



SIEBENQUELL

Be this voice!



Source: www.spektrum.de

During the summer weeks I spent with my daughter – in a very secluded location surrounded by meadows and woods – I particularly loved the dawn with its accompanying music. Many delicate and powerful bird calls rang out nearby and from the depths of the forest, and my ears could hardly distinguish between them. Everything was interwoven like a cheerful orchestra. But then, day by day, I was drawn more and more to a special little melody – a cadence, three notes in descending order, always the same, audible well into the day. Like a solo instrument, this one bird song stood out from all the others, powerful, clear and expressive. I can still whistle this little song, starting with D, because I responded to the bird so often in my daughter's garden. Sometimes I missed the song and then I tried to lure it with my whistling. It almost always worked. With the help of an app, we researched the bird: 'white-throated sparrow' was the result. It is only found in North America, and for years there has been an increasing change in its song from two to three notes.

This little bird gradually became my teacher – inconspicuous, yet wonderful. I never saw it, had never heard of it before, but now it has left a deep impression on me.

Where can we still hear such voices, voices that stand out melodiously from the constant background noise? What people say and think, their perception on how things should be evaluated, the prevailing and widely proclaimed opinion; this dominates our ears like an all-encompassing 'concert'. It may also be that our outer and inner ears are so accustomed to what they have known for a long time that we no longer perceive anything else. And I ask myself another question: where does the younger generation hear other tones – not sensationalist or lulling or manipulative, but voices that slowly, tentatively, make their way to us because they are beautiful, genuine and authentic?

Are we, or are we becoming, such voices? The world does not need more uniform voices of the right or left, conforming to a dominant 'people say.' The world suffers from the silence of the majority, who submit to the vociferous. It needs voices that arise from deep inner conviction and truly have something to say. It needs words that have matured in silence, that grow from souls that connect heaven and earth. It needs sounds that are creative, that carry beauty, whose melodies unfold. Let us dare to speak out loud what we want and are able to say based on our experience, our faith and our intuition.

Do we help others to find their own, distinctive voice? This requires loving appreciation and encouragement. When someone begins to discover a different kind of 'music' within themselves, let us help them to make it heard. Let us show young people that there are more melodies than those they hear every day. Let us offer them spaces of silence in which they can listen inwardly. And let us allow them to try things out, explore, and exercise their voices. Let us challenge and nurture them. The concert of our world can surely become more diverse and beautiful. The hundreds of thousands of young people who celebrated the Holy Year in Rome expressed this longing, and Pope Leo encouraged them to trust their own voices.

The little bird gives me one last thing to think about: **Can I expand my melody?** It may be out of creative desire or external urgency – do I pay attention to myself, my intuition, and do I pay attention to what the world around me needs? That may well grow over the course of my life.

What a white-throated sparrow can set in motion on Cape Breton with its d''-c'-a'!

Rosemarie Monnerjahn

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