



SIEBENQUELL

Summer Thoughts



In these weeks of summer, we are given about 16 hours of light every day. Schoolchildren are on holiday, families have more time for each other, in many companies it is quieter for a while. Aren't these wonderful conditions in which to be in charge of our own spaces and times and to be mindful of things that tend to get lost in everyday life?

The scent of the forest, playing with the children, spending time with friends, being creative, sinking into a book, immersing ourselves in the light of the slowly fading day - all this and much, much more is present and invites us to awareness and enjoyment. Then we can experience hours of fellowship as well as hours of contemplation, of a long, loving look at reality, as the Irish-Celtic Christians call it. That is why I love the generous offer of the bright days, whether I am at home or on the road.

And it pains me most when I observe how people move through these weeks without taking advantage of the opportunities to see and appreciate the fullness of reality, even to live in it. Then Jesus' words come to my mind, as he said about the people to whom he spoke in parables, that »they see and yet do not see, and hear and yet do not hear«. (Mt 13:13)

Do screens dominate our lives during these days as well? Are the children being left in daycare even now? Am I unable to spend time with myself and thus seek only entertainment? Times and spaces of greater freedom must be actively seized, otherwise they will pass by unused. Peace needs to be sought, community needs to be formed, new things need to be tried and old patterns of life need to be discarded.

As I contemplate this, I suddenly realise that a longing lives in me to become free of myself, to let myself be taken hold of - so that I get a deeper inkling of reality, so that dreams become awake again. Then hearing and seeing could open up deeper dimensions for me. Then free times could help me to approach the mystery of life, which we call God and which is always already there.

A master at seeing deeper was the former Secretary General of the United Nations Dag Hammarskjöld. His diary is full of evidence of this. In his last entry on 24 August 1961, we read:

» I awoke
 To an ordinary morning with grey light
 Reflected from the street,
 But still remembered
 The dark-blue night
 Above the tree line,
 The open moor in moonlight,
 The crest in shadow,
 Remembered other dreams
 Of the same mountain country:
 Twice I stood on its summits,
 I stayed by its remotest lake,
 And followed the river
 Towards its source.
 The seasons have changed
 And the light
 And the weather
 And the hour.
 But it is the same land.
 And I begin to know the map
 And to get my bearings.«

(Dag Hammarskjöld, *Markings*, 2019)

This absorption of the outer world high in the north of his homeland connects with the inner reality of his soul and lets him and the readers sense something of the mystery of all life.

As we pause here today until mid-August, we do so with the wish that we - wherever we may be - may attentively try out, even savour, being free, and that here and there we may be given moments of encounter with the source of all life, » for from the greatness and beauty of created things comes a corresponding perception of their Creator.« (Wisdom 13, 5)

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