



SIEBENQUELL

Easter-Time



Two-year-old Johannes is standing at the patio door again, looking out into the garden. "Looking for Easter eggs!" he calls, as he often does these days. He wants to go out into the meadow, search and find, repeat the joy he discovered 10 days ago on Easter morning.

How wise this little fellow is! Easter is not finished for him. He wants to discover it anew every day.

This makes me thoughtful and I look with irritation at our adult way of ticking off each day like a finished appointment. Do we also deal with Easter in this manner? Can we even experience Easter in this way? Are we open and ready for unexpected encounters with life, with the truly risen One? I look at the first witnesses, read and listen to their stories again and realise:

Easter requires time.

Easter can catch us by surprise every day.

Easter wants to endure.

Easter is a journey.

Easter is an attitude.

The poetess Carola Moosbach once phrased it in these words:

Small Easter
Stones
rolled from the heart
Ice
thawed out of the soul
Hunger
transformed into bread
Walls breached
unto light
love and bread
enough for every human child.

Was it not so from the beginning? Tears of sorrow open the gaze to the living, paths of resignation become paths of joy, closed doors are no obstacle, fear gradually transmutes, the touching of wounds opens the eyes of the heart, frustrated fishermen experience the fullness of the depths, a charcoal fire becomes a sign of love.

Since that time we have been living in Easter-time.

Our little friend may gladly remind me of this every day.

Rosemarie Monnerjahn

Vallendar, April 20th, 2023