



SIEBENQUELL

To be born . . .



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»Why am I actually your child and not the child of Jutta and Peter?«, the seven year old asked her parents during supper. A brief silence. The father looks at the mother. Then he lovingly says: »Because we wanted precisely you. Just as you are.« »Divine!«, the mother whispered to herself and smiled. And her Grandfather came to mind, to whom she had so loved to listen when he spoke of his life. In his mid-twenties, scarred by the war, he had stood on a hill above the village and said to himself: »Here, where I am, no one else can stand.«

»To be born is to be chosen«, says John O'Donohue in his book »Anam Cara«. He thereby expresses the deep biblical insight, that none of us is by accident. I am not the result of a coincidence, but have been chosen. That out of the millions of possibilities precisely I became » intimates a sheltering providence which dreamed you, created you and always minds you. « - so John O'Donohue continues.

Thus if all this is contained within my birth, then I am invited, indeed challenged, to discover the mission within my being born. We may and should explore our true self and take seriously what we have discovered. In this way, we find our ancient rhythm of life and can creatively, courageously and freely unpack and develop what is contained within us. Standing and

moving on an eternal ground I can live out my gifts and overcome my limitations. If I were I only by coincidence, I would run the danger of being directed from without. Then my life would be restless and aimless, I would seek rhythm and peace in vain.

David, the shepherd and Israel's king, lived and worked out of the deep trust, that we was wanted, loved and chosen. He acted accordingly and thus a prayer was born within him:

»For you formed my inward parts; you knitted me together in my mother's womb. I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Wonderful are your works; my soul knows it very well. My frame was not hidden from you, when I was being made in secret, intricately woven in the depths of the earth. Your eyes saw my unformed substance; in your book were written, every one of them, the days that were formed for me, when as yet there was none of them. « (Ps 139, 13-16)

Jesus, the king as the shepherd of his people, heard at his baptism, the hour of birth of his mission, the words: »You are my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.« (Mk 1, 11) Thus, he set out and began to tell the people of the Kingdom of God.

This is engraved in every human child and is spoken as the ancient foundation of all life by God. Let us take it to heart: »To be born is to be chosen « As adverse as parts of our life may be – in the silence of our hearts this truth may gain space and work.

Then we can- each for his or her self and with one another – sing:

Woven deep in my mother's womb,
fulfilled as a miracle and intended for the light:
Your love shaped my life through and through.

Before I could know a word about you,
before the day started and the darkness drifted away,
you were light that illuminated my life.

Long before I emerged into brightness,
I was already familiar to you, your word had made me,
and my name was on your tongue.

In the mouth that hardly knew how to speak,
the tone is already embedded, the song is given to me,
that can break the silence forever.

You who make the little ones sing to you:
Give me, God, lifelong the song of your name,
In order to conquer the looming night. (GL 419)*

* A German hymn

Rosemarie Monnerjahn
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