



SIEBENQUELL

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# »It is a miracle«

## - The Transformation of Perception

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During these weeks the darkness spreads ever earlier during the afternoon, we wait ever longer for the light in the morning.

We often feel ambivalent about this. We long for the lightness of the bright evenings, but also sense that the quiet, withdrawn evenings do us good. We are worried about the heavy, sometimes depressing hours, especially in November, the month of the commemoration of the dead. Yet, now space and time are given us for the things that come off badly during the bustle of the summer days. Thus we can allow experiences and impressions to reverberate and consciously, interiorly foster the quieter season.

The word of a young woman, who has withstood life-threatening realities and has slowly worked herself back into life, is at work in me. »It is a miracle«, she said, with a view to herself. Forced into a difficult time in her life, she is winning an entirely new perspective - not depressed, or whining, or looking back on shortcomings, but rather at the strength that she senses in herself, at the life that is breaking through. Her perception had been transformed.

This leads me to a poem by Kurt Marti.

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» it is a miracle «

it is a miracle  
what is a miracle?

to be begotten  
to beget

to be born  
to give birth

to be alive  
to live

to be created  
to create

to be dreamt  
to dream

to be loved  
to love

to be needed  
to need

to be felt  
to feel

it is a miracle  
is a miracle?

it is

from: Kurt Marti: Leichenreden, 2004

Could it be, that the dark time of the year is unfairly badmouthed and that it does not seldom to »escapes«?

Or is it not possible, that this dark time of the year is our annual opportunity to delve into the depths and raise treasures?  
We could then discern what truly »is«.

**Rosemarie Monnerjahn**

*Vallendar, November 7th, 2019*