



SIEBENQUELL

»Like a piece of heaven on earth«



Have you ever experienced this? You pour out your heart to someone you know.

You tell them about your worries and needs.

Your counterpart listens to you attentively and suddenly you realise in their friendly eyes and the way they turn towards you, as in a mirror, just how much more your concerns are really about. Have you ever experienced something like this or have you perhaps been such a listener yourself?

Such a moment is very precious and can easily be overlooked.

Such a moment can become very healing if it is noticed and taken in.

My friend told me about what she herself called a "sacred moment".

We were on a walk together, as we often and gladly do.

She said, »When nothing seems to be going well, one should walk!«

So we set off together.

My girlfriend is not doing well at the moment. She has been living in a building site for over a year. Her old parental home is being renovated, the house she has never been away from for more than three weeks. She had taken it over from her mother five years ago, together with her husband; her father had died a year earlier.

Her mother also lives in this house and has never been away from it for more than three weeks during her life.

The renovation serves to expand and refurbish the house so that children and grandchildren can move in. An »extended family« project, four generations under one roof. What an abundance, wonderful!

But there is also a lot to endure. There are many different expectations, wishes, ideas. A lot of familiar things from which they have to detach themselves.

It is a big challenge for my friend. She has often spoken to me about it.

But now let us return to the »sacred moment«.

My friend was visiting a friend. She poured out her heart to him, told him about her worries and needs for her mother. The renovation would be very upsetting for her old mother, she would be so attached to the house. The demolition of the roof would be terrible for her and the young builders would not understand what was going on in the old woman's mind, who had now lived in this house for 84 years.

Her friend listened kindly, attentively.

After she had spoken, there was a moment of silence. Then, for a moment, she saw her own story in his eyes.

She took it in and went home with it.

The roof of her house had been torn off, a thin protective sheet covered the surface of the upper floor. Night fell and a heavy rain pelted the protective covering of the roof.

The water searched, found cracks, seeped through and dripped through the ceiling.

Like tears, my friend collected the water in buckets.

Fortunately, the damage was not too great.

But she felt as if the protective skin of her heart was being damaged.

As she told the story, my friend stopped, tears ran down her cheeks and her voice became very quiet, she said: »Maybe my friend did not even realise it, but in his kind eyes, his kind and friendly manner towards me, I realised that it was about more than my mother. It is also about me, about my story, which I projected too much onto my mother. It is also my pain, that I am literally, having the roof over my head torn off. It is my pain, that the water is dripping through the thin protective skin. It is my fear, that what is sacred to me will be overlooked.«

My friend became silent and again tears ran down her cheeks. She continued to speak:

»It was and is painful, but I am so grateful for this encounter with my friend.

I believe now that I have recognised and honour my story, it can be healed.«

I then took my friend in my arms and thanked her for this precious, sacred story.

After we had walked quietly side by side for some time, I asked her if I could write down her story and tell it.

She stopped, smiled at me and after a while she said softly, »Yes, gladly. May my story perhaps enable one or two others to perceive the 'sacred moments' and take their story seriously.«

At that point I could no longer hold back my tears and my friend took me in her arms.

Then, unexpectedly, a poem by Erich Fried came from my lips:

Repeal

To be able to exhale

one's unhappiness

exhale deeply

so that one can breathe in again

And perhaps also be able to speak out one's unhappiness

say it

in real words that

are coherent

and make sense

and which one can still understand oneself

and that maybe even someone

else understands

or could understand

And be able to cry

That would

almost be

Happiness

Sylvia Ditt

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