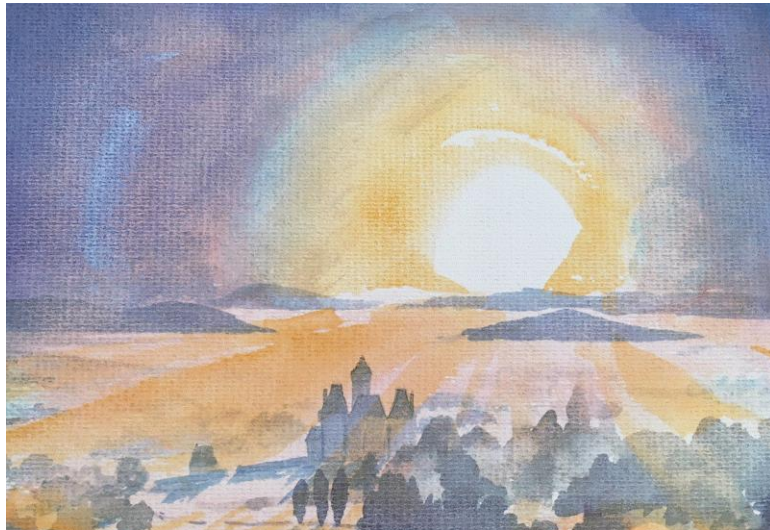




SIEBENQUELL

Singer of Yearning

With thanks to Isaiah



SOURCE: R. STECHER CALENDAR 2018

I sing with yearning of my God,
who misses me more than I miss him.
He lets the deserts of my heart blossom with shimmers of hope
and surprises my dried out soul with unexpected oases.
His tenderness takes the infants by the hand
that their first tentative steps may be chanced on soft knees
and his gentleness takes my trembling arm, to strengthen my wobbly knees
that I might make the last steps.
He strengthens the tiny hands that would be steadier,
the hands of my old age, that once were surer, he caresses until they are calm once more.

I sing of the gentle strength of my God,
who guides me by a child,
to the holy mountain of a children's theater,
where young eyes widen with astonishment,
a blonde head bows with admiration,
a young girl kneels upon her seat for an hour,
while her eyes absorb the glory.
And my head bows,
for here a great light shines forth in the darkness of the theater
and the land of my heart was filled with knowledge of the Lord.

The hand of a stranger passed a small cup of coffee to me,
which I received without money, without price.
Lovingly prepared by the hands of a refugee,
it raised to a homecoming in rooms, that belonged to me.
Wondrous is my God, who wipes away every tear,
but who also can weave tears out of time, aroma, devotion
and the timid desire to show a true gratitude.

I sing with yearning of my God,
for whom no fast food joint suffices,
but who sets tables,
Who is never satisfied with cheap products,
but only sets out the finest dishes and the most exquisite wines,
Who is never left untouched by my hunger,
Who aches when I squander my life
for that which contains no life.
My God does not haggle with me about the price.
He is amused at my creditworthiness,
for it can secure no reservations for me.
Grinning, he shows me that my name is already on the guest list,
which he has written upon his hand.

He has already held our mothers and father sin his arms.
Til this day he never forgets our names while he cradles us
and hums lullabies throughout our nightmares,
while cuddling us to his heart.
Thus was I born as his child.
And thus did I give unto him a son

Erik Riechers SAC

Vallendar, January 16th, 2020
