



SIEBENQUELL

»Tune the tones of our heart unto you...«



Who hasn't not experienced the thought: Something is wrong with me. What have I lost? If someone asks me how I'm doing, I answer: Actually, I'm fine. Actually, actually?! What don't I have? Actually, I have everything. What takes up my time and space? What makes my heart lose its rhythm? What nourishes my heart? Sometimes I feel as if I am starving at the richly laid table. The idols block my ears, eyes and mouth. Then suddenly: praise, glory, thanksgiving and blessing break me open and I believe and feel: this is how a true shepherd tunes us in. I would love to sing to you:

Word of the shepherd,
my rock, my redeemer,
tune the tones of my hearts
unto you.

High in the heavens
is written, your glory,
your importance, the clarity of your name.

Like a scroll stretched out,
the firmament tells the deeds of your hands.
The days flow into one another
and speak of you;
Nights whisper what they know
to each other about you.
But not as mortals speak.
No sound of voices, no language,
It is silence, speechless stillness, to the edges of the earth,
echoes of silence.
Who is this, who is called the sun?
Whom you have pitched a tent up there,
a wedding canopy;
who appears like a bridegroom,
goes forth, an exulting hero, who makes his way,
his exodus hastens, completes his course
across the whole breadth of heaven,
fire on foot, nothing is hidden,
reasons become visible, everything flickers in its glow.
Your words louder, a sigh of relief, goal of my soul,
I knew nothing, you make me wise.
You set the law and grant me life: beautiful and true,
Giving light to my eyes, heart stirring,
they are written down, concurring
and stand infallible.
Gold ingots are your words,
Gold of gold.
Pure honey, as one licks it from the combs,
sweeter than sweetest honey are your words.
I will strive to keep them,
I, your servant, am a straying spirit - shelter me.

Word of the shepherd,
my rock, my redeemer,
tune the tones of our hearts
unto you.

(Psalm 19 according to Huub Oosterhuis)

Sylvia Ditt

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