



SIEBENQUELL

» . . . ennobled with the gift . . . « (II)



QUELLE: MENORAH IN BEIT SHEARIM, WWW.ORBIST-IMPULSE.NET

*»I wear it and carry the memory
Of the tailor on very special days
With joy, upright and solemn.
I am aware, today I wear
Father's coat ...«*

You may remember - this is how Reinhard Mey's song »Father's Coat« ends, which I presented to you three weeks ago. And I asked myself what others have left me in such a fashion, what I am charged to discover and appreciate, as well as the kind of heritage that sustains us as a community.

Sometimes the youngest are the ones who very consciously perceive what is important to them, even sacred, because there is so much contained within it of loved ones whom they hardly knew or know only from family stories. »Grandma, if you cut down the pine tree, you'll have more light and you won't have to be afraid of storms. But it has a down side: Then we will have one less memory of Nonno.« - These are my granddaughter's thoughts on my reflections regarding our approximately 60-year-old pine tree that my husband had planted in our garden. The story about it belongs to our family and so even the little ones immediately think of their grandfather when they see the tree.

As a family of faith, we also carry memories with us, indeed we live from what has been handed down to us, what has been passed on: Words, sacred actions, narratives - the whole of Holy Scripture is like a cornucopia of our ancestors' experiences with their God and ours. Do we carry them consciously? Do they live in us? Do we rejoice when there are special moments in which we solemnly remember and they become present to us? Painfully, I have long observed that this happens less and less, that generations grow up with hardly any idea of the ground on which we stand, because the "coat" has long since ceased to be passed on and traditions have simply been discarded.

In the story of his song, Reinhard Mey is very close to the origin of the coat. For us, as a two millennia old Christian family, the origins lie further back. So I am always happy when our gaze is drawn to these old »treasures« and they are lifted up for us, so to speak. In this sense, reading an extraordinary book was a pleasure for me: »Moses - Desert Lessons to Set Out« by Heiner Wilmer. It took me right there, to our origins. Our Christian tradition is strongly influenced by the Greek thinking of the first centuries, the Jewish tradition, on the other hand, has been neglected, increasingly discarded like a worn-out garment that has become superfluous. Heiner Wilmer, on the other hand, brings it out again: »The Occident is in any case more Jewish in character than Greek, the faith in God is a faith of the prophets, not of the philosophers. The Occident stands more on the shoulders of Moses than on the shoulders of Aristotle.« (p. 221) In other words, our pillar »Jerusalem« is stronger than our pillar »Athens«. For our history of faith does not begin with Jesus, but is based on the First Testament, which we call the »old« one. Our traditional faith carries within it the fullness of God's stories with his people. From the very beginning, it is a story of relationship, of the covenant, of the journey with God.

When we consciously put on the mantle of Moses again, then this primal relationship that Moses stands for can come alive. When we put on this mantle, we expand our memory. We enter into the discipleship of Moses' faithfulness, which deepens our faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of this people. Moses' heritage is the relationship of the covenant, founded on the Law, the Torah, the life teachings of God. Jesus stands in this tradition, whose transfiguration places him in connection to Moses and Elijah - we just celebrated this revelatory moment.

Recently I told the story of the song »Father's Coat« to a young woman who had never heard of it. She paused and then said, »I guess HOLY is a good word. They started a tradition with the giving of the coat.«

Doesn't the way we deal with our heritage always help decide our future? I want to respect this heritage as a sacred gift.

Rosemarie Monnerjahn

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