



SIEBENQUELL

Like a colourful flower on dead earth



For my granddaughter on Holy Thursday

The grandfather said:
Nice of you to give me your time today!
I will show you the old ways of my life;
with you they will become present.
Thus I can go well into my last days,
come what may!
His life like a monument.
A few days later he died.
The great-granddaughter plans with her kindergarten friend,
to bring the great-grandfather from heaven to earth.

She said to her mother:

»Tell me about him, I want to meet great-grandpa.«

A child coming to life!

Like a colourful flower on dead earth.

In between, so many who cluelessly

pant after foreign gods.

So much unlived life. Unspeakably sad.

Like a death that does not have to be.

Today, a meal in the evening,

simple signs: Bread and wine,

words of blessing to friends and traitors;

A legacy for all eternity that ceaselessly seeks his presence.

Then he gave himself for the sake of flourishing life.

Thorny, painful path.

Perseverance, loyalty and love his name.

Who can understand this?

A meal that makes us think!

Sylvia Ditt

Koblenz, April 6th, 2023