canal supplies seventy million gallons of drinking water per day to the hundreds of thousands of Indianapolis residents living south of 38th street. Astonishing! As it is illegal to canoe or swim here, we turn our thoughts to the Citizen's Energy water treatment plant some miles downstream, and to the workers, the machinery and pipes, and chemicals that

will transform the murky depths before our eyes into a crystal-clear life-giving water. There is a finite amount of water on the planet and less than 1% is available for human usage. It has always been so. At this place, we think of the water cycle, the processes of precipitation, evaporation, and transpiration, and water's uses for sustenance and in industry since the dawn of time. Touch the primordial liquid and, to use Walt Whitman's expression, know that it is enchanted, "the journeywork of stars."



Native American Treaty Land

Before we head out, we acknowledge that we are on treaty land. Everyone who walks this trail is a beneficiary of the 1818 St. Mary's Treaty which acquired a substantial portion of the state of Indiana south of the Wabash River from the Miami, Lenape-Delaware, Potawatomi and others in exchange for silver, salt, a gristmill, sawmill, and the services of a blacksmith and gunsmith. A large Indian reservation was also created at this time, but in a few short years, the indigenous people of Indiana were tragically displaced, opening the way for new settlers from Cincinnati and other Ohio River townships. The Trail of Tears is well known in U.S. history, but less so is the 1838 Trail of Death when 859 Potawatomi were forcibly removed west of the Mississippi River to a reservation in what is now eastern Kansas. As we walk beside the White River, which the Miami called Wapahani, we imagine what life was like on this old Indian pathway. Men and women are fishing, hunting for clams, beaver, and deer. Children are playing games and swimming in the curiously always-cool waters. Sacred ceremonies are performed that honor

Mother Earth and the Great Spirit who animates all lifeforms. In nearby Rocky Ripple, there have been many reports of residents finding indigenous artefacts such as spearheads, stone axes and other tools along the water's edge or in their gardens. As we walk, we remember those who have gone before us. We honor their legacy and commit ourselves to fighting for the just settlement of their claims for reparations.



Journeys

Construction on the canal began in 1836 when Irish and German immigrants were engaged in a project to enable the water transportation of goods, mostly corn and pigs, from the Erie Canal to the Ohio River. Within a short period, however, Indiana faced bankruptcy and construction ceased. Then came the railways and horse-drawn water barge travel became an anachronism. Our small portion of the seven-mile canal begins very close to the White River. The levee here is a mere twenty meters above and away from the rapid-flowing waters below. Within a mile, however, the distance between them expands to over four hundred yards. A decade ago, uprooted trees in this zone caused the levee wall to weaken and the canal was emptied, revealing all manner of junk such as mattresses and bicycles. How did those shopping trolleys find their way to this isolated watery grave? A reminder: Carry a plastic bag with you and pick up any trash you find along the way.



As we move off the well-worn path to the heavily forested area between the canal and the river, you will see many paths leading off in all directions into the unknown. As Yogi Berra said, when you see a fork in the road, take it! It is difficult to get lost, but do your best. Then find yourself by vacating the mind. Open yourself to all that is around you. Listen for the wind, water, and birds. Hug a tree. Smell the flowers. Become a part of the scenery, part of the mystery. As poet John Mercer says, "...be ready, with the first step to give up control and let the journey unfold on its own, as it certainly will...Let it enter your heart and inhabit you, let it sanctify you, let you and the journey and nature be one, as you most certainly are."



Rebirth

Following heavy rain, parts of the trail are inundated with up to 10-20 feet of water. When the water recedes, you will notice how the paths are washed clean and made new again. Right before your eyes it has been re-born. As you walk, think about the journey you are on, as well as the journey of your life, and of everything around you, large and small. Remind yourself of the transient nature of existence. All stages of the life cycle are visible: newly sprouting shrubs, young saplings, majestic oaks and sycamores, plus the remnants of those huge decaying trunks now slowly returning to the soil.



With the changing seasons, we see the trail in a new light. Where once the vista was blocked by vast strands of rich and diverse foliage, now we see a passage through to the river and hear the flowing waters as if for the first time. The stunning colors at sunset draw us towards the water's edge. Here, we consider the words of the Greek philosopher Heraclitus who said that we can never step into the same river twice. This seems to defy logic, but his message is subtle. The river here is always changing, and so are we. The person who walked this same trail just a week ago is no more. The wheel of time has turned. As the Persian scientist Omar Khayyam wrote:

"The moving finger writes and having written, moves on, nor all thy piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

Look deeply into the reflections in the water, and throw a leaf or twig into the stream, saying good-bye to your old self and hello to the new you. On a still day, if you are standing in the right place at the right time, look for the path of sunlight or moonlight across the water that leads directly to you. It seems miraculous, because a path of light also leads directly to the person standing right next to you. How is this possible? This is our moment in the spotlight. Make sure to give thanks.



Labyrinths

Walks often start at the outdoors Chartres-style labyrinth by the Interchurch Center parking lot. If it is a student group, ask for volunteers. Who will crawl and who will walk? Then make sure to have them compare their experiences. It is often mind-expanding because the ones who are walking are often in a rush to get to the center, but they miss so much of what the others see and feel, including those deeper thoughts that labyrinths often inspire. Explain to them that one interpretation of the labyrinth's purpose is to represent life's journey from birth to death. Why would you want to hurry? When you get to the center—the symbolic holy land—the earthly journey is over and you reflect on all that your life is and was.

For those who crawl, however, the challenge is of a different order. It hurts to crawl, especially on mulch. You have to wrap up your hands and knees to protect yourself. Recall the extraordinary dedication of pilgrims in Mexico City who crawl miles on hard roads and pavements to seek the intervention of, or give thanks to, the Virgin of Guadalupe in the Western Hemisphere's greatest pilgrimage.



The labyrinth design is quite profound. You get very close to the ultimate destination early on, which misleads you into thinking that the journey is straightforward and will soon be over, but before you know it, as you make your way at a snail's pace through the many twists and turns, you find yourself a great distance from the desired center. You wonder what on earth you are doing here, and would this horror ever end! But then you break through the pain and boredom barriers, relax, and start to go with the flow. The destination is always in sight, if a long way away, so there is no need to worry. There is only one path, and you know that you will arrive eventually. At this point, start to concentrate on being in the moment, and to think like Buddhist Monk Thich Nhat Hanh. With each forward movement, say "I have arrived. I am home."



There are four labyrinths on or near the trail. Look at the design of each. Some look simple enough, but not when you are building them. Labyrinths are like faith engines. You do not

believe they will actually work until the last stone or brick is in place and you walk it. It feels like a miracle!

Labyrinths have a long history, starting with El Fayoum's massive underground maze in ancient Egypt, which Daedalus used as a the basis of his design of a prison to house the wicked Minotaur, the half-man, half-bull of Greek mythology. Since medieval times the labyrinth has had a strong Christian theme. The faithful in Chartres and elsewhere could undertake a virtual pilgrimage to Jerusalem on the labyrinth when the Middle East was firmly in Muslim hands.



In Scandinavia—which has more old stone labyrinths than anywhere else—the labyrinth was used to baptize the lands of the conquered and ‘pagan’ Saami. This design begins with a walking stick or shepherd’s crook, the *Chi Ro* symbol of Jesus, to which a halo is added, and finally the long embracing arms. When you enter this labyrinth, you are entering a holy realm. For some, it is the womb of Mary. Today, however, labyrinths are not linked to any specific faith. Look closely at the path to be negotiated. Some say that these continual twists and turns ensure that we are using both the right and left-hand sides of our brains, shaking us free from any pre-conceived ideas. If you enter the labyrinth with a particular problem in mind, within a short time, you will see it in an entirely new way and a solution will arise.

The labyrinth can be many things to many people. The important thing is to walk it. It is a reminder to live one’s life to the fullest, for all paths—the “paths of glory”—lead to one and the same destination.



Rituals

At the riverside, walkers often tie a colorful ribbon around a tree and make a wish, or add a stone to a small pile that has been slowly growing over the years. It represents an unburdening of the soul. Here, the walkers often share with the group a story of importance to them. On one particularly hot Summer morning, 16 walkers, eight of whom had completed the Camino de Santiago, shared stories about the camaraderie that typifies the Camino experience. They spoke of cherished moments, of memorable places, and of beautiful people from around the world who became, and remain, a vital part of their journey. Most of all, they talked about the transformative dimension of the journey, and how they would never be the same again. This is the beauty of pilgrimage.



On the hill overlooking the lake in Holcomb Gardens, by the carillon bell tower, we perform a similar ritual. We sit and contemplate the past, present and future. It was here in 1970, for example, that thousands of student protestors gathered to oppose America's involvement in the Vietnam War and the secret invasion of Cambodia. For some walkers who were present way back then, this was a 'coming of age' place, a sacred site. Think of your own 'coming of age'

places. Through shared rituals and stories like these, the trail comes alive for walkers and our sense of humanity is enhanced. In this expanded vision of our world, such sites function like anchors, providing us with a sense of identity and belonging. In so doing, they help to shape the growing spirituality within each of us and in our world.



Art for All Seasons

Among the most famous people who lived by the trail in the suburb of Butler Tarkington—one of the first integrated neighborhoods in Indianapolis—were the Hampton Sisters, the legendary post-World War 2 African American jazz and swing quartet. They were regulars on Indiana Avenue and performed at Carnegie Hall and the Apollo Club in New York. Hampton Drive, which abuts the trail, is named in their honor. As teens, some of the sisters may have played along the river, for this was a favorite weekend fishing spot for Butler-Tarkington locals.



Children need a jungle to fire their imaginations and spark their creativity. Adults too. The more secluded parts of the trail are an ideal setting for spontaneous performances. Using materials like loose rock, tree branches, wildflowers, and river flotsam and jetsam, artworks of all descriptions appear as if overnight, often to disappear soon thereafter under the new ground cover or with the rise and fall of the river. Symbols of the great faiths, Om—the sound of the dawn of the universe—lie within a hollow tree, and a small Buddhist sculpture, likewise, sits in meditation in the crevice of a mighty river oak. There is a representation in stone of yin and yang, the heart of Taoism. A small replica of the Wyoming Native American medicine wheel, shown here, seems to bring comfort to all those who cross its path.

The more times that one traverses this wild place, the more one is likely to see the whole scene as one giant outdoor art gallery. Whether or not humans are involved, creativity flourishes on all fronts, like in the unique and often contorted shapes of individual trees, the magisterial flight patterns of the turkey vultures, starlings and hawks, and in the complex patterns and sounds of water flowing over rocks. Feel empowered to contribute to this great and ever-changing composition of nature. Remember, you are never alone on the spiritual trail. There is always something to discover in and around you.



Lost Traces

At both the start and end of the trail, check out the aged wooden power poles. They are the same everywhere. Consider those rusty nails, some very old, that once firmly held in place a vital announcement—a reward for a missing dog, a missing cat, even a missing person. The tear-off slips for yoga classes, guitar lessons, lonely hearts, trash removal, and so on, linger on. It makes you think of all that you have found in your life, and all you have lost. On the trail itself, there are many lost traces for us to consider. A single colorful piece of confetti from a wedding reception or graduation long ago, catches our eye. What adventures awaited them? Now look at those mysterious piles of rocks here and there. Is that sculpted heap a storm drain or a chimney from some long abandoned cottage? What creature made those footprints? They look fresh.





More than one hundred years ago, the area around the Holcomb Gardens was known as Fairview Park, a trolley park featuring an electric fountain, merry-go-round, roller coaster, miniature train and motion pictures. It is all gone now, but if we look hard, we can see faint traces here and there. Deer and peacocks once roamed freely and young couples enjoyed canoe rides on the canal. On Sundays, there would be outdoor concerts and plays, including an Ojibwa dramatization of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. The most famous attraction, however, was two diving horses named King and Queen who would leap from a forty-five foot platform into the water below. In 1904, Prince Pu Lun, son of the Chinese Emperor Guangxu—who was on his way to the World's Fair in St Louis—visited the park to see the diving horses. That day, over 10,000 locals came to see the young prince.

Around that time, the Fresh Air Mission was established on the clifftops where Butler University's Greek houses now stand. In the rows of cottages, tired mothers and sick children could enjoy a welcome break from their squalid living conditions downtown and briefly enjoy a peaceful setting and healthy lifestyle. All of this is but a memory. What remains of the park and mission are those largely hidden piles of dirt and debris lining the towpath by the bridge on the distant side of the canal. Within these piles, you can see ceramic picnic plates, pieces of hand-

blown glass and cutlery of a bygone era. Bulldozers erased it all, shoving history aside with a single pass. What will our generation leave behind for those who are still to come? What do we want the people of the future to find that says something about who we are, and what we believed was important?



Walking Meditation and Hiking Therapy

In these tumultuous times, we need the space and time to be reminded of the beauty of the world and all our neighbors, the two-legged, the four legged, the winged and the finned. As Thich Nhat Hanh says:

“People say that walking on water is a miracle, but to me walking peacefully on earth is the real miracle.”

This is our task. There is an urgent need for slowing down for it is only through stillness that we can explore and really appreciate both the inner and outer worlds.



American transcendentalist Henry Davis Thoreau, famed for his writings on living simply in nature, was a great walker. It is said that he abhorred fences and boundaries, and believed that to walk in the wild was to join with the prophets, poets and great metaphysical wanderers of history. Some commentators describe walking as a superpower. It makes you healthier, happier and smarter, unlocking the cognitive powers of the brain like nothing else. They reference St. Augustine, who saw walking as a means of problem solving, and philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, who conceived all his great ideas while on mountain walks. Therefore, as we walk, let the trail perform its magic on us.



Forest Bathing

These days, instead of a clinic visit and medicine, doctors are prescribing nature for chronic illness. They are recommending a healthy dose of nature and fresh air. Walking has been shown to positively affect the body in many ways: In three minutes, blood pressure decreases. After five minutes, mood improves. Within another five minutes, creative thinking increases, and so on. Some experts also say that dirt is a natural remedy. Anti-depressant microbes in the soil can make you happy. Imagine that!

In Japan, ‘forest bathing’ is called *Shinrin-yoku* or “taking in the forest through the senses.” It is understood as a bridge between people and nature. On the spiritual trail, you can forest bathe. Bicyclists may race past you, joggers too. Wave to them, but stay focused on the natural surroundings. Listen to the sounds of the forest, breathe deeply, look at how the sunlight plays on the leaves and the water. How many birdcalls can you hear? Imitate them. Listen for the sound of the woodpecker drilling a hole in a tree. Look for fish or turtles, or signs of the squirrel, raccoon, skunk, deer or beaver. What insects do you see or hear? Consider the great variety of trees, and check out the different bark, leaf shape, and the overall dimensions. Feel a sense of privilege at being in the company of such wonderful living things. With this new sense of comfort, and of identity and belonging, feel your stress levels decline, and your mood restored. Forest bathing can give you back your lost energy and vitality, and refresh and rejuvenate you. Some eco-psychologists argue that all it takes is two hours a week in nature for these benefits to be realized. One hundred and twenty minutes. Seven thousand two hundred seconds. What are you waiting for?



Secret Life of Trees

Holcomb Gardens opened in 1950 featuring a 500 foot-long grass mall surrounded by the native flora of central Indiana, as well as a poet’s corner and philosopher’s bench. This is a place for fun outdoor activities but also quiet contemplation. So let us consider for a moment, the significance of our natural surroundings. In his 1920 collection of essays, German novelist Herman Hesse called our silent companions, the trees, the most penetrating of preachers. For him, nothing was holier or more exemplary, than a beautiful strong tree. He said that trees are sanctuaries:

“Whoever knows how to speak to them, whoever knows how to listen to them, can learn the truth.”

Recent scholarship on the hidden life of trees by forester Peter Wohlleben informs us that trees can talk to one another, but not in the way that we are accustomed. They can communicate with each other both below the soil through a network of roots, and above the ground through a secret language of scent. They also have social lives for the same reasons as human communities. Working together is advantageous to the group. They look after one another. Trees also have a sense of time, and a memory. When we think of all the benefits that we receive from trees, and how walking in nature changes us for the better, you realize what you must now do to keep the balance. What do you owe in return for all these blessings? Consider giving back. Start by sending a message of goodwill to our brothers and sisters of the soil. Hug a tree. Protect the forest from harm.





Insights

As you walk along the trail, you will see two identical bridges. Do they remind you of a famous bridge in the French countryside? Consider the extensive greenery, reflections, and the arched design. If only there were waterlilies. Here, we think of the modernist painter Claude Monet and his wonderful composition of the bridge at Giverny. Specifically, we read that wonderful poem by Lisel Mueller, “Monet Refuses the Operation.”



Doctor, you say there are no haloes around the streetlights in Paris and what I see is an aberration caused by old age, an affliction.

I tell you it has taken me all my life to arrive at the vision of gas lamps as angels, to soften and blur and finally banish the edges you regret I don't see, to learn that the line I called the horizon does not exist and sky and water, so long apart, are the same state of being.

Fifty-four years before I could see Rouen cathedral is built of parallel shafts of sun, and now you want to restore my youthful errors: fixed notions of top and bottom, the illusion of three-dimensional space, wisteria separate from the bridge it covers.

What can I say to convince you the Houses of Parliament dissolve night after night to become the fluid dream of the Thames?

I will not return to a universe of objects that don't know each other, as if islands were not the lost children of one great continent.

The world is flux, and light becomes what it touches, becomes water, lilies on water, above and below water, becomes lilac and mauve and yellow and white and cerulean lamps, small fists passing sunlight so quickly to one another that it would take long, streaming hair inside my brush to catch it.

To paint the speed of light!

Our weighted shapes, these verticals, burn to mix with air and change our bones, skin, clothes to gases.

Doctor, if only you could see how heaven pulls earth into its arms and how infinitely the heart expands to claim this world, blue vapor without end.

A simple operation would have cured Monet's sight, but destroyed his sacred vision of the world, one that had taken him a lifetime to acquire. Let us consider the many ways in which our understandings of the world have been conditioned in particular ways, sometimes distorting reality into a beautiful fantasy. As we cross these 'Monet' bridges, we cherish our ability to see the beauty and connectedness of all things.



Power of Nature

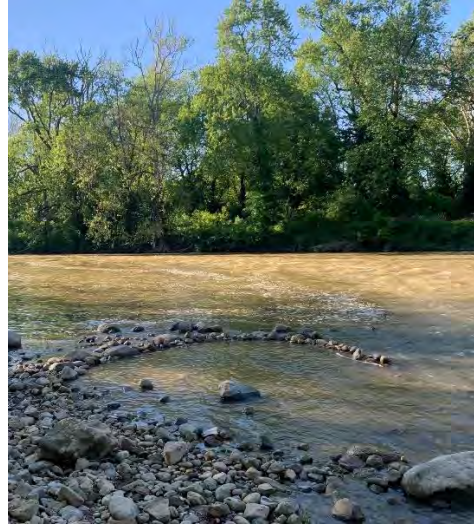
One often sees someone meditating by the riverside, especially near what appears to be an old stone crossing. The boulders are heavy and lined up as if this was once a raised platform for the transport of goods, perhaps in the earliest days of non-indigenous settlement. It must have been a mammoth effort, but it has been erased by time. Dip your toes in the water, but watch out for snakes, especially in roots of trees overturned by the sheer power of nature. Yoga enthusiasts often perform their timeless poses here, especially on the huge logs weighing thousands of pounds that lie along the shore.



Not long after this photo was taken there was heavy rainfall and the river level rose, washing the trunk away. Imagine the enormous force required to dislodge it.

It is sad to think, however, that such rainfall brings many contaminants to the river, making it one of the most polluted in the country.

Now look at the ways in which some trees have adapted to being in this semi-aquatic environment, sometimes above ground or, at other times, 15 foot under water. Some trail walkers recognize the power of nature and pay tribute to it, as in this 'White River Vortex' rock assemblage, which is reminiscent of the assemblages in places like Sedona in Arizona. Rock stacking, however, is not encouraged, as it can disturb the rich and endangered ecosystems in ways that we cannot even imagine.



We invite you to bring what you have absorbed from the spiritual trail into your daily lives and we hope that you will come back again soon.

Additional Information

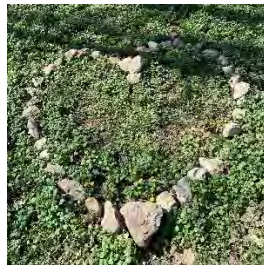
Parking is available at both ends of the Indianapolis Spiritual Trail, at the Interchurch Center and at Holcomb Gardens. There are no facilities on the trail. No restrooms, no signage, and no trash bins. Bring a picnic with you, and remember to carry water, but always take out all your garbage. Let us keep this treasure alive and well not just for the current generation, but for those generations still to come. For more information on the trail, contact Ian McIntosh at ismcintosh@hotmail.com. In case of an emergency, call the Butler police (3179409396 or 911), or for vehicular access, call Citizens Water on 3179276000. Buen Camino, and take care!



*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

T.S. Eliot

"We are simply walking each other home."
Ram Dass



Resources

Center for Interfaith Cooperation <https://www.centerforinterfaithcooperation.org/>

Backyard Birds of Indiana. <https://indianaaudubon.org/backyard-birds-of-indiana/>

Birds of Indiana http://www.state.in.us/dnr/fishwild/files/fw-Birds_Of_Indiana.pdf

Native Plants of Indiana <https://www.indianawildlife.org/wildlife/native-plants/>

Native Trees of Indiana <https://www.arborrangers.com/native-trees-of-indiana/>

Indiana Water Resources Research Center <https://iwrcc.org/>

Reconnecting to our Waterways <https://ourwaterways.org/>

Indiana Forest Alliance <https://indianaforestalliance.org/about/who-we-are-2/>

Keep Indianapolis Beautiful <https://www.kibi.org/>

Hoosier Environmental Council <https://www.hecweb.org/>

Hoosier Chapter, American Pilgrims on the Camino
https://americanpilgrims.org/iwpmap_directory/hoosier/

Peace Learning Center <https://peacelearningcenter.org/>

Butler Tarkington Neighborhood Association <http://butlertarkington.org/#sthash.aZ2wvt2y.dpbs>

Indiana Interchurch Center <http://indianainterchurch.org/>

Holcomb Gardens, Butler University <https://tclf.org/butler-university-holcomb-gardens>

Christian Theological Seminary <https://www.cts.edu/>

Citizens Energy Central Canal Towpath <https://www.citizensenergygroup.com/My-Home/Utility-Services/Water/Supply-and-Sources>



