



SIEBENQUELL

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# How to Open Doors and Hearts

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QUELLENANGABE: ROSEMARIE MONNERJAHN 2014

Once upon a time, not in my time, and not in your time, but in a time long, long ago...

Now in this time there was an old woman, and she had been travelling all day. She was tired and she was weary and she still had a long way to go. As she came to the outskirts of a village, she was very hopeful that maybe she would get a place to stay for the night and have the cold wind off her shoulders. Maybe she would get a bit to eat. And even more than that, maybe she would have the company of people to speak with and sing with and spend time with.

And so she came up to the village and she knocked on the first of the doors. The door was opened a bit for her and she asked if she could come in. They took a look at her and said, »Ah, no, we have no space, sorry!«, and closed the door on her. She was a little bit surprised and put out, but she knocked on the next door and asked again. »Could I come in? Have you got some space? Could you give me something to eat?« They said, »Oh, no,!« They looked her up and down and said, »Ah, we have no time and we're very busy and sorry!«, and closed the door on her.

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And door after door that she went to, the people looked her up and down and they said, »No, I'm sorry, we have no time, no space.«

And so, very disappointed at the lack of welcome and at the discourteous way she had been treated, she sat down on one of the steps in the village. Well, she wasn't sitting there long when she saw a young man walk into the village. And he stopped in the center of the village and look around him, and she knew that he, too, had been travelling. She could see the dust on the cloak, for he wore a great, big cloak that he wore hanging over his shoulders. She could see the dust stuck to the bottom of his cloak. She knew that we was standing and wondering which door he should knock on, which one might have the warmest welcome.

So she shouted out to him, »You'll get no welcome here. They have no time and they have no space.« He just looked at the woman for a moment, and then he turned to knock on a door. She thought to herself, »I would do the same. I would find out for myself!«

So he went and knocked on the door and she watched him, and the door opened and the people looked him up and down, and they threw the door open wide and they welcomed him in. And she thought, »What! What's going on here? How come he gets welcomed and I don't?«

He went into the house and the door was closed and she could hear the talking and the laughter inside. Then the door opened again and out he came. He came down to the steps where she was sitting. He said to her, »It's a cold and miserable night. Come with me and we'll get you somewhere to stay.«

She said, »I'm not welcome, nobody wants me.« And he said, »They'll welcome you when you're with me.« And so walking beside him, she went up to the door of the house. When he knocked, the door was thrown open wide and the both of them were welcomed in. And she got just as warm a welcome as he did.

For you see, dear listener, she is truth and he was story. And it's more often that we welcome truth when she comes wrapped in a good story.

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