



SIEBENQUELL

How does the name of Mary shine within us?



Perhaps she was humming softly familiar songs
or peeling potatoes in the common room,
in the best case, both at the same time.
Simply everyday life, accustomed and familiar.
That's where the inspiration entered in.

How else could it be?

She was startled and almost fell over,
the gracious words, worthy of a queen,
reached her ears as if from far away.

Did he know
of her urgent longing,
her almost insolent desire:
this world could be different?

Her heart and mind were confused,
but she asked the question:
How shall this come to pass?
The answer of the messenger
reached her completely.
There was no turning back.
God survived the intrusion.
She sets out,
looking for her companion.
She feels recognised -
and starts to sing, with a quivering voice,
her revolutionary song
for future generations
and for us today.

»Hark, despots of all times and your satellites:
Why do you rage, scourging whole peoples?
May it sound worldwide, this song, against your furies of injustice,
against your cynical scorn and contempt, for the man-child and his God.
The God of this man-child shudders and weeps in His heaven.
Then He roars, shakes His mane and leaps - invisible with light
He descends into a human heart:
You my shepherd, my lion, you shall feed my lambs,
wash their wounds and anoint them, to shepherd my universe, I have raised you up today.
May it be a carpenter's son, a publican, a tentmaker,
a queen or a charwoman,
to whom He breathes His passion, His tender mercies.
They are full of fear. Yet they walk - their path is the whole earth.
To every place where still supreme powers still smasch mortals like earthen jars.
Woe to you, satellites, corrupt judges, woe to you, despots, be warned.
What kind of world do you want for your children - this one?«

Psalm 2 according to Huub Oosterhuis

Sylvia Ditt

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