



SIEBENQUELL

Opening Hands and Hearts to Wonder



Here and there we encounter empty eyes, distant faces, and often we also walk our paths in this manner. All of us are, again and again, tired, distracted, drained or simply far away with our thoughts.

Yet, the grand little poem by Hilde Domin always applies:

»Do not tire,
but rather hold out your hand
to wonder
quietly,
as to a bird.«

It is a great danger for us, the older we get and the more burdened we feel, to become blind toward the beautiful and the wonderful that lays before us and is given to us. I knew an elderly lady who was only seldom able to travel, yet who noted and took in the nature of her surroundings with such open eyes, that she could come home from a walk with jubilation upon her lips. Until shortly before her death, she daily opened her hand to wonder and noted the sacred.

However, that is by no means self-evident nor does it have to be this way:

I know people who set out for wonderful locations, near or far, yet who remain imprisoned in their topics there, nurture and repeat them, and talk on and on, when silent gazing and immersion would be fitting. Their hands are already filled and are clenched, instead of holding them open and empty toward the wondrous. Others, in turn, can, despite suffering, can experience comfort and even happiness when they immerse themselves in a sunset by the sea or the beauty of the mountain regions, soak up the liveliness of bird song in the morning or the laughter of children at noon.

Rachel Naomi Remen, an American professor for integrative medicine, has been marked throughout her life by the stories of her grandfather, a rabbi, whose wisdom and love were deeply burned into her soul. Thus, she writes: »Days pass and years disappear and we wander blindly among miracles. Lord, fill our eyes with seeing and our spirit with knowing. Let there be moments in which your presence illuminates the darkness in which we wander like lightening. Help us to see, wherever we look, that the thorn bush is burning, without being consumed. And we, earth touched by God, will reach for the sacred and cry out with reverence: 'How this place is filled with astonishment, and we did not know it'.«

Indeed, the thorn bush can burn everywhere, yet it depends on us to remove our shoes and to encounter the holy.

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